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A VISION OF THE SAINTS.

T

HE autumn leaves were falling fast,

And bleak and chilly swept the blast

That shook the house from roof to basement.

I sat within my chamber lone,

And heard the church bell's solemn tone

With hollow moan strike on the casement.

II.

Twelve clangs from out the old grey tower
Proclaimed the ghostly midnight hour
And sadly warned me to remember
That autumntide had passed away,
And winter had commenced his sway
This first dull day of dark November.

III.

My chair and table drew I nigher

Before the cheery sea-coal fire,

Raked from the bars the ash and ember;

I trimmed the lamp, and then I took

From off a shelf an ancient book

To read that morning of November.

IV.

And reading on, I musing fell—
How long I read I cannot tell—
Until a dreaminess came o'er me;
I know not if I woke or slept,
But solemn voices round me swept,
And solemn shadows rose before me.

V

A glorious radiance filled the room
And chased away the wintry gloom,
And then I saw, in trance or slumber,
Before a throne a multitude
Of nations, kindreds, people stood,
A multitude no man could number.

VI.

Palms in their hands, and clothed in white,
While round the throne the angels bright,
Their faces veiled with wings expanding;
And He that sat upon that throne,
Like jasper looked and sardine stone,
And in the midst a Lamb was standing.

VII.

I heard that white-robed multitude,
Before the throne with palms that stood,
Of every people, tongue, and nation,
With voices loud raise up this psalm,
"To Him enthroned and to the Lamb,
Our God and Saviour, be salvation!"

VIII.

Then all fell down the throne before,
Upon their faces to adore
Their God with hymns of adoration.
I heard ten thousand voices raise
A glorious psalmody of praise,
Of worship, and of exultation.

X.

This was the song I heard them sing—
"Glory to our God and King,
Blessing, honour, and thanksgiving,
Wisdom, power, and might be given
Unto God who reigns in heaven,
Ever to Him the Ever-living!"

As the roar of ocean dashed
'Gainst the rocks by tempests lashed,
When in its might the storm rejoices;
I heard, ere died away that strain,
A thunder-chorus peal, "Amen!"
Assent sublime of countless voices,

37.

I saw the vivid lightning flash,
And then I heard the thunder-crash,
That shook the room with quick vibration;
From off the book I raised my head—
Looked at the page where last I read—
Twas—Chapter Secen of Revelation.

J. F. WALLER.

"WHAT LACK I YET!"

(Matthew xix, 20.)

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

from the marked contiguity in all three Gospels of that incident with the one we are now to consider, it is at least possible that this question was the first outcome of it. Whether as an actual eye-witness, or hearing of it from others, this youth may have been suddenly moved by Christ's love for the young, and in the haste of a soul fired with the passion of a great purpose, he ran to His feet, and there poured out the question-"Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Christ, ever self-possessed, yet usually benignant to sincere inquirers, at first was cold to him. He did not commend him for coming; He did not even hasten to answer a question which had so much nobleness in it. Nay, He all but pushed him back by interposing a question of His own. "Good Master." Did he quite know what he meant when he spoke of goodness? That done with, all Christ next had to say was not a grand or original truth, that might have kindled his soul into a vet deeper fervour; simply the familiar precept he had heard so often from his own Rabbis-that obedience was the way to life. Nothing discouraged by words which we now know to have been mercifully chosen to draw him out and lead him on, and with all the ingenuousness of a guileless nature, the young man instantly answered, "All these things have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?" As if to say, "My heart is not satisfied. Therefore I come to Thee," Then there came a change. Christ bent

HRIST had been blessing children; and

over him, looked into his face, probed his character, read his life; and loved him. "One thing thou lackest. If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow Me." We know what happened. It was like winter coming in June. Over that bright face there rolled a gloomy cloud. To become a beggar, and to lose his place in the Council, and to forfeit all that his blooming life had in store for him; and for what? Treasure in heaven! But heaven was very far off; earth was vivid and real. No, it was quite impossible; and he went away in a deep sadness. In the brilliant figure of a great preacher, whose voice is now silent, he was like a ship on the midnight sea, which, as it suddenly floated into a broad belt of moonlight, spars, and shroud, and mast, and hull quivered in the intense and silver brightness; and the next moment passed out into the darkness and disappeared.

This incident takes us to the very root of things in the kingdom of Christ, and sets us steadily thinking of them, not without uneasy surprise. Yet we must not pause now over the true ideal of the Christian life, or the practicable standard of obedience, or even the apparent gulf between the modern life and aim of the Church, and its primitive condition. Germane as all these are to the text, my one point now is to press the fact and nature of Christ's claim on the young.

And, first, what led to the claim! It was the

love-"Jesus, beholding him, loved him." The original makes it plain that this was not the spontaneous and impulsive movement of mere human feeling towards an attractive youth, who suddenly came in His way; but the deliberate fixing of divine love on one who in a real sense deserved it. There are three kinds or degrees of love in Christ's heart to men. The love of kinship, in which He, who shares our nature, and understands our infirmities, is not ashamed to call us brethren. The love of compassion, in which He loves us because we need Him. As St. Paul puts it, it is that grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, in which He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. The love of sympathy, in which, with the loftiest, and most delightful and honourable kind of affection, He loves those who in a degree resemble Himself-"I love them that love Me." Plainly, what drew Him to that young ruler was character. That was no insincere boast-"All these things have I observed from my youth up." It is impossible that Christ could have loved a liar. Of course He saw the shallowness of his goodness, both in what it lacked, and purposed, and knew. Also it was evidently His desire to create in him that which makes the supreme and essential difference between Pagan virtue and Christian goodness—that humble and contrite heart which, conscious of sin and imperfection, hides itself in the righteousness of God. But what there was, was genuine, and He loved it. The young heart thirsted after the river of God, and it should have what it desired. Nothing is so precious to God as character; and nothing can ever take the place of it. "The righteous Lord loveth righteousness; His eyes behold the thing that is just."

But now observe how He showed His love. "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor;

and come, follow Me."

We can readily understand the sharp pain which smote the heart of the young ruler when he heard those words; for at first, when we think about it, perplexity becomes embarrassment, and embarrassment settles into dismay. Why was Christ so abrupt with him? Why did He ask for everything? Why did not He make it easier for the youth to be His disciple? Why did He invite him to a sacrifice which He knew could not be given? Was there no other way of answering a question which, if it was incautious, was genuine and sincere? Into all these questions, so full of reasonable interest, I am not careful to enter For it is not the *exposition* of the incident so much as its application, that concerns us at present. This, however, we may rest sure of, that Christ, who loved that young man, laid that burden on him because He loved him; chose the burden because He knew what he loved; and that never was the Saviour of men more tender or wise than in uttering those words of apparent

harshness. In their being promptly fulfilled lay the one hope of his salvation. His wealth, his position, his influence, had subtly become a god to him. To keep back something, however little, was but to spare him something soon to become a god again. He asked a question, and he received the only possible reply.

But what I would urge now is that what that great Teacher claimed in that far off time of that young ruler, who denied it Him, He still claims, inexorably and inevitably from the young to-day. Sometimes more or less receiving it; sometimes—nay, too often—denied it. But now, as then, to us as to him, He replies, saying, "Sell all that thou hast, and follow Me."

In this claim there is at once a universal principle of life for all who would follow Christ, and the indispensable rule of conduct for those who would serve Him—that is, the law of discipleship, or what it means to be a Christian; the measure of obedience, or the shape of the ser-

vant's cross.

My readers, let us one and all face this doctrine, that for all followers of Christ, whoever and wherever they may be, the one and essential and inestimable law is that of self-surrender. This was the very essence and substance of Christ's teaching, again and again declared in language of almost awful stermess; yet, so far from shocking men by its extravagance, or repelling them by its austerity, it actually drew multitudes to His feet.

"If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple. And whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple;" and once more, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he

cannot be My disciple."

Now, I say, this is Christ's claim; just, because He is our God, and owns us; possible, because He is our kinsman and understands us; blessed, for He gives us tenfold more, even now; merciful, for

it is the way of our salvation.

There is nothing new in it, for all religions claim their sacrifices-some hideous, repulsive, and cruel to the last degree. Certainly there is nothing unnatural in it, for the human spirit when summoned to sacrifice for a cause worthy of it, and by a voice that has a right to be heard, feels a lofty joy in rendering it, and finds it easier to give all than to grudge half. If in our easy modern Christianity there seems a grotesque exaggeration in pressing the law of sacrifice on those who appear to have no great scope for obeying it; if a preacher seems walking on stilts in an age of Christian liberty, in using words awfully intelligible when men were flung to the lions for their faith, hardly with a meaning now, when half the world is contemptuously

indifferent to what the other half believes: put into language nearer to us, it means that what a Christian man has to lay down on the altar of his God is his self-will, in everything that concerns him; that to be truly, and continually, and ardently in love with goodness, and occupied with helping others into it, is the most complete account of the Christian spirit.

But we have also a rule of conduct for the servant of Christ, who, seeing that disciple and daily calling, whatever that may be, desires to do the Lord who bought him true and laudable

service.

An enlightened religion has long ago discarded the fallacy that secular functions are inconsistent with the Christian standard; in other words, that the essence of acceptable service consists in the substance of it, instead of in the motive. For, of course, it cannot be safely inferred from this single instance, though no doubt it has been inferred again and again, that poverty is indispensable to saintliness; or that the only way of confessing or following Christ is by an external and mechanical imitation of His earthly life. It is certain that if in politics, and arms, and trade, and medicine, and literature, and jurisprudence, and the daily unprofessional career of English citizens, the principle were more distinctly recognised that God can be glorified everywhere by every one, the purpose more seriously cherished, of seeking to please Him in the commonest duties of our earthly calling, the moral atmosphere of the entire community would be thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the Gospel, and not only would Christ be preached every Lord's Day by those whose function it is to preach Him, but He would be lived every day in the week by those whose free and quite unceremonious service would become a divine force among men.

But there must be many among my readers who have not yet settled what their calling is to be, though they may be anxious to settle it, and who would gladly find the key that shall open to

them their door into life.

Now, the key is in the sincerity of the question "What lack I yet?" Seeing Him, they love Him; loving Him, they gladly obey. possible that some of those who read this may be thinking of following and serving Christ as ministers of the everlasting Gospel. The prayers of parents, the training of childhood, the aspirations of your own hearts, the secret attraction of the Great Shepherd, may together be moving your judgment and conscience into a kind of blessed tumult. But something still keeps you back, and at the watershed of your life your will lingers, and, without quite knowing it, your question falters before Christ-"What lack I yet?" Well, He will tell you, if you are willing to hear it, though His answer may be that you are keeping back from Him the one and only thing He really cares for, and indispensably requires, as the condition of answering you—your heart, with the will that lies behind it. But if, so far as you are able, you have but said to Him, "Lord, all I am, and all I have, are Thine," the rest will follow, the light will come, the path will clear. He who openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth, will presently show you His will.

Of course, it is not for me to affirm, without knowing your circumstances, that He is actually calling you to be fishers of men. All I would say is, that if your conscience feels it in front of you, and outward circumstances at least make it possible; while on the one hand you should not too lightly, or rapidly, or joyfully spring at a call, which you must be meant to weigh in very careful balances, and which, whether accepted or refused, may have issues of infinite moment for all your eternity in front, I would also say, and with clasped hands-nay, if it might be, on bended knee -do not put it aside lightly; do not suffer your faith to be weakened by flippant jests about our shattered creeds, or your zeal to be chilled by the "gloomy" and "morose" dogmatism of a religion that challenges research as well as stirs repentance; also do not suffer secular pursuits with more gain out of them, or pleasantness in them, or fame by them, so to force down the scales that the Shepherd's crook and sling are not even worth glancing Oh, I pray you to consider what it means to say No to Christ, when He offers to share with you the glorious work of applying His redemption; to decline what is, I dare to say, at once the hardest and noblest and divinest task a man can take on him: even though it means selling all you care for, and leaving all you love, to be a teacher and paster of souls. Of course, I know that a man must make his ministry for himself, and that what he brings to it at the beginning will fashion his completing it in the end. Even Christ Himself is to each human soul what its own light and life make Him. Without doubt, too, no life is so wearisome, no self-reproach so degrading, no temper so poisoned, no resentment so cynical as theirs who, having put themselves into the pastoral office for a piece of bread, or its equivalent, get the bread with the ashes. But if we are true to Christ and ourselves, and wait till we are summoned, and go where we are sent, no work we can find will be so full of sublime interest as this close dealing with the spirits of men, no aim so majestic as that of leading our brethren by the hand to see God, no recompense so blessed as the gratitude of healed consciences, no results so lasting as those which will meet us in the eternal world. There are sacrifices, no doubt; and what work worthy of men is free from them! There are disappointments—keen disappointments;

the Saviour of mankind wept sadly over the city

that He might not save. Personal sluggishness and selfishness are perhaps our worst enemies; the imperfectness of our highest motives sometimes drives us to despair. But those who follow Christ at least do not doubt His existence, and those who serve Him will not despair of His cause. If He deserves anything, He deserves everything; for He is either Lord of men, or mouldering in His Syrian grave. Were I to try to persuade you what He can be to the soul who ventures all for Him, you might not believe me, so I will say nothing, though I could promise you a love that passes knowledge; but if you will dare so try it, you will speedily discover it for yourselves. What I urge now is that He has a mighty claim on you. Recognise it, even if it means leaving home and friends, culture and books, and what is called prospects, to declare His name and love in some tropical jungle to naked savages. If, on the other hand, He would have you work at home, count it joy to endure hardness, and baseness, and poverty for His dear sake.

But the young ruler said No. Do you suppose it was a final refusal, that Christ never repeated the offer, and that the young man lived and died without ever repairing his loss? It is certain that he was sorrowful, and that Christ was sorrowful, which are elements of hope about the case. It is plain also that it was a terrible risk he ran when he went away, for to look Christ in the face, and to weigh Him openly and deliberately against the world, and to conclude that He is not worth as much as the world, and to go away and leave Him, is as distinct a rejection of His love and His service as a human will could make. On the whole, however, if we cannot quite accept the ingenious suggestion of a distinguished living theologian, at once poet, scholar, and divine, that this young ruler was Lazarus of Bethany who, sent to the grave to learn what death had to teach him, and then raised out of it by the hand of Him whom once he rejected, afterwards clave to Him for ever-we may remember, with a humble gladness, that God in His desire to save makes many opportunities for His wilful children; and while each day that we harden our hearts we diminish our chances, He who hopes the best and makes the best of us, never gives us up until we compel Him, and, so much more patient with us than we are with each other, perhaps at last saves us, though as by fire.

To conclude. Do what it will, the world cannot get rid of Christ, nor of His claims. He is everywhere; and perhaps never since He disappeared from among men has His name been more potent than now. As for His *Church*, she has had a kind of Resurrection. The very keenness of the controversies that weaken her strength and sour her nature, spring inevitably from the passionate ardour with which her doctrines are cherished, and her divine Head adored.

The Gospel is more preached than ever, and the Bible is more studied. If we ask what is at this moment the subject of keenest interest at home, judging from the literature, the conversation, and the struggle both round and in front of us to-day, we reply, Religion. If, once again, we ask what is the force which is most ineradicable, and continuous, and irrepressible, and embarrassing for European statesmen, we say, Religion. Once again, if we inquire what is the special religion which modern thinkers and discoverers never can afford to leave alone, and which, while they profess to treat it as dead and done with, somehow they do not feel able to neglect and despise as they would other things in a like condition, but again and again return to examine, and attack, and once more assume to slay-it is the religion of Christ. This Christ, whose figure fills the entire horizon of thought, who by His grandeur seizes our imagination, and by His tenderness wins our love, and by His life compels our homage, and by His cross soothes our conscience; who looks on and says nothing when men scoff at Him, but sufficiently proves Himself to those who really love Him-this Christ comes to us to-day, us who say, "What lack I yet?" and asks, in the words of the man who condemned Him, "What will you do with Me?"

With Caiaphas you may send Him to His cross-His second cross-not merely because you count Him a blasphemer: perhaps you hardly give Him a serious thought; but because the pleasures of sin for a season shut Him outside a corrupted heart. Well, His prayer for such is, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." With Pilate you may wash your hands and try to get rid of Him and His troublesome claims, with a pitiful but uneasy contempt. That may last for a time, but it will all come back, as living and inexorable as ever. Or, best of all, with the Apostle, you may say, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life; we believe and are sure that Thou art the Son of the living God." My readers, which shall it be with



A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER I. EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.



FAIL to recollect much concerning my early childhood. The things I do remember are not the daily occurrences. but events that came with a sharp shock of surprise or pain. I remember

the birth of my sister Elizabeth,

when I was five years old. I was crying after mamma, whom I had not been allowed to see all day. My little brothers were sitting in the sun at the bottom of the garden, which lay bathed in the light of a glorious sunset. Ernest was engaged in dissecting a Jack-inthe-box which had frightened him very much at first, and Edwin was filling and re-filling his shoe with the gravel of the path. I could see them from my seat in the window of the ground-floor parlour, which opened upon the garden. I suppose my childish heart had reached a desperate climax of misery, for my favourite doll-loved all the more dearly for the deformities which rendered her an object of derision to the precocious Ernest-my one-eyed darling was cast at my feet, and I had doubtless come to the conclusion that I could love her no more, when our nurse entered, brisk and smiling. "Crying again, Miss Una, and you've got a little sister! I wouldn't cry if I were you. There, if you'll be a good girl, you'll see her presently; but I couldn't take you up-stairs with a face like that! Why, it would frighten the baby into fits!"

"What have I got a little sister for?" I asked.

"What for?" repeated Susan, my nurse, with a grimace which usually greeted my formula of inquiry; "because you've got her. Come and see."

I gave her my hand, and she burried me up-stairs, enjoining silence, took me into my own room and gave my face a hard and hasty scrub, tidied my hair, and trod on tiptoe to the door of my mother's room. There she knocked, and I was admitted, and led up to kiss my mother's hand, and to feel it gently stroke my head. But all the time my eyes were on the strange nurse, and on the baby-doll she had upon her knee; and I was invited to inspect it, and to admire its tiny hands, and when I asked in an awe-

struck whisper if it had feet, I was allowed to see them also. But I was both alarmed and disgusted when it began to pucker up its face and cry, and it was some time before I got over the feeling of repugnance which took possession of me.

Again, I remember recovering from a serious illness. Then, for the first time, my father appears in my recollections. He is standing over my couch—a tall thin man, with a handsome fresh-coloured face, dark thick eyebrows, and clear blue eyes; but my feeling for him is certainly not that which children ordinarily feel for even a careless father. It is a shy strange feeling, like what I felt at first for our kind old doctor, mingled with more of personal admiration. He was indeed a stranger to me and to all of us, visiting us only at long intervals, and for short periods; sometimes sending for our mother to meet him at Portsmouth or Southampton when his ship was in the Channel, instead of coming home to her and us,

On this occasion my mother stood by his side, and she was saying, "I thought we should have lost her; see how thin she is;" and she held up my hand in hers—a wasted little hand it was. Then she kissed it fondly, and laid it on the coverlet and left me. And I do not know if it was then or after, but it was a part of that time that I felt so wonderfully happy. The sunshine that streamed into my room seemed a marvel of glory. I had been carried down-stairs for the last few days before my father came, and I could see the old pear-tree, white with blossom, between me and the blue sky. The fresh-aired room seemed full of the perfume of health.

One moment is fixed in my memory with peculiar vividness. My mother had brought me a spray of apple-blossom, a perfect cluster of half-opened deepcrimsoned buds. I looked at it till the glory of the sunshine, the sweetness of the air, the blessedness of living, as life pulsed through and through my slender little frame, all concentrated themselves in the glowing fruit-blossom. I held it up in my clasped hands and offered it to God. In that same moment I knew that there was a God, and that He was good. And then, with the sun still shining, I said my evening prayer and fell asleep with my blossom lying on my breast. But I kept all these feelings to myself. I never heard my mother name the name of God. It was our nurse, Susan, who taught us our prayers, and I have heard our mother bid her hear us say them; but that was all-that was the closest allusion to religion or religious things I ever heard her make. Susan taught us to say the Lord's Prayer, and she knelt every night at her own bed, which was close to mine-for I have lain awake and watched her-and her kneeling figure impressed me more solemnly than her words; for her manner was rough and irreverent, though I afterwards knew that her heart was neither.

The next thing that stands out in my memory is the dread that took possession of my mind at the thought of being parted from my mother. It was on the occasion of one of my father's visits, and I, crouching in my favourite window-seat, reading, overheard a conversation concerning myself.

"It is time she was sent to school," said my father.

"I am teaching her," said my mother, timidly.

"What does she know?" he asked.

"She reads very well," said my mother.

"How long has she been able to read?"

"A very long time," said my mother. "She learnt in play—I hardly know how—it seemed to come so easy to her; and she reads everything."

"What is that book she is reading now?"

"' Ivanhoe,' " answered my mother.

"Ah! I remember: Scott's works are up-stairs," said my father; "but the rest are mere rubbish. What else is she learning?"

"I am teaching her to write and to spell," said my mother—"all I know," she repeated, sadly.

"Well, if you are satisfied——" returned my father, carelessly.

The tears came into my mother's eyes, and she answered, almost passionately—

"No; I ought not to be satisfied, unless it is the best for her. No! she shall go to school; but she has been so much to me, my little Una!" And my mother's voice broke into a half-sob.

I had been listening intently, with my eyes fixed on the page, which had become a mere jumble of black letters to me; but at that I was seized with a gust of passion, which swept me like a small whirlwind to my mother's feet, overcoming in a moment all my shyness and fear of my father. I dared I knew not what, but I clasped her knees, crying, "I shall not go, mamma, I shall not leave you; I will die rather;" and I turned round and faced my father, my eyes blazing with defiance.

But he only smiled, and drew me to him, saying, "I'm glad to see you have plenty of spirit, Una," at which, of course, my heroics vanished, and I became the shy blushing child he had always seen me. And he held me, in an agony of mental discomfort, between his knees, and praised my silken hair—mere rings of hazel, which Susan always disparaged because they would not grow long and thick and admit of being brushed back from my forehead to form a waving mane behind. Then he kissed me, and said I should not be sent to school, for which assurance I only felt half grateful till I had fairly escaped into the garden.

After that conversation, and no doubt arising out of it, an arrangement came to pass which changed the aspect of affairs at home considerably. Our favourite room—the one which opened into the back garden, a large, dark-papered, Turkey-carpeted, unspoilable room—was turned into a school-room, and thither came our tutor daily. He was a young Scotchman from Aberdeen, and his name was Bothwell. He must have been very poor, for I remember

lending him a pair of seissors to cut off the frayed edges of his wristbands, and telling him, with precocions housewifely thrift, that this plan would result in more fraying, and that they ought to be properly mended, and he answering, with a smile, that he had no one to mend for him, and that all that he could do was to pare the edges. When I told this to my mother, who was the tenderest hearted creature in the world, she set to work making a set of fine linen shirts for him, of which I was allowed to do the plainer parts. It was an immense pleasure to me, for my childish worship was given to this man. He was lame. He was frightfully marked with small-pox, He was considered in the household a miracle of ugliness. But he was never ugly to me. His kind, clear, deep-set eyes were wells of light to me. His tongue was as a fountain of water in a wilderness.

Our tutor was a great success, I learned, the boys learned, and baby Lizzie learned. The whole house seemed seized with a love of learning, from the least to the greatest. For mamma took to learning also. I had sometimes felt a kind of heart-ache concerning her, since I had grown more observant. She would often look so sad and sigh so heavily, and I was sure she cried, though she tried to hide it; and she did not play and romp with us as she had seemed to do long ago. At first she did not come into the room with us when Mr. Bothwell was there. She never saw any one. Susan managed everything for her down-stairs, and with the tradespeople; but gradually she got to know him, and to come and hear him teach. And, indeed, it was not wonderful that she should come, for he made everything so interesting, especially for me, the oldest of his pupils. I had to prepare what he called my "meanings," a list of words with their uses and derivations, and in his further explication of these, Mr. Bothwell would forget how time went, and unfold to us all that lay hidden in some simple word, till language assumed new and richer powers every day-magic powers, indeed. "To us," I say, for my mother joined in this task, and wrote the prescribed exercises as well as I. She was one of his scholars, and stayed in the school-room with us all the time, and he treated her with the greatest delicacy and respect. We all began Latin together-Ernest, my mother, and I-when Ernest had passed his eighth birthday and I my ninth.

Then in the afternoon, when Mr. Bothwell had been there some time, a lady came to teach me music, and my mother learnt too, and would practise along with me morning and evening. So we soon came to have plenty of work upon our hands.

And when the summer was somewhat advanced, we went away—as we generally did—to the sea-side, and our father joined us there. We saw more of him this year than usual, and he seemed to get fonder and fonder of the children. I say the children, for I fancy he never was so fond of me. Perhaps I repelled him, having a childish impression that he was in some way unkind to my mother. I

had fancied she cried when he came sometimes, and then that sometimes she cried when he didn't come. But who could help being fond of our boys and little Liz? They were the most beautiful creatures in the bloom. Never were such lovely tempting mouths, such sunny arching brows, such saucy, lofty, mirthful, heavenly looks. People, especially at the watering-places, where they were dressed more gaily than



"'I am teaching her,' said my mother, timidly."-p. 7.

world, I suppose, without exaggeration. Their eyes, changing from blue to grey as they got older, were large, and of the softest lustre. Their silken hair, more luxuriant than mine, and with lovely shades and gleams of gold in it, fell in clusters on their shoulders. Their faces were radiant with the softest

at home—though our mother always kept us dressed in the perfection of childish dress, with purity, simplicity, and ease—people turned round to look at them, and ask, "Whose children are these?"

And at this time our mother seemed to grow more

beautiful and more happy. I thought she became very fond of books and of exercises and of music, and she began to sing again. But, for me, I am sure I was happiest when we got back to our own house, and were left to ourselves, and had our dear Mr. Bothwell back again.

Lessons had gone on briskly all the winter, and we were in the spring once more, when my mother began to droop. She began to droop, I remember, just when the apple-trees began to blossom with the first firm red buds. She had to lie down a great deal; and I had to take my music-lesson alone with Miss Brown, who was a very pretty lady, I thought, but I did not like her as I liked our tutor.

One Sunday my mother seemed better. It was a bright mild day, and she proposed to take me out with her—an unusual thing, for she seldom left the house on Sunday. After she had dressed me in her own room, I stood and watched her dressing; and she put on a black gown and mantilla, and a thick black veil over her bonnet. Then she stripped all the rings off her thin fingers, into the tray on her toilet-table, leaving only the plain gold one, and put on her gloves with a heavy sigh.

The bells were ringing when we stepped out into the street, and my mother let her veil fall over her face. We walked about a little while, it seemed without a purpose; and then, when the bells ceased ringing, we went into a church. My mother whispered something to the pew-opener, and we were put into a seat at the very back. I did not know the service, and I could not hear what was said, for the reading was careless, and we were far from the desk, I do not know if my mother heard it, or if she could follow it; but she soon began to weep under her veil, and she wept all the time. I remember well the intense misery that possessed me, and the constraint that I felt in making the slightest movement; only at last I got possession of her hand, and caressed it from time to time.

"I had not been thinking much all this time. I had been learning a great deal, however; but that is a very different thing, and, at my age, a healthier one. I now confined myself to questions more easy to be answered than the old what for and why of everything, and they were answered very much to my satisfaction. I began to love knowledge above everything, and to treasure every scrap of it in a tenacious memory and also in written records filling a whole series of sixpenny copy-books. Mr. Bothwell did not content himself with imparting secular knowledge. He had asked leave to teach us what he called "a body of divinity." My mother seemed to think the proposition a little startling, and murmured something about her husband not belonging to the Church. But he silenced her scruples by telling her that all he meant to teach was a foundation of morals, and that it was impossible to build without a foundation, which seemed quite to convince her, and she agreed. She would have agreed on precisely the same grounds if he had proposed to teach us Sanscrit,

which it was rather a wonder he did not do. He then brought us next day a very unpretending little book, which he said contained a very excellent "body of divinity." The phrase struck me, and I asked why he called it a "body." "Because there is only one Spirit, Una," he answered, "and there are many bodies of this kind, and they re dead, all of them, till the Spirit comes into them."

In most of our studies, Ernest was following fast at my heels; but he seemed to learn without loving what he learnt. He had already a little mocking way, both at work and play, of pulling things to pieces. He began by liking things or people very much, and ended by laughing at them, and saying, What was the good of them? He was often restless and dissatisfied. Edwin was very different. He was a little fat fellow, who took everything with the sweetest insouciance. Mr. Bothwell said his mind went into his hands and feet at present, and I can testify that during lessons his hands went into his breeches pockets and fumbled there among all sorts of odds and ends, for his doing so used to fidget me. He had also a funny way of standing on one leg and turning his head a little on one side, like a listening bird, which made me laugh. As for Lizzie, she was a perfect darling, bright as a sunbeam, open as the day, first to win love and favour, and to use it for the happiness of those she loved. Yes, even then most loving and most worthy to be loved; even then as in the days to come.

CHAPTER II.

A FIRST SORROW.

I PUT off to another chapter the one great event of our childhood, the event which ended mine-the death of our darling mother. It was spring when she began to droop, early spring, with the March winds and unblown buds. That day she took me to church was the last time she was ever out, for the weather became cold and wet, and when at length it brightened into May she was no longer able to move out of doors. But Susan dressed her every day, and nearly all the time I could spare from lessons I went and sat beside her, reading for the most part, it is true, but looking up from time to time to meet her smile, or sitting on the edge of her couch holding her hand in the twilight. She grew thinner and thinner, and weaker and weaker, but I never thought of death. I think she did, and tried to break it to me but failed; failed out of her very tenderness. It was one evening, after the others had gone to bed, they had been in and kissed her and said good-night; first little Lizzie, who had been sent away happy with a sugar-plum out of a box which the dear one kept by her side, and was trotted off crunching it with all her might; then Edwin, the latter bestowing his kiss on one leg, and with one hand in his pocket, for he nearly lost his balance, and I saved him from falling

At length they were gone, and I could not see to read, but I went to the window which looked into the garden to see the May moon in the still fair evening sky. I heard her weak voice calling me, and was by her side in a moment.

"Do you want anything, mamma?"

"Only you, my darling. Sit down beside me here."

"The doctor said I took away the air from you sitting there," I answered. He had said it only the day before, when he had come twice, instead of only once.

"Never mind, dear; I like it. You don't crowd me up, for you sit upon nothing. There, so that I can see your face," she said.

I took the hand I was always fond of stroking, and it felt chill, for I tried to warm it between mine. While I was holding it, I thought she was going to sleep; but she started awake again, and gripped me strangely. Then she spoke.

"You will always love me, Una darling. The

others may forget, but you will not."

"Why should they forget, mamma? unless——" and my very heart stood still with the sudden dread. "Unless I was going away?" she murmured.

"Oh, not that, mamma!" I cried, sobbing and quivering with grief.

"Hush! Una dear. You hurt me—hush! God knows what is best."

And I forced back my tears, and quelled my sobs, and sat still there till she seemed to sleep again, and the moonlight streamed into the room, and peace came back to me before Susan came to take my place, and brought her lamp and closed the shutters.

The next morning we were not allowed to see manma. The first thing in the morning—but that happened often now—we were told that she was not well enough yet. Then Mr. Bothwell came, and there was a whispered colloquy between him and Susan, and instead of lessons was announced a holiday in the Park. I remember that Ernest was delighted at first, and then said he had been in the Park so often that he would like to go somewhere else. But Edwin sent his hands to the bottom of both his pockets, and turned round on one leg with glee.

We were to be allowed to kiss mamma before we went; but we were not to speak, for she was too tired to answer. And Susan took us in, one by one—first Lizzie, then Ernest, then Edwin. Last of all, I went up to her, and kissed her in the darkened room, and I felt her lips cling to mine for a moment. Susan hurried me away.

I was astonished to find that even Lizzie was to be of the party. She had hitherto been considered too small, and by Susan too precious, to be trusted with us. But she was dressed with the rest, and went away holding Mr. Bothwell's hand. I was also astonished to hear Susan enjoin on our tutor to give us something to eat, and she put some coin or other into his hand, I am sure. I had a feeling as if she had done something derogatory to his dignity, I remember; but I need not have feared; it was not

of the kind that can be derogated from by earthly conditions.

What a day it was! I have often felt as if it was a perfect cruelty to have been so happy. We went in at the big gates, and up the long green slopes under the great trees, Ernest and Edwin giving each a hand to Lizzie, and running on before, while I walked more sedately by Mr. Bothwell's side. Everything wore the glory of the perfect time; the green grass glistened in its first freshness; the leaves, crisp and fair, and newly unfurled, were undimmed and unstained; the very sky, with small white clustered clouds up in the blue spaces, had a look of infantile grace and joy. It was as if all things had been made new, as, indeed, they had been by the breath of spring.

I remember coming to a knoll where some fine old thorns grew, dotted about here and there. The old trees were covered with blossom; one especially, the oldest-looking of all, was exactly like one great bridal bouquet, a close-clustered mass of scented snow. I remember noticing that some young trees close at hand had more of leaf than of bloom, and pointing it out to our tutor.

"I have noticed it before, Una," he said; "and a fine thing it is to think that when you might expect to be withered and worn, outside and in, you may be like that tree there—all bloom and fragrance."

About noon by the sky, we came down the southe: n slopes again, and out at the great gates, and were taken into a quaint sitting-room full of little cupboards, one in each corner and one in the middle, and the cupboards were full of curious things brought from foreign countries-Chinese cups and saucers, and teapots, idols, and images, and an ostrich's egg suspended by a cord. The room was pervaded by a curious and not altogether pleasant smell, but that did not hinder us from enjoying the tumblers of milk and the biscuits which were set before us, and which our tutor shared with us. The novelty was delightful, and the boys were excited by it to an unusual degree. Only Mr. Bothwell was very silent, answering our questions, but not encouraging us to talk as he generally did.

After our meal we returned to the Park, and this time we climbed the hill that commands a view of the river, and sat down on the bench at the top. Our tutor took Lizzie on his knee, and we sat and watched the ships coming up the reach. The boys did not remain long. They began clambering up and down the steep sides of the hill in a way which would have frightened our mother to death, though it did not move our tutor in the least, who had been accustomed to mountains, and considered these mere mole-hills. But this made me think of my mother, and wish to go back to her; and the brisk air blowing over the height made Lizzie sleepy, and she began to ask to go home. She had been running about a good deal, and so she refused to walk, and Mr. Bothwell made no remonstrance, but carried her all the way home in his arms.

At the door we were met by Susan, whose face was red and swollen with crying, and who took Lizzie in her arms, and began crying afresh over her. Our tutor took us into the school-room in silence, and sat down, looking very white and troubled.

Then he told us that we had no longer a mother on earth, and I burst out into passionate reproaches for having been taken away that morning, and wanted to see her at once. Mr. Bothwell tried in vain to calm me. My brothers were too frightened to make a noise, I think; and the violence of my grief frightened them still more.

I think our tutor went and asked if I could be allowed to see her, for he left the room, and when he came in again, he said, "Be calm, Una, and I will take you to see her;" and he took my hand, and led me up-stairs, and into the room—her room, only it seemed empty, and swept and garnished, and all so hushed and white. And he showed me her sweet face, looking very sad, but peaceful; and the look of it froze my tears, and made me calm for a time.

So I left the room without speaking, and my first words were—

"Do not let Lizzie see her."

And Mr. Bothwell said he thought it was right that she should not. She was too young. And I remember after that he knelt at a chair and prayed with us; and that made me weep again, for I was not reconciled to God's will. When little Lizzie asked for her mamma, she was told that she was gone to God, and when that would not satisfy her, that she should go away without Lizzie, we said God had taken her. And it shocked me, I remember, to hear her say, with her innocent little mouth all in a pout and tremble, that God was very naughty to take away her mamma, though I had had a feeling not very far from that in my heart.

I do not know on what day my father came. It was before the funeral. He arrived in great haste, and I saw him when he entered the room—our room, where Mr. Bothwell was: he had never left us since her death—and he threw himself on a seat, and said, "Too late!" as if to himself, several times. And then he looked at my blanched face, and held out his hand, and clasped me in his arms, and said, "Poor child! poor little woman!" in a way in which I had never heard him speak before.

CHAPTER III.

For some time after our mother's death we remained in the old house under the care of Susan and Mr. Bothwell; but when the summer came, we were removed in charge of the former. Our father, who was most kind and tender to us at this time, arranged that she should accompany us to our new home, and remain with us till we had become fairly happy there. I was glad of this on my own account, but much more so for the sake of our little Lizzie. From the time of our mother's death, a change had come over the child. She said very little after the first

day, when we found her at the door of the death-chamber knocking, and calling, "Mamma, mamma!" The awful reality had not come home to her childish understanding; but there had come to her a sense of loss which troubled her, and thenceforth she clung to one after another, especially to Susan and to me, and would not let us out of her sight, lest she should lose us too. She had been carried down-stairs, and soothed with stories of mamma having gone to a beautiful place, where she was to wait for Lizzie, who would go to her after a while. But she had got it into her head that we might go too, and "leave Lizzie," as she phrased it in her pathetic way, naming herself as she always did.

We were going to Scotland, and we went by steamer, and were all more or less prostrate with sickness during the voyage, with the exception of Edwin, who was accordingly in a state of exultation from morning till night, and, we believe, stood upon one leg all the time. But I remember being roused and dressed very quickly in the little state cabin where we slept, and then taken on deck, feeling faint and giddy, to see a sight I shall never forget. I suppose it was my first impression of the grandeur of the universe. The beauty of flowers and trees, of park and garden, I knew and delighted in, and I was familiar with the sea-side and the sunny sands; but I had never taken in the great glorious whole of earth and sea and sky, as I did now. It was early, very early-soon after sunrise. The grand awful sun-face had appeared above the waves, which leaped as if in ecstasy to mingle with its rays. An infinite purity of light was in the sky, a freshness as of a new-born wind in the air. I had never seen a sunrise, and it was as though I witnessed the resurrection, so thrilled and awed and dazzled was my mind, and so full of a new and conscious joy.

And as the sun rose, it shone from the north and from the east upon a city. Was that, too, new-risen? for such a city I had never seen. Crowning the green slopes which reached up to it from the shining water, were what seemed snow-white palaces, rank on rank, set in a circle of majestic hills. There a castle-crowned rock, and yonder a still lordlier shape—a huge black lion couching, as if to guard the city—lifted their heads high into the pearly sky. It was Edinburgh, and I kept my eyes fixed on the enchanting seene until we touched the shore.

We were taken to an hotel, and re-washed and otherwise refreshed; and in due time, while it was still early, arrived the lady to whose care we were confided. She welcomed us with great kindness—a peculiar sort of kindness, in which there was nothing relaxing, but rather something bracing and strengthening. She did not take us in her arms, and kiss and pity us, little motherless wanderers as we were; but shook hands with us all round, and treated us quite as if we were sensible people who knew how to make the best of things. Lizzie clung to Susan, but observed her impartiality, as she made no objectionable advances; but the boys made friends at

once. I never saw our boys take so readily to any one. They attached themselves to her at once, and, what is more, their attachment was lasting; even with Ernest it was so. And no wonder! Was ever teacher so unexacting and yet so firm? such a lover and promoter of freedom, and yet such a born ruler? She ruled Ernest, who had been the most difficult to rule, by means of the very characteristics that had created the difficulty. She was before him in detecting the

and feelings which I never revealed to her. I did not hide them; they instinctively hid themselves. They were things too tender to bear the keen breath of her searching intellect, too shadowy to stand in the light of her supreme good sense.

One of these hidden things was my love for my dead mother. To Miss Hope her name, I believe, never passed my lips; and yet how I treasured her memory, a memory of unmingled tenderness; how I



"We sat and watched the ships coming up the reach."-p. 10.

flaws in everything which had caused his ideal nature to waver and change. She was before him in laughing at every folly; for she wielded the power of which he stood in keenest dread—the power of ridicule.

It was the same with all of us. She turned the peculiarities of each to account; but I doubt if she ever fully comprehended me. No doubt this is what most young people think, and may seem a foolish and conceited thing to say concerning a clever cultivated woman like her; but there were thoughts

longed for her, and sometimes cried for her; how I learnt to believe in her presence near me, and to comfort myself with an invisible friend in her. Nothing of this did I ever reveal to Miss Hope, nor do I think she could have guessed it. She was herself proud and independent, and she defended pride and disliked humility and dependence. She was by far the most sensible person I had known. She was a great deal more than merely sensible, but sense predominated. She was hot and hasty of temper; but she had too much good sense ever to indulge it.

Therefore it only served to give spirit and impulse to her mind. She had some contempt for the claims of the stronger sex to superior wisdom, was in fact strongminded; but she had too much good sense to allow it to influence her. I learnt to love her very truly and dearly, but always with a certain reserve. She wanted just the touch of unworldliness—that divine folly which lifts us above the region of the most sterling sense, and lands us, it may be, in the presence of angels.

We learnt a great deal and saw a great deal in the years that now ensued. Every autumn we were taken to meet our father; usually abroad, but sometimes at hand, at the coast, or at some chosen home among the hills. Between my fourteenth and fifteenth year I began to keep a journal. I am not going to inflict it on any one, but I find there recorded my delight in the beauty of nature and my appreciation of the freedom we enjoyed, which led to my finding out, as it seldom falls to the lot of girls of my age to find out, the precious joys of solitude. Often when we have been spending a sunny afternoon in one of the green hollows of the hills at the foot of which nestled the house which was for several seasons our summer home, I have wandered away from the rest unchidden to find for myself some upper solitude. It was not to indulge in melancholy that I went apart: on the contrary, it was to revel in boundless joy. Climbing up and up, I would feel my spirit grow blither at every bound, till my very body felt an ethereal lightness and my feet seemed hardly to touch the earth. I must have had the gift of pure and perfect health in those days, for I felt neither languor nor weariness. I had a fancy that the butterflies, chasing each other in the hollow as I started upward, felt as I did. Sometimes I reached the hill-crest only to dart downwards again like an arrow from a bow: at another time I would lie down out of sight, and look up into the sunny sky till it assumed an inky blackness, listening in the perfect silence, broken at intervals by the bleat of a sheep from below or the song of a lark from above, or the boom of the heatherbee at my ear.

I had entered my fifteenth year when our boys were sent to school. Ernest was fourteen by that time, and Edwin, of course, a year younger, and Miss Hope had hitherto taught us all together. She had laid the foundations of future knowledge and culture deep and strong. We read, Lizzie included, much, and that of the best, and had been taught to understand what we read, and we were well grounded, boys and girls alike, in Latin, French, and music. There was one thing, however, that we were never taught, and that was religion. We knew more of the mythology of Greece and Rome than of the religion of Christ, and what we unavoidably learnt of the latter we learnt precisely as we did the former, that is to say, historically.

"It is your father's wish that you should judge for yourselves when you are of an age to understand," was the answer that silenced our inquiries as to the absolute truth of things. "It is your father's wish, and I have agreed to respect it."

There were good schools in Edinburgh to which our boys might have been sent, but our father ordered it otherwise. He had found a proprietary school, in which, he informed Miss Hope, the principle he had adopted would be strictly carried out.

Thither, accordingly, Ernest and Edwin repaired, to be with us only during the longer holidays, an arrangement that was more conducive to our quiet than to our happiness. They had furnished to our lives an element of healthy turbulence, and their going was the signal for the close of Lizzie's childhood, just as our mother's death had been the close to mine.

Lizzie missed Edwin especially. With him she had long maintained an alliance, offensive and defensive, and his going left a gap in her life, which I strove in vain to fill, the years between us having as yet kept us apart, both in our studies and amusements.

Miss Hope's little circle received us with kindly interest, and I had no idea how restricted it was. How it came to be so restricted was easily explained. It is always a solitary life that a man or woman must lead who is driven to labour out of the sphere in which they were born. Pride meets them from above and from below, from within and from without, and more or less isolates them from their fellows.

Miss Hope was the daughter of a landed proprietor who had ruined himself by speculation, and died bankrupt and heart-broken. Her brothers had chosen careers, and gone abroad; and she had been offered, somewhat coldly, the place of a dependent in the home of a relative. This she had refused, and turned her talents to account as a teacher, while former friends, sooner or later, turned their backs upon her, or she upon them. She had made but few friends of her own, and they were mostly of a generation older than herself-perhaps they had been tender to her struggling youth. The old gentlemen were fond of politics and chess, which latter they insisted on making me a proficient in; and the old ladies were for the most part notable housekeepers, but withal keen critics both of books and men.

In all the circle there was not one of my own age. The nearest approach to a companion was the deformed daughter of a solicitor, who had one of those beautiful clear-cut high-strung faces sometimes seen on the deformed, framed in masses of brown hair, and whose ghost-like hand I once ventured, in a passion of youthful tenderness, to kiss—a kiss which opened up a whole new world to me, for it opened to me Magdalene Bruce's heart. I had thought of her only as a patient sufferer. I had heard her spoken of in that sensible circle as a burden to herself and to others, as one to whom death would be a boon, and I found her filled with a life and a joy which I recognised as higher and fuller than theirs.

The holidays were now more delightful than ever,

for they brought the boys back to us; and we were very proud of our boys, growing handsomer and cleverer every time we saw them, and full of the incidents and adventures of their school life.

In my seventeenth year we went abroad, and remained away from England nearly three years. When vacation time commenced, my father himself brought the boys to Paris, where we met them, and commenced a little autumn tour, visiting various parts of France, Switzerland and Italy. When the vacation was over, we returned to our villa in the neighbourhood of Paris, and went on with our studies, which were broken again by the Christmas holidays, spent in Paris with our father.

Lizzie now had a German governess, with whom I read German and practised, for she was a first-rate musician. Fräulein Vasa I only half-liked, and she was very little of a companion to me. She was the daughter of a Hanoverian pastor, and it was most strange to me, associating as I did education and refinement, to find her so highly educated and so little refined. She was a beautiful girl in her way, large-limbed and exquisitely fair. I have seen her half undressed in the lamplight, with her luxuriant yellow hair tumbling about her, and her pinky neck and arms shining as if they were half transparent; and I have shrunk from the fair arms ungraciously, for she was fond of embracing me. I would rather have kissed the thin face of Magdalene Bruce, and saw more beauty in it, upturned pathetically because of her deformity, than in the Fräulein's, bent like a rose heavy with fulness. She was particularly fond of nice things to eat, and astonished us all, down to Lizzic, by frequent fits of crying. A headache or a toothache made her cry; and what was still more inconceivable, she cried because she was dull. Her soul was sad, she said, because there was nothing to see.

Nothing to see, and we lived in the midst of a perfect panorama of loveliness! Our villa was set on one of the wooded heights above the Seine, close to the village of St. Michael, and commanding a view of the long wall of the terrace of St. Germain's, backed by the dark woods. Every point had its fresh glimpse of the winding river, each more picturesque than the last. Every turn in the scrambling roads had its scene, its circle of woods, its grey-roofed village perched on the height, or nestling in the hollow. But the poor Fräulein delighted not in these. What she did delight in were the gay shops, and the theatres, and the dresses, and plenty of clatter and chatter. Her soul delighted in these.

As for me, I knew not what dulness meant, or if I did it was only in the society of poor Fräulein Vasa, whom I learnt to pity with a contemptuous pity—to pity, and to tolerate. Ah! if I had but known the future, what might I not have saved one of my beloved ones by retaining the severe youthful intolerance with which I was disposed to treat her duplicity, and laziness, and self-indulgence. And yet if circumstances are God's appointed discipline, what right have we to arraign the past? Let it bury its dead.

CHAPTER IV.

WE had spent our autumn in Normandy, and had returned to Paris as usual, preparing to part with our boys and go back to our village, when an event occurred which changed the course of our lives. In the early summer, Miss Hope's eldest brother had returned from Ceylon, a widower with three children, all girls, for whom he was on the outlook for a suitable home. It was Lizzie who started the brilliant idea that they might come to us, and an excellent idea it seemed; but Miss Hope steadily discouraged us in entertaining it.

We were greatly interested in the progress of affairs, however, for Miss Hope now received a letter weekly, whereas she had hitherto been well content if she got one once in three months. We heard of Mr. Hope's movements continually, and at length the news came that his father's estate in Perthshire had come into the market in the very nick of time, and that he had commissioned an agent to buy it. This had been done, and he was now in possession of his re-purchased inheritance, and of the very house in which he and his sister had been born. The touch of romance in it excited us to enthusiasm, and for the first time Miss Hope talked to us of the place as if she really loved it.

And still a brisk correspondence went on, and my father seemed to join in it. I noticed now that there was always a portion of his letters that she did not read to us, and that a few of them she did not read at all.

When at length he joined us, I could see that something troubled him; he was the most silent and reserved of men, and he seemed particularly reserved with me. He had always had more to say to the boys, perhaps because they were boys; and one could see how fond and proud he was of them; and as for Lizzie, she made him love her, for she loved him, and she had no fearfulness, no reserve in her love, and no timidity in expressing it. In spite of himself he had to throw off his reserve with her. But between him and me there was always a certain constraint, and I have often caught him looking at me in a calculating manner which sent me on more than one occasion to consult the mirror, and see if I could discover anything in myself which was doubtful or strange. This was not the look I noticed now, but one more troubled and more tender, so that I longed to throw my arms round him and ask what he was thinking of; but I could not, and so nothing transpired till after our return to Paris.

But before the great event was announced to us that Miss Hope had consented to take the head of her brother's house, and consequently was going to leave us, a little incident occurred which was to shape the whole of our then uncertain future.

Miss Hope had a passion for art, which she had in some degree infused into us, though my chief enthusiasm was, and is, for nature; and we were all in the Louvre, paying a farewell visit to our favourites there: for this much we knew, to our immense satisfaction, that we were going back to live in Eugland. We were in the Salon Carré, and made quite a large party, the boys and papa, Miss Hope, and Lizzie and I, with Fräulein Vasa lagging in the rear.

Looking at my father, I suddenly saw a gleam of recognition come into his face as he glanced at a group standing opposite. There was also a certain quick movement of his thick dark eyebrows, which seemed to me expressive of annovance. Then he left the boys and crossed over, shaking hands with the ladies of the party. I felt sure Miss Hope saw him as well as I did, but she took not the slightest notice, and immediately drew Lizzie's attention to the details of one of the pictures. There were several ladies and a gentleman in the group my father had joined; but there was one who drew all my attention to herself, She was of middle age, very florid, and highly dressed, with the hardest blue eyes I had ever seen, and she deliberately raised her gold eye-glass and looked over us in the most insolent manner. She glanced at the boys first, and then stared at me. Lizzie had just turned her lovely face, and was on the point of encountering the impertinence, when I stepped in front of her, drew myself up to my full height, and returned the stare with interest. But doubtless I overdid my part, for it was one completely foreign to me, and had only been prompted by indignation. The lady smiled contemptuously, and dropped her glass, and I remained, with my face burning, and my eyes filling with tears, when a slender, quietlydressed lady, who had been speaking to my father, and watching the little scene, darted over to my side, as if seized by a sudden impulse, and, holding out her hand to me, said, with almost a sob, "My dear, I am your aunt."

"I have no aunt," I said, but still taking the hand, for I could not help liking the face.

"This is your aunt, Una," my father said, coming up to us,

I looked up at him with I know not what of trouble in my face. I know that there was a terrible pain at my heart, and I felt ready to choke with a sense of some great injustice. If she was our aunt, why had she neglected us all this time? Why had everybody neglected us?

She had turned to Lizzie and repeated her words. Always before me in winning love, Lizzie smiled and held up her sweet face, which the lady kissed, and then turned away her own to hide her emotion. Presently my father presented her formally to Miss Hope. "These are my sons, Ernest and Edwin," he added.

She shook hands with them, and once more with me; once more kissed Lizzie, and then my father took her back to the party she had left, and they all went out of the saloon, leaving us behind them

I could not look at the pictures any more that day, and I carried home that pain at my heart. I longed to ask my father how it was that we had never known that he had a sister; but I could not, and

more than once he looked at me with that troubled look.

But Lizzie, with her fearless freedom, did what I could not do. She asked the question, simply, "Is she your own sister, papa?"

"My only sister," he answered,

"And why does she never come to see us?" she asked.

"Because we have been long estranged, owing to things that happened before you were born."

"And now you are going to be friends again," said Lizzie; "that will be so nice, papa. Have you any more relations?"

"Not many—very few that I like," he replied, and left her abruptly.

Of course I was now of an age when it was necessary to consult me about my future destiny, or at least to acquaint me with what it was to be. I could no longer be dealt with like a child; and my father at length sought an opportunity to tell us? that Miss Hope was going to her brother. She was truly sorry to give us up, he said, for we had been excellent young people, and she had been very happy with us, and was much attached to us; but her brother had pressed his claims and the claims of his motherless children, and she had at length agreed to go and live with them.

How grieved, how hurt, and how unreasonable I was about it! I was attached to her with all my heart, in spite of my little reticences toward her, and I firmly believed that nothing would have induced me to go away at. ā leave her. "Why are we so friendless?" I cried. "No one seems to care for us."

"Una," said my father, gently, "do you think I don't care for you?"

"But you are seldom with us," I answered, through my grief.

"I intend to be more with you in future," he replied.

"And we have no home," I murmured,

"I have had no home, Una. Be a brave girl and make a home for me in my old age. My sister has offered to take charge of you for a time, after your return to England."

"The lady we saw in the Louvre?" I asked.

"Yes. She will be most kind, I am sure, and do all she can to make up to you for the loss of Miss Hope. But you are a woman now, and I want you to make a home for your brothers and your sister and me. I am greatly obliged to my sister for offering to take your place till you are old enough to fill it with propriety, and I am very anxious that you, on your part, should do all you can to make her love you."

"Oh, papa," I cried, "it is so hard to have to love over and over again! It is like being pulled up by the roots!"

"Don't make things harder for me than you can help, Una," he answered, with a strange stern look of suffering which I had never seen on his face before. I had to tell Lizzie and the boys; of course, Lizzie was the worst; but the boys took it less philosophically than I had expected. We were a very dull and miserable party for the rest of the time we were together. Miss Hope promised faithfully to come and see us; but she gave us no invitation to her new home. We parted from her in London, and thither Aunt Monica came to meet us. "Mona," my father called her, and Lizzie called her "Aunt Mona" within the hour.

Furnished apartments were taken for us in one of the streets running northward from Oxford Street till our future place of abode could be determined on, and there we settled down for the winter. At the commencement of the term Ernest went up to Cambridge, having chosen the law as his profession; while Edwin remained at home undecided, except on the point that any of the learned professions would be irksome to him, and that he would prefer to choose

something else at his leisure.

Our father expressed himself sorry that he had not put this important matter before him sooner, especially that he had not encouraged him to choose the life of a sailor, as he himself had done. And I think it was a pity he had not. The discipline was just what Edwin needed-the strict sense of duty, and not the sense of duty only, but the binding force of definite duties. He had the sweetest, sunniest temper, uninvaded by anxiety or care. Idleness, sloth, was his besetting sin. Day after day passed away, and found him no nearer a decision. He was quite contented to share our quiet life, to spend his mornings over a German grammar, his afternoons sauntering about, and his evenings reading a tale. He was never impatient or restless, and never absorbed. He would jump up from his easiest attitude-and he was fond of easy attitudes-to do some trifling service to any of us. He would forsake his volume on the very brink of the catastrophe to go out with us. Even shopping, which I detested, he did not object to. Aunt Monica tried to help him with suggestions as to his future. There was engineering, there was the army; but hard study and stern examinations barred the way. He thought he would like to be a farmer, and that was the one thing nobody seemed to know anything about; and so day by day went by, and nothing was done.

Lizzie went on with her studies as usual, varied by walks in the parks and promenades in the streets, productive of quite a new vivacity in the Fräulein. Edwin was always at their service as an escort. He was also profiting by the Fräulein's company to perfect himself in German, which he considered might be of great use to him if he took to commerce, which he thought of as an alternative to agriculture.

As for me, I was emancipated from lessons-had

been long ago—but Miss Hope had kept me up to a certain routine of improvement, which I missed without knowing exactly what it was that I did miss. I had been taught to value truth for its own sake, and not for anything it would bring, not even for the highest things. But I could no more help translating it into life and living joy and hope than I could help my organism digesting the food I ate.

I had learned a great deal—was what is called thoroughly accomplished; but to what end? Miss Hope had exhorted me to keep up my German and Italian. But why? To become more accomplished still! What was the good of it all? I knew enough to know how high were the heights above me which I no longer cared to climb. There was science, there was learning, the old classic learning, which I coveted to acquire, and which I read of girls like myself eagerly pursuing. But I wanted bread, and these were for me as stones—precious stones it might be; but to the hungry, diamonds are no more than pebbles.

Of course when Edwin was out, and Lizzie engaged at her lessons, there were times when Aunt Monica and I were left alone together. At such times I would be seized, in spite of my utmost efforts to escape from it, with an oppression of shyness which completely took away the power of speech. And all the while I so longed to be able to speak about ordinary things in a natural way, because I feared my silence might be misunderstood. For I was not generally silent, but, even with strangers, could be frank and gay enough. And it certainly was not that I did not like Aunt Monica. No one could help liking her. She was the embodiment of Wordsworth's lovely sonnet, to that

"Lady bright, Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined, By favouring nature and a saintly mind, To something purer, and more exquisite, Than flesh and blood."

Only she was not old, and there was a sprightly air mingled with her meekness as of a high spirit sweetly subdued.

But there was a barrier between us, and I soon became aware that she too felt it. We could not meet as strangers and learn to know each other, we who ought to have been known to each other long ago. Instead of accepting her as she was, I was continually questioning, "Why has she stood aloof from us till now? Why does everybody stand aloof from us? What does she know about us, about my mother too? Does her standing aloof from us mean any slight to her?" And looking at Aunt Monica with these thoughts in my heart, my face would suddenly flush crimson, and my eyes fill with tears.

(To be continued.)



THE MEASURELESS LOVE OF CHRIST.

"Unto Him that loveth us."-REV. i. 5.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., LL.D., EDINBURGH.



HESE words are taken from the introduction to those Epistles to the seven churches which form the first part of the book of the Apocalypse. The beloved Apostle first salutes the churches, wishing them grace and peace from

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, each of the three characteristically described; and then, as if, at the very mention of the name of Jesus Christ, some strong and overpowering emotion had swelled up within his breast, refusing to be repressed, before he says a word about the visions he had seen, the messages he had to deliver, he bursts out into this glowing ascription of praise, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Writing to the Emperor Trajan from a district of that very country in which the seven churches were planted, and at a date but a few years after the death of the Apostle John, the younger Pliny says that he had observed it to be a custom of these Christians "to assemble early in the morning and sing among themselves hymns to Christ as to God." We may be sure that whatever other words were made use of, those taught them by the venerable Apostle would not be left unemployed, and the many an assembly then and down through; .ny after generations they would form part of one of the oftenest repeated and best loved of those hymns that these early Christians sang to Christ as God. practice spread throughout the churches, and so long and extensively prevailed, that three hundred years after Pliny's time another eye-witness-Jerome, writing of a period when no longer quiet hours and secret places had to be sought for -tells, "One cannot go into the fields without finding the ploughman at his hallelujahs, and the mower at his hymns." It throws a heightened interest over the words of our text if they form the sole surviving specimen of the primitive Christian hymnology; and when we sing, as in many of our churches we do, this inspired doxology to Jesus, it should deepen the fervour of our feeling in doing so, to remember that we are repeating, keeping up, and handing down the praises that in well-nigh the same words, the followers of the Crucified have age after age been rendering to His great and adorable name.

At present let us fix our thoughts upon the first clause of this doxology. "Unto Him that

loved us," or rather, as the verb in the original is in the present and not in the past tense, "Unto Him that loveth us." He does not name His name; he does not need to do so. It is enough to mark Him out, to tell who He is, to say "Him that loveth us," so far above all other love to us does that of Jesus rise; it stands so matchless, so alone. Let us try to indicate the pre-eminence of the love of Christ by dwelling a little (1.) upon its duration, its everlastingness. (2.) Its extent, its amplitude, its infinity. (3.) Its intensity, as revealed both in action and passion, in doing and in enduring.

I. The duration of the love of Christ.

Apart from all reckoning of its quality or strength, you make something of the length of time during which any one has cherished an affectionate regard to you. Is it not this that helps to give such power to parental love? As that love in all its fulness comes to shine upon and brighten our being, we remember that it had its birth before any season that our memory can recall, that looks of it were bent upon us and services innumerable of it were rendered to us, before we knew to whom we were being indebted, or had the capacity to make any return. We love our father and our mother all the more tenderly as we remember that they were loving uswatching over us, caring for, providing for, sympathising with us, long ere we were conscious of their love. And among the friendships that we form in life, which are ordinarily the dearest? Are they not the ones that have lasted the longest? We rightly prize the attachment of a life-time above that which was formed but yesterday.

But how far back have we to go to get at the beginning of the love of Christ? Who shall lead us up to its birth-time and place? He had us in His eye, He had us in His heart ages before any sign appeared of our existence upon this earth—in spirit He was slain for us—had the kingdom prepared for us before the foundation of the world. The most ancient of all love is that of Jesus; it has been of old, from everlasting.

But turn now from the past to the future. Even as to this present life, what a distinction does it confer on any attachment cherished towards us, the absolute certainty of its continuance, of its surviving all the trials of time, or separation, or misunderstandings, or collisions of interest, or variations of taste and of pursuit. How much is there in ourselves, in our own waywardness, our changefulness, our temper and habits; how much is there in others liable all to influences of a like kind; how much is there in the world with-

out—its tale-bearing, its intermeddling, the strange vicissitudes of its fortunes, throwing often far apart in every way those who were once most closely allied-to render the firmest and fastest of human friendships insecure, to inflict a painful sense of uncertainty as to the future. We rejoice indeed in the knowledge that there are bonds, even in earthly friendship, which are wholly delivered from all such fear; that there are those of whom we are assured that, come what will with them or us, they will love us still, will love us to the end. But then, there is that end, that close of all things here below; and what of the existence afterwards? Who shall love us-then and there -throughout that unknown unending life which awaits us beyond the grave? Shall those who loved us so long and so tenderly here be there beside us to bless us with an abiding, an everlasting affection? We hope so; in our best moments we believe that it shall be so. Still, there is a shade of dimness over the prospect. There is, however, one love-there is but one-upon whose continuance in time and throughout eternity we can most securely count. He whose heart it fills, is the same yesterday, to day, for ever. The unchangeableness that belongs to His nature belongs to His love. There are no waxings and wanings, there is no variableness nor shadow of turning in that affection. Whom He loveth, He loveth unto the end. He loves us now, He shall love us for ever. He loves us here on earth; our heaven shall be but a sharing for ever a fuller and larger measure of that love. We may do much to try that love, to tempt Him to withdraw it-to deserve its removal. But that love which all our alienation and all our enmity, our indifference, ingratitude, disobedience, while as yet we knew Him not, neglected and despised Him, could not and did not hinder from going forth, will not be turned aside by all the provocations that after we have come to Him, and trusted in Him, and enrolled ourselves among His followers, we may heap up. We can stand but little, comparatively, from others. Let them treat us ill, knowingly, groundlessly, repeatedly; our warmest love will languish, our strongest attachment relax. But His love is not as our love; the ways of it are not as ours. The many waters of our coldness and distrust, and unfaithfulness, and manifold weaknesses, and perversities, cannot quench it. It will survive all the trials to which we put it here, and it will burst upon us in that world beyond the grave, as the sun bursts through the clouds of a dark and stormy morning, to illumine our eternal day.

It was this attribute of the love of Jesus, its constancy, its abidingness, its unchangeableness, that prompted the great apostrophe of the Apostle. "Who," or rather "what shall separate us from the love of Christ. Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? I am persuaded that neither

death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, should be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

II. Let us contemplate the love of Christ in the width of its embrace, its amplitude, its infinity. In the third chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians the Apostle Paul speaks of the breadth and length, and depth and height of this love. He speaks as standing in its centre, himself the object of this love. He contemplates it as an element like the atmosphere, enveloping him all around, stretching away illimitably, above, beneath, around. And the consciousness, the comprehension that he has of the presence and power of this all-surrounding, all-prevailing love, he desires and prays that all Christians at Ephesus, and elsewhere, in his own, and in all after ages, may share along with him. But what kind of love is that of which millions upon millions of human spirits may and ought to feel that it individually is the centre, and that above it, around it, beneath it, the expanse of that love spreads out? It is only an expanse which is infinite of which this can be spoken, of which this can be true. All things that are limited have but a single centre, cannot have two or more. But of things that are infinite or illimitable the centre is here, is there, is anywhere, is everywhere. Where, for instance, is the centre of that infinite space, the breadth, the length, the height, the depth of which stretch out on every side, away and away without bounds or end? It is wherever the questioner is standing. We carry each this centre with us, plant us where you please. It is here where I now stand; it would be there where I stood though you earried me off and set me down millions of miles away. I am the centre of it. You are the centre of it. Each human being who entertains the idea of it becomes its centre. It is the same with the love of Jesus, because it too is infinite. It surrounds with its vast, its measureless, its limitless expanse every being that it embraces. Each one of us, in realising it, may and ought to feel as if we were its central, as much so as if we were its single object. Its mighty volume is around each separate spirit, as if the enfolding of that spirit, the guiding, guarding, purifying of that spirit were its sole and separate care. what an untold multitude of such spirits does it embrace. Imperfectly as we can understand what passes all full knowledge, let us believe that the infinite fulness of the love of Christ is upon and around each one of us, making a special study, taking a special care, furnishing a special provision for each; that it takes none of that fulness away from us, that other thousands share it equally with ourselves. Love like ours-all creature-love—has its limits, as to the number of beings it can embrace, the quantity of affection it

can expend, the proofs or expressions of itself that it can give. It might be even true were we to say, it is perhaps the very sign and token of its creaturehood that a heart like ours cannot lavish the full wealth of its affection upon two beings at the same time. Not so the heart of Jesus, which is the heart of God. He can, He does love millions upon millions, each with all the fulness of a Divine affection. Yet no discord, no distraction, no division or diminution anywhere. Such love may be darkness to the intellect, but is sunshine to the heart, too wonderful for us to comprehend, but not too rich for us to enjoy; for was it not this very attribute of this love which led the Apostle, in connection with the description of its breadth and length, and height and depth, to speak of knowing this love of Christ so as to be "filled with all the fulness of God?" Plunge an empty vessel deep into the broad ocean; it is filled out of-in a sense, you may say filled with -the fulness of those waters that surround it on every side. Such an empty vessel is our spirit. Such an ocean is the love of Christ; only, to make the comparison anything like exact, the vessel should be permeable throughout by the element into which you plunge it, and capable of expanding more and more as it takes in more and more of that element; such, for instance (one has suggested) as a piece of sponge, dry and withered as it lies out upon the rock amid the sunbeams, but opening, enlarging as you sink it into the deep, filling itself, in its own natural home, out of its own natural element, spreading out on every side, claiming the whole ocean as its own; taking "possessorship of the sea." Oh! for our dry and withered hearts to be so immersed in, so permeated by the love of Jesus that they too might begin to expand on every side so as to be filled with the very fulness of God!

III. The intensity of the love of Christ as shown in actual operation.

We measure the intensity of any affection by the difficulties it overcomes, the burdens it bears, the services it renders, the sacrifices it makes. Now, so far as we can see, there was a great initial difficulty in the love of Christ turning upon such a world as ours, concentrating itself upon such sinners as we are. For what is it that begets love but the sight in the object of that which is lovable? and what is it that hinders love but the presence in the object of that which must create aversion, if not dislike? And what could a being perfectly pure, and infinitely holy, see in us fitted to draw forth affection? Was there not much fitted rather to alienate than to attract? This very feature, however, of the love of Christ-that it was love to those not worthy of it, who had in them nothing to deserve, much to repel-is one that goes far to enhance it in our esteem. He saw us in our low

and lost estate, neither desiring nor deserving His great intervention on our behalf. But in us-spite of all that we had done to mar and mutilate it-He saw the image of the Godhead, unevolved yet unbounded capacities for good, for holiness, for happiness. He saw in us the guilty that might be pardoned, the defiled that might be purified, the dead that might be quickened, the lost that might be saved. It was this free pure spiritual love aiming at our salvation, which carried Jesus over all those initial difficulties that might have stopped others but could not arrest Him. Nay, the very things in us-the selfishness, the ungodliness, the impurity, the sin and wretchedness-that might have turned away another benefactor, and led him to seek a more congenial and more hopeful field of labour, gave but the quicker wing, and the firmer footstep to that great love which left the ninety and nine that had not wandered, and came down to seek and to save the one that was lost,

The life of Christ on earth was throughout a manifestation and expression of this love, and it is to it that we naturally turn for instances of burdens borne, services rendered, sufferings endured, sacrifices made. In using these, however, as gauges of the intensity of the affection, we feel ourselves at fault, for we are in presence of a love that the common earthly measures that we apply to it are ill able to estimate. For let us remember that it is not merely a human heart that beats in Jesus Christ—a human sensibility with which that heart is gifted. The Divine capacity to love is present here, and the Divine sensibility attaching to that capacity. How these operate in union we cannot tell. The mystery of the complex constitution of our Saviour's character, the humanity and the divinity blended therein, we cannot solve, and it is in every respect desirable that we should leave the solution unattempted. It is alone with the simple truth and facts of that wonderful display of the love of God to us in Him that we should deal. Yet how soon in dealing even with these do we find ourselves standing on the edge of a shoreless and fathomless sea. Look, for instance, but at a single side or section of those sufferings which for us men, and for our salvation, the Son of God endured. Sorrow of some kind would seem to follow all true love as the shadow follows the substance: the deeper the one, the darker the other. So is it with the love the mother bears to her child, the patriot to his country. So preeminently with the love that dwelt in the heart of Jesus. Surely it is said of Him, "He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." bore those griefs by sympathy, He carried those sorrows by entering into them, and making them His own. That central heart of love and pity opened itself round all its vast circumference, and let in upon it all the streams of anguish that

flowed out of all the varied fountains of human In every pang that rends the heart the Man of Sorrows had a part. Conceive, then, of this Man of Sorrows, the Son of God, as standing in a relationship to all human sin kindred to that in which He stands to all human sorrow; realising to Himself as He only could, its depth, its malignity, its extent, the wages earned by, the woe in store for it; letting the full impression come in upon His spirit of all the insult to the Divine Majesty that it carries along with it; all the defilement of spirit it involves; all the widespreading ruin it entails. Imagine this elder brother of our humanity planting Himself in the very heart of all this world's ingratitude and rebellion towards God; suffering all its profanity, its impurity, its hatred, its malice, its revenge, to girdle Him closely round, and press in at every point upon His pure and spotless soul. We are ourselves so little affected by the wrongs done here to God; we shrink with such a feeble abhorrence from those sins which we all commit against one another, that it is difficult for us to apprehend or estimate what a burden of inward grief close and constant contact with all the iniquity abounding amongst us would lay, even upon a sinless human spirit gifted with but the ordinary human susceptibility. But what if in and through that human heart of Jesus the very holiness of the Supreme touched, as it could not otherwise have touched, the foul and loathsome thing, and at the touch recoiled? What if the very sensibility of the Godhead (a sensibility that we see no reason to believe is not open to suffering as to joy) was there, quickening the human sensibility, and making it alive in every fibre, to thrill throughout with indescribable emotion? Then who can calculate for us the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of that deep inward grief to which the soul of the Redeemer subjected itself? Standing one day within the walls of a Jewish synagogue, contemplating a single, and that not an extreme manifestation of the perversity of the human heart, Jesus "looked round with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." Throw down the walls of that synagogue, widen the area till it takes in the whole family of mankind. Let it be, not the hardness of a few Jewish hearts, but all the hardness of all men's hearts, and all the ungodly deeds that all the sinners of our race have committed, and all the hard speeches they have spoken against Heaven, and all the injustices and cruelties and oppressions of which this earth has been the theatre; let it be all the vast accumulation of iniquity that is present to the thoughts, and that sinks down into the conscience and heart of the man Christ Jesus. Do we not get sight here of a fountain of woe opened up within the soul of Jesus, whose swelling waters, rising in all their fulness, were well fitted to overwhelm? It is to that peculiar fountain-head of inward grief, so imperfectly described, that one of our hymn-writers has traced up the Agony of the Garden—

"Midnight, and still the oppressive load Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie: Still the abhorred procession winds Before Thy spirit's quailing eye. Deep waters have come in, O Lord, All darkly on Thy human soul, And clouds of supernatural gloom Around Thee are allowed to roll. The weight of the deserved wrath Drives over Thee with pressure dread, And, forced upon the olive roots, In death-like sadness droops Thy head. Thy spirit weighs the sins of men, Thy science fathoms all their guilt : Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart, And the pores open-blood is spilt. And Thou hast shuddered at each act, And shrunk with an astonished fear. As if Thou couldst not bear to see The loathsomeness of sin so near."

One step farther here. With that illimitable capacity of conception and sympathy and susceptibility that we know must have belonged to Him, let us imagine Christ contemplating and taking in, not only sin, but death-death in all its aspects, all its hideousness, all its terrors, all the beauty that it blights, all the powers that it scatters, all the havoc of human happiness that it makes, all the hopes it quenches, all the hearts it breaks. Death, not that of the body only, butmore awful still-that of the soul. fear and terror, which no human eve but that of Jesus ever did or could take in : so many human spirits moving on to be wrecked upon the bleak shores of a dark eternity. Could it be without a pang of unutterable sorrow that He who was incarnate love and pity gazed upon such a vision? A father bends over a dying child. The child knows not that it is dying; the father does. The child knows not whither it is drifting; the father does. What anguish fills that father's heart! He tastes himself the very bitterness of death as he bends over his dying child. With such a knowledge as never father had, and such a love as never father felt, does Jesus bend over a dying world.



A MOTHER'S ASPIRATION.

HY life is in thy hand,
To mar it or to make;
Oh, make it of the highest,
For our sweet Jesu's sake!
Think not of fame or fortune,
Of earthly gain or loss,
Think only how to bear thee best
Beneath thy Saviour's cross,

As He was pure and holy,
So keep thee pure from taint;
As He was meek and lowly,
Be thou a humble saint;

As He was kind and courteous,
To friend and bitter foe,
So on thy friends and foes alike,
Sweet courtesy bestow.

Say, is it not great honour

To be a Christian knight,
To bear the red-cross banner
Before thee in the fight?
Then brace thee for the combat,
Deny thyself, and prove
The triumph of redeeming grace,
Th' omnipotence of love.

Let not the foe o'ercome thee,
Be sure he will assail;
Keep ever bright and stainless
Thy coat of Christian mail.
Then at the last great triumph,
The last great muster-roll,
Thy Captain thus shall welcome thee—
"Well done, thou faithful soul!"



HOMES AND HAUNTS OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.

JOHN WYCLIF.



JOHN WYCLIF

AVE you ever tasted the pleasure of tracing the footsteps of a good man's life, standing beneath the roof-tree that sheltered him when the winds and storms of heaven were abroad, gazing on the landscape that was

familiar to his eyes, and treading the paths he was wont to pace either in anxious perplexity or thankful peace? If not, let us begin now and go together to the homes and haunts of some of those witnesses for the truth who helped to make Protestant England what she is, and recall what manner of men and women were those faithful souls who strove even unto death against the false doctrines and supremacy of the Church of Rome.

It is perhaps more of a custom with our American kinsfolk when they come to Europe to go on pilgrimage to the birthplaces of the good and great, or to the scenes of world-famed story, than it is among ourselves; and yet there is many a sylvan spot left high, dry, and lonely by the tide of life that ebbs and flows along the iron ways that would well repay a visit and serve as a basis whereon memory and imagination might rebuild and re-people the fabric of past days. Thousands of tourists have penetrated the recesses of the North Riding of Yorkshire for the purpose of following Sir Walter Scott's narrative through Rokeby Park and over "Greta's ancient bridge," or tracking

"Down his deep bed, the course of Tees,"

without remembering or even knowing that Teesdale was literally the cradle and childish home of one of the earliest of English Reformers. Yet the village of Wyclif or Wycliffe is only two and a half miles from Greta Bridge, and only nine from Richmond, so well known for its lovely scenery, and still bears the name of the family who owned its manor from the Norman Conquest to 1603, when it passed, by the marriage of the heiress, into another line. Younger branches, however, still lived in the country round about, but the name is now extinct, as the last male descendant died at Richmond some thirty-five or forty

years ago. Those who have searched the records of the House of Wyclif find, indeed, no actual mention of the only individual who reclaimed its name from absolute oblivion, but local and family traditions usually have truth at the bottom of them, and there is hardly a shadow of doubt that the man who was destined to make so great a stir in England was born in 1324 at this village in the North Riding.

The earliest known fact of his life is that he was one of the first students admitted to Queen's College, Oxford, on the north side of the well-known High Street, at which time he must have been about sixteen years of age. This college was founded in 1340, by Roger de Egglesfield, Rector of Brough, in Westmoreland, and confessor to Philippa of Hainault, the queen of Edward III.; and it is not easy to see what led the Yorkshire youth to the new establishment, which offered no special inducements to him, as its prizes, in the shape of fellowships, were confined exclusively to men from the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. But we go into the two splendid courts of which Queen's now consists, and look around in vain for any vestige of the ancient structure, for the present building was erected in the course of the last century on the site of the old, and even the ground on which it stands is probably a foot or two higher than it was originally. In the buttery, however, we shall find the one relic of its early days that the College has to show. This is a curious drinking-horn, richly engraved, inscribed with the Saxon word "Wacceyl," and capable of containing about two quarts. It was Philippa's gift to the new community, and we can imagine that the first-generation of students, with John Wyclif among them, drank from its ample brim on great occasions, with a fervent and boisterous loyalty to the royal lady who had shown herself to be a true and tender woman, as well as worthy queen.

We must now follow the Yorkshire student to another house of learning; for he remained but a short time at the University before transferring himself to Merton. Let us cross the "High," turn down St. John's Street, and saunter into the grey quadrangles of the most ancient foundation Oxford possesses. Removed thither from Merton, in Surrey, in 1274, it was a house of some standing, and had a good reputation for scholarship at the time of which we write. The first "quad" contains the warden's apartments, which are supposed to be coeval with and to have formed part of the original edifice; so we may believe that among, or, at least, within sight of those very walls, Wyclif lived and studied. He may also, towards the close of his career, have paid Oxford an occasional visit from Lutterworth, and seen the building of the library, which was begun in 1376, by Rede, Bishop of Chichester; but the towerand gate-house, ancient as they are, were not constructed till the beginning of the next century, while the inner court was rebuilt in 1589.

Latin was then the language of literature, and of all educated school and church men throughout the world, and the scholar was obliged to be as familiar with it as with his mother tongue ere he could enter on any other branch of study, so we know that Wyclif must have been an adept in the flowing, easy Latinity of his day before mastering the intricacies of the civil, ecclesiastical, and common law in which he distinguished himself, though his principal academical laurels were gained by his proficiency in scholastic philosophy and divinity. His contemporaries called him the Evangelic or Gospel Doctor; and perhaps it was the remembrance of the toil and trouble he had gone through before arriving even on the threshold of the knowledge he sought, that led him to see the importance of availing himself of the native Anglo-Saxon language as the only direct means of reaching the hearts and understandings of the people at large. The first work attributed to him was published in 1356, and was a species of tract, containing about 200 lines, and entitled "The Last Age of the Church." Its authenticity has been doubted, but if it really emanated from his pen it shows him to have been, like many another earnest soul, somewhat of a mystic, deeply imbued with the sense that he lived in a time when strange troubles were impending, and with the prophecies of Joachim, a Calabrian monk, who believed that the end of the world would come at the close of the fourteenth century. Yet the whole tenor of his life shows him to have been too practical a man to have indulged overmuch in dreams and fancies. His energies were at this period engaged in the contest waged by Oxford against the orders of Mendicant Friars, and he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the University that he was elected Master of Balliol in the year 1360. This college must then have been about a hundred years old, having been founded in 1260 by John Balliol of Barnard Castle, father of the Scottish king, whose provision of eightpence a week for the commons or board of its scholars sounds strangely insufficient for even a single meal of an average undergraduate at the present time. He did not live to provide them with a house and other necessary accommodation, but his widow, being apparently a woman who understood that the best monument she could raise to her husband's memory would be the completion of his plans, did both, by the purchase and repair of St. Mary's Hall, one of the many lodging-houses in which students then lived. The charter of incorporation was confirmed by her son, and by Oliver, Bishop of Lincoln, under the name of New Balliol. Among the livings in the gift of this body were three in Lincolnshire: Brittleby, Riseholme, and Fillingham, the latter of which was held by Wyelif.

Lincolnshire is the land of fine churches; but we cannot picture to ourselves what sort of one there was at Fillingham when Wyelif was its rector, for the present is quite a modern structure. But though the living was a valuable one, it was a long way from Oxford; roads were bad, communication slow, and, besides Wyclif's duties as the head of a great house, local politics ran high in the University, and he was personally engaged in a suit with the court of Rome, which arose on this wise. In 1365, leading spirits and good scholars being in great request, he was persuaded to resign the mastership of Balliol, and accept that of Canterbury Hall, then recently founded by Archbishop Islep. Its first head had been a turbulent monk, Henry de Wodehall, who was removed, and succeeded by Wyclif. But the Archbishop died a year later, and Simon Langham, his successor, began a process by which he endeavoured to eject the secular warden from Canterbury Hall, alleging that Islep had been in his dotage when he appointed him, and this ended in Wyclif's nomination to the post being declared nu!! and void. A certain John de Radyngate was substituted for him in the first place; but Wodehall was reinstated within a month. It was so evidently a triumph of personal partisanship that Wyclif appealed to the Pope against the Archbishop's decision in 1367. The suit was kept pending for two years, and was then given against him. Under the worry of these circumstances, he exchanged the living of Fillingham, now valued at £709 per annum, for that of Ludgershall, in Bucks, worth only £259, by which he was a loser in everything but the convenience of being near Oxford. His new parish was, and still is, a primitive village on the north of the fertile vale of Aylesbury, sheltered under a chalk hill, and nestled among shadowy beech-trees, and within a couple of hours' ride of Alma Mater.

The nearest railway station is Thame or Bicester, and from the latter one can walk or drive along the old Akeman Street, whence a straggling by-lane diverges to Ludgershall; and when once there, it is worth while to visit the church, which is one of the most ancient thereabout. It is pretty much the same now as when Wyelif ministered there, being built in the good old substantial fashion that resists the stress of wind and weather—the only kind of wear and tear it knows—for many generations. The font is of Norman design, and of course dates much further back than the fourteenth century; and, by diligent searching, you may find an old brass of 1365, three years before his incumbency.

In 1372, at the age of forty-cight, Wyclif was raised to the theological chair at Oxford, and read divinity lectures with "very great applause, having such an authority in the schools that whatever he said was received as an oracle," according to one of his biographers. From this time may be dated the most remarkable of his spiritual achievements, for he turned his eminent position into a vantage ground for assailing the corruptions of his Church. Had be been no more than a great theologian, what he said would probably have been admired and speedily forgotten; or had he been only a humble pleader for the reformation of the abuses and laxities that had crept

into the religious system of the day, he would have either been unheard or silenced by the iron hand of persecution; but his official rank raised him above neglect, while the sound principles he advocated have secured for him the gratitude of posterity. He was in high favour with the King, Edward III.; and enjoyed the friendship and protection of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, to which circumstances may no doubt partly be ascribed the respect and consideration he enjoyed.

The King and the Pope (Gregory XI.) were not altogether on pleasant terms just then; for, by means of provisions, reservations, and other manœuvres, many valuable benefices in England were from time to time filled by foreign ecclesiastics, who were for the most part non-resident, and spent their rich revenues abroad. This kind of absenteeism was vigorously opposed both by the English people and their sovereign, and at last Edward despatched an embassy to remonstrate with the Pope on these points, and persuade him to relinquish his obnoxious pretensions. This was in 1374. The Bishop of Bangor was first on the commission, and Wyclif The conference was held at Bruges, and only resulted in a very partial mitigation of the evils complained of. Our Reformer was on this occasion brought into closer contact with the machinery of Rome than he had ever been before, and a spirit of keen animosity was raised in his mind by all he saw and heard at the Papal court. The king, however, was so well pleased with his services and strenuous endeavours to carry the points for which the embassy was sent, that he rewarded him with the gift of the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury, and soon afterwards by that of the living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, in connection with which his name is best known.

Lutterworth appears to have become his favourite residence, and, if he did not live there altogether, he did so during the Oxford vacations. It is a quiet pleasant little town, close on the borders of Warwickshire, and the principal street slopes down to the As you river Swift, a tributary of the Avon. approach it from Ullesthorpe, the nearest station, three miles off, you pass along green lanes with wide stretches of grass on either side, and may notice the fine crops and rich pastures. The elm-trees are large and luxuriant, and there is a great deal of ash timber to be seen. If you look in at a cottagedoor, you will probably see a heavy loom or two, at which the pco: stockingers, with pale unhealthy faces, toil hard and earn but little. The place seems halfasleep, and you turn into the churchyard, and send to the sexton's for the keys. A few years ago the church was very grey and antique-looking, but it was restored about 1868, under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, who took great pains to make it, as nearly as possible, what it must have been in Wyclif's time, with the exception of the colour on the ornamental work of the arches, which he did not think it desirable to reproduce. The nave, aisles, chancel,

and lower part of the tower are undoubtedly identically the same in which he ministered, only the dust and dirt of ages have been removed. There is the old carved oak pulpit from which he preached, or at least the greater part of it, for every bit was carefully preserved and put together again, with some additions for the sake of strength and utility. From thence he thundered against Antichrist in the person of the Pope, and thence he proclaimed the Gospel of good tidings to the poor, to whom he was an exemplary and unwearied pastor as well as an edifying preacher. So bold were his assertions and so earnest his appeals to the Word of God as the only true authority, that no less than four Bulls were issued against the person and doctrines of "John Wyclif, Rector of Lutterworth, and Professor of the Sacred Page." It was then ordained that he should be apprehended and imprisoned, but such was the prestige of his position and the universal respect felt for him, that no measures were taken either to punish or degrade him.

But now his patron Edward III. was dead, and Wyclif was cited to appear before Convocation in St. Paul's, where he duly presented himself under the protection of John of Gaunt and Lord Henry Percy, Earl Marshal, between which noblemen and the Bishop of London so violent a dispute ensued that the crowd became tumultuous and the court rose without accomplishing anything. On a second occasion, when called before a synod at Lambeth, Wyclif was saved by the freely expressed sympathy of the Londoners, who broke into the chapel and espoused his cause, and also by the intervention of the queen-mother, who absolutely prohibited the synod from proceeding with the case, so that the contumacious doctor of divinity was simply admonished and dismissed. He now proceeded diligently with his translation of the Scriptures from the Latin Vulgate, proclaiming on every opportunity that the Bible alone was the supreme rule of faith, and also organised his company of itinerant evangelists called the poor preachers, whom he sent forth from Lutterworth into the country round about. But anxiety and annoyance, as well as hard work, began to tell on his constitution, and he was stricken down by paralysis while at Oxford in the beginning of 1379. It was only a first attack, and he recovered and set to work undauntedly at the tracts and pamphlets which came from his pen with unparalleled rapidity. At length he was prohibited from teaching any more at Oxford, so he retired altogether to Lutterworth, while the prelates who opposed him applied to Rome for a brief commanding him to appear at the Papal court. He excused himself on the score of failing health, but added, ironically, "I am always glad to explain my faith to any one, especially to the Bishop of Rome, for I take it for granted that if it be orthodox he will confirm it, if it be erroneous he will correct it." This was the last shaft, and on the 29th of December, 1384, while officiating at church, another paralytic stroke fell on him; he

was placed in an oak chair that stood by, and carried into his house, where he died quietly two days after.

Thirty years after death his remains were exhumed and burnt, the ashes being thrown into the Swift, which, as old Fuller remarks, "did convey them into Avon; Avon, into Severn; Severn, into the

narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wyclif are the emblems of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

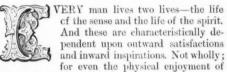
The church still stands, and the brook flows, and the visitor to Lutterworth may reflect that the work that men do lives after them, though all traces of their personal presence may have utterly disappeared.

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THE OUTWARD LIFE AND THE INWARD.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D., ISLINGTON.

"But he said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of."-John iv. 32.



food is largely dependent upon the inward state of the mind. A great grief or a great joy takes away the physical appetite. On the other hand, states of feeling are largely dependent upon outward circumstance. If we are hungry, or in pain, or sick, our feeling is largely affected. Man is a complex whole; no part of his nature is independent; a physical sensation helps to determine moral feeling. We speak, therefore, only broadly and characteristically, not with literal exactness, when we say that a man lives two lives —the life of the sense and the life of the spirit.

Hence the singular equilibrium of each man's life—its independence of the outward world, its self-sufficiency of thought and feeling, its inviolable self-communion, on the one hand; and its sensitiveness to all outward circumstances, its dependence on outward relationships and ministries on the other. A change of temperature is sufficient to work a change of mood; a fit of indigestion affects moral feelings. A chief part of the unrest and conflict of our life arises from the fluctuations of the two. The inner world of emotion and character is ever changing; its various passions and feelings warring with each other, and modifying each other; so that in itself the moral, the emotional life, never continues in one stay. Then outward circumstance is ever changing, sunshine and shade, the propitious and the adverse. And these two changing domains of life are ever conflicting with one another. We speak of prosperity and adversity, pleasure and pain, according as they affect us. But we never attain a state of life in which both are perfectly adjusted-in which there is perfect harmony, perfect equilibrium; not a feeling within that jars, not a thing without that ruffles. Most lives are a struggle and a warfare; some lives are an agony. Out of the sense of this comes the yearning

for a golden age—a millennium—rest. "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest." "Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Upon the uses and discipline of this condition I cannot dwell—it is full of suggestiveness. Sometimes the inward life is so strong and satisfied that we feel indifferent to the world without. Our thoughts and feelings so inspire and absorb us that we become almost insensible to circumstances—to hunger, or to pain. In a good sense we are satisfied with ourselves and God—inspired with religious fervours and thankfulness. In a bad sense we are possessed by evil passions, evil tempers, sullen despair, bold defiance: the world within overpowers the world without, through the strength of its demon feelings.

At other times the outward life seems too much for the inward; circumstance is too hard; physical law works cruelly and remorselessly; sickness, disability, bereavement. Success is made almost impossible by difficulties. Duty is very onerous, and demands a terrible struggle and self-denial. Faith is difficult to maintain when the world seems so lawless and strong in its evil. Patience is sorely tried by misfortune, and pain, and adverse circumstances. And the inner life feels very weak and inadequate. "All these things are against me." "I shall one day fall by the hand of mine enemies."

What, then, does Religion require of a man in these circumstances? What help does she proffer him?

She requires of him fidelity to what is true and right. She will not for a moment permit circumstance to rule life. She will not let a man say, The world is too much for me, life is too hard, the tide is too strong, I must drift as it carries me, I must live as circumstances shape my life, I must be as outward things mould my character. To the very feeblest man Religion says, "Not that." That were to give victory to wrong over right, to enthrone the devil higher than God, and in character and destiny to go straight to him. Life is stronger than circumstance. The weakest life

is stronger than the mightiest thing. Nothing need compel a man to feel wrongly, to be evil in character, in any way to compromise his principles. It is well for life to have the curb of circumstance put upon its waywardness and wilfulness, its strength of passion, its wantonness of will. Necessity of work, and of providence, is a great check to lawless indulgence. Responsibility to society, social interests, are a great curb to arrogance and wickedness. But the curb is not the steed. Life is greater than these interests. The true man will fix his purpose, rule his affections, regulate his conduct for himself, and determine how much or how little circumstances shall control him.

And Religion helps him by creating within him a new principle and power of life; by generating a spiritual sympathy and strength; by opening great spiritual rewards to the eye of faith; by setting the noblest life in the highest place. man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses." The passion which religion inspires is a passion for God, and for goodness. All strong passions of a man, whether good or evil, whether an inspiration of God's spirit, or a possession of the devil, make him infinitely superior to material things, And no passion is so powerful as the passion of religion. It takes more entire and masterful possession of a man than any other. It is an inspiration of the highest things, the greatest thoughts, the noblest feelings, the mightiest constraints. As a simple matter of universal experience, nothing inspires a man with so much moral strength as religion, and no religion with so much as Christianity. When a man thinks of his life as related to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of all its experiences as ordered by Him, he has an inspiration and a power of faith that is stronger than all things.

These words of our Lord are a striking expression of the power of the inward life. No life was ever lived in which the power of inward control over outward circumstances was so perfect-in which the inspiration and supremacy of religion was so absolute. He often gives expression to the satisfaction and sufficiency of His inward life. He "rejoiced in spirit." He "saw the travail of His soul and was satisfied." His conversation with the Samaritan woman had greatly excited Him. It was the opening of His ministry. His success in Jerusalem had not been very great. This ingenuous and susceptible Samaritan woman cheered Him. He clearly drew large conclusions from her case, and from the interest manifest among her countrymen. Samaria was ready to receive him. "The fields were white unto the harvest." Never had He evinced or felt such spiritual satisfaction.

It was not satisfaction merely. His spirit was quickened, His entire feeling inspired. His work

absorbed Him, and He looked on to its completion. He would do His Father's will, and finish His work. The disciples found Him rapt and enthusiastic. He had forgotten that He was hungry, that they had gone to buy food. Physical needs retired into the background in the absorption of spiritual feeling and purpose. The soul was triumphant over the body. What were the inspirations of this intense and dominant inward life?

1. The simple consciousness of a spiritual life is a great inspiration. A man who realises God and the soul, Christ and salvation, God's fatherhood and purposes, the great possibilities of life, and the glorious hereafter, must be greatly inspired in all that he does. When a man is without religious beliefs at all; or when, believing religious things, he is a sinful, unsaved man; not only is he without the satisfactions of a religious man, not only is his life colder, more meagre, but he is without the great impulses of a religious He cannot bound so high, he cannot achieve so much. Man's chief need in life is motive-above all things else, the thought of God, and His motive power. "The love of Christ constrains us." Love for Christ is a passion, Men will lay down their lives for Him. There is no inspiration like it. It is an inspiration of the spiritual that gives it all-conquering force.

2. The sense of God's presence in human life gives to the spiritual amazing inspiration. is not far from any one of us, for in Him we live and move and have our being." A man who denies God's presence, who has no sense of His love and fellowship, not only fails of the greatest joys of life-he fails of its greatest inspirations and encouragements. I commune with God-in thought, in prayer, in the love and yearning of my soul. I catch a divine spirit, I imbibe a divine temper, I am excited to an enthusiasm of religious feeling, that can do or bear anything. "I set God always before me." I feel Him as I feel lover or friend. He is as real to me. And I can do all things under His eye, and for His sake. Nothing nurtures and strengthens the noblest, the inward life of a man like the sentiment of religion. It inspires heroism. It makes martyrs. The noblest things of human life or history, the noblest selfsacrifices, the greatest endurances are the inspiration of religion. The supreme satisfactions and joys of a man are his hours of worship and communion with God.

3. The assurance of Divine Providence in life is a powerful nurture of the spirit. This dislocated, turbulent, militant world is not given up to fortuitous forces. Disaster, pain, sin, are not the omnipotent things they seem. Our eye is blind, our force is impotent. There is an all-seeing eye, an almighty hand upon them all; upon each individual life, upon each individual thing. He makes evil work out good; "the wrath of man to praise Him." "The very hairs of our heads are

numbered." "All things work together for good to them that love God." In the long nights of pain, in the sad vigils of anxiety, in the suffering of calamity, or strife, or evil tongues, in the vicissitudes of health, or broken fortune, we are not alone, for the Father is with us. Right is not surrendered to wrong because men do wickedly. The devil has not dethroned God. When nations sin, and the mad passions of war are let loose, His strong calm eye looks on, His strong calm heart permits, His strong calm hand controls, and good will be wrought out even by the evil.

4. The spirit of a man is nurtured by the sense of human possibility—the vague feeling in man that he is capable of greater things than he has attained. Who feels that he has reached the measure of his capability? that he can never rise higher or be better? that his love, his purity, his faith, his joy, cannot improve? Life would be impossible if we did not hope for and strive after a nobler being.

Who accepts social life as it is, as the highest possible condition of it? its frivolity, its vices, its selfishness, its hypocrisies, its mad passions, its sweltering miseries? Are we not constantly driven in upon our own communings and God? else we could not bear it. How we turn from social wickedness and emptiness to commune with the great things and thoughts of God; from crimes of men and of nations to prayer and trust! How we strive to make the world better, to remedy some wrong, to teach some ignorance, to redeem some sin! It is not the normal, not the natural state of things, not what God made it, or what He intends it to be. There must be hidden elements of good in it. It is not so bad as it seems. It must one day be redeemed. Only this thought keeps our spirit sweet, our hearts from despair. This is God's purpose; and it nurtures our soul.

5. The special inspiration of the Divine Lord was the sentiment of duty; if duty be not too cold a word for what was an over-mastering passion. Vocation, mission, enthusiasm rather let us call it. He had a "baptism to be baptised with," and He was straitened until it was accomplished. And duty in religious life is always much more than duty—much more than calculated fulfilment of required service. It is the pursuit of God's great ends by all the passion, the sanctified enthusiasm of a man's soul. It is my entire nature, sympathy, will, passion, energy, prayer, going over to God's side. It is not mere human submission to God. It is human joy in God's joy. It is not mere obedience to maxims, nor imitation of models, nor calculations of sufficiency. It is heart, life, aflame with enthusiasm, throbbing with desire, rejoicing with joy, "becoming all things to all men, if by any means we may win some."

It is not *dreaming* how the world may be made better, and leaving it to grow worse. It is doing "whatsoever our hand findeth to do with all our might;" conscience, will, heart, and hand, all

working in harmonious strength. It is not noble purpose only, it is prosaic work. It is not hectic passion, restless impulse; it is patient thoroughness, working at whatever is touched until it be done. It is not pitying sympathy of the orator, the sentimentalist, the philanthropist, the organiser of societies, the professional advocate; it is the minute work that lies next to us, the inspiration of every moment, the influence always going forth of us, the uniform touch, the ever-present desire, and faith, and striving. It is the passion of holiness in the man expressing itself wherever he is, making an atmosphere round him wherever he moves; a moving life and character, and aim and endeavour, everywhere. This is what is meant by religious duty; this is what distinguishes it from chance impulses, from fashions of philanthropy or religious zeal; from partialities of selfish service; from mere conformity to what others do, lest we should be shamed.

How imperially, in this high sense, the sentiment of duty, doing the will of God, possessed the Divine Master, I need not say. It made His life a consecration, a passion, a prayer, a sacrifice. It was the soul of His entire being. "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." It was the inspiration of all His joy. "In that hour"-the hour of Satan's fall - "He rejoiced in spirit." He saw the travail of His soul and was satisfied. It inspired His tender appeals to the sinful, His passionate invectives against the selfish and hypocritical, His ineffable joy in His own, and His pathetic tears over those who rejected Him. prompted His days of toil, and His nights of prayer. It so absorbed His thoughts and heart that He forgot all things else-weariness, hunger, sleep. Rejecting all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, He passionately desired His cross. And thus He fed with great purposes the inner life of the spirit.

You see, then, what true religion is. How much more than church-going, than keeping commandments, than performing religious duties, than being virtuous, though it is all these besides. Religion is the passion of the soul, the inner life of the man. All the things of a lifetime are not religious, just as all the duties of a servant, or household, are not love. But love is the soul of religion, without which it is "as sounding brass, or tinkling cymbal." Christ's answer to the assiduous scrupulous man's, What shall I do? What lack I yet? is, simply, "Thou shalt love with all thy heart, and soul, and strength."

Let the inner life of the soul thus be nurtured with the sense of God, of fellowship, of human possibility of duty, and all things will be done by its inspiration, done as in no other way they can be done. And the man will be greater than all circumstance, than all difficulties or trials. The inner life will be more than the outward life, and he will make all things minister to it.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 1. FETCHING THE ARK.

Chapter to be read-2 Sam. vi.

NTRODUCTION. We turn from scenes of war to those of peace. The country apparently quiet. Enemies subdued. Who were they? David has leisure to think of other matters. Seven years since was

made king. All this while no House of God, apparently no regular sacrifices, such sad condition had war brought the country into. Now time come to set about altering all this. As first step must fetch the Ark. Where was it? Remind how Philistines had taken the Ark, which caused Eli's death (1 Sam. iv. 18), and afterwards restored it; how it was put in the house of Abinadab at Kirjath-jearim. All this seventy years before. Few people alive who would remember it. Imagine no public worship for seventy years. Now the king must fetch the Ark to Jerusalem. Why there? because chief city, capital of kingdom, all would go up there from time to time—there must be the House of God.

I. THE ARK FETCHED. (Read 1-10.) many men did David collect? Was this for fear of being stopped by the enemy? Rather to do honour to the Ark of God. But what was the use of the Ark? (See ver. 2.) At the Ark God's name was called upon; it was therefore connected with all public worship. What was the Ark set upon? Just as the Philistines had used a cart (1 Sam. vi. 7) when the kine took it to Beth-shemesh. But who were the appointed bearers? (Num. iv. 15.) Perhaps if Kohathites had borne it on shoulders the accident might not have happened. Now the glad procession starts. Picture the scene. The Ark brought out of the house, carefully lifted on a cart, the procession arranged, singers go first, minstrels follow after, in the midst girls with timbrels, as when crossed Red Sea. (Exod. xv. 20.) Now the signal given, start made, David leads music, playing on his harp, musicians all join in, chorus follows. (Ps. lxviii. 25.) So with music, and singing, and praise, the procession moves slowly on. But now an accident happens. Oxen stumble, Ark just going to fall. What did Uzzah do? Seemed an innocent thing to do, but perhaps did it carelessly and lightly, as if touching some common box. What did God do to him? That is, punished him in this life. What effect would it have upon others? (1) Fear. Would teach them not to think lightly of anything that has to do with God. Just as Sinai was not to be touched when God gave the law, (Heb, xii, 20.) (2) Reverence. This God so awful is also so holy, cannot look upon sin, must reverence His holy name, serve Him acceptably, with reverence and godly fear. (Heb. xii. 28.) What effect did it have upon David?

Was grieved at the breach, and thought it best to wait before taking the Ark to Jerusalem. Where was it placed? So David was careful to avoid giving similar offence; this the best use of a judgment, when teaches us to avoid like occasions of sin.

II. THE ARK TAKEN TO JERUSALEM, (Read 11-23.) How long did the ark stop in house of Obed-edom? What good resulted? Evidently he and family paid that respect which Uzzah did not, Ark the sign of God's presence, which maketh rich. Was David unmindful? No; sent to inquire about it. Thought might now fetch it once more. So people collected once again; procession arranged; musicians prepare their hymns. All as before? No; see a great difference. What do they do after going little way? Why this sudden stoppage? Read of no sacrifices before; a grave omission; perhaps if had been offered up, Uzzah would have reverenced it, and the man's life been spared. At any rate, will offer them now: Sin-offering for past errors, and Peace-offerings of thanksgiving to God for mercies, Now at last reach gates of Jerusalem. Thrown wide open (Ps. xxiv. 7), trumpets sound, people sing praises, shout for joy, glad dances executed; even king himself dances, out of gladness of heart; whole nation rejoices. God has once more visited His people. Where was it placed? David had prepared a tent for it; there let it rest. Once more sacrifices offered up. As began so ends the work with prayer. Now sacrifices all over and psalms ended, how does David dismiss the people? What else does he give them? So the holy festival was also a feast, and this happy day came to an end.

Who found fault with David? Whose daughter was Michal? Had learned of Saul to despise Ark. Could not understand all this fuss about it. Thought David lowering himself by joining common people in singing and dancing. But was it so? Would rather raise himself in their opinion. Show that all are equal in worship of God. How was Michal punished?

III. PRACTICAL. See types of two classes of persons. 1. Those who reverence holy things. Such as David and Israelites. Such will respect God's day, which is that? God's book; what is that? Not treat it carclessly. God's name; by not using it thoughtlessly. Such will be blessed as was Obed-edom, will be honoured by God. (6) Those who are irreverent, e.g., in God's house. Care not to keep Sabbath day holy. Use His name lightly, etc. Let them take care. Are many warnings to such (1 Sam. ii. 30). God is a jealous God, and everything connected with Him must be held in reverence.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Where was the Ark during Saul's reign?
- 2. Describe David's fetching it,
- What was Uzzah's sin?
 What would Uzzah's punishment teach?
- 5. What difference was there in the second fetching of the Ark?
 - 6. What two classes of people are represented?

No. 2. DAVID'S DESIRE.

Chapter to be read-2 Sam, vii.

INTRODUCTION. David now been king fourteen years; enemies conquered; country in peace; Jerusalem made his capital, all going on well. One thing troubles him, no fitting temple of the Lord. What can be done?

1. DAVID'S WISH AND ITS RESULT. (Read 1-17.) Where was the king when he began to think about building a temple? What was his house built of? This cedar brought from forest of Lebanon in north of Palestine; beautiful appearance; sweet smell. David's house comfortable and permanent, but where was the Ark? only housed in a tent. Where had the tent or Tabernacle been built? Suitable for Israelites during wanderings as more portable; but not suitable now; not good enough or lasting enough. To whom did David utter his wish? perhaps he and Nathan had often talked it over. What did Nathan say? evidently spoke just what he would himself like without asking God-for what did God tell him? that David was not to build Him a house; that God had never yet ordered a house to be built; that He would establish David on the throne, and that his son should build him a house, and that his kingdom should be established for ever, and God's mercy never forsake him. What would all this teach? (1) God's worship independent of outward places. Remind how patriarchs of old worshipped God. What did Abraham do in his travels? (See Gen. xii. 7, 8; xxii. 13, etc.) Built altars; offered up sacrifices and worshipped wherever he was. So too Jacob on leaving home (Gen. xxviii. 18; xxxv. 1). Each place became a temple and hallowed ground. Not as yet did God restrict the temple to one place. (2) God's glory more important than an earthly temple. David thought the building was the great thing. God shows him that the righteous kingdom, first of his son, then of his seed after him, was a greater thing. These two lessons for us also. Quite right to worship in churches specially set apart, but can also worship everywhere, in our own chamber (Matt. vi. 6). Wherever we are we may worship, "Where'er men seek Thee Thou art found, And every place is hallowed ground."

As Jesus taught the woman of Samaria, it is the nature rather the place of worship that God looks at (John iv. 21, 24). Let each ask himself, not Where do I worship? Do I think most of the building, its beauties, its furniture, etc., or do I think most of God, of His glory, etc., and try to worship Him in spirit and truth?

II. DAVID'S ANSWER TO GOD. (Read 18-29.) Where did David go to speak to God? Perhaps to the Tabernacle, as Hezekiah did afterwards (2 Kings xix. 14); perhaps merely to his own chamber. Here he answers God. See how he speaks to God. His answer contains elements of all true and acceptable prayer. (a) He was humble. What does he say about himself and his house? he was indeed an insignificant shepherd-lad, and his tribe the smallest. Might have been soon forgotten, yet God has spoken of them as lasting. He humbled himself, and was to be exalted like the publican (Luke xviii. 14). (b) He glorified God. What does he say that God has done to Israel? Chosen it out of all nations; done great miracles for it; confirmed it to be a people unto himself; truly He is to be praised. Let children see how God is still the same to us. He has called us to be His children (1 Pet. i. 2); saved us from our enemies. What are they? Given us countless blessings, and confirmed us to be a people unto Himself to show forth His praise (1 Pet. ii. 9). (c) He prayed. Why does David ask God to confirm what He has promised? That His name may be glorified. So are taught by Christ in Lord's Prayer. What is the first petition there? for God's name to be hallowed. God's will done; then prayer for ourselves, for a blessing on our persons and work, that we may be blessed for ever. Is this the way we pray? Which do we think most about-our good or God's glory? But God's glory must be for our good. This time David's prayer not heard; wanted to do something, not allowed to do it, yet praises God. What an example to all. God knew what was best : David acquiesced, and so got really greater blessings. So may all copy him, and One greater than him, who could say from heart, "Thy will be done." These, the four elements of all true prayer-humility, prayer praise, submission to God's will. Is ours such?

Questions to be answered.

- 1. What was David's request?
- 2. How was his request granted?
- 3. What lessons would this teach him?
- 4. What did Christ teach as to the nature of worship?
 - 5. How did David answer God?
 - 6. What are the elements of true prayer?

LUCY AND JOHN HUTCHINSON;

A STUDY.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "THE HUGUENOT FAMILY IN THE ENGLISH VILLAGE," "PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS," ETC.



N this busy age, when big books are boiled down for hurried readers, in no case is the process more necessary than in the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson." The book contains not only a minute account of that portion of the great civil war in which the hero was engaged, but also of the political and religious squabbles of the town of Nottingham, where he was governor of its castle. There is a marvellous life-likeness about the painstaking narrative; but highly interesting as it is to the historian, the antiquarian, and, perhaps, also to the close student of human nature, it fails, because of its very elaboration, to attract and rivet the attention of the general reader, who finds the copious particulars wearisome, and in trying to skip them loses his clue to the labyrinth, and is tempted to throw aside the book in despair. Yet it is the grandest monument that wife ever raised to husband; it abounds in noble sentiments and patriotic deeds,

of which English men and women may well be proud to this day. It presents many most faithful and delicate pictures, picturesque incidents, and quaint details. To disentangle these from the mass of subordinate material, and offer in small compass what has universal value and power to charm in the memoirs, has been the object of the present writer.

LUCY'S GIRLHOOD.

Lucy Hutchinson was born on the 20th of January, 1619—1620, in the Tower of London, where Anne Askew suffered the rack, and Lady Jane Grey passed from her prison to the block. The associations of Lucy Hutchinson with the Tower were altogether different. Her father, Sir Allen Apsley, was Lieutenant of the Tower, and had married, when forty-cight years of age—for his third wife—Lucy St. John, a young gentlewoman of not more than sixteen years. But she had led such a troubled life in her orphan state from childhood that, as her daughter records, "her melancholy made her conform cheerfully to that gravity of habit and conversation which was becoming the wife of such a person;" and the pair being further in sympathy by common principles

of piety, uprightness, and benevolence, they lived happily together.

One incident in her mother's early life which influenced her religious opinions may have afterwards indirectly coloured those of the daughter. Lucy St. John went abroad as a girl with her sister-in-law, whose father was Governor of Jersey. In that island she boarded in the house of a French minister, who had been driven from his country by religious persecution. Her original object was to learn the French language, but she "contracted a dear friendship" with the minister and his wife, and was instructed by them in their Geneva discipline, which she liked so much better than what she regarded as a more superstitious service that, but for a strong counter-attraction, she could have been content to have remained in Jersey. In later days her husband -a soldier rather than a student, but a man of wide experience and wise liberality, treated his wife with great justice as well as fatherly indulgence, and seems in no way to have interfered with her freedom of opinion in religion as in other matters. Three sons had been born in the Tower, and the young wife earnestly desired a daughter, when, in answer to her wishes, Lucy was born. The circumstance that the gossips predicted the child would not live because it had "more complexion and favour (beauty?)" than is usual in such young children, only rendered it more precious to the father and mother. In addition, the latter had dreamt that as she was walking in the garden with her husband, a star "came down into her hand;" of which dream the worthy lieutenant took it upon him to give the interpretation that she should have a daughter of "extraordinary eminency," so the fond pair set about fulfilling the prophecy by providing for the child every advantage of education within their power. She had a French nurse, who taught her in what must have been her pretty broken babble, to speak French and English together. She could read English perfectly when she was four years, and even at that early age she was carried to the preaching of the sermons which her mother went so constantly to hear; and the child having a great memory, could carry off the preacher's sentences, for which she was caressed, the love of praise "tickling" her, and making her attend more heedfully. When she was seven years of age, she had as many as eight tutors for music, needle-work, and other accomplishments, as well as for the more solid branches of education; but she was averse to all save her book, and so eager on it, that her mother began to entertain some motherly apprehension for the result, in bodily health and mental spirits, of the too sedulous cultivation of her prodigy.

Lucy Hutchinson herself supplies us with these details. She touches on the expectations which were entertained of her with a naïve simplicity and grave deprecation of their vanity, which is not without a certain quaint credulity, in spite of the demure denial of their force in any respect, save in working out their own fulfilment. At the same time, with the candour and good sense which were marked features in the woman's character, she indicates clearly how much a baby's love of applause had to do with her early attainments, and to what an extent a mere childish facility in repetition and imitation of the "profitable and serious discourse" she heard at her father's table and in her mother's drawing-room, was mistaken by her admirers for cleverness. Her father, who had neither found time nor inclination in his own adventurous youth to seek book knowledge, was naturally proud of his studious little daughter. He would have her learn Latin from his chaplain, and was pleased, and doubtless amused, when she outstripped her brothers, to their chagrin. But her mother, with greater forethought and surer intuition, regretted the child's absorption, and neglect of lighter pursuits.

Indeed, Lucy Hutchinson has given us, in the brief fragment which was all she found time or inclination to write of her own life, a very graphic, somewhat humorous picture of a clever, ambitious, rather priggish, and self-righteous child, which many little girls of the present self-conscious generation would do well to look at, trying to learn from it all its lessons. Her mother's opposition only increased Lucy's devotion to study. She stole every moment she could from play to employ it in poring over any book when her own were locked up from her. After dinner and supper, when she had an hour for romping, she crept into some hole or corner to read. She profited little by music or exercise, and would never practise lute or harpsichord except when her masters were with her.* She absolutely hated her needle. She despised play with other children, and when she was forced to entertain those who visited her, she treated them to more lectures than they received from their mothers-hardest-hearted of all, "plucked all their babies to pieces," in scorn of their doll nursing.

Through her mother's good instructions, Lucy was a good little girl, according to her light, duly reading her lessons, and saying her prayers, and trying to serve God in her youth. But she seems to have fallen into the common error of making a division between her religious and social obligations. She followed up her lectures to her childish companions by the greater presumption of exhortations on the Lord's Day to her mother's maids. These exhortations might have been very sincere and guileless; indeed, their substance consisted of the excellent advice that

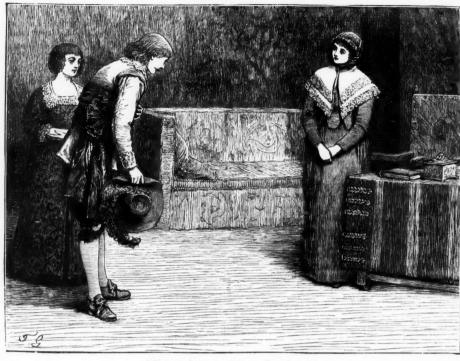
For one thing, she was very fond of learning and hearing the contemporary songs, which served in many respects as the light literature of the day, and which her riper judgment and higher knowledge led her afterwards to condemn as debased and corrupt literature. And she was the chosen confidente of the same young women in many foolish incidents of their lives.

But Lucy learnt other lessons than those from books in her childhood in the Tower. It has already been said that both her father and mother were generous and kindly persons. Of her father, Lucy writes, "He was a father to all his prisoners, sweetening with such compassionate kindness their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his days. He had a singular kindness for all persons that were eminent either in learning or arms, and when, through the ingratitude or vice of that age, many of the wives and children of Queen Elizabeth's glorious captains were reduced to poverty, his purse was their common treasury, and they knew not the inconvenience of decayed fortunes till he was dead. Many of these valued seamen he maintained in prison. Many he redeemed out of prison, and cherished with extraordinary bounty." And so, of her mother, the daughter recalls, "What my father allowed her she spent not in vanities, although she had what was rich and requisite upon occasions, but she laid most of it out in pious and charitable uses. Sir Walter Raleigh* and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chemistry, she suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek to physicians. By these means she acquired a great deal of skill, which was very profitable to many all her life. She was not only to these, but to all the other prisoners that came into the Tower, as a mother. All the time she dwelt in the Tower, if any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited and took care of them, and provided them with all necessaries; if any were afflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison who were in that place. She was not less bountiful to many poor widows and orphans, whom officers of higher and lower rank had left behind them as objects of charity. Her own house was filled with distressed families of her

the maids on the Lord's Day should turn their idle discourse to good subjects. But the little woman's sermons must have failed in effect, from the information furnished to us by the same Lucy, grown older, that the child, in her ignorance and inexperience, without being guilty of any intentional deceit, like many more mature people, failed to make her weekday practice correspond with her Sunday professions.

[•] I have no doubt she rued her rebellion in this respect in after years, for the husband she loved so well, and the most of whose pursuits she shared fully, was passionately fond of music, and took his chief recreation in the gentle science.

^{*} I have learnt, by a kind communication from one of her descendants, that the good Lady Denny, who sent money to Anne Askew in the Tower, was a Devonshire woman, the aunt of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert.



"There and then he first saw Lucy."-p. 35.

relations, whom she supplied and maintained in a noble way.

The unconscious teaching of these gracious and Christian examples must have taken deep root in the heart of the quick and ardent little pupil. How she imbibed the instruction, and what worthy fruit it bore, will presently be shown.

I should like to say a single word of the influence which even her happy childhood in the Tower must have exercised over a child of Lucy Hutchinson's sensitiveness and intelligence. These frowning towers, with their terrible records, were "a strange cage for such a bird." These gardens and the "green," haunted by sad spectres, formed but a doleful play-ground even for a blithe young brood fresh from the safe shelter of their own home nursery. That church, in which slain queens and princes slept their last sleep, was a gloomy place of worship for the Tower children. Making every allowance for the comparative insensibility produced by early and daily familiarity with the most imposing surroundings, these inevitably left their traces on Lucy's character. Even if the child were kept from close acquaintance with the more harrowing and terrible details, nobody would think of withholding from her many particulars of that dreary house of bondage over which her father commanded, and whose darkness he and her mother,

in manly forbearance and womanly tenderness, strove to lighten.

Not long before Lucy's day, several notable prisoners, whose stories were certain to excite the little girl's wonder, admiration, and pity, had been lodged for long periods in the Tower. Lucy has referred, in dwelling on her mother's charity, to "Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthvin." Sir Walter was beheaded a year before Lucy was born, while of the exact date of Mr. Ruthven's release the present writer is not informed. But the child had heard their histories from her mother, and it seems clear that the two gentlemen continued among the heroes of the Tower annals for a long time. Of the brilliant Sir Walter-courtier, statesman, poet, voyager, discoverer of new worldsnothing more than the name is necessary to convey the deep impression he made on all who crossed his path. And Mr. Ruthven had a very pathetic story of his own. He was Patrick Ruthven, the last of the great Scotch house of Gowrie. At the time of the alleged attempt of his elder brothers on the life of King James, for which they both perished in the flower of their manhood, it was impossible that the boy Patrick could have been allowed to share in so criminal and dangerous a plot, if—as modern research is disposed to decide, though this view of the case was stoutly denied in the face of royal authority in

the accused's own day—any dark treason existed, except in the prejudices and panic of the vindictive and timorous king. But Patrick's youth, with its innocence, did not save him from the ruin of his race. Perhaps his fate was the hardest of all. He was conveyed to the Tower while only a scared yet hopeful lad, and in the Tower he still lay after his eyes had grown dim and his beard white, and, when he was so utterly broken in spirit that the tale is told of him, as of other life-long prisoners, when deliverance carne at last, he was perfectly indifferent to it—nay, he shrank from returning to a world in which he had become an absolute stranger.

To Lucy's mother's day also belonged the episodes of the confinement to, and brief escape from, the great state prison of the "Lady Arabella," the last of the unhappy women victims to their nearness to the crown. Without doubt, little Lucy had listened to

anecdotes of poor "Lady Arbel," with her undeserved persecution, her learning, her eccentricity, verging at last on insanity.

Another prisoner in the Tower, who, though he came before her own eyes, might make small impression on the child, but whom she was sure to recall in later years, was the stout Cornish squire and true patriot, Sir John Eliot, who, for sturdy protest against King Charles's illegal taxing, was thrown into the Tower, and, refusing to make submission with other less staunch members of the Commons, lingered there, beguiling the weariness of confinement by writing his treatise on "The Monarchy of Man," till death brought him liberty.

The consequences of precocious study and of the sombre associations of the place appear to have been that Lucy, even, as a very young girl, developed so serious a temper that she became less the favourite of the family than her lively little sister, five years her junior, on whom her mother doted.

But the unbroken family life in the Tower did not outlast the dawn of Lucy's existence. It came to an end with the death of the head of the house, the kind father and good lieutenant, Sir Allen, after he had languished for three years of a consumption, and had been waited on with fond assiduity by his wife, who constituted herself at once "his nurse, cook, and physician," when Lucy was no more than ten years old. These last three years of her worthy father's life, with its fitting close amidst prayers and blessings, formed another of the grave, pathetic elements which helped, under God's providence, to rear a noble young soul.

The little fragment of Lucy Hutchinson's life, written by herself, ends before her father's death. Thenceforth we have to seek out and piece together the records of her history from the allusions to herself in the Life of her husband. Happily, the husband



"The little girl doing the honours of the unoccupied house." -p. 35.

and wife were so united in heart and spirit, and even, as far as might be, in word and deed, that though surely no woman ever practised such modest reticence and literal self-abnegation as Lucy Hutchinson has accomplished, in her admirable biography of Colonel Hutchinson, there is no want of materials with which to preserve her own beautiful portrait for the benefit

of succeeding generations.

On Sir Allen Apsley's death, his family, though they quitted the Tower, did not leave London or its neighbourhood; but with the exception of this single grain of information, we hear nothing more of them till Mr. Hutchinson appears on the stage. Lucy was then about eighteen years of age. She had retained her studious habits, and was clever, although she makes little reference to the fact, save in noticing that her reputation for wit and scholarship, unusual in a young gentlewoman of the time, attracted the interest of Mr. Hutchinson even before he saw her. She was an intelligent and cultivated girl, a link between the learning of Elizabeth's reign and the lamentable degeneracy which followed, and ended in the gross illiterateness of the very princesses of the days of Mary and Anne. She had not forgotten the precepts of her father and mother; while she was still under the guidance of the latter, she was reverent and God-fearing. Her temper continued serious, if not pensive; she was reserved, and naturally averse to the society of the period, which, taking its tone from the principles and tastes of Henrietta Maria, was abandoned to the pursuit of pleasure in any form -vain, idle, frivolous, and spendthrift.

Lucy's allusions to her personal attractions are still more scanty and indirect, but we gather that she was fair in her godly and virtuous youth. It was on such an English maiden that Milton wrote—

"Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth, Wisely hath shunned the broad way and the green; And with those few art eminently seen, That labour up the hill with heavenly truth, The better part with Mary and with Ruth Chosen thou hast."

To match this peerless Lucy came John Hutchinson, who was then in his twenty-second year, but older for his age, like all these men of former generations, who entered earlier on the stage of life than the lads of the present day. He had already completed his course at Cambridge and been admitted at Lincoln's Inn, besides having seen a good deal of the English life of the time. He was the son of Thomas Hutchinson of Owthorpe, a much-esteemed squire of Nottinghamshire, who added to his character for uprightness and public spirit, the fame of possessing the best theological library in the country, and of being himself the most zealous student of his books. His eldest son, John, inherited his father's fine person, his love of study in its noblest branchtheology-his unswerving honesty of purpose, with many attributes peculiar to the man.

How well we know the younger and greater man from his wife's sympathetic description, which, in its loving elaboration and fond panegyric, yet retains much of the mingled breadth and precision that render her one of the best historians of the Civil Wars. There he stands before us, after three hundred years, unmistakable and unsurpassable among Englishmen-the perfect gentleman, the gallant soldier, the honest patriot, the sincere and steadfast Christian. We know his manly courage and straightforwardness, and free generosity, his loyalty to his friends, his magnanimity towards his enemies, so instinctive and over-mastering that it waxed almost quixotic, and threatened to cloud his clear judgment, tempting his associates to allege jestingly "that if they had any occasion to make him favourably partial to them, they would provoke him by an injury." We recognise the sagacity in reasoning and firmness in governing, which belonged as much to the calmness of the man's disinterestedness and the steadiness of his principles, as to his intellectual superiority. We can distinguish at a glance, standing out among the qualities of his contemporaries, John Hutchinson's fairness, his geniality, his love of what was beautiful and refined, his eager activity, his quick but short-lived anger, his warm, tender affections, and what his wife calls "the head and spring of all his virtues," his deep, all-pervading, loving Christianity. And we can comprehend how, in the middle of the respect he inspired, his name, in the mouths of his companions, was still "plain John." We see the very bodily man, slender and of middle stature, in accordance with a constitution delicate from his birth-a goodly scabbard, worn betimes by the keenness of the blade it contained, yet of so well-tempered a metal that his force of will alone served habitually to keep under his bodily ailments, and he never felt his weakness till the occasion for exertion was over. We are intimately familiar with the thin face, the high features, the red lips, of which "the nether chap shut over the upper, yet it was in such a manner that was not unbecoming," the lively grey eyes, the fair complexion, and light brown hair, "softer than the finest silk, curling into loose great rings at the ends," like John Milton's hair. We have even made acquaintance with such accidents of his dress as his buff coat, in which he would fight after a march, because the weight of his armour was more than his strength could bear, his sad-coloured suit laced with silver, his scarlet cloak, which he frequently wore.

The meeting and mutual attachment of this well-matched pair, is one of the sweetest and quaintest of such human annals. Lucy was not more fully persuaded that God guided the steps of Eliezer of Damascus, when he went to seek a wife for his master's son, than that her Heavenly Father ruled every event which led to her acquaintance, intimacy, and marriage with John Hutchinson. And who that believes in an Almighty all-seeing Lord, who sticketh closer than a brother, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, will presume to contradict her belief? Therefore, though she depre-

cates the introduction of love passages, however pure and natural, into so grave a biography, she dwells with reverent satisfaction on all the ravelled threads in the web of this piece of her history, and above all, of her husband's, to whom she always held herself subord'uate, which were made to work to one conclusior.

Mr. John Hutchinson had thought of going to France, but was advised by his music-master to go down to spend a little time in the pleasant country village of Richmond, because of its attractions at that spring season, and since the residence of the young princes there had rendered it a fashionable resort. At the same time the young bachelor was warned that dallying among its green shades, and by its softly flowing river, had proved fertile in mere dreams to other young men—one of whom at least had, in consequence, sustained grievous disaster and come to a melancholy end.

Young Hutchinson smiled at the warning, and departed fearlessly to meet his fate. He found many young people of quality at Richmond, and his society was much courted by them and their parents. But he was rather repelled than drawn into the society of the young women of his own degree by "the gaiety and bravery" which formed their chief distinction.

There happened to lodge in the same house with John Hutchinson-the house of a music-master-a little girl of thirteen, who had been left behind, in the temporary absence of her mother and sister. This small maiden was of a bright humour and musically gifted, and in her practising the musical young squire took an interest, while the vivacity of the child entertained him. Her mother, who was then in Wiltshire for the purpose of arranging, in the fashion of the day, the marriage of the daughter who accompanied her, had a house half a mile from Richmond. The keys had been left with the little girl, who would ask her grown-up friend to walk with her to the house. There she showed him, among other rooms worthy of notice, her sister's closet, with a few Latin books upon a shelf.

Cannot my readers see the little girl doing the honours of the unoccupied house with a strong sense of dignity and self-importance, and the half-diverted half-dreaming young man, who came of a book-loving stock, pausing with surprise and admiration at this instance of the unknown young lady's severe tastes—something very different from the childish inclinations of the women whose inanity offended him wellingh as much as their boldness? And all the while it was the month of April, the mellow coo of the ring-doves was resounding in the woods, and the scent of the violet was filling the spring air with sweetness.

Mr. Hutchinson was tempted to regret the absence of the young lady, and still more the cause of the absence, which rendered it improbable that he should ever make her acquaintance. He inquired further of her qualities from more experienced and impartial

witnesses than her young sister, and not only heard the child's account confirmed by the report of Lucy's companions, but was given many more examples, not only of her studiousness, but of her retired habits, and her entire discouragement of the approaches and addresses of young men, which exceeded even the mother's wishes, and caused her some uneasiness. These accounts so fascinated Mr. Hutchinson, that the image of the unseen young lady took possession of his mind to an extent that it required all his reason and religion to resist. And he was particularly mortified and grieved by the reflection that, from the nature of her mother's errand into Wiltshire, Lucy Apsley was in all likelihood lost to him. Students of human nature will not be slow to judge that this imminent danger of loss formed another element in the charm which had laid hold of the ardent imaginative young man. We are not given to prize less an attraction which seems just slipping beyond our grasp. Happily, there was still some uncertainty and mystery hanging over Lady Apsley's attainment of her object, while she and her daughter were already on their way back to Richmond. And, after one or two false alarms, which had nearly plunged John Hutchinson into despair, he heard, to his great joy, that no treaty of marriage was concluded.

He had so far recovered his spirits as to have been one of the guests at a fête in Sion Gardens, and was at supper with some of the company, including the little girl who was his friend, when word arrived to her that her mother had come, Mr. Hutchinson induced her to stay till supper was ended, that he might have an excuse to accompany her to her mother's house; and there and then he first saw Lucy, before she had recovered from the fatigue and disorder of what was then a long and arduous journey. Lucy says long afterwards, with a mixture of modesty and demureness, that "his heart being prepossessed with his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation." She only owns "she was not ugly in a careless ridinghabit." She had a melancholy negligence both of herself and of others, nor took notice of anything before her; yet, spite of all her indifference, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance, enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien, which promised an extraordinary person." Another meeting next day, and Mr. Hutchinson's admission to familiar intercourse with the family in those pleasant walks which, at that sweet season of spring, invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seek their shades, only confirmed the strong inclination of the two to each other. In the course of six weeks the happiness of the lovers was a little disturbed by the gossiping comments and ill-natured objections of neighbours. Lucy mentions especially one gentleman's malicious slander, "and the witty spite" of those women who took it upon them to

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represent her faults to Mr. Hutchinson, "which chiefly terminated in her negligence of her dress and habit, and all womanish ornaments; giving herself

wholly to reading and writing."

Lucy records, with innocent satisfaction, that Mr. Hutchinson, "who had a very sharp and pleasant wit," retorted to all their malice with reproofs of their idleness and vanity. So like was poor human nature in King Charles's reign to human nature in Queen Victoria's. Lucy concludes her account of this turning-point in her life by an exquisite analysis of the true love of a Christian gentleman and the tender womanly devotion with which it was repaid. "There is this only to be recorded, that never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections; these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her. And thus, indeed, he soon made her more equal to him than he found her; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present; but she, that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation. The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his; so as his shadow, she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light, which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing."

There is only one more characteristic incident

which belongs to this time. Lucy has just said it was not her face Mr. Hutchinson loved, it was her honour and virtue which were his mistress, in the sequel she furnishes evidence of the fidelity of her definition. In the meantime there had been no further delay in the prosecution of the lover's suit than was involved in the duty to his father of first informing him of the son's wishes. The elder Mr. Hutchinson, though he had already concluded another treaty of marriage for his son, was too reasonable a father to oppose so dutiful a son on so vital a question, Accordingly, the friends of the couple were assembled for the marriage, when, amidst what must have been the consternation of all concerned, the great pest of the generation, the leveller of youth and strength, and the destroyer of their comeliness, small-pox, broke out in the house, and the bride was the first victim. But after her life had been "almost in desperate hazard," she was restored to her bridegroomonly "the disease for the present made her the most deformed person that could be seen, for a great while after she recovered." But John Hutchinson stood this test, as he stood many another, with brave kind constancy. "He was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit her chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her." And doubtless Lucy was consoled for the mortification of her condition by the unswerving fidelity of her lover. She closes the passage with the simple statement that "God recompensed His justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered so well as before." In the summer of July, 1638, John Hutchinson and Lucy Apsley were married at St. Andrew's Church, in Holborn. An idyll was ended, and an epic was about to begin.

* From Lucy's "womanish" appreciation of Mr. Hutchinson's being "always most neatly habited," and "well suited with rich and varied clothes becoming his station," to which she alludes not only on the occasion of their first meeting, but repeatedly afterwards, it is impossible that this word negligence-used rather in the sense of simplicity -involved any slovenliness in her own person. Among all her good qualities none is more marked than a strong sense of what is due in her to herself and to her neighbours. not only as a woman, but as a gentlewoman. Indeed, in the middle of her democratic sentiments, her rectitude, her charity, her fervent Christianity, she is unmistakably aristocratic, with a quaint, old-fashioned flavour of the châtelaine, grand dame, and true Lady Bountiful. Mr. Hutchinson's answer to the charge is another proof that it did not contain the reproach which a careless reader might find in it.





THE CHRISTIAN'S BELT.

BY THE REV. JAMES FAITHFULL, B.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, LEICESTER.

"Having your loins girt about with truth."-EPH. vi. 14.

ST. PAUL regards the Church of Christ as a host of warriors of which the individual Christian must feel himself to be a unit. Just as every soldier of the Queen's service has to be possessed of certain accoutrements without which he cannot pass muster, so every Christian must display certain qualities as a member of the body of Christ. The passage from which my text is taken enumerates some of these, and compares them to some of the pieces of the Roman soldier's armour. "Truth" is the belt with which he is girded, "Righteousness" his breastplate, "The preparation of the Gospel of peace" his sandals, "Faith" his shield, "Salvation" his helmet, "The word of God" the sword which he wields in the power of God's Spirit.

Each and all of these attributes must belong in some degree to every member of the Kingdom of Christ. Truth is the quality to which our attention is first called. what sense are we to understand the word? It is evident that we are to exclude that meaning which our Lord attaches to it in the fourteenth chapter of St. John, as referring to Himself. We are not now regarding truth in its embodiment; but simply as a quality to be possessed by the Christian man. Are we then to take it objectively as referring to "truth of doctrine," or subjectively as referring to the necessity of sincerity of purpose in the sense of truthfulness? Both are essential in the Christian life. A careful examination of the passage as a whole must lead to the conclusion that the word is here used only in the latter of these two senses; for the last-mentioned piece of armour includes the former, "The sword of the Spirit which is the word of God." Therein we find truth of doctrine without which it is impossible to exhibit in proper proportion the other qualities of the Christian character.

"Truthfulness." That means purity of purpose, conscien-

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tiousness of conviction, moral rectitude, integrity in action, sincerity in thought and word. This quality is the belt which keeps together the rest of the Christian soldier's armour, and process about the most vulnerable part of the body. If a man were sorely wounded on or below the belt 't were impossible for him to continue the conflict for any length of time. St. Paul was indeed wise in naming this virtue first among the attributes of the Christian character, for if there be not sincerity there can be no righteousness, nor faith, nor anything else noble and Christ-like.

There must be truthfulness as regards God, expressing itself in truthfulness towards man. We read a great deal nowadays about uprightness and such qualities, and every respectable member of society is very sensitive about his reputation. Well it is that this is the case. But the Christian man has before him a principle of moral rectitude of which the mere worldling knows absolutely nothing. The latter lacks altogether the grand inspiring motive which the former has. He is honest chiefly because he values the esteem of his fellow-men. It suits his purpose to be so. "Honesty is the best policy." But there is no real integrity unless a man can say with St. Paul, "I have a conscience void of offence towards God" as well as "towards man." We need very little self-knowledge to see how deficient we are by nature of this quality. The Pharisaism which keeps "clean the outside of the cup and platter," and which whitewashes tombs containing dead men's bones, is so much more natural, and so much easier to arrive at, than a conscience bearing witness to God's approval, purged from dead works, unseared, kept clean by the precious blood of Christ. It is not very difficult for any one that is well brought up, and that is surrounded by a comparatively high tone of morality, to come up to the world's standard of truthfulness, so much so that it is quite possible to be a man of unstained character in the eyes of one's fellows, and yet be a hypocrite before God. As long as I do not lie, and forge, and steal, and commit gross immoralities in public, I am considered an upright man, while all the time I may be indulging in some terrible secret sin of which I should be utterly ashamed. For example, how insincere I often am when I come up to my church or chapel. My fellows think no ill of me because I confess my sins with the lips while my mind is wandering far away from God. They care but little whether I am in earnest when I style myself, with glibness of tongue, a "miserable sinner." It matters not to them so long as the surface of my life is pretty

I am sure of this, that the more we know of ourselves, the more we probe into our motives and our desires, the more heartfelt will be our sense of our own "untruthfulness," and the more intensely shall we feel the need of the "belt"

which the Apostle names as the first essential of the Christian character.

The superficiality of the world's standard of truthfulness is more apparent in the eulogies upon virtue than in anything else. We hear men utter rhodomontades on the beauty of truth who have never had their eyes opened to the untruthfulness of their own hearts. Let us know more of purity in our own selves, let us be more ready to deprecate our own vices, let us seek to have our own loins girt about with truth; and then in proportion as we see truthfulness in all her beauty we shall boast less of our own attainment in that direction.

I very much question whether it is possible for man, under any circumstances, to do justice on this subject, and I am perfectly sure he cannot do so, unless his soul has been cleansed by Him that is the Truth. Unless Jesus is a living power in a man, purifying his conceptions, elevating his aspirations, holding the mastery over his affections, he is incapable of forming anything like a proper estimate of "truth." The modern moralist who rejects Christianity, is in the position of the man who, having arrived at the top of the house, kicked away the ladder from under him as being of no further use. He forgets that the degree of morality to which we have attained in this nineteenth century-and I am free to admit it is relatively a high one-has only been arrived at through the religion of Jesus Christ. Abandon that, and morality, however grand, is left high above the water-shed to wither away for lack of moisture.

Such being the case, it is of greatest importance that the Christian man, having begun the Christian life with integrity of purpose, should continue to be true. Above all, let him be true when he draws near to God. Nothing is more injurious to the soul's life than want of candour towards Him. Let our sorrow for sin be real, our repentance real, our faith real. In the Epistle to the Corinthians we read of the "unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." What does that imply? Surely that our motives should, as far as in us lies, be free from the leaven of sin. How can this be brought about? Only by the influence of the Spirit of God upon the soul. How is this influence to be exercised? Only by our being true to ourselves and God. It is comparatively easy to have a grand ideal of what we ought to be, but it is very difficult to live up to that ideal. We are ready enough to test our neighbours thereby, but very slow to judge ourselves. Do we not too often deceive ourselves as to ourselves? We call our sins infirmities, we palliate them, we excuse them, we do anything rather than face them in all their hideous ghastliness. But of one fact we may be absolutely certain, that we shall never succeed in deceiving God. He, at any rate, judges us with infallible judgment, He weighs our motives in scales that never get out of gear, He knows exactly the value of every palliation we seek to present to ourselves; it is therefore of paramount importance that we should at all costs be true with Him. In what does truthfulness in regard to God consist?

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It consists first in genuine confession of sin, and secondly in confidence towards God.

1. It consists in genuine confession of sin. It is important that we should not confuse confession of sin with sense of sin, things are intimately connected, but they are not identical. It is quite possible for me to really confess my guilt to God without being overwhelmed by a sense of it, and I do wrong if, after knowing I have sinned, I wait to confess it until I feel its bitterness. Depend upon it that very many sin-convicted sinners stop short of conversion from this very cause, that they postpone confession of sin to God because they don't feel very unhappy about it. Confession of sin involves nothing more than a real, thoughtful, sober consciousness that one has done what one ought not to have done, and left undone what one ought to have done, together with a candid telling of the same to Him whom we have injured thereby. It simply implies this, that one is frank in one's dealings toward God, that one attempts to conceal nothing from Him; that one does not shrink from the glance of His all-seeing eye. St. Paul distinctly teaches that godly sorrow for sin is one of the fruits of repentance, and does not

precede it. 2. The second characteristic of truthfulness, as regards God, consists in confidence towards Him. Not only are we to be convinced of our guilt, and confess the same to God, not only are we to be alive to our incapacity, but we must also rely We must be persuaded of His power upon Him. and of the goodness of His character. It is simply impossible for me to be perfectly frank towards one whom I do not trust, and I cannot trust one whom I do not know. Consequently, knowledge of God precedes faith in Him, and in proportion as I know Him better, I trust Him more. And when I speak of knowing Him I do not simply refer to knowledge about Him, but to personal

acquaintance with Him. We must know Him as a Friend in adversity, as our Counsellor in perplexity, as the Source of moral power, as the Origin of holy desires. Acquaintance with God is to be a matter of *fact*, just as real as acquaintance with any other person. We must go to Him in difficulty; our judgments must be guided by Him; our wills subject to Him; our desires satisfied in Him, our affections occupied with Him. Thus, and thus only, can we display the attribute enjoined in the text. Thus, and thus only, will our conversion prove itself to be real change of heart, and our faith persevering and experimental.

What will be the result? We shall be true in our relations to our fellow-men. Let us begin by being true to God, and it cannot be but that our lives, despite mistakes and failures, will be in the main what they ought to be. The fruit of truth is truth, and if I am really honest in my estimate of myself, and true in my attitude towards God, I shall be true in my daily life. Why is it that as a fact we so often bring discredit upon our Christian profession? Is it not chiefly because there is insincerity of heart towards our Heavenly Father?

Let us therefore see to it that our loins are girded with this truthfulness. Without it our religion is a sham, a house of cards, a rope of straw, that will give way the moment we attach any weight to it. Without it there will be no righteousness, no readiness to do God's will, no faith, no assurance, no victory for Christ. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance of this quality; its absence shuts us out from a sense of God's favour here, and will exclude us from life with Him hereafter. "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?" "He that speaketh truth in his heart," The psalmist goes to the root of the matter; he shows us that God is satisfied with no superficial goodness; He accepts nothing less than complete absolute frankness on our part towards Himself; He demands truth in the inward parts. Only let us be sincere with Him, and there is no doubt about the issue. "Jehovah will give grace and glory, no good thing will He withhold from those that walk uprightly."



GRANNY'S EYES.

"When those that look out of the windows be darkened,"-Eccles, xii. 3,

APT in a world of long ago,
Granny sits dreaming half the day;
Life's eventide for her grows grey;
Even the sunset's lingering glow
Fades fast away.

Dear Granny! sun, and moon, and stars

For her have lost their wonted light;

The eyes that once were sparkling bright
Can see no more the golden bars,

And all is night!

Yet God is good, and with the cross

He sends such love her years to bless—
Such wealth of patient tenderness—
That day by day dear Granny's loss
Grows less and less.

And children's children haunt the place Where Granny sits; and, full of glee, They clamber wildly on her knee, And love to kiss the dear old face That seems to see.

And one wee figure, quaintly wise,
Will linger there when others play,
And never care to run away:
"We always call her 'Granny's Eyes,'"
The children say.

For, hour by hour, by Granny's side
The little maid will sit and read;
Or, perhaps, the tottering footsteps lead,
So that the blind, with such fond guide,
Can see indeed,

So Granny dear is glad and bright, Fully content on earth to stay, Till, in the Father's own good way, The sun shall shine, and all the night Be turned to day.

G. WEATHERLY,

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, THE WATTS OF WALES.

BY THE REV, ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.



ythis justly celebrated preacher and poet, whose hymn, commencing—"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," must be familiar to every Christian reader, was born at Cefneyoed, in the parish of Llandiaraybryn, near Llandovery, Car-

marthenshire. The name Cefneyoed indicates the presence of a wooded ridge, though sometimes the aspect of the country changes while the original name is still retained. The church of Llanfairary-bryn stands about a quarter of a mile from the town, on the site of an old Roman station of considerable importance, leading to which were four roads, remains of which may still be traced. In this parish, with its venerable associations and ancient memories, the great poet of South Wales was born, in the year 1717. His parents were in respectable circumstances, and gave their son a superior education, intending him for the medical profession. He had already commenced his studies under the direction of a medical practitioner in the pleasant

little border-town of Hay, in Breconshire, when an event happened to him which changed the whole course of his future life.

The celebrated Howell Harris had very recently been brought to yield his heart to God and give himself to the service of his Saviour, under circumstances that were by no means common, and he not only laid hold on eternal life himself, but sought to influence all with whom he came in contact to seek salvation without delay. He resided in the little town of Talgarth-ever afterwards, with the neighbouring village of Trevecca, to be associated with his name and memory and his great life work. His custom was, in those early days of what became a great religious movement-a deep and widespread and mighty revival-to attend the parish church in the morning of the Sabbath day, and at the close of the service to take his stand on one of the numerous tombstones, or on the wall of the churchyard, and address the dispersing congregation. On one of those occasions young Williams was there, and listened to the earnest burning words of the young evangelist. His soul was stirred, his mind awakened, his heart won; and he resolved at once to relinquish the medical profession, and give himself to the work of the Christian ministry.

Having completed his studies, he was ordained deacon when in his twenty-third year; and began his ministry at Llanwrtyd and Llandewi, Abergwesin. He soon after, however, withdrew from the Established



"For, hour by hour, by Granny's side, The little maid will sit and read."

Church, and gave himself heartily to ministerial work among the Methodists of Wales, acting, it is said, under the advice of Whitfield and the Countess of Huntingdon.

Williams was eminent as a preacher, but still more popular as a poet. For nearly fifty years he laboured incessantly, preaching and writing, going from place to place in all parts of the Principality, proclaiming the Gospel of peace to listening thousands. The vivid imagination, the spiritual fervour, the intellectual vigour, the evangelical soundness and simplicity which mark his hymns, are said to have characterised his sermons. He seemed to have had the presence of his Master wherever he went, and he was felt to be a power for good both in the pulpit and in the private societies or church meetings which were held every week in connection with every congregation. The popularity of the preacher prepared the way for his hymns, and when once received, their excellence insured their retention. Indeed, at the present day, all denominations of the Welsh-speaking population of the Principality use Williams's hymns; and such of his hymns as were written in English, or have assumed an English dress, are still deservedly popular.

Among his less well-known hymns are some appearing in "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship, published for the General Assembly of the Calvinistic Methodists."

"Unchangeable the word of Heaven," etc., is one. Another is-

"Saviour of the guilty sinner,
Sunk and burdened, hear my cry:
All my foes are bold and daring,
And my feeble soul defy;
Thee I want for strength and wisdom,
Thee I want for truth and light!
And by Thee I'll triumph over
All their subtilty and might."

Another hymn of five stanzas, commencing

"When from the silent realm of shade,"

is an average specimen of his evangelical clearness and soundness, and Christian fervour, on the one side, and his sober yet lively imagination on the other:—

> "When He who gave His guiltless Son A guilty world to spare, Restored to life the Holy One, What love divine was there!

"When forth from its Creator's hand, The earth in beauty stood, All decked with light at His command, He saw, and called it good.

"But still more lovely in His sight, The Church now stands renewed, Since He, the Lamb, hath made it white In His atoning blood.

"O holy, blessed Three in One, May Thy pure light be given, That we the paths of death may shun, And keep the way to heaven."

Williams's poetic talents were brought out by a sort of challenge, given by Howell Harris at an Association meeting, to the ministering brethren present, to try their hand at producing a few stanzas to be read at the next meeting. The brethren responded, but Williams carried the palm, and was soon acknowledged as the poet of the body, as he has long been of the whole Welsh people. His hymns are full of emotion, lively thoughts, scriptural images, fervent aspirations, and sentiments of Christian loyalty, pleasingly and forcibly expressed, and display a happy combination of the doctrinal and the devotional, like many of Watts's.

His first book of Welsh hymns was published in 1745—1747, at Bristol, and consisted of six parts. Its title, "Alleluia," indicates its character. His next book of hymns bore the curious title of "The Sea of Glass;" but it was a favourite with the Welsh people, and soon passed through five editions. A third volume followed, entitled, "Visible, Farewell: Welcome to Invisible Things;" and then a fourth, called "Alleluia Again."

He also wrote a valuable theological work, bearing the title, "A View of the Kingdom of Christ," and afterwards other prose works with peculiar titles, These were all in Welsh. But in 1759 he published a book of hymns in English, entitled, "Hosannah to the Son of David; or, Hymns of Praise to God for our Glorious Redemption by Christ." Twelve years later he issued another book of hymns in Englishsome translations from the Welsh, some composed in English. This was entitled, "Gloria in Excelsis," and was said to have been prepared at the suggestion of the Countess of Huntingdon. It was in advance of all the other compositions in taste and style, although his English productions, both sermons and hymns, are said to be less brilliant, less animated, less forcible and impassioned, than his Welsh compositions.

Here is a specimen of the first verse of one of W. Williams's Welsh Hymns:—

"Dros y brynian tywyll, niwlog,
'N dawel, fenaid, edrych draw,
'R addewidion sydd i esgor
Ar ryw ddyddiau braf gerllaw;
Nefol Jubil,
Gad im' wel'd y boreu wawr.

It is the well-known and favourite hymn-

'O'er those gloomy hills of darkness."

It was written in 1772, before William Carey had preached his memorable sermon with the oft-repeated divisions: "Attempt great things for God; Expect great things from God;" and more than twenty years before the first of our great modern missionary societies was formed in the back parlour of the Christian elder at Kettering. Williams may have met some of the great leaders of the Moravians of Germany, who had already established missions in Greenland and other places; and with such men as Peter Böhler and Count Zinzendorf, he would have felt much sympathy. But the suggestion of the hynn was more likely that of the One Spirit, who works severally in all as He will.

Perhaps the most popular hymn of this great Welsh poet is one rendered into English, it is said, by a Mr. Evans—at any rate by some one who understood his business, and who was in sympathy with the writer.

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," is a hymn many a reader will have remembered from his earliest years; and there are few who have ever heard or known it who will soon forget it. It is not remarkable for the neatness of its rhymes in all cases, but there is a force, a harmony, a fulness of expression, combined with unusual brevity—a warmth, a tenderness, a simplicity, and withal such a confiding faith and humble prayerful trust and hope, that it must ever remain a favourite with all who know the pilgrim's trials and dangers and hopes and desires.

The young, just setting out in life's pathway, or just starting to the better land, "asking their way to Zion, with their faces thitherward," and the old, nearing the verge, and musing on the home alone, the Father's house on high, must both appreciate its sentiments, even as thousands have soothed and cheered their spirits with its inspiring strains, amid life's toils and difficulties and the conflicts of the final hour.

This hymn, in particular, will help us to understand in some measure the wondrous power the great Welsh preachers possessed over their vast audiences. Scripture facts and scenes, and the hopes and promises of the days of old, are so realised, so brought down to the level of every-day life, so clothed with modern ideas and associated with modern and sometimes local habits, that they seem to be living realities and transactions now taking place. Battles are fought over again, and great transactions are reproduced. Again the lamb is slain and eaten, and its blood sprinkled on the door-posts; again the destroying angel slays the first-born of Egypt and breaks the fetters of the Israelites; again they go forth from the house of bondage with the promised land in view; again the Red Sea divides, and the emancipated hosts march through dryshod, and sing the song of Moses with timbrel and dance on the opposite shore, when Egypt's mighty ones had sunk in the wave. Again, too, as in the hymn under consideration, the mystic pillar-cloud shields them by day and enlightens them by night, leading them in the way in which they should go; again the smitten rock sends forth its living streams, and again the heavenly manna falls round about the tents of the pilgrim host, and they gather it with thankfulness and joy, still pursuing their way, until Jordan's narrow flood before them rolls, and, passing safely through, they are landed safe on Canaan's happy shore.

Christmas Evans, whose name will be familiar to all as a great Welsh preacher of another denomination and of another—the last—generation, introduces the first verse of this hymn in one of his inimitable sermons. The passage shows its applicability to the young under temptations such as few young men

escape. Speaking of the unclean spirit going through dry places, he says—

"I see the unclean spirit rise like a winged dragon, circling in the air, and seeking for a resting-place. Casting his fiery glances towards a certain neighour-hood, he spies a young man in the bloom of life, and rejoicing in his strength, seated on the front of his cart, going for lime. 'There he is,' says the old dragon, 'his veins are full of blood and his bones of marrow; I will throw into his bosom sparks from hell; I will lead him from bad to worse, until he shall perpetrate every sin; I will make him a murderer, and his soul shall sink, never again to rise, in the lake of fire!'

"By this time I see it descend with a fell swoop towards the earth, but, nearing the youth, the dragon heard him sing—

"'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty—
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield."

'A dry place, this,' says the dragon, and away he goes."

Mr. Christophers cites a case which is just one of many hundreds or thousands that occur, in which the last dying utterances of an aged believer were in the words of this hymn.

The person referred to had lived nearly a century, having been a contemporary, and in her youth sometimes a companion, of John Wesley. She drew near her end with "a mind as clear as an evening in spring. To her faith, unseen things were visible realities. One who sat quietly in her chamber could hear her whispering to her Saviour with holy familiarity. 'It was,' she said, 'as if He talked with me.'" She was singing the hymn—

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah."

Her last song below was the third verse of this hymn:—

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to Thee."

And so she went on to join the choir above.

Some writer has softened, and at the same time weakened the force of the third line of that verse, substituting:—

"Guide me through the swelling current."

The idea is very good, but we lose the all-important idea of Christ's conquering prowess, as He who has "destroyed death and him who had the power of death."

The last verse of the hymn is commonly omitted :-

"Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heavenly home,
Fills my soul with holy longing;
Come, my Jesus, quickly come.
Vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with Thee."

The verse is not disowned by Williams's biographer, but it sounds very much like an addition by another hand, with a desire to gild the fine gold. The fifth line does not correspond with those of former verses, and the hymn is better without it; so it tends to bring the soul down from glad rejoicings before the throne, to quiet "musings" in the valley, like some lonely dove far from her mate and her nest.

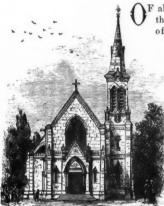
The last days of Mr. Williams were marked by

much bodily pain and suffering, but God held him with His "powerful hand." The streams from the "crystal fountain" healed and comforted his spirit, until at last he was landed "safe on Canaan's side" of Jordan, to give everlasting songs of praise to Him who led him "all his journey through." He closed his career—a career marked by Christian faith and holiness of life, and distinguished by multitudinous and wonderfully successful labours—at Pantycelyn, near Llandovery, January 11th, 1791, aged 74 years.

HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

OUR PARIS ORPHANAGE.

BY ANNE BEALE.



F all the sights of the beautiful city of Paris, there could scarcely be a pleasanter one to the eves of a true Briton than the English Orphanage. Situated in the Boulevard Bineau, a part of the healthy and historical suburb of Neuilly, it presents a

cheerful face to the passer-by, or in-comer. Surrounded by gardens and trees, it may almost claim the title of a country house; and as far as site, space, and fresh air are concerned, a country house it certainly is. Iron gates and a gravelled drive separate the trim boulevard from the double flight of steps that lead to the front door, while at the back of the house-or more properly houses-are the garden play-grounds. All is as bright within as without; and lofty and well ventilated rooms and passages prove that the architect was not cramped for want of space. The fact that the house was formerly a hospital accounts for this. The sick and suffering once tenanted this abode, where childhood now rejoices in healthful activity. It was a happy thought that impelled M. Galignani to present this spacious dwelling to the English in Paris as an orphanage for their poor country-people for ever, and to incorporate it with the "Home for English Girls" in the Avénue Wagram. It was no longer needed as a hospital, since Sir Richard Wallace's magnificent English hospital stands within a short distance of it; therefore M. Galignani was just, as well as generous.

And his generosity has not been thrown away. As we enter this truly hospitable mansion, we are wel-

comed by song. Its inmates are especially fond of music, and treat all their visitors to a variety of English ditties, both religious and secular. Between thirty and forty blue-pinafored children, varying in age from two to fourteen years, stand choiring, and perform so respectably, that we are not surprised to learn that the elders form part of the church choir. These latter we have seen before, when, three years ago, they were crowded, together with many other children, in the topmost étage of the big "Home" in the Avénue Wagram. The elders of that day are scattered, and, for the most part, supporting themselves; and the juniors then are the seniors now. Five of them, whose faces and histories we remember well, have just returned from the solemn rite of their first communion, and seriousness sits awhile on their bright young faces. These are monitresses, servants, nurses to the establishment; for there is not much paid help, ladies rendering voluntary service both as superintendent and teacher. Each big girl tends a little one: and it is pretty to see the motherly care bestowed by the one on the other.

It is always pleasant to be affectionately remembered, and these children have not yet lost their memories. They greet us as a friend, and re-introduce themselves as the "Annies, Lizzies, and Alices" of a day gone by. It is very pathetic to think of them now, even as they were then, unclaimed and unacknowledged. "Destitute! deserted!" These are hard sad names.

Yet is the lot of these little ones neither hard nor sad. They are well clothed, well fed, well housed, and lovingly treated. A glance at them at their meals, their lessons, their play, confirms this fact; and, as we have been privileged to pass many weeks in the midst of the good works in connection with this movement, we may speak with some authority.

Wandering with inquisitorial eyes through the house, from basement to attic, we are struck with many things—with the ample menu hung up in the large kitchen; with the tastefully though simply-furnished ladies' sitting-room; with the lofty and roomy school-room and dormitories; with the linen-

presses and surgery of the good matron-nurse; with the open windows, and the supshiny cheerfulness. But mostly are we struck with the treasure-trove of the children. Taste is infectious, and they vie with one another in displaying theirs. On the mantelpiece and every available space of each dormitory, Christmas, New-year, and birthday cards, together with a multitude of small gifts, are outspread. All that their "fairy godmother" has bestowed upon them is patent to their small world, and scarcely could a fashionable damsel rejoice more in her diamonds than they in their hoarded store. Coloured prints and illuminated texts also adorn the walls, and it would seem that the brightness of the present strives to atone for the gloom of the past.

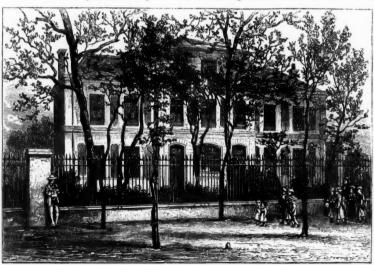
"The past!" A glance at that will suffice to prove the need of an asylum such as this for English children cast adrift in Paris. Of the scores that have been received by the kind foundress of these institutions, several have been taken from the police station, where they stood deserted, shivering, alone, in a foreign country; others from amongst the enfans trouvés of the Paris Foundling Hospital, where they had been generously sheltered for a time; others, again, from widowed mothers found dving in utter destitution, or from drunken fathers, careless alike of soul and body; for Englishmen often bear with them, abroad, the besetting sin of intemperance. Some have belonged to families of respectability and even position, who have been received from Parisian pensions on account of the unexpected ruin of their parents; others have been temporarily sheltered while their fathers-inventors, speculators, or what not-have been starving.

Of the busy bees who swarm and buzz at the present moment in this our Franco-Anglo hive, a word may not inaptly be said. Let us say it while they

stand in the hall, in single file, singing a favourite song called "Mrs. Tabbykins." They are, for the most part, pretty children; the elders healthy-looking; some of the youngers, delicate, having been rescued from privation, and requiring care. Two of the monitresses are orphans, their mother having died of consumption in Paris, and outside the Home they have no friends. A third, part English, part Italian, has a mother in England, but was found with two sisters, deserted in Paris, and rescued from a terrible fate. Protected by these are three little ones, of whom one is the child of a hippodromist, who plays to pay for her; another, the orphan of a lion-tamer, killed not long since in the Champs Elysées, by the animal he fancied he had conquered; the third, the two-year-old infant of one who, having married a Frenchman in London, was turned adrift with two children by him and his family in Paris, as not a wife according to French law. No words can paint the horrors that frequently await unprotected English girls in Paris even now, though a "Home" has been formed for them, from which none who come are excluded. And it may not be out of place here to inform such as are still unacquainted with the fact, that this Children's Home is but an offshoot of that for governesses and servants, opened a few years ago in the Avénue Wagram, near the Arc de Triomphe; and in connection with which an Institute for Governesses, a Young Woman's Christian Association, a crêche, mothers' meetings, a soup kitchen, classes for men and boys, and various mission services have been established.

But to return to the children. Not the least attractive are two babies who are, happily, not orphans, but who have been admitted into the Home while their mother is undergoing an operation in Sir Richard Wallace's Hospital near at hand. She has endured tribulation on their account, lest they should be unhappy amongst strangers, but her anxiety was unnecessary—they look as bright as their companions, It will be well if orphanage and hospital can thus always work together, and emulate one another in good works.

While reflecting on what Christian zeal has effected



The English Orphanage, from the Boulevard Bineau.



The Orphans' Holiday.

in the course of a few years, we are suddenly bidden to a fête, to take place, weather permitting, in the course of a few days.

"It's Miss Emma's birthday," whisper the children, confidentially.

On that auspicious morning there was no sleep for any member of the household after daybreak. At five o'clock the children were at "Miss Emma's" door, singing vigorously. Flowers and simple gifts showered in upon her, and all was excitement and preparation from that moment until early in the afternoon, when the fêted of the dawn became the fêter until the sunset.

We all started together, a goodly company. The children's costume is very becoming—white straw hats, with blue ribbons, and cloth cloaks of navyblue. One little maiden was less picturesquely attired; and we were told that her mother paid for her, and dressed her—as she considered—more smartly, in lace-trimmed hat and fashionably-cut jacket. Every one turned to look at the bright procession as it danced down the Boulevard Bineau, past an enclosure within which blue and white violets had bloomed all the spring—happy emblems of the children—by the beautiful new church so essentially their own, and, at last, into the Jardins d'Acclimatation.

Here our blue birds were let loose, and flew about in delighted freedom, looking at birds and beasts, to all appearance as free as themselves. These French Zoological Gardens differ from ours, inasmuch as there is more space, and the animals appear at least to be more at home. Carriages drive through them; and there would seem to be greater liberty both for man and beast.

The children thoroughly enjoyed theirs, albeit,

like the animals, under surveillance. They wandered through the cool grottoes, by the pond and stream, into the mimic woods, and watched with astonished eyes the wonders of creation. Some of them mounted the elephant and camel, or entered the gorgeous carriage drawn by small foreign oxen, and dispensed, as children will, their hoarded pence on themselves and one another. All were happy, and it was impossible not to reflect on what they had been, and what, by Divine grace and human love, they were; or not to hope that English hearts at home might be moved to assist in the nurture and support of these compatriots in a foreign land.

Tea and buns awaited us on our return to 35, Boulevard Bineau, and this jour de fête concluded with games. The babies were already slumbering peacefully in their tiny white-curtained cribs; and when at the close the others knelt together in prayer, each little throbbing heart could thank God for a happy day.

And near upon it came another day, as happy, if more restful. This was an English Sunday in the French capital. While trade and labour and pleasure were in full swing outside the orphanage, within were peaceful preparations for the due keeping of the Lord's Day. Once more the blue procession formed, and walked quietly to Christ Church, situated at the end of the boulevard. Gentle but wearied Normandy horses, with their dark blue saddle-cloths, were toiling in the roads, accompanied by workmen, in their blue blouses; and work-a-day sounds were audible on all sides. But labour was suspended at Christ Church, still incomplete, the seaffolding partially concealing its white frontage and graceful steeple. Here a good congregation of English were entering,

while some French people stood to comment on them and the building.

It will be remembered that on the 11th of May, 1878, the Prince and Princess of Wales laid a memorial stone in this church. It is now nearly completed, and as we seat ourselves, and consider the pure chaste architecture and ornamentation of the structure, we can only praise God for it, and pray for a blessing on a worked raised to His glory. As the church filled and the service proceeded, it seemed that we were worshipping in an English village church; for the song of birds penetrated, with the sunshine and the breeze, through the door and windows. It seemed, too, that the sunbeams lingered lovingly on the children, seated on low chairs down the aisle, and who must have felt the day one of especial solemnity; for several of them received for the first time "the bread of life." May it be to them of "life eternal."

They had previously been affectionately addressed by their pastor, and in the afternoon had the privilege of listening to the bishop. As they sat amongst the choir singing praises to their Heavenly Father, it could but occur to the mind of the listener that He had graciously kept His promise to these, His orphan children.

The voluntary choir, composed chiefly of lady-scholars and governesses from "The Home," and ripened by a clever voluntary organist, is a hopeful feature of the new church. Its members throw heart and will as well as voice into their work, and thus make it already efficient. It will doubtless be still more so as time and practice go on together. The organ is another generous gift of that good benefactor of the English, M. Galignani; and he has expressed a hope that the "benevolent British public," both at home and in Paris, will soon clear off the debt on this place of pure Protestant Christian worship.

We heard several regular members of the congregation say that it was a great boon in the neighbour-

hood, where are at least 600 English; and we also heard the Secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society affirm that were there six new English churches in various parts of Paris, they would not be too many.

Certainly our country-people swarm. We sometimes complain of the foreign element in London, but the English pervade the world. However, at this moment we have to deal principally with "Young England," andto ask "Old England" to lend a helping hand to this juvenile offshoot of the parent tree. Let us watch a moment the kneeling congregation, with our "Blue Birds" in the midst, whilst they receive a blessing from the bishop. The white pillars of the arches and the vaulted roof rise in simple majesty, and show that here is a fane consecrated to God. But the accessories are still incomplete. The Blessing given, we watch the people, the children especially, leave the sacred building. In doing so, we perceive the small vicarage close by the church, already prepared for a permanent pastor, and the site on which schools may yet be built, if the views of the far-seeing lady who has originated the whole are strengthened by the aid and prayers of others.

moment, with laudable curiosity, until she herself comes forth from her corner, holding a wee child by the hand, and joins the friendly party who return with her to the orphanage. Tarry yet a moment at the church door while the congregation diverge here and there, and watch her, the good bishop, her children, and her friends, as they saunter beneath the trees of the Boulevard Bineau, until at last they disappear within the gates of the orphanage; and watching, let a prayer ascend to the Almighty, that He will, for His dear Son's sake, continue to bless all these undertakings, and to strengthen the hands, and sanctify the work of her who has been the instru-

ment in raising this church to His glory, and in se-

curing havens of refuge for the temporal and spiritual

good of her often tempest-tossed fellow-creatures.

We may, perhaps, be pardoned if we pause a

"THEY KNEW HIM NOT."

"Their eyes were holden that they should not know Him."-LUKE xxiv. 16.

HEIR eyes were holden; 't was the selfsame tone

Whereto their hearts had thrilled so oft before,

That clothed with form and soul it ne'er had known
Each misty phantom of prophetic lore;
In the same vocal eyes the while He spake,
The soft dew gathered, and the keen flame brake;
Yet, though they felt their answering hearts grow hot,
Their eyes were holden that they knew Him not.

Dear Lord, when on our darkening way we fare, Communing with our spirits, and are sad,

And Thou draw'st near, and journeyest with us there,

Though wearing not the form Thou erst hast had;

Yea, though Thou comest from our life to call, The joy we counted loveliest of all;

Open our eyes, and fling our heart-gates wide, And enter in, and evermore abide.

FREDERICK LANGERIDGE.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.



RS. ROSE-BAY, our new neighbour."

Thus she was introduced on a bright summer afternoon to Mrs. Darrent's circle.

The scene was a wellappointed drawingroom, furnished with elegance

and refinement, flower-scented, and pleasantly dark, though, outside, a midsummer sun was blazing down hotly; and the ladies gathered together there, sitting or standing, with cups of tea in their hands, or on small low tables beside them, harmonised well with their surroundings. were eminently lady-like; they spoke low, they smiled frequently, their pretty afternoon costumes consisted for the most part of light stuffs, which fell about them in graceful folds. Two or three had the sweet comeliness of prosperous matronhood, others were young and fresh; little children, charmingly dressed, were playing with one another on the hearthrug, and helping mothers, and aunts, and friends to find topics of conversation; cheerful and wellmannered servants came and went handing round trays of tea and cake, and announcing visitors. There was movement without bustle, activity without hurry, refinement and comfort without any attempt at display; the scene one might imagine making a pleasant impression upon a stranger. But the new-comer, thus introduced by her hostess, a serene-looking matron who had gone forward to meet her, if pleasantly impressed, did not seem to be perfectly at her ease; and the singular circumstance was, that with her entry the peculiar harmony of the scene appeared to have evaporated.

An element of awkwardness, not easy to define, came in with her. The hostess seemed less natural, less absolutely mistress of herself than she had been a few moments since; a little girl of fifteen forgot her usual good manners so far as to stare at the visitor until a reproving glance from her mother made her drop her eyes and blush to the roots of her hair. One of the children, recognising the face to be a strange one, began to cry, and had to be taken out

to the accompaniment of soothing words from the ladies, which seemed to carry with them a tacit reproach to the intruder; a servant dropped a cup, and two of the prettiest girls were summoned by their mother, and bade, in tones soft but decided, to say good-bye.

Perhaps the visitor was acted upon by the action her entry had excited; certainly the expression of the face changed. She was not the same woman as the Mrs. Rosebay who, a few minutes before, had stood under the cedar on her lawn ready to start for her first visit in the neighbourhood.

Then, could we have read into her heart, we should have seen new hope and kindly feeling busy there. She had dressed herself in her most becoming garments, for, she said—

"First impressions are important, and it would be pleasant to be known and liked—to have a share in something wholesome and pure again."

And as she stood there, quiet and serene, in her queenly stateliness, Adeline Rosebay was a fair object to look upon. Her beauty, many said, was rather that of a statue than that of a living woman. Creamy-white was her complexion; her eyes were dark; her mouth, her nose, her low brow, had an exquisite grace; and her plainly-made dress fitting her everywhere, and finished off with dainty ruffles and knots of fresh ribbon, and the heavily-plumed Rubens hat, half hiding, half revealing her masses of golden-brown hair, set her off to the best advantage.

Why, then, had her entry into Mrs. Darrent's drawing-room produced an effect that was distinctly not pleasing?

Mrs. Rosebay, as she took an offered seat beside her hostess, did not ask herself this question in so many words; but the questioning mood, filling the foreground of her consciousness, made her uneasy, and prevented her from answering the questions addressed to her with a woman-of-the-world's self-possession.

It was evident that her entrance had disturbed the current of conversation, and that new talk had been hastily improvised to suit her.

One hoped, languidly, that she was pleased with the neighbourhood, and gave a few general instructions about its interesting features; another had been told that Fairfield House, her new residence, was damp, and trusted that she would not discover this to be the case; it was hoped that she was well suited with servants, and that the late changes in the weather had not tried her. While this small talk was running its course, the room, though the hour was yet early, rapidly cleared.

Mrs. Rosebay made her visit short.

She fancied that there was a particular warmth in the farewell clasp of her hostess' hand. Either the light was bad, or the kind motherly eyes, looking into hers, glistened suspiciously. During the visit she had felt like one turning into stone. Upon her heart, hungering for sympathy, the drip of small talk had fallen like the waters of a petrifying spring on a thing of life. These signs of comprehending feeling brought back the warm blood to her heart. She was better able to wait and hope.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Rosebay had just left, one visitor lingered. That visitor—her name was Caroline Harcourt—deserves a word of introduction.

Her age was indefinite, and for some years no one had attempted to define it. Indeed, since she was a person of considerable importance in the neighbourhood, many of her acquaintances would have felt any such attempt indecorous. Had Miss Harcourt been a man, she would have been a judge, a general, or a prime minister; had she been rich, she would have ruled society. Being neither a man, nor even a rich woman, she was compelled to content herself with filling a small corner of the universe; and when, after her father's death, she left the home of her ancestors, she took a small but well-decorated house, with some pretensions to antiquity, in the outskirts of Melbury.

The tenants of the surrounding houses—pretty villas standing in their own grounds—had, for the most part, money and respectability, but nothing to speak of in the matter of ancestry. When it was known that Caroline Harcourt was a baronet's

daughter, Melbury called upon her.

She was not only well born. She had a grand air, a good income, well-defined theories about men and things, intolerance of contradiction, and a fine art of detecting and punishing impertinence. The society that began by accepting the baronet's daughter, proceeded to consult her, and presently fell under her control.

Perhaps we should make one exception. The Darrents were certainly in society; they were considered, indeed, to be particularly respectable. John Darrent, that is to say, was vaguely spoken about as a well-connected man, who had been foolish enough to shut himself out from high circles by marrying a "nobody"—some said "less than a nobody"—with a pretty face.

The real fact was that the "nobody" had been governess in the house of John Darrent's mother; she was charming in manner and appearance, well educated, and perfectly bred. Melbury had deigned, in consequence, to receive her graciously.

John Darrent and his wife did not consult Caroline Harcourt about their plans; and, even with regard to social matters, they were audacious enough to take the initiative now and then.

The invitation of Mrs. Rosebay to Mrs. Darrent's "at home" was a case in point; for it was generally known through Melbury that Miss Harcourt knew nothing about the antecedents of the new-comer—that, moreover, she was inclined to look upon her with suspicion. She had spoken vaguely to one or two about her nephew, Sir William, having heard

certain rumours, and having warned her to be careful. And Melbury, relying on the judgment of the baronet's daughter, determined to hold itself aloof for a time. Melbury, with the sole exception of Mrs. Darrent, who, as Miss Harcourt had aptly put it, was "a little headstrong," and owing to early disadvantages, and the points of view gained in inferior positions, could not be expected always to see things in their true light.

Now Caroline Harcourt, who was not an obtuse person, might have known that, since the Darrents had chosen to introduce Mrs. Rosebay to their circle, for her to protest or advise would be useless. But she could not resist the imperative desire of bestowing upon her neighbour a few plain words.

Hence her lingering that afternoon.

She was alone with her hostess. Taking the chair which Mrs. Rosebay had a few moments before vacated, Miss Harcourt said, smiling, "So you have been shrewder than any of the rest of us."

"How shrewder?" returned Mrs. Darrent. "I do not quite understand you."

"No!" with a movement of the eyebrows, indicating incredulity.

" No, indeed !"

"But it is shrewd—surely it is shrewd—to find out what has been puzzling the rest of the world. And now, I must confess—it is a weakness, I know, but I cannot help it; we are all weak, they say, in some direction—I confess I am curious; can you tell me, or is it a secret?"

Mrs. Darrent looked annoyed. "You still speak in riddles, Miss Harcourt," she said, with cold politeness.

"Now, now, you must not be offended, dear Mrs. Darrent; you must really not be offended," Miss Harcourt returned, with ever-increasing blandness. "I am curious, it is true, but there is something behind my curiosity. Oh, yes! it is not idle; believe me, it is not idle."

She paused. Mrs. Darrent only bowed her head in answer. A close observer might have noticed that

her hands and lips trembled.

"The fact is," Miss Harcourt proceeded, "I am anxious to show some attention to our new neighbour. She is a beautiful woman; she seems intelligent; she lives in a quiet ladylike manner. I proposed calling upon her some time ago, but meantime I heard certain curious rumours. It is useless to repeat them. I hope charitably that they were idle; and, in such case, you know, the less said about them the better. However, for the sake of my position in the neighbourhood, and my own young people, I felt bound to be careful. But," turning with another of those smiles of elaborate sweetness to her companion, "your acceptance of our new neighbour makes all the difference. Of course you know her history. Assure me that all is right, and I will leave my card at Fairfield House to-morrow."

With the same cold politeness which had characterised her manner throughout the dialogue, Mrs. Darrent replied, "I fear you are running away with a

false impression, Miss Harcourt. I have made no discovery about Mrs, Rosebay. I have not tried to make any. Her former history is her own affair, not mine."

"That is quite true-and so like you," returned

plain speaking. She did not express them, however. She bent her head in silence, and the baronet's daughter proceeded—

"If it be really the case that you know nothing of this lady—and, I assure you, curious things have



"Mrs. Rosebay made her visit short."-p. 47.

Miss Harcourt, casting a glance expressive of admiration and interest on the face of her hostess; "but, at the same time—— Now, you will forgive me, will you not, for speaking just as I feel? I am nothing if not frank."

Mrs. Darrent may have had peculiar views about

been said—are you wise, do you think, in taking her up in this—there, the word will out; I cannot help it—in this very prononcé fashion?"

Mrs. Darrent smiled.

"I am afraid I never considered whether I was wise or unwise," she answered.

Whereto Miss Harcourt, with unfailing sweetness of manner, replied—

"I really do believe you are trying to mystify me still; you, the mother of growing girls."

Mrs. Darrent pressed her hands together. It was a sign, with her, of agitation.

"Yes," she said, "I am a mother, a happy mother, and I thank God for it; but it would be an ill return for His bounty to shut my heart and home to the solitary and friendless."

"Now, now," returned Miss Harcourt, softly, "are we not going a little too far? I am the last person in the world to combat charitable feelings. It would be absurd, besides, for they are a part of our nature; but everything in its place, is my motto. Society, as it is now constituted, could not continue to exist if we dragged charitable feeling into our social relations."

"Charitable feeling, you think, should be kept for our poorer neighbours?" Mrs. Darrent queried.

"Charity should be joined with prudence. The Bible, or some other good book, if I remember rightly, says it begins at home. Now, I say, that those who conduct themselves properly—respectable people, I mean—cannot be without friends. A true lady, well connected, and highly bred, is never so isolated as Mrs. Rosebay appears to be. Why, she has been six months now at Melbury—and Melbury, we must remember, is not a particularly wild part of the country—and not a single person has visited her."

Mrs. Darrent replied, "You seem to be better acquainted than I am with Mrs. Rosebay's circumstances."

Miss Harcourt bit her lip. She had received this information from her maid, who was intimate with the cook at Fairfield House.

"Ah, well!" she answered, no less blandly than before. "It came to my ears in a singular way. It is injudicious of me, perhaps, to say so much; but I have experience, dear Mrs. Darrent. I know how these things too often turn out, and I thought it only neighbourly to give you a word of warning, before you commit yourself to anything warmer than acquaintanceship. But the day is closing; I am afraid it is later than I thought. Yes, yes"—consulting her watch—"I always forget the time when I come here."

She rose, and good-byes were exchanged. Miss Harcourt was shown out, and, looking round her, with her air of gracious sweetness, passed slowly down the little avenue, which led to the front gate. Mrs. Darrent remained in her drawing-room alone, with her hands clasped in her lap idly, as the daylight slowly faded. She was disturbed by a sound, looked round, smiled, and rose to her feet.

"Oh! it is you, John," she said, as a gentleman stepped into the room. "Now, how long have you been in the conservatory?"

"Am I bound to answer that question?" he said, with an answering smile.

Their eyes met. Mrs. Darrent sighed somewhat wearily. Her husband stooped and kissed her.

"Have I been imprudent, John?" she said.

"You are assuming that I know all about it,"

"I knew from your face that you heard what Miss Harcourt said."

"I did not intend to play the eavesdropper," he said; "I thought every one had gone until I heard her voice, and then, you know, I was spell-bound."

"She has attractive power over everybody else, She seems to repel you."

"Because I happen to know her. However-"

"Yes," said Eleanor Darrent, "she is nothing to us. I want your judgment, John. Stay! I must tell you how it came about. A few evenings ago, while you were away, I went out for a walk alone. I took the direction of the river, and, as it was mild and dry, I sat down under a willow to watch the sunset. While I was sitting there, I saw our new neighbour not far from me. She did not see me. I looked at her, and it struck me all at once that she was very sad and desolate. You know what a hungry look is. She had such an expression in her face, and she was gazing down into the water wistfully. I may have been fanciful. I took it for a rest-hunger, a weariness of the earth. I know what that rest-hunger is, John."

She put her hand in her husband's, and both his closed over it, as he looked down upon her with

protecting tenderness.

"Could I have helped it?" she went on. "I could not, indeed; the impulse was too strong for me. I got up and joined her, and we had a long conversation together. I learned nothing in the shape of what Miss Harcourt would call a secret. I gathered only that her life was solitary, that what I suspected was true, that the rest-hunger and sense of awful mystery which have driven so many to ruin—"

"To what we call ruin," interposed John Darreut's clear calm voice.

"Thank you," his wife answered, looking up at him with glistening eyes. And she added, after a short pause, "If not ruin, it is at least delay—delay, and more of pain than might be. I was saved from that. It is not strange—is it?—that I should have a desire to save others?"

"It would be strange were it otherwise," said John Darrent.

"Then," Eleanor Darrent resumed, smiling, "you, at least, will not be surprised that I obeyed my first impulse. I called on Mrs. Rosebay, and asked her to come and see me on the afternoon of my 'at home."

"And the result?"

"I cannot say it was all I could have wished; but the ice is broken. Now, John, I ask you again, have I been imprudent?"

He answered, "That is a question I cannot answer at once, 'Time will try.' You were right."

Their dialogue was interrupted at this point, for John Darrent's return—he had been away about a week—was discovered, and into the drawing-room rushed headlong Maggie and Hugh, Beatrice and Charlie, and little Willie, hanging on to Maggie's sl

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dress; and while cries and exclamations, and kisses, and distribution of such curiosities as could be carried in capacious pockets, went round, Eleanor Darrent was able to turn away, and smother the sob that was rising in her breast. It was not sorrow, it was happiness, too great for the poor medium of words or smiles, that oppressed her, till her heart felt like to burst. She heard in her husband's clear tones, that rose above the tunult—

"I have a great piece of news for you all," and turned towards the little group with a smile.

"What is it?" cried the children, in one voice.

"Uncle James has arrived in England. If all be well, he will be here to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

CAROLINE HARCOURT was not an ill-natured woman, and she had sufficient attractions of her own to prevent her from disliking a handsome woman simply because she was handsome. Mrs. Rosebay was more than handsome. She had that sort of appearance which stamps a woman peculiar, and makes foolish male creatures imagine her the heroine of a romantic tale. Besides, there was undoubtedly a mystery about her; and to anything in the shape of doubtful antecedents Miss Harcourt had a sensible and well-born lady's dislike. But, over and above all this, she had young people under her charge, and young people, as all the world knows, are apt to take an interest in solitary The young people were her cousins, loveliness. though they called her aunt.

Caroline, whose father had been fortunate in several financial ventures, was the only member of the family in tolerably prosperous circumstances, and, upon the death of her two uncles within a year of each other, she readily undertook the education of their sons.

Sidney, the younger and poorer of the cousins, was still a minor. Sir Walter, who had lately come of age, was struggling to free his estates, situated in the North of England, from the heavy mortgages with which his father's extravagance had burdened them. His aunt assisted him, so far as she was able, and he paid her frequent visits. Meanwhile, she had her own plans for his future, their formation dating some years back.

There was a pretty place, in the neighbourhood of Melbury, that went by the name of "the Park." It consisted of about nine hundred acres of ground, mostly laid out in grass and trees, and an ancient house, which had then long been empty and ruinous. The pleasure-ground, which was quaintly picturesque, was a favourite haunt of artists and holiday-makers; indeed, Melbury considered "the Park" its own, so long had it been the pic-nic ground of its better class of inhabitants.

But one fine day came the startling news that the Park was taken, and whoever or whatever its purchaser might be, it was evident soon that money, at least, was coming into the neighbourhood. An army of workmen arrived, and, in a short time, marvels were effected. The old gardens were made to bloom brilliantly; glass houses, run up rapidly, filled, as if by magic, with the choicest flowers; gates were painted and gilded; at the corners of the grounds which commanded the finest prospects, pagodas and temples and rustic arbours appeared; new statues replaced those of old, and waste places were transformed into spacious lawns.

Meanwhile, within the house—a sedate-looking Elizabethan mansion—painters and decorators and artists held high revel for the space of three months or more, under the eyes of a distinguished person dressed in black, and at last even he—and he was said to have the most fastidious taste in England—pronounced the thing complete.

Curtains of satin and damask swept the polished oak floors; the large tiled hall, set round with trophies of the chase, and old armoury, and furnished with tables and chairs that might have been heirlooms in a family for any number of generations, was dimly lighted by windows of Munich glass. The library, the drawing-room, the dining-hall, the ball-room, each was a wonder in its way.

Mrs. White, the widow lady whose power to command labour had set these varied activities on foot, had one merit—she had no ideas.

She arrived in due time, with her one child, a girl about nine years of age.

Melbury, of course, was curious and interested. It looked to Miss Harcourt for advice. She saw already in dim prospective the advantages that might accrue to the Harcourts primarily, and through them to society, from her making herself the new-comer's friend and patron.

Scarcely had Mrs. White been a week at home before a well-appointed pony-carriage drove up the avenue. Peering out timidly from behind her satin curtains, Mrs. White perceived that the lady who stepped out was elegantly dressed, and had what she was accustomed to call "style."

Mrs. White's husband had owned a monster drapery establishment in the West End, and it had pleased her occasionally to serve his more distinguished customers herself. This lady resembled a certain countess, who used to deal with them, and who had treated her, she remembered, with lofty condescension. Was she, in her new life of grandeur, to mix on terms of equality with such people as the countess? But how could she? Even in her own house, she was sure, their lofty politeness would so frighten her that she would be guilty of some breach of etiquette, and stamp herself at once as not of their order. These thoughts troubling her, Mrs. White neglected to read the card handed to her. When Miss Harcourt was shown in, she addressed her as "your ladyship," and humbly begged her to take a seat.

But Caroline was equal to the occasion. She said, with her most charming smile, "You are mistaking me for Lady Blake. We are said to be rather alike. I am Miss Harcourt."

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"Oh! I beg your pardon," Mrs. White stammered; "you see I am new to the place."

"Yes, and I fear I am almost too early a visitor; and yet," looking round her, "you seem to have done

"Of all things," Miss Harcourt said; and, chatting pleasantly, she permitted herself to be conducted through the house and grounds.

When they returned to the drawing-room, the



"'You will become accustomed to it in time,' said Miss Harcourt, cheerfully."-p. 53.

almost everything. What a charming place you have made of the old Park House!"

Mrs. White was beginning to feel at ease. However grand Miss Harcourt might be, she was not loftily polite. "I am glad you like it," she said; and, after a little more desultory conversation, in which Miss Harcourt betrayed real interest in her arrangements, Mrs. White asked if she would like to look round.

little Sibyl was there. Sibyl took after her father, who had been a particularly handsome man. Her hair was bright and abundant; her eyes were dark, and had in them a gipsy-like mixture of fun and fierceness; there a was full ripe colour in her cheek, and her lips were as red as ripe cherries; her head, moreover, was set well upon her shoulders, and her limbs were round, well shaped, and muscular.

Miss Sibyl, who had always been petted, was far more of the fine lady than her mother. To Mrs. White's despair and disgust, she stood still in the middle of the room, and looked Miss Harcourt over from head to foot.

"Come and speak to this kind lady, Sibyl," said her mother; and Sibyl continuing to stare, she appealed to their visitor, "Oh, Miss Harcourt, please don't mind her. She is a little savage." Whereupon the little savage showing indications of unruliness, she went on, plaintively, "But you know what I told you, Sibyl—you must behave like a lady here."

The visitor, however, was not offended. She smiled in her genial well-bred way, and said that she understood children. They were all very much alike. She had two nephews, she went on to observe, somewhere about Sibyl's age. The children must meet. They would be sure to be friends.

Hearing about the boys, Miss Sibyl allowed herself to be conciliated, and a visit to Melbury Lodge was arranged. She was a young lady of a decided turn of mind, who disliked general invitations. Miss Harcourt forthwith took the Whites under her wing, and many visits were interchanged between the young people. Sibyl tore about the stately old garden at the Lodge as no child had ever done before, while to the boys the Park was a revelation. The little heiress was so gay and bright and delightfully frank, that to play with her was as good as playing with a boy, the difference being that her imagination was inexhaustible. She could suggest games by the score, and when tired of games she could tell them stories. There was plenty of space besides, and plenty of variety at the Park; there were animals by the myriad, and every kind of play-material; while in the background was kind Mrs. White, a little flattered by their predilection for her darling, and most anxious to please them-a benevolent and ever-consenting goddess.

In fact, but for Miss Harcourt's insistence—helped at last by Sibyl herself, who felt her backwardness—that she should go to school, the little heiress would have been utterly unfit to be anybody's wife; but to school she went, and there, being clever and shrewd, she improved rapidly.

Years slipped by, and the moment came at last, so eagerly anticipated by Mrs. White, when her daughter could come home for good, and begin to enjoy herself. Sibyl was about eighteen; she was accomplished and showy, and though she retained some of the old brusquerie—Melbury said this gave her character—her manners were those of a lady. She lal fulfilled the promise of her childhood; young as she was, she could be said to be a fine woman. She had a classic and noble figure; she bore herself with a pretty stateliness that suited her admirably; there seemed to be no weakness about her anywhere; her eyes were clear and healthily bright, and her face, though the features were too irregular for beauty, was yet perfectly charming in

its mobile expression, and the red and white of its girlish roundness. Even Miss Harcourt, who was nothing if not critical, expressed herself as perfectly-satisfied.

This judgment was passed in Mrs. White's drawingroom to that lady herself a few days after Sibyl's return, and on the occasion when Caroline had so vainly advised Mrs. Darrent.

She had referred to that interview in her present conversation.

"And as I was saying," she proceeded, "we shall have to be careful of your dear child. You will pardon me," touching Mrs. White's hand affectionately; "I look upon her, you know, as half mine, and if what we both hope takes place——"

The sentence was left to fall away into indefiniteness, while Mrs. White murmured, with glistening eyes, "Oh! please say whatever you like; I think so much of your judgment."

"It was only about this new neighbour of ours. It is a good thing, by-the-bye, you and Sibyl were not at Mrs. Darrent's 'at home;' the child is so impulsive, she might have fallen in love with this Mrs. Rosebay, as she calls herself, and I think it very important that she should not know her until we have found out something further. I had rather my young people did not even see her."

"Then the less said about her to Sibyl, the better," said Mrs. White. "Ah! here the darling child comes, I declare she nearly frightens me out of my wits. Just look at her."

Sibyl was dashing over the Park on a spirited horse. Both ladies held back their breath. Like a flash of lightning, horse and rider disappeared. They had scarcely time to be uneasy, however, before the horse's hoofs rattled on the gravel path, and a few moments later Sibyl appeared, in her riding-dress.

"Mother," she cried out, "the Witch is superb! I should think she must have been made for me. It's like flying;" then, seeing their visitor, "Oh! Miss Harcourt, how do you do? Are the boys at home? How are they?"

"Sidney is having a holiday just now," Miss Harcourt replied, with a friendly smile, "and Walter is paying me a visit."

"Tell them I will call and see them this afternoon," said Sibyl; and in answer to a look from her mother, "Oh! by-the-bye, I believe I am grown up now—it is the right thing for them to call upon me. What a bother it is to be grown up!"

"You will become accustomed to it in time," Miss Harcourt said, cheerfully. "However, not to begin with ceremony too soon, will you and your mother dine with me quite informally to-night?" She turned to Mrs. White. "Mr. and Mrs. Darrent, and James Darrent, the traveller, are coming, and one or two others." Then again addressing Sibyl, "I expect a few young people in the evening, so bring your music."

They both noticed that, as Sibyl accepted the invitation, a brighter flush mantled her cheek, and Miss Harcourt drew hence cheerful auguries. Sho

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pressed the young girl's hand affectionately when she bade her good-bye, and said that she hoped to see her looking her very best, that some people—she would not mention names—were in a state of great excitement about her return home; indeed, that she had often been scolded for not persuading Mrs. White to take her away from school six months earlier. But she concluded, "All's well that ends well. We have our little girl now, and we mean to keep her."

When Miss Harcourt had gone, Sibyl asked her mother what in the world she meant, but she did not wait for an answer. She entreated to know what Mr. James Darrent was like. Her mother had not seen him, therefore Sibyl proceeded immediately to

take his fancied portrait.

"He is dark, I am sure—face a little wan, as if he had gone through hardships; eyes piercing; chin massive—all remarkable people have massive chins; nose aquiline; very little hair about the face."

"What are you talking about, Sibyl?" said her

"I am talking about James Darrent, the traveller."

"No doubt he is a very interesting person; but come, darling, and choose your dress for this evening, I want you to look your very best."

Sibyl assented. She did not wish to dazzle James Darrent, the traveller, but she wished him to look at her. If he looked, he might possibly talk to her, she might find out how a man felt who had lived a life of absolute freedom.

Miss Harcourt had helped to choose Sibyl's wardrobe; everything, therefore, was in excellent taste. When the young girl went into the old-fashioned drawing-room of Melbury Lodge her proud mother felt that she looked like a princess.

There were present, when they arrived, Sir Walter and Sidney Harcourt, Dr. and Mrs. Morton, Mr. Vernon, the clergyman, and his wife. The Darrents

had not yet arrived.

Miss Harcourt was deep in conversation with Mr. Vernon, Mrs. White took a place beside Mrs. Morton on the sofa, and the doctor, having congratulated Sibyl on her new young ladyhood, stood leaning against the mantel-piece, in serene contemplation of the world in general and his position therein particularly.

Sibyl was left to her old companions, the elder ladies meantime watching her and them surreptitiously. Sibyl and Sir Walter Harcourt were to the little world of Melbury of as much interest as the principal persons in a drama. Much was

expected of them.

"Yes, we had a good season up in the North," Miss Harcourt heard Sir Walter say, in a drawling tone, which was peculiar to him; "tolerably hard riding up there; double fences, and that kind of thing."

"How delightful!" said Sibyl. "I mean to follow next season, if I can get any one to take me."

"Won't I do?" put in Sidney.

"Do you ride?" she asked, with intentional sauciness,

"Pray, why not?" answered Sidney, exciting himself so far as to be mildly indignant.

"You would be afraid of breaking your bones,"

"I shouldn't enjoy breaking them, of course; but there is no particular reason why I should."

"You might fall asleep, you know, just before a run. You might feel that it wasn't worth one's while to excite oneself about nothing, when your horse was making for a nasty fence——"

"I might do a great many things," the boy interrupted; "as a matter of fact, I shall not. I shall most probably be in India before the next hunting-season. Oh, yes!" for Sibyl looked concerned, "it's quite true; and when my bones are bleaching under an Indian sun—— Well! what is it now?" this was spoken with indignation, for Sibyl's attention had fled.

"Some one is coming," she said.

"It's only the Darrents," returned Sidney.

"Only the Darrents! thank you. They happen to be my greatest friends."

"Is your 'greatest' an invariable quantity, Sib?"

"I have a 'greatest,' at least. There are some people who never leave the dead level,"

"The dead level's a comfortable part of the country,"

"To you, of course. For my own part, I object to comfort,"

"Now, Sibyl, do you really think any fellow would believe that of you? Why, of all people I ever met——"

He did not finish his sentence. Sibyl had darted forward to meet Mrs. Darrent, for whom, in common with most young people who knew her, she had an enthusiastic admiration.

"Where are you going to sit?" she said. "There is room for two here," drawing her to an ottoman.

"But scarcely much time for confidences," said Sir Walter, coming forward to shake hands with Mrs. Darrent. "They are announcing dinner, and I am to have the honour of taking you in, Miss White."

Sibyl took his arm, whispering to Mrs. Darrent-

"Is that really Uncle James?"

"Yes, Uncle James himself."

"And is he nice?"

"You must find out that for yourself," Mrs. Darrent answered, casting back a smile at Sibyl as she moved off on Dr. Morton's arm.

Sir Walter said, "You seem interested in Mr. James Darrent."

"Of course I am," answered Sibyl, with enthusiasm. "He has been everywhere—all over the world. He has lived for months in desert places, with no companions but his dog and gun. Think of that."

"A most uncomfortable thought."

"Uncomfortable to you."

Sir Walter piloted his companion to her seat, and when the general hubbub had subsided—

"Why to me in particular?" he asked.

She answered, with a pretty sententiousness, "To

like solitude, one must have a number of mental resources."

"And I have none?"

"I did not say so."

" You implied it."

"Well, but," she said, lifting her laughing eyes to his face, "you know you are not interested in things,"

The face was that of an English country gentleman, healthy, clear-skinned, a little heavy as to feature, and not yet trained into perfect indefiniteness of expression. It allowed one a glimpse of a nature half-developed, that the uninteresting life of middle-class prosperity might cramp into narrowness; that might also, by means of those crosses and losses which so strangely enrich us, become large, and generous, and great.

"Impossible to know what you mean by 'things,' Sibyl," he said; "I am interested in some things,"

"Oh, yes; in your dogs and horses, and in races and balls, and a little, I dare say, in the elections and the foreign policy of the Government. But would you lie down for hours, watching a strange spider? Would you sit perfectly still till the rabbits and squirrels became accustomed to you, and ate out of your hand? Would you study, day and night, the habits of plants and birds and insects?"

"Of course I wouldn't. Every fellow has his own line; that isn't mine."

"But then, you can't expect to enjoy life in a desert."

"Since I'm not likely to be called upon to reside in one, it's immaterial, isn't it?" said Sir Walter, a little nettled; "but," he added, possibly to punish her, "there's one thing, or person, if you like, in which I am interested just now."

The provoking girl was not in the least punished. She lifted to him a face full of radiant animation.

"A woman, I am sure," she said. "Do please tell me about her."

"You are penetrating, Miss Sibyl," he said, but his remark fell unheeded.

Sibyl, at this stage of his career, would have answered to a clever Frenchman's description of one of his countrywomen. She was like a swallow. Her brain was perpetually giving birth to small wishes that, at the instant, passed into execution, and were then as instantaneously thrown aside or crossed by others.

Sir Walter's remark had awakened curiosity in her mind. Before it could, by any possibility, be gratified, her mind, swallow-like, was darting off in pursuit of another newly-awakened desire. The desire had reference to certain words of Miss Harcourt's, whose place in the conversation she wished to find.

"She lives quite alone," were the words. "So far as I can make out, she has neither friends nor relatives."

"Poor thing! and so young!" nurmured gentle Mrs. Vernon, who had spent the winter abroad, and had lost the run of things. "I will call upon her at once."

But Mrs. Morton, being an astute lady, and skilful in the more refined modes of flattery, said, looking at Miss Harcourt, "There must surely be some reason for our new neighbour's entire isolation."

"People don't drop out of the clouds nowadays," Dr. Morton filled in, following up his wife's hint,

"Did they ever do so, doctor?" asked John Darrent, quietly.

"Mr. Darrent is nothing if not critical," said Miss Harcourt, smiling; for the doctor, who was not a ready man, looked confused.

"But who is she?"

"Who is who?"

"The lady the doctor thinks was dropped from the clouds."

"I wish I knew."

"Why? Is she your object of interest?"

"She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw," Sir Walter spoke with real enthusiasm,

Sibyl gave utterance to a prolonged "Oh!" She felt as if life were becoming suddenly interesting.

But at this moment Miss Harcourt, pointedly addressing her nephew, drew him into the general conversation, which was now busy about parochial matters.

Dr. Morton gave a sketch of the churchwarden who might be elected if persons of leisure and ability would not come forward. It was so pungent and satirical that the ladies were bound to laugh. Mr. Vernon corrected the sketch, by admitting that the obnoxious person was at least active and in earnest. Mrs. White remarked, benevolently, that no one was without good points. Good points, Mrs. Morton said, were sometimes difficult to find. Her husband, the doctor, added, laughingly, that when found, the difficulty was to deal with them; whereupon Mrs. White, his neighbour, who always took things an grand scrieus, turned towards him, and asked him if he would prefer people without good points.

Before, however, this question could be answered satisfactorily, Miss Harcourt gave the signal, and the ladies rose from the table.

(To be continued)



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SILENT PREACHERS:

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

is expressed in the words, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." It was the answer given by our Lord to one who offered to follow Him, but who asked to be allowed first to go and "bid them farewell which are at home at my house." The answer of our Lord neither gave nor refused the permission; the man was left free to act as he pleased, but he was warned that if he postponed the sacrifice which he had resolved to make, he might not be able to make it at all; or he might become only a halfhearted and therefore a useless follower of Christ, The illustration used by our Lord is a very striking instance of His use of the ordinary events of daily life to enforce spiritual teaching. A man ploughing must attend to his work if he would do it well; he must look before him, not behind him, otherwise he will be unable to guide the plough, and he will not be a useful ploughman. So it is in spiritual things; the Christian must be before all things a servant of Christ: his work for Him must be the chief object of his attention; other things must have their place in his affections only so far as they do not interfere with that. It will not do to appear (like the Scribes and Pharisees) to be zealous for God and yet to have the true affections of the heart fixed upon the world; it is the service of the heart which He requires, and He will accept nothing short of that. During the time of the ministry of Christ on earth those who would follow Him were called to a literal forsaking of their homes and families for His sake, and if they could not make up their minds to this separation He did not wish to have them among His disciples. But we are not called for the most part to such a sacrifice by Christ: we can serve Him in our homes, we can work for Him while engaged in the ordinary work of life. And yet the answer of our Lord which we are considering reminds us that to us, as to the man to whom He gave this warning, there is a danger lest we should allow our love for our relations and friends to interfere with our service of Him. There is often present to us the temptation to act so as to please those whom we love on earth, without sufficiently considering whether we are at the same time acting in accordance with the will of God. We have need to pray against this temptation; we have need to pray to God that He will hallow our earthly love, that it may be a help to us (as it may be) in our service of Him, and not a hindrance (as it too often is). We must, if we are to be true to our Christian profession, let those who are dearest to us here know that there is in our bearts a love which has a prior

LOUGH. In St. Luke ix. 62, the

necessity for earnest devotion on the

part of those who would serve Christ

claim to theirs; we must try to make them see that our love for them, and theirs for us, cannot be blessed unless we make it part of and subordinate to the love of Christ. Then only can we hope that our lives shall be made happy by our love, then only shall we escape the danger to which our Lord referred when He said, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

The teaching of the parable of the Pounds (St. Luke xix.) has been already considered · (see under BANK *). But it may be well to add here that the special danger of the Christian life which is brought into prominence in this parable, is the danger of neglecting what we consider small opportunities of serving God. We need often to be reminded that nothing which is faithfully done for Him is insignificant in His sight. The approval expressed of the widow's contribution of two mites (see under FAR-THING) teaches us this lesson in relation to offerings of our worldly goods-no offering is small which is given with a pure motive; and the parable of the Pounds is intended—as it seems to us—to extend this teaching to the whole life of the Christian by pointing out that the man who fails in little things, when little things are his only opportunities of doing work for God, is as blameworthy as the man who, with great opportunities for good, neglects to make a right use of them. The fact is that when a man's love for God is real, he will never stop to ask himself whether what he can do is much or little; he will do naturally what is possible, and he will never say that this or that service for which opportunity is given him is not worth offering to God. Our dealings with men in the world are governed by this principle, which yet we forget when we are dealing with God. No right-minded man measures the gratitude of any one on whom he has conferred a benefit merely by the outward acknowledgment which may be made; but he judges from the general attitude of the person whom he has helped, and from his willingness to make what acknowledgment he can, whether he is really grateful or not. And so, too, on the other hand, when a man is grateful for acts of kindness done to him, he may feel that any return which is in his power to make is a very inadequate expression of his feelings; but yet he will do or say what is possible in order that his gratitude may be known. Now those Christians who have any real sense of God's love for them, while, on the one hand, they feel that no circumstance of their lives is too insignificant to be cared for by His love; on the other hand they well know that, although nothing which it is possible

^{*} The reader is referred to the previous volume for the above and other words alluded to in this paper.

for them to do can be a worthy expression of their gratitude, yet that service which their love suggests, however trifling it may be, will be accepted by God, and will be as pleasing to Him as the seemingly much more important work of a man in a different position, and with greater opportunities.

RAIN. In the remarkable illustration with which the Sermon on the Mount is closed, our Lord likens the faithful and earnest Christian to a house which, being built upon a good foundation, is able to stand firm in the midst of the storms by which it may be from time to time attacked. We have on a previous occasion dealt with that part of this illustration which teaches us that our faith must be firmly established in order that we may be able to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. The second part of the illustration is well fitted to suggest to us the violence of the attack which is made upon our Christianity by the different temptations which surround us. "The rain," "the floods," "the winds," are referred to not perhaps so much to represent the different kinds of temptations with which our life in the world is beset, as to express in different ways the strength of the opposition which we have to encounter. It may perhaps be intended that we should see in the specification of three different assaults upon the house, the varying degrees of the strength of the temptations by which the Christian is assailed. Thus, "rain," even if it were severe, would scarcely be sufficient to disturb the foundation of any but a very badly-built house, but if the severity of the rain were increased so as to become a "flood," the strain upon the foundation would be greater; and if to the flood were added strong "winds," a house which had not a secure foundation would scarcely be able to resist the

In applying this to the Christian life it will not be necessary that we should be able to trace accurately the resemblance between the various degrees of temptation to which we are exposed and the different assaults of the storm mentioned by our Lord. The illustration was, no doubt, intended rather to be a general one; and it will therefore be sufficient for the purpose of enforcing its teaching to remark that the assaults which the temptations to which men are exposed make upon those who are endeavouring to live a Christian life vary for different men, according to the circumstances of their lives, and that, for each one of us, the strength of his temptations varies from time to time, one might almost say from year to year, according to the position in which he may be placed and the occupation in which he may be engaged. And this remark suggests a thought of warning and a thought of comfort too. On the one hand, we need to be watchful-we must not grow secure and careless because we are able, by the help of God, to resist the temptations with which we have to fight to-day; to-morrow may bring different temptations and need for increased exertion and more earnest prayer-and,

on the other hand, we need not fear that the attack will ever be stronger than can be successfully resisted by the faithful Christian whose foundation is securely laid. If temptations accumulate as life goes on, so, too, does the Christian's strength increase; if he is living close to God, and drawing his power from communion with Him, in dealing with the little worries and vexations of daily life, he is becoming firmly established in the service of God. He need not fear that he will be overwhelmed by the violence of a sudden storm of temptation; for God is faithful, who will not suffer him to be tempted beyond what he is able to resist, but will always make a way to escape that he may be able to bear it (see 1 Cor. x. 13).

ROBE. In St. Luke xv. 22 we are told that the first act of the father on the return of the prodigal son was to give directions to the servants to bring forth the best robe and put it on him; this was partly an evidence of the father's joy at the return of his son, and partly an act of welcome to him who had been so long away from home; as, however, there does not seem to be any special signification intended by each different act of the father's in welcoming his son, it will be unnecessary to add anything to what has been said before upon the general subject of his love and joy as expressed in the directions to "kill the fatted calf."

ROCK. In the parable of the Sower, the second kind of unfruitful seed is said, in St. Matthew's account (xiii, 5) to have fallen upon "stony places," but in St. Luke's (viii. 6) upon a "rock;" the meaning, however, is evidently the same. Each of the Evangelists intended to record our Lord as having spoken of a thin layer of earth upon the top of rocky ground; there was sufficient earth to receive the seed in the first instance, and sufficient to enable the seed to grow and send its shoots above the ground; but there was not sufficient to keep up the supply of moisture which was needed to continue the healthy growth of the plant—the hot sun soon dried up the soil, and then scorched the plants "which had no root;" and so, before they came to perfection they withered away, and became useless.

We have the explanation of this, as of the other parts of this parable, given by our Lord Himself :-"They on the rock are they which when they hear receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away." It is very remarkable that in the explanation of this parable those hearers who received the word with joy should be placed among the unfruitful receivers of the Gospel message. It is not said of those who received the seed on good ground that they heard "with joy," but only that, "having heard the word they keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience." That there is a danger in the joyful reception of the Gospel seems, therefore, to be the teaching intended by our Lord in this part of the parable. The seed which fell upon

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the rocky soil sprang up at once, perhaps sooner than any other, "because it had no deepness of earth;" it gave promise of great results, but after all it failed. So with professing Christians, or with the heathen who for the first time hear the preaching of the Gospel: it seems to suit their needs exactly. it appears at first sight to be the answer to all the longings of their souls, and they receive it with joy; at once the result is evident in their lives; they are, perhaps, eager to tell every man what a blessing they have received; they are eager, too, in their resolutions for the future. Yet in such cases how often has it happened, in accordance with the words of our Lord, "These have no root, . . . and in time of temptation fall away." It is not, of course, intended that we should expect this result in the case of all those who receive the word with joy; only the teaching of this parable would warn us not to depend altogether upon the state of our feelings as we listen to the preaching of the Gospel; it is, no doubt, well that our feelings should be excited; the fault of most men is that they are too cold, and dull, and uninterested in the truths which

our Lord has revealed to the world; it is well to be glad (we ought to be glad) when we are tood of the exceeding love of God, and that gladness may be the foundation of a faithful Christian life; but it may also (and this is what the parable intends to press upon us) be but for a moment; it may pass away and leave the person who was for a while excited even worse than he was before.

We are not, then, to judge of the reality of our religion by the joy which we feel at the first; rather, according to the teaching of our Lord, the feeling of joy should make us suspicious of ourselves, lest it prevent us from making further efforts in God's service; it is a good beginning, but it is only a beginning—there is much still to be done. We cannot hope to be always joyful, and we need a devotion to God which will support us not only in joy, but in sorrow and trouble, and doubt and perplexity; a devotion which will not fail in the face of the constant temptations which assail us, but which will carry us unharmed through them all, and enable us, by God's blessing, to persevere unto the end, and "bring forth fruit with patience."

THE BLACK VALLEY.



HE sun was gilding the rugged mountaintops with softening light, and sparkling on the distant waters of the lake, as a party of tourists rode along by a narrow winding road towards a deep dark valley enclosed by surrounding hills,

"Herbert," said little Katie, as her pony toiled up the steep path, "how dreadful it would be to live in that dismal place! I heard the guide tell papa, that for many months of

the year the sun never shines there."

"Well, I don't know about that," replied her brother, "but I hear the river's full of fine fish, and I'd like to run down and take a look at it next time we ston."

"Papa said particularly we were all to keep together."

"Oh, never mind; I dare say I'll not go. Don't make a fuss about it."

Presently the whole party dismounted, and, after rest and refreshment, the children began scrambling about in search of ferns and mountain flowers.

"Where are you going, Herbert?" asked little Katie, as she saw her brother descending a rugged path towards the valley.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Don't say anything about it. Papa thinks there will not be time to explore the valley, but I'll be back long before the horses are rested."

"Of course, I'll not tell," replied Katie; "but indeed, Herbert, I wish you would not go, when papa said not."

"Oh, he'll never miss me," answered the boy, as he hurried on, swinging himself from rock to rock, till a sudden turning hid him from his sister's view.

But Katie's pleasure was gone. She had found many pretty plants, but they no longer interested her. The sun had got behind a cloud, and everything looked less bright as she returned to her father's side, and hoped he would not ask for Herbert. Time passed slowly to poor Katie, who could think of nothing but her brother, until at length, to her dismay, she heard some of the party say they had better set off soon, as the boat would be waiting to take them across the lake to their hotel. At these words the child slipped, unobserved, round the projecting rock, and hurried to the place where she had last seen Herbert, hoping to catch a glimpse of him in the distance and hasten his return; but, though she watched and waited, he was nowhere to be seen.

"I must find him," she thought, "or papa will be so displeased," and climbing down from her high position, she scrambled along the rocky path by which her brother had descended. "I'm sure he has gone to the river, and is so taken up watching the fish, he has forgotten how late it is; but it doesn't seem very far. I'll try and make my way there too."

It was a more difficult matter than little Katie imagined, however, to reach the stream which flowed through the black valley. On, on, by rocky passes and steep and rugged paths the child scrambled, until she found herself on the borders of a broad stretch of swampy ground, lying at one side of a

deep river, which in winter overflows its banks, changing the hollow into a kind of lake.

Still Katie persevered in her endeavours to find her brother. Picking her steps across the soft spongy moss, where here and there a large stone afforded a steady resting-place, she stood and gazed around; but Herbert was not to be seen. "What shall I do now?" thought the child. "Papa will miss us both, and that will be worse still; I'm afraid I must go back without Herbert." Stepping down from her post of observation, Katie tried to make her way out of the swamp and return to her father as quickly as possible. But the shapes of the surrounding mountains seemed so very different from her present position, that it was difficult to decide what direction would be best to take in order to rejoin her party, and poor puzzled Katie looked from one to the other in perplexity.

"It was surely near the foot of the purple-coloured cliff that Herbert and I stood in the sunshine looking down at this dark place. Yes, I'll make for that spot of light, though it seems further off than I thought."

And so indeed it was, further than poor little Katie, with eyes unaccustomed to measure distance, could conceive; while every step she took involved her more and more in the wide morass. She tried hard to regain firm ground, but met greater difficulties at every turn.

"Oh! what am I to do? Is there no one to help me?" cried the poor child, as, worn out and frightened, she threw herself down on a lichencovered stone.

All around was wild and dark. The mountains in their rugged grandeur stood like gigantic sentinels guarding every pass of this black valley, where Katie believed herself to be the only living creature. All was so still, so very still, that she could hear her own heart beat. No bird sang, no leaf rustled; even the river flowed silently along. A feeling of awe crept over the heart of the little girl, alone in such desolate solitude, when suddenly a thought flashed across her mind, which seemed to bring light even into this place of perpetual shade.

She was not alone, after all. No mountain so high, no valley so dark, that the eye of God cannot penetrate it.

How strong must He be, who could form those wonderful hills, and set them each in their own place, and how much more could He take care of a little wandering child, and bring her back safely to her friends!

"O God, who made the mountains," prayed Katie, "tell my papa where I am, that he may find me. And take care of Herbert, too."

Then hope began to revive, and it occurred to her that it was possible her brother might also have lost his way, and was perhaps not very far off. At all events, she would call him as loud as ever she could.

Accordingly Katie stood on the highest stone she could find, and, shouting the name of Herbert, paused,

and waited for the answer she so anxiously expected. The suspense was not of long duration, however, for a voice, seemingly from the opposite mountain, repeated her call distinctly, and immediately the word was caught up on every side, and her brother's name resounded through the valley, each time growing more faint, and at length dying away altogether in the distance.

"There must be people on all the hills calling him," thought Katie, when she had recovered her first start of astonishment. "I'm so glad, for now he will surely be found. I'll sit down here and listen; perhaps some one will come to look for me, too."

A long time passed by as she waited in breathless anxiety, but all was still and silent as before.

"'T is very strange," said Katie to herself; "I hope they have not gone away. I'll call again, and tell them where I am." Then, raising her voice to its loudest pitch, she cried "Come here, to Katie."

In a moment the answering shout was heard, first from the nearest, then from the more distant mountains, "Katie! Katie!"

"Yes, they're calling me now, but I wish they'd come for me," and once more she screamed out, "Come here!"

Immediately from all the rocky mountains sounded the oft-repeated, "Come here!"

"I can't, for I don't know the way," exclaimed Katie; "but I suppose I'd better try."

And leaving her mossy stone, she commenced a new struggle to free herself from the morass in which she was entangled.

Just at that moment a strange but picturesquelooking figure appeared in view, winding down a rocky path near the foot of the mountain; and soon Katie could see that it was an old woman wearing a red petticoat, and with a bright-coloured shawl thrown over her head.

Delighted at the approach of any one who might extricate her from her difficulties, the child at once called out, and entreated assistance.

It was useless, however; for the only reply she received was, "I have no English, alauna."

Still, she seemed to understand Katie's dilemma, and managed, by signs, to point out the various turnings and solid stepping-places through the morass by which to reach firm ground; then, taking the child by the hand, led her up a steep pathway to a small hovel built on the mountain-side.

Katie was so tired that at each step of the rough ascent she felt it almost impossible to take another, and was glad to sit by the cheerful turf fire, and refresh herself with some potatoes and a drink of goat's milk given her by the kind old Irish woman.

"Ah, if papa could only know where I am," was her thought; when, just at the moment, a girl carrying a few books in her hand appeared at the door on her return from school.

Starting at sight of Katie, she drew back a few steps in surprise until the old woman gave a long



"Never tired of repeating to her faithful old nurse the story of her adventures."-p. 60.

explanation in her own language. Then turning to the little visitor, she said—

"I know English, though my grandmother doesn't.
I learned at school; and so I'll tell you whatever
you want to know."

"Can you tell me where my papa is?"

"I saw a party riding along this morning at the foot of the purple mountain. Maybe, he was one of them. And just now I saw a boat coming up the lake as if to meet them."

"You don't think they'd go home without me?" cried Katie.

"Sure," said the girl, "I'll slip out and see if I can find them; stay you here till I come back."

"Oh! you'll meet some one, for there are people on all the mountains, searching for me and for my brother Herbert. Didn't you hear them calling out our names?"

"No, but grandmother heard you shouting, and that's what brought her to you."

"There were plenty of other shouts too."

"Oh, that was only 'the voice of the rock,' as we say in Irish."

"Have the rocks a voice?"

"Well, yes; I think you call it an echo in English,"

"I never heard anything about it; but indeed it was little I imagined, when I asked God, who made

the great mountains, to let my papa know where I was, that He would teach them to speak, and to call out my name ever so loud, just to tell him where to find me."

Yet so it was, for in a few moments Katie's father, accompanied by a guide, entered the hovel, and after thanking the old woman and her granddaughter in a substantial manner for their care and kindness, carried off the tired child to the boat, where Herbert was waiting with the rest of the party.

He, too, had lost his way in another part of the valley, when, hearing his own name called, as if from the nearest mountain, he took courage, and hastening on, guided by the voice, soon found his father impatiently awaiting his return.

Katio's absence was now the great cause of uneasiness. An anxious search had been made for her, but all in vain, until suddenly the echo of her name was heard from the neighbouring mountains; then, after a pause of astonishment, came the second cry, "Come here!" and the guide's experienced ear knew by the sound in what direction the poor child must have wandered, and conducted her father by the shortest path to the river's bank, and afterwards to the hovel on the hill-side.

And so Katie was found by means of the mountain voices. And now, in her quiet home, she is never tired of repeating to her faithful old nurse the story of her adventures in the Black Valley. S. T. A. R.

A Pilgrim through this lonely World.



SHORT ARROWS.

THE BIBLE IN THE GUARD-ROOM.



STRONG and well-sustained appeal has been made by an officer in the army on behalf of the large number of soldiers who in turn are on guard. He says there are thirteen guards

mounted daily in London, and two at Windsor; each guard is relieved every twenty-four hours, and the total number of men sent on this duty in one year is more than 100,000. None of the guardrooms are provided with a single book of any kind whatever, and the men lounge and beguile the time as best they can. He has obtained official permission to provide every guard-room with an ample supply of good and profitable books, magazines, etc., and makes an appeal for public assistance. A more reasonable or a more likely way of inducing the soldier to read the "everlasting Gospel," and that which may prove of abiding value to him, can scarcely be imagined. The very irksomeness of having nothing to do will lead him to turn over pages which contain the truth. One large Bible and several New Testaments will be provided in each room, and such other healthy and suitable reading as it may be in the promoter's power to supply. Any communications on the subject may be sent to Captain Walker, 10, Ovington Gardens, S.W.

GOOD WORK AT DEVONPORT.

At the time when successive detachments were being sent out to reinforce the British army in South Africa, the daily papers kept the public thoroughly aware of the numbers of the troops and the circumstances attending their embarkation; but there were certain interesting features connected with those proceedings which did not receive such honourable mention, although they deserved it even more. A detachment of Marines left Plymouth, 500 strong, on board H.M.S Jumna. Previous to their departure, Miss Weston, whose good work at Devonport deserves all praise, was permitted to address the men, and to present to each man a small field Testament. After the public inspection of the troops, she and a friend were invited by the General to come forward. A few earnest words were spoken by this true friend of the sailor; each man received from her hands the Word of God, every officer claiming to be included in the favour; and then the lady evangelists retired, under a chorus of thanks and cheers. The Chatham and Portsmouth contingents were served in the same way, and the splendid vessel steamed out of the harbour on its long voyage, laden with hundreds of grateful men, who were touched to the quick with the pious interest thus shown in their spiritual well-being. On board H.M.SS. Active, Boadicea, and others, similar good deeds were done. Not only so; but out in Zululand the influence of Miss Weston and her godly co-workers has been

felt : and in tent and barrack, laager and field, the sacred page, the cheering song, the instructive tract, and the encouraging leaflet, have been read by hundreds, by the light of southern sun or camp fire, and many a godly sailor and marine has "spoken a word for Jesus" by reason of the Christian influences brought to bear on them in the dear old motherland, at the Sailors' Home. The work carried on by this excellent lady and her increasing staff of helpers, we right heartily commend to the earnest prayers and unstinted beneficence of our readers. It is impossible to gauge the limits or calculate the force of the good deeds thus done, for the sake of the Saviour, among the seafaring multitudes who come and go to and from the "Refuge," and who are brought within the influence of the "old, old story," and all the blessings therein included.

Let us believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.—W. S. Landor.

THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

The stubborn barrier of prejudice and exclusiveness which has so long prevented any really efficient and extensive efforts from being made for the evangelisation of the huge empire of China, is evidently giving way. In addition to the vigorous action taken by several of the leading English and American Missionary Societies, the China Inland Mission has come into the field, and is assuming proportions which may well give promise of gratifying success. The report lately issued shows that there is an able staff of sixty-nine missionaries, a hundred and one native helpers, and that not less than sixty-three new mission stations have been opened during the Twenty-three additional agents have been sent out, and there are many other items in the statistics which betoken aggressive activities of no ordinary character. It is interesting to note that a Famine Fund and Orphanage have been established, as the outcome of the late terrible experiences, and that not less than £8,000 has been raised for these most praiseworthy objects. The operations of the mission are conducted after a somewhat novel plan; separate sections are devoted to specific objects, and thus the too common mistake of attempting too much from the same centre is wisely avoided. The income of the mission is somewhat less than £10,000, and it may well be hoped that large additional funds will be forthcoming in aid of this godly enterprise.

The mind of a young creature cannot remain empty. If you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to receive that which is bad.—*Bishop Berkeley*.

BEFRIENDING YOUNG SERVANTS.

One of the practical results of the good and kindly work in which the late Mrs. Nassau Senior was engaged when her lamented death cut short a career which was marked by a wise and fervent devotion to the cause of the philanthropy, is a society for befriending young servants. That lady was the first to bring public sympathy to bear on the desolate and perilous position of the young girls who are yearly sent out to service from the great workhouse schools. The orphan, deserted, or starving children who are legally cared for by Boards of Guardians, and passed through the pauper schools, have generally a shelterless and unfriended future before them when they leave the Union, and go out as maids-of-all-work, very young, very inexperienced, and sadly exposed to manifold hardships and still worse perils. It was a good and kindly thing to form an association by which these girls may be followed, counselled, watched over, and cared for in their future course; which should provide for them a temporary home during sickness or while out of place, and in many other ways should prove to these friendless ones a true friend in need. The Boards of Guardians, we are glad to find, cordially co-operate with the ladies who are engaged in this kindly mission, which has now fully 500 girls and young women under its care. Suitable situations are found for them without charge, and they are periodically visited, that the kind word and evident interest of the lady visitor may keep a continuous hold on the regard and sympathy of their protegées. They are counselled as to their savings, induced to join Provident Dispensaries, clothing clubs, and similarly helpful institutions, and in many other ways are hedged around with the fence of Christian interest and care. We cordially recommend this excellent movement to the attention and sympathy of our readers.

If we are the best we can be towards others, they are, in turn, the best they can be towards us.—

Auerbach.

THE GOSPEL IN ROME.

An earnest and courageous evangelist, Dr. Philip, who has undertaken a very onerous and difficult mission among the Jews and Jewesses of the Ghetto, pleads hard for the help and sympathy of Christian people. He visits the lowest denizens of this low quarter, makes his way to the bedsides of the sick and dying, and gains a hearing for the story of Jesus of Nazareth in very unlikely places. Sometimes nearly 100 Jewesses are induced to come together, and Christian song and the ever-beautiful Christian story do not fail to secure attention, to win real interest, and now and again to elicit the cry for more light. Dr. Philip is working alone and at great odds. His little stony corner of the vineyard has not hitherto received much attention, and his doings-for want, probably, of record-have not won the substantial help required for their efficient performance. It is the only mission among the Jews, we believe, in all Italy. Miss Philip also has been labouring for three years without any remuneration whatever, and at serious cost to her health. We gladly echo the plea for aid, which may be sent to Dr. Philip, 41, Via della Croce, Rome.

He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it,—Dr. Thomas Brown,

THE OPEN-AIR MISSION.

This energetic band continues to carry on its operations as well in the winter as the summer, and its roll of active and zealous membership is constantly increasing. During the last year, as we gather from the report, races, fairs, and other similar gatherings of the crowd in all parts of the country have been visited, e Gospel message has been fearlessly yet lovingly proclaimed, an immense number of tracts and leaflets have been distributed, and gratifying results have neither been few nor far between. Eight new auxiliaries have been formed, making twenty-one in all. There are 365 members of the Mission who statedly engage in open-air preaching, and not fewer than 186 stations are maintained in the metropolis alone. The mission is aided effectively by both clergy and laymen of name and note, and it is evidently bent on doing yet greater things than these.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them. As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost,—Montaigne.

REST FOR OVERWORKED WOMEN.

Some time ago an admirable experiment was tried under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, with a view to secure rest and recuperation, at an easy rate, for young men who, by hard work, long hours, and close confinement, were in real need of quiet and healthful change. The success of this attempt was immediate, and Hazlewood, in the Isle of Wight, has already demonstrated the necessity and the value of some such sanatorium for tired employés. We are glad to find that a similar movement has been commenced in the interest of overworked women. At Babbicombe, in Devonshire, a House of Rest has been established for milliners' assistants, shopwomen, etc., who being on the verge of a breakdown for want of rest and change of air, may come hither on the strength of a subscriber's certificate, a railway return-ticket, and a personal payment of five shillings per week, and secure the repose, fresh air, and quiet comfort of which they stand so much in need. This House of Rest is conducted by a committee of management on which we note the names of the Vicar of Babbicombe,

the Duchess of Sutherland, and others, whose character and position are more than sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the arrangements and the genuineness of the scheme. Several of the leading business houses in London and the provinces have become subscribers, and it is hoped that the numbers of these will be largely increased. There can be no question that such a movement as this is richly deserving of hearty and liberal support.

What an interpreter of Scripture is affliction! How many stars in its heaven shine out brightly in the night of sorrow and pain, which were unperceived or overlooked in the garish day of prosperity!—Trench.

CHRISTIAN TESTIMONY.

In these days of scientific doubt and pseudo-philosophic question as to the supernatural and the basis of spiritual faith, there is something noteworthy and gratifying in the last testimony of the late justly celebrated physician, Dr. Tilbury Fox. He left a written request that in any obituary notice of him which might appear in a medical paper, the following declaration should find a place :- "I die a Christian in the now, I fear, much despised sense of the term, a 'simple believer in Jesus Christ as a personal living and loving Saviour,' without any righteousness of my own, but perfect and secure in His, and that I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him until that day." It is refreshing to read this clear and definite personal witness for Jesus Christ. Reticence or doubt or denial are growingly common among

scientists and thinkers of a certain class, and this has sadly too strong a restraining influence on those who can, and therefore ought, to give good reason for the hope that is in them. There are, of course, many leading members of the honoured and honourable profession of which Dr. Fox was a conspicuous ornament who are equally settled and earnest in their religious beliefs, but the peculiar character of their calling should not induce a constant silence on these subjects in the ordinary course of their duties. True, the physician should not, and need not, usurp the functions of the minister of religion, but he certainly should not manifest either a spirit of indifference on these subjects, or in any way give the idea, either by word or deed, that they are not of cardinal importance. We are glad to note an article in a medical journal, in which the position is taken, and well maint; ined, that religion, faith in the spiritual is so distin tly a part of man's nature that they who propose to prescribe for man's ills and ailments cannot leave them out of their calculations, and in which, also, moral cowardice and the non-avowal of religious convictions are fittingly condemned. Man's native longing for immortality is itself a proof that faith in the unseen is a part of his mental constitution, and must have some food for its support. To all mankind it is given, in some shape or other, to hold the belief that this mortal shall put on immortality, and it is neither wise nor kind for those who are "called in" during the most solemn crises of life either to deny or to ignore it; while to those who know and feel the power and truth of Christianity it is nothing less than a simple duty to point the suffering and the dving to the infinitely tender and capable Comforter and Friend.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

1. What three prophets are mentioned as having kept a written record of David's life?

2. Where was the first church assembly held, and under whose presidency?

- 3. What great question was discussed and settled at this council?
- Quote a passage in which king David states that he received the pattern of the Temple from the direction of God Himself.
- 5. What words of the prophet Isaiah are applied by St. John to the refusal of the Jews to believe in Christ's miracles?
- $6.\ {\rm For\ how\ many\ years\ was\ Nebuchadnezzar}$ deposed from his kingdom?
- 7. In what words did God express His watchful care over Abram?
 - 8. Who is it speaks of Abraham as a prophet?
- 9. What woman is mentioned as having had her prayer answered by God?

- 10. On what occasion was a whole army struck with blindness?
- 11. On what occasion did twenty-two thousand men leave the army because they were afraid?
 - 12. Give the words of the first prayer on record.
- 13. From what passages do we gather that among the Israelites there were some who worshipped the sun?
- 14. What is the last occasion on which we hear of our Blessed Lord's mother?
- 15. What "wages" did God give to king Nebuchadnezzar for the taking of Tyre?
- 16. What king was told of the captivity of his descendants, of whom Daniel was one?
- 17. Which is the most memorable instance of disinterested friendship mentioned in the Old Testament?
- Mention two occasions on which angels have been ministers of Divine justice upon man.
- 19. Whose son bore in his name the remembrance of his father's exile?

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF JOHN FORBES, D.D.

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.



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EANDER spoke to his students at Berlin of Dr. John Forbes of Corse as the Scottish writer who, in his "Instructiones Historico - Theologicæ," had given to the world one of the most learned treatises that the literature of the Reformation had produced. That

treatise is still well known to a limited circle of scholars as well worthy of the eulogium so pronounced upon it. Owing partly, however, to his works having been published alone in Latin, and owing still more, perhaps, to their author having taken up an intermediate position at the outbreak of the great Civil War of the seventeenth century-going in with neither of the extreme parties, especially resisting the forced signing of the Covenant-Dr. Forbes and his writings have fallen generally out of sight. And yet he left a singular revelation of himself which admits us into the secret places of his spirit, and lets us see him and hear him, not in his controversies with men, but in his intercourse with After his death there was found among his repositories, and is still preserved, a manuscript volume entitled "Spiritual Exercises." Translated into Latin, these Exercises appeared in the collected edition of Dr. Forbes's works, published at Amsterdam in 1703, but as yet they are unknown to English readers. From the original volume, in Dr. Forbes's own hand-writing, we propose to present some extracts in the pages of The QUIVER.

The writer, John Forbes, born in the year 1593, was the second son of Patrick Forbes, Laird of Corse, who was Bishop of Aberdeen from 1618 till 1635. Having passed through the ordinary curriculum of study at King's College, John Forbes passed over to the Continent, where, for seven years, he prosecuted his studies at Heidelberg under the distinguished theologian, Paræus, and in other celebrated theological schools of upper and lower Germany. Such were his gifts, and such his acquirements, that at once, on his return home in 1619, though he was then only 26 years old, he was installed as Professor of Divinity in his Alma Mater, King's College, Old Aberdeen. The duties of this office he discharged with great fidelity and universal

approbation till 1641, when, on his refusal to sign the Covenant of 1638, he was deposed from his chair in the University. Retiring from public life, he divided his time between a quiet residence on his paternal estate and a two years' sojourn in Holland, dying at Corse in 1648 in the fifty-fifth year of his age. The "Exercises," begun in 1624, a few years after his appointment to the chair of theology, are continued till 1647, the year before his death.

AT Old Aberdeen, the 3rd day of February, an 1624, a student of divinity being heavily troubled in spirit for the hardness of his heart, and want of that wonted reverence towards God, and trust in Him, and sense of His favour, entreated me for some word of comfort, which I hearing did lift up my soul quietly to God for His gracious assistance, and said unto the student:—

I. Whose God hath appointed to be the ministers of comfort to distressed souls, He doth before acquaint them with the distress of conscience that they despise not others afflicted, but that out of compassion and experience they may be meet instruments of comfort to them. (2 Cor. i. 3, 4; Heb. v. 2.)

II. We may learn by this experience of our weakness and perverseness how naturally through our corrupt nature we are enemies to God, not able of ourselves so much as to think a good thought, that we trust not in our own strength, but only in God who raiseth the dead and worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure.

III. Hereby likewise we may learn that great love of God who hath loved us being enemies, and laid down His life for us, that we may build our comfort not upon our own worthiness, but His free and invincible love towards us unworthy sinners.

IV. Although we find not always that measure of grace and presence as we desire and sometimes have had, yet if we hunger and thirst for righteousness we shall be satisfied, if we mourn we shall be comforted. (Matt. v. 4—6.) Although in great weakness, yet if we groan toward Christ under our sore burden He shall give us rest. (Matt. xi. 28.) The Lord doth satiate the weary soul and replenish every sorrowful spirit. (Jerem. xxxi. 25; so likewise Ps. xxxiv. 18; and of the Canaanitish woman, Matt. xv.)

V. Let us pray to God continually, assuring ourselves to obtain the Holy Ghost, and all things good for us as He hath promised; and let us diligently meditate upon His word, for thereby doth He heal us. (Ps. cvii. 17, 18, 19, and 20; Matt. vii. 7, 8, etc.; Luke xi. 13; Col. iii. 16.)

The 18th of August, 1624.—In the morning as I prayed in my bed unto the Lord for mercie and peace, for assurance of His love towards me, for a quiet heart

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in that assurance, for strength of faith in my Lord Jesus Christ, and love of God and of my neighbour in God, with a pure heart, a good conscience, and faith unfeigned; and that the Lord would quiet Himself in His love towards me, and that He would give unto me of His Holy Spirit, for Jesus Christ's sake, true Christian magnanimitie against all fleshy lusts which fight against my soul, and against whatsoever enemies; magnanimitie conjoined with true Christian love, humilitie, and other fruits of the Spirit, and arising out of true justifying and steadfast faith in Jesus Christ my Saviour. And that the Lord would send out many meet labourers into His harvest everywhere, especially here amongst us in Aberdeen and neighbouring congregations. And that the Lord would give us grace both in kirk and school to abound in light and holiness, and humilitie and love, and all spiritual grace. And that He would give us to do our service with joy, and not with grief, that we neither have grief of them to whom He sendeth us, neither of our own sins, neither of the angrie countenance of our God; but that we may rejoice always in His name, and walk in the light of His countenance. That the Lord would bless all belonging to me, and grant unto me and to my wife to love one another constantlie with an holy and honourable love, and that we might have comfort in our seed. And that the Lord would give unto us and to all His servants wisdom and grace to behave ourselves wisely and with a good conscience in every purpose, both private and publick, And that the Lord would deliver us from the fear of death, that we may serve Him joyfully while we are here, and rejoice to be dissolved, and be with the Lord Jesus, that we may be found of Him in peace, appear with Him in glory, and reign with Him in everlasting blessedness. And that the Lord would bless our princes and our people abundantly with blessings, bodily and spiritual.

As I thus prayed with tears unto my God, I received sweet and strong consolation from God, assuring me that my prayer was heard, and my petitions abundantly answered; so I concluded joyfully with this offering of thanksgiving, acceptable to my heavenly Father through Jesus Christ my Lord. Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to His power that worketh in us and according to the riches of His glory—unto Him be all praise, honour, and glory in the Kirk, through Jesus Christ our Lord, for ever and ever. Amen. Hallelujah!

The 19th of August, 1624.—In the morning, in my bed, and after that I had risen, the Lord comforted me greatly by giving unto me His Holy Spirit of grace and supplication, by whose grace I prayed boldly and fervently unto my Heavenly Father, in the name and for the mediation of my Lord Jesus Christ. And I was greatly comforted, in so far as I joyfully said unto the Lord, "What shall my soul render to Thee for this comfort, O Lord?" "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." "O Lord, hide

never again Thy salvation from me, but increase unto me the sight thereof." And the Lord assured me that I should depart in peace, when He thought time, and that I should be received into my Master's joy as a good and faithful servant, because He loveth me, and will love me for ever in Christ Jesus, who hath done unto God good and faithful service, for my reconciliation and salvation; and in whom my God will lovingly accept of me and of my service. In the meantime the Lord recommended unto me the care of my calling in feeding of His sheep here, for the faithful and fruitful performance whereof He assured me of His grace sufficient for me, whereby I should walk and go forward constantly to the death in faith, hope, love, wisdom, courage, humilitie, joy, and peace; and whereby He will deliver me and save me from unfaithful timourousness, distrust, uncharitableness, foolishness, pusillanimitie, pride, and from comfortless dejection; but that I may be so humble as I always abound in joy, and may be joyful without pride, and so have that perfect and permanent peace of God, which passeth all understanding; to preserve my heart and mind in Christ Jesus, to Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

The 20th day of August.—I was greatly comforted in the assurance that the Lord had heard my prayer, whereby I prayed that same morning that the Lord would give unto me joy with holiness, that I rejoice not an unholy joy, but that I may always rejoice and always keep holiness—a holy joy and a joyful holiness. I was likewise comforted in meditation of the sixth Psalm, and the triumphing conclusion thereof, and this I found to be the only way of tranquillitie, to trust in the Lord His mercie and truth, and to be careful of my own dutie both to God and man—whereunto I prayed humblic for God's grace to be sufficient for me, and I received a comfortable

answer. Hallelujah! Upon the 19th day of June, 1625, it being the Lord's day, I prayed in the afternoon in my study alone, humblie, and sincerelie, and earnestlie unto the Lord my God and Heavenly Father, for mercie and grace, especially for His Holy Spirit of love, whereby I might rejoice with them that rejoice, and mourn with them that mourn; not envying any, not delighting in the evil or hurt of any, but with an upright heart and single eye loving all in the Lord; not suspecting evil, not distrusting God His love to me, but that I might find always His love and the wonted joy of His salvation, and constantly cleave to Him, and serve Him, and trust in His mercie with my whole heart, and praise His holy name by His Holy Spirit conducting and comforting me, and filling my heart with joy and peace, and my mouth with songs of praise, and that I might in all my ways serve to the praise of the glory of His grace. And this I prayed for in the name of my Lord and Saviour and Advocate, Jesus Christ; and I received joy and comfort and strength in my soul abundantlie above all that I did ask or think. Praised be the Lord. Amen.

O Lord, bless me in my studies, and lead me in Thy truth by Thine Holy Spirit of truth. Direct me and bless me in reading Thy holy word, and in all Thy worship and service; and incline mine heart to godliness and virtue, and give me grace to walk in every purpose wisely with an upright heart; touch Thou my mouth, take away my sins (Is. vi.), and put Thy words in my mouth, and mercifulliand mightilie accompany me (Jer. i., etc.). Having thus prayed, I received an answer of peace. Hallelujah! My soul, praise thou the Lord.

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O Lord, I will ever praise Thee with my whole heart. Stay and fix my heart on Thee, my God. Preserve Thou me in perfect peace; let me not be afraid of evil tidings, but make me always to rejoice in Thy Name, and walk in the light of Thy countenance. Purge my heart from inward corruptions, sanctifie my mouth, and direct my steps in the way of Thy commandments; and let Thy grace be evident even in my countenance, and in all my behaviour. Grant me grace, with humilitie and love. O Lord, increase our faith. Bless all belonging to me. Bless all for whom I ought to pray to Thee, my God. Preserve Thy people, O Lord; and bless Thine inheritance. Amen. Hallelujah! Blessed be the Lord, who hath not put back my prayer, nor withholden His mercies from me; but hath forgiven all my sins, and healeth all my diseases. Praise the Lord for ever and ever. Amen.

Upon the 12th day of Oct., 1627, I had very sweet consolation in reading over these meditations and prayers, praised be the Lord, amen and amen, for ever and evermore. Glory be to Him, from everlasting and to everlasting. [1628, 25th Aug.] And again upon the 28th day of Oct., 1639; and again upon 21st of Sept., 1639; and again upon the 15th day of March, 1645. Hallelujah! [Written upon the margin.]

Upon the twelfth day of November, 1625, I received a letter certifying me of the death of a friend,* whereby I was cast into heaviness, against which were presented unto me two comforts; the one worldly and wicked, the other heavenlie and godlie. The wicked comfort presented by the flesh and the world and Satan was that I was apparently to reap worldly commoditie by his death, and therefore that I had occasion rather to be glad than sorrowful. Hereof arose a troublesome storm of temptation, against which I humblie and earnestlie prayed to the Lord my God, the strength of my salvation, and my hope in time of trouble. O Lord, incline my heart unto Thy testimonies and not to covetousness (Ps. cix. 36). Whoso is greedie of gain would take away the life of the owners thereof (Prov. i. 19). In whom is the love of this world, in him is not the love of the

. As I continued in these and such-like meditations near the space of twenty-four hours, still intermixing secret prayers and groans to God for victory over the love of the world through Jesus Christ my Lord, He heard me, and received graciously my prayer. Blessed be His holy name; so that I concluded with David (Ps. iv.), "There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us," etc. Hereupon my grief for the death of my friend recurred, not curable by the aforesaid bastard and wicked comfort, but this wicked comfort being expelled and trod under foot, there was furnished unto me from heaven a godlie and true comfort by the words of the Apostle Paul-"I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," etc. (1 Thess. iv. 13, 14).

Upon the 6th day of December, 1625 .- In the morning I was walking abroad about the break of day, and I beheld the moon and the stars shining clearly above in the heaven round about, and the morning light breaking up in the east. Then I considered out of the eighth Psalm the incomprehensible majesty of God, the glory of His works, the baseness of man and man's worldly state in comparison to those glorious glistering stars of light, and much more in comparison to the Lord, the Maker of all these; but yet the excellency of man, in respect of his reasonable soul and life, is above all the stars, and much more in respect of the incarnation of Christ, and our prerogative in Him over all things both in this estate of grace, wherein we do behold the works of God, and do thereof gather arguments of His praise, and much more abundantlie in the state of glory which we hope. (Dan. xii. 3; Matt. xiii. 43.) . . . What a joy in these meditations above all the lusts of the flesh and of this world! Then I proceeded and recited the 19th Psalm, magnifying His great and holy Name in all His works, but above all these visible documents extolling His holy word as it is gloriously described in that Psalm. I was so taken with the comfort of that description that, falling down upon my knees, I did convert it into a prayer to God that He would thereby enlighten my eyes, convert my soul, and stablish me, etc.; and I closed with that prayer which is in the end of the aforecited Psalm, after the

Father (1 John xi. 25). Covetousness is idolatry (Eph. v. 5; Col. iii. 5). The love of money is the root of all evil (1 Tim. vi. 10). It is, then, a very wicked and ungodly disposition to wish or to rejoice at the death of our brother for the acquiring of worldly goods belonging justly to him, whereas, by the law of Christianity, we are bound to affect the preservation of our brother's life, and give him part of our goods rather than he should, for want of means, lose his life or his health.

[•] The friend alluded to was his elder brother, by whose death he became heir-apparent to his father's estate of Corse, in Aberdeenshire. This estate had been conferred by James III. on his armour-bearer, Sir Patrick Forbes, youngest son of the second Lord Forbes, and passed by lineal descent, first into the hands of the Bishop, and afterwards into those of the Professor.

mentioned description, errata mentis quis meminit vage—even to the end of the Psalm, and I found very strong and joyful consolation. Hallelujah! Amen.

Upon the 9th day of February, 1626, in the morning, my conscience being disquieted, I sought the Lord by prayer, and not finding in the beginning that measure of contrition and devotion whereby I might be conveniently prepared for receiving the consolation which I thirsted for, I did insist with my God, both in the house and in the field, when, after some wrestling, I did, by God's grace, conclude that, although as yet I did not find the wished presence and comfort, yet this way only, and to God only, and nowhere else, must I go for comfort, neither is there comfort elsewhere to be found. Herewith I continued awhile praying, and thereafter, not finding as yet, but waiting and hoping for consolation, I arose from my face, and, walking along, I rehearsed unto God the 51st Psalm, which before I had ended, the Lord softened and loosed the fountains of mine eyes, and so mercifully comforted me, that having absolved that Psalm, I did burst out into an holy and reverent and joyful thanksgiving in rehearsing the Psalm ciii., both of them in Buchanan's Latin, whereby I was not a little comforted, and I returned home to my ordinary studies with exceeding joy. Blessed be the name of the Lord, my God and Father, through Jesus Christ my Saviour and Advocate with the Father, for ever and evermore. Hallelujah! Amen and amen!

Upon the 27th day of February, an. 1626, in the morning as I was meditating upon the joyful resurrection of God's children at that last day, when all tears shall be wiped from their eyes, and reading to that purpose 1 Thess. iv., I was greatly comforted and confirmed against all fear or trouble of the momentary light afflictions in the mortal life, and against death, which is to the godly a short passage to a far better life; and I prayed to the Lord, my God and Saviour, that He would make me to increase and abound in love towards all men to the end He may stablish my heart, unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ (1 Thess. iii. 13). And He graciously received and answered my petition, assuring me that He shall never leave me nor forsake me, and that His grace shall be sufficient for me to stablish me, and to make me to increase more unto the end. Praised be the Lord, and blessed be His holy name, for ever and evermore. Amen.

Then, reading Gen. xlii. and xliv., of the great anguish and sorrow and perplexity wherewith the brethren of Joseph were exercised, not for their destruction, but for their amendment, and fitting them for the receiving of that unexpected and abundant consolation, which incontinent was, through the mercy of God, bestowed upon them (chap. xlv). Although they had grievously sinned, yet the Lord their God was merciful unto them; and having for a short while lovingly exercised them, to bring them to the memory and acknowledgment of their sin, and so

to true repentance, He putteth away their sin, and maketh Joseph, whom they had cruelly sold, to be the instrument of His fatherly and indulgent providence towards them. O! the sweetness of the goodness and incomprehensible mercies of our God! Praise ye the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever. He is merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin. (Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7; Micah vii. 18-20.) By these meditations I was strengthened in the Lord my God against the fear of my own sins and corruption, against all outward terror of Satan or of men, against the fear of their craft or crueltie whatsoever, against which also the Christian soul is much confirmed by the meditation of Psalm xci.—"He that dwelleth in the most secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty;" and Psalm xcii.-" It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord;" and the Psalms immediately succeeding. Hallelujah! Amen.

Upon the 6th day of March, an. 1626, I was meditating in my bed early in the morning, and praying unto the Lord my God for enlargement of heart and a free spirit, so that being set at liberty from worldly fears, uncharitable suspicions, and distrustful cares and discontentments, and unquietness of mind, I might serve the Lord with freedom of heart, joyfully, as I had wont by His grace to do; and that I might increase more and more. I found that the only way to get freedom from unquietness and care is first of all to shake off the yoke of sin.* That being made free from the service of sin, and becoming the servant of righteousness, I may have my fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. "Then I prayed in the Spirit unto the Lord-O Lord, draw me nigh unto Thee, and draw nigh to me in mercy, that my heart and affections, my treasure and conversation may be always in heaven, with Thee, my God; and the Lord received my prayer, graciously assuring me that this day salvation, in a further degree of manifestation and confirmation, is come to this house (Luke xix. 9), even to me, who am an house whom the Lord hath chosen and sanctified for Himself to dwell in for ever. Hallelujah! Amen. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Upon the 12th day of March, 1626, I was thinking upon these rumours of wars, and hostile invasion so much spoken of to dismay and terrify us, we being unarmed and unprepared against such assaults, and yet the enemie is hatefully disposed, neither have we any surety in the arm of man for our defence.

* [On the margin—] Ubi non est habendi cupiditas, ibi non est carendi necessitas.—Aug.

t" About this time (1626) the town was put under considerable alarm by the appearance of a Spanish fleet upon this coast, to the number of fourteen sail of the line. The appearance of so numerous a fleet on the coast of Scotland being an unusual circumstance, the magistrates put the town in a proper posture of defence, lest the enemy should attempt a landing."—Kennedy's "Annals of Aberdeen,' vol. 1, p. 137.

I looked unto the Lord and He heard me, and comforted and confirmed me by causing me to read, and applying by His Holy Spirit unto my soul the Psalm xxxi., especially from the verse 13 unto the end of the Psalm, where the words are these, "I have heard the slander of many, fear was on every side while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life. But I trusted in Thee, O Lord, I said, My times are in thy hand," etc. See also Ps. xxv. "Fear not, Abraham; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." This came unto my mind as I had heard it in a public exercise the 13th day of April, 1626. Herewith the Lord called to my mind historical examples, 2 Chron. xx., Ps. xlviii., etc. (See Exod. xiv. 13, and 1 Saml. xiv. and xvii., and 2 Chron. xiv. 11); and likewise experiences in my bygone life, wherein He hath never left me nor forsaken me, but graciously hath given me the victory over all difficulties, and He hath often again and again promised unto me, and now presently assureth me that He will never leave me nor forsake me, but will keep me-keep me as the apple of His eye, and guide me by His counsel while I am here, and afterwards receive me to glory, for He hath given His only Son for me, and it is His good pleasure to give me the Kingdom; therefore He will withhold no good thing from me. Blessed be His holy name for ever and ever, amen. Hallelujah! Amen and amen. Hallelujah!

Upon the 20th day of March, an. 1626 .-- In the morning I was greatly comforted against all bodily and all spiritual diseases by these words of God to His people Israel-"I am the Lord that healeth thee." When I was reading this cited meditation, with some other meditations, I was ravisht into an holy and joyful admiration of the wonderful mercies of my God toward me so vile a sinner, in that it hath pleased Him to give unto me these manifold and sweet and strong consolations; and kneeling down with my face to the ground, I thanked the Lord, and hid my face because of the presence of the Lord, remembering the example of Elias, who hearing the still small voice, wrapped his face in his mantle (1 Kings xix. 13), and also Moses at the bush hid his face, being afraid to look upon God (Exod.

iii. 6), and that publican stood afar off, and would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven (Luke xviii. 13). And as I was thus cast down and astonied in the meditation of my own unworthiness and sinfulness, and of the wonderful mercy of God to me so vile a sinner, and of His familiar approaching to me, the Lord graciously and mercifully and mightily comforted me, and raised me up, certifying me that although I be unworthy in myself, yet it hath pleased Him freely to love me, and that I am a man freely and greatly beloved. And so were brought unto my mind the words of God by his angel unto Daniel, being astonied at his presence, "O man greatly beloved, fear not; be strong, yea, be strong" (Dan. x. 19). Now although I, neither in holiness and ordinary gifts, be near unto the holiness and gifts of Daniel, neither have I the extraordinary gift of immediate revelation and prophecy as that holy and greatly beloved prophet had, yet that was not written for Daniel only, but for us also, as was the history concerning Abraham (Rom. iv. 23-24, Rom. xv. 4). Yea, Daniel himself and Abraham were not justified before God by their own righteousness, but by faith through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord knoweth the thoughts that He thinketh towards me, even thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give me an expected end (Jerem. xxix. 11), because it is His good pleasure to forgive my iniquities, and to remember my sins no more, and to be my God, and to write His law in my heart according to His free and sure covenants of grace and mercy in Christ Jesus our Saviour. (Jerem. xxxi. vers. 33-34; Heb. viii. 10-12; Heb. x. 15-17.) Then was I strengthened (as Dan. x. 19), and with assurance of God's accompanying grace and blessing, I addressed myself to my ordinary studies. Blessed be the Lord. Amen. O Lord, into Thy hands I commend myself, soul and body, my studies, readings, meditations, writing, uttering, and all my behaviour, and all my estate, here and for ever. Then the Lord comforted me by the words (Jerem. xxix. 12-13, Mark ix. 24, Ps. li. 10, Ps. exix. 80, Jerem. xxxii. 39-41, Matt. xii. 20, 21, Matt. v. 6, Rom, viii. 26, 27-34). Praise ye the Lord. Amen and amen.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

E ask not worldly wealth of Thee,
Not regal robe nor kingly gold;
Give neither wealth nor poverty,
Lest either make our love grow cold.

Yet happier we, in low estate, Among the countless crowd unknown; For daily bread on Thee await,

To Whom we pray, and Whom we own.

Not princely food, but simple fare
To us the gift of Heaven shall be;
This by Thine ever-loving care
Shall daily draw us nearer Thee.
W. J. SPARROW-SIMPSON.

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A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.



O you not love me, Una?" said Aunt Monica one day, when an e mbarrassed silence had come between uslike some bodily presence. She had been working beside me, and had risen and gone to the window. and now she stood over

me and laid a small fair hand on my shoulder.
"Very much, Aunt Mona," I answered; "and I

want to love you altogether, only I cannot understand——"

"I know," she replied, gently; "the past is troubling you, and you cannot go on and leave it unexplained as some might be able to do. It is not right that you should, my dear. You are not a child any longer, and I will try and satisfy you as far as I can. If I did not love you, Una, it would be hard for me to do this."

Sitting down beside me, she paused, and then she began again a little hurriedly, as if touching on something that pained her.

"Do you remember your mother?" she asked.

I told her as I had never told any one before how I had treasured her memory. I drew a picture of her as I remembered her, so beautiful, so sweet, so gentle and loving; but somehow I could not give it character as I could have done a picture of Miss Hope, or even of Mr. Bothwell, or Susan. It was faint and shadowy, like something seen in a vision.

"I never knew your mother," she said, when I had finished. "Your father is my third brother, and I am his only sister, and a good many years younger, as I dare say you know. Our father was one of the severest men I ever knew. He had few faults and no weaknesses of his own, except the great fault of want of tenderness in dealing with the faults and weaknesses of others. He was constantly repressing freedom, and joy, and affection in all about him; a man whom it was easy to respect, but almost impossible to love. In his repressive system, however, he succeeded, outwardly at least, with all of us except

my brother Ben. We became, seemingly, as subdued and formal as he could wish, our natures more or less injured in the process.

"Benjamin alone resisted. He was not to be repressed. Passionate, and daring, and but little reverent, he rebelled incessantly, and I know it made the great trial and burden of our mother's life, the perpetual strife between the two. There was but one appeal to which, even as a child, Ben would listen, and that was an appeal to his sense of justice, an appeal which, as between father and son, our father would not allow. Benjamin had also a passionate indignation against injustice and cruelty. He would inflict the most severe and instantaneous punishment upon any one whom he caught in any act of oppression or unkindness-to animals especially. Indeed, he became almost frantic under any flagrant instance of wrong of this kind, and I know that he considered his father's rule both unjust and cruel.

"I will not and cannot judge between them; indeed, I was too young at the time, but I believe that our father was in error, to say the least, and that he mistook for duty the dictates of an arbitrary will, which failed to win from a spirit unbending as his own the obedience which was his due.

"By the time Benjamin was of an age to choose his profession, our father was ready to allow him to choose for himself, to avoid a collision in which he was sure to be worsted. Benjamin chose the sea, and was entered as a midshipman while other boys were in the beginning of their school life. Somehow or other, he came to be regarded as the scapegrace of the family while yet a mere lad. Nothing dishonourable was ever heard or recorded against him, but when we saw him from time to time he was more daring and reckless and irreverent than ever. At length, to our great horror, he proclaimed himself an unbeliever. I was only a child even then, but I remember my mother's tears and the words she added to my evening prayer.

"He was in his twenty-fifth year when he married your mother, who was not of our rank, I believe. She also alienated her family by the marriage. It was a legal, but not a Christian one, and in accepting it she tacitly renounced the faith in which she had been brought up. Further than this I cannot go. Of their married life I know nothing. My father commanded every member of the family to break with your father at once. My mother left his letters unanswered, and, when my father died, he left her bound by a promise never to receive him unless he came to her as a penitent.

"Before he died, my father had come into the family property, for we belong to the old untitled gentry of England, and my eldest brother Robert of course succeeded. Some time ago he died childless. That lady whom you saw in the Louvre was his wife. Then my mother died, and though she said but little, we knew that she died mourning over her separation from your father, her youngest and her favourite son, whom she did not dare to call even to her deathbed.

"Since my mother's death, I have been comparatively free, and I had seen your father once or twice before I met you. It was necessary for us to meet about the disposal of our mother's property, a further share of which came to him under her marriage settlement, a certain sum having already passed to him on his coming of age.

"I hoped that my brother Henry would have been reconciled to your father, but I hoped in vain. I tried to heal the breach, and failed,'

She did not add that she had mortally offended her elder brother by the step she had taken with regard to us.

I was silent, but doubtless my face expressed the indignation I felt, for Aunt Mona said, presently, "You are dowered with the hate of hate, my child, but do not let your natural indignation make you When I look back upon it all, I can find room for pity and tenderness, though I, too, suffered. My father thought he was doing right and no more than his bounden duty; nor did he escape suffering himself, or seek to escape it. Do not think he did not love us. He loved us, and lost our love, and I think he knew it. I think he saw what even I could see-that my mother was alienated. She failed in no wifely duty or loyalty, but the spontaneous flow of affection was checked and frozen. They became strangers to each other's hearts. Now, dear," she added, looking at me with a look of the tenderest pleading, "let us forget these old unhappy by-gone things.

"But, Aunt Mona," I said, "how could people calling themselves Christians act in such a way? I do not understand it."

"You are thinking, dear child," she went on, "that these bitter waters might have been healed at their fountain-head by the power of the Spirit of Christ; as indeed they might, Only, Una, we must not judge individuals, but remember that here, in God's school, we may profit by the mistakes of others as well as suffer by them. Above all, we must not presume to judge of Christ by Christianity, but bring our Christianity to Christ to be judged of

After this there was no restraint between Aunt Mona and me. Even my reserved nature began to unveil itself to her perfect sympathy. And at this time, seeing me sometimes occupied in reading her favourite books, she put into my hands a manuscript volume, into which she had copied all the most precious utterances of the spiritual life of the day. There I found all sections of the Church of Christ alike, speaking the same language of faith and hope and charity, animated by the same spirit of devotion to one Divine Master, united in one communion with the spirit of truth.

This was just what I needed, standing outside as I did. I began to think much and often concerning the truth of Christianity, and our position in regard to it. We had been brought up without the pale of the Christian faith. We knew Christianity as we knew heathenism-from without. We had even been taught to consider the former an immense advance upon the latter. But Christianity refused to be treated in this way. It was a living thing. Life and literature were full of its vital force. Its light was everywhere reflected like that of the sun, colouring everything in some appropriate hue. There was no standing in a neutral attitude towards it. And why should it exercise such a fascination for my whole nature? Often it seemed to me like a mighty palace in the midst of a midnight plain, with light shining from its countless windows, and gusts of heavenly music wafted from its opened doors. And I and others like me were condemned to wander outside among the shadows. True, there were the stars above; but did they not awaken the sick longing for a home of the spirit, a closer communion with their Maker and ours, than could be bred of their distant splendours? And then there were storms and tempests outside, and literal weepings and wailings and gnashings of teeth over irretrievable loss-the loss caused of sin and death. I believed in God. I could no more help believing than I could help seeing with my eyes open and light to see by. I felt my life to be from His; my joy in living, my sense of the beauty of the physical universe, my sense of right, my feeling for truth, my power of loving.

I had read the New Testament, and knew the claims of the Divine Teacher, whose authoritative "Believe also in Me" my heart longed to answer. It seemed impossible that the moral beauty of the character of Christ, and the grandeur of his doctrine, could be the outcome of a tremendous lie. history of Christianity, too, it was easy to separate the true from the false. If false popes, and sham miracles, and cruel inquisitions were presented to me, so also were holy fathers, miracles of saving power, tender charities. There had been, and might still be, Iscariots who called themselves apostles; but one was authorised to say that if any man had not the Spirit of Christ, he was none of His. Still, it was to the living present, not to the dead past, that I clung. I felt that for me the most powerful appeal lay in the faith and in the lives of Christian men and women; and now before me in my daily life, I saw a Christianity embodied such as I had only dreamt of as yet. It must have been embarrassing, to say the least, if Aunt Mona had known how closely I watched her at this time. Not with any desire to find flaws in her; nay, with quite a trembling anxiety that they

might be wanting.

"Aunt Mona," I said one day, with seeming abruptness, but really following a train of thought her presence had awakened. "In my whole life I

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have known only one or two who seemed to me to be Christians in the sense of being followers of Christ, and they are wide as the poles asunder in everything else, only they appear to have a secret in common the secret of living. I believe they are happier than

other people."

"That is exactly what it is, Una. The secret of living is with the Christian who has entered into the life of Christ. He or she has found the key-note which harmonises all the discords of earth, the clue which unravels all its confusions. They may go a very little way indeed toward doing so, may leave them just where they were as regards others, but, as far as they are concerned, having found the Father, it sufficeth them."

CHAPTER VI.

AUNT MONA'S FRIENDS.

I HAD an early opportunity of observing Mrs. Robert Lancaster at close quarters. Soon after we were settled in our London lodgings, she came to call on Aunt Mona. She is a large handsome woman, with a spirited face, and hard bright blue eyes, which she has a habit of making larger still when she looks at you, as if she saw something that surprised her. We met as if we had never seen each other before. I tried to smother my antagonistic feeling, which she had again aroused, without doing anything particular to arouse it. She devoted herself to Lizzie—with the intention of making me uncomfortable, I fancied, and I was sorry that she succeeded.

It was a great relief to tell Aunt Mona what I felt. She chid me gently. "Harriet has good qualities," she said. "She is generous in her way, capable of being magnanimous even; but her want of sympathy is so great that she is always doing kind things in an unkind way, and having her kindness rejected and despised; so that she is quite convinced of the general ingratitude and wickedness of human beings. She takes sudden and unaccountable likes and dislikes. She is rich, for she had an ample fortune of her own settled upon her. She is full of energy; and yet of all these good things she is not making happiness, but often the reverse. You might all be much to her," Aunt Mona concluded.

Mrs. Robert, it seemed, was going to be a very frequent visitor, and, thanks to Aunt Mona, my antagonistic feeling was not long in being overcome. She began to interest me, and we cannot continue to

dislike what we are interested in.

She blundered in her usual way with Lizzie. I believe she really fell in love with the child, and she asked her to come and spend a day with her. Lizzie looked at her with her brave frank eyes, but without her sweet frank smile, and declined, saying, somewhat bluntly, that she did not want to go.

I felt sorry, and hastened to say, at the risk of being misunderstood, that Lizzie had never been accustomed to go anywhere alone. I knew that if she had included me in the invitation Lizzie would have gone gladly. Of course there followed the embarrassing "Will you come with her, then?" I saw Aunt Mona glancing uneasily in my direction, and blushing hotly, I answered, "Yes."

I was fully rewarded by Aunt Mona's earnest thanks—

"I was so glad, dear child, that you conquered the fear of being misunderstood," she said, seeming to know exactly what I felt.

"Do you think it is very foolish to fear being misunderstood?" I asked; for it was one of my most

potent fears.

"Not always," she answered. "It may proceed from very different motives—from a modesty that fears it has not done or said the best thing in the circumstances, as well as from a restless vanity that desires appreciation under all circumstances; but it ought always to be striven against as one of the subtlest forms of self-seeking."

How far beneath the surface Aunt Mona's goodness reached!

We went to Mrs. Robert's, and found a very large handsome house, which had an empty feel, though I believe it is constantly full of young people, and spent what would have been a very dull evening but for the newness of everything. It was pleasant enough to see new pictures, new music, new books, and even new china—new old china, I ought to say—and Aunt Robert seemed pleased with us for coming, and for being pleased. So all passed off tolerably well.

Aunt Mona seems to have a great attraction for her sister-in-law, though no two human beings can be more unlike, and they are continually clashing, as far as it is possible for any one to clash with Aunt

Mona.

One afternoon, when Aunt Robert was there, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Winfield were announced, and there entered a slender middle-aged lady, elegantly dressed, a stout smooth-faced old gentleman about twenty years her senior, and a slight, dark, graceful girl, apparently about my own age.

They seemed old friends, for both Mrs. Robert and Aunt Mona greeted them familiarly, though after the first greetings the former took her departure,

when Aunt Mona introduced me.

They were hardly seated, however, when several heavy thumps, succeeded by a prolonged and dismal howl, were heard behind the door.

The old gentleman's face went into a shapeless pucker of mirth as he chuckled, "There's Thora." The lady looked slightly annoyed, while Edwin and Lizzie both rushed to the door, and admitted a magnificent St. Bernard. The immense creature bounded into the room like an uncaged lioness, and, with one sweep of her tail, cleared Aunt Mona's small work-table of its flower-glass and

other articles.

Mr. Winfield had got upon his feet, but Thora was up with her paws on his shoulders and her deepblack muzzle at his face.

There was a great calling of, "Down, Thora,

down!" by all the party, and Thora got down, and took up the whole length of the hearthrug in an ostentation of prostration, but she was up again in a moment, and more obstreperous than ever.

"Perhaps I had better take her out," said Mr. Winfield.

"I think you had, my dear," said Mrs. Winfield, with the least possible tone of sharpness.

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up and down the pavement before the house, Thora waving a triumphant tail as she walked beside them.

And in the meantime Miss Winfield talked to me, and Mrs. Winfield to Aunt Mona, and I, somewhat new to drawing-room conversation, tried to listen to both for a time, till Edith Winfield compelled my wandering attention.

"You have come out, I suppose, though we have



"'Love me, love my dog, eh?' said the old gentleman."

"I do wish you would not bring her, papa," said Miss Winfield.

"Oh, please let her stay; she is going to be quiet," said Lizzie; for Thora now stood the picture of meek strength by her master's side.

"Love me, love my dog, eh?" said the old gentleman, patting Lizzie on the cheek; upon which Thora became demonstrative towards Lizzie, and Edwin caught her by one of her broad soft ears, and a hubbub ensued, in which the whole group swept out into the hall, and troubled us no more. I could see them outside—at least, Mr. Winfield and Edwin—walking not met anywhere?" she said, fixing her great grey eyes on me, sparkling with I knew not what of eagerness or intellect, or spiritual force of some kind, that at once attracted and repelled me.

"No," I answered simply, vouchsafing no further explanation.

"But you will this season?" she returned.

"I don't know," I replied.

"Have you always lived in the country?" she went on questioning.

"No, we have lived a good deal abroad lately; but we have resided chiefly in Paris, Edinburgh, and London."

She seemed astonished. "I thought you had lived in the country," she replied.

"We have always lived very quietly," I answered.

"I envy you," she said, with a shrug of her thin shoulders which with all my French residence I had never acquired. "We always come up to town in March and stay till the end of June. I have been out for four seasons, and am horribly tired of it. I get frightful headaches with the standing, and the crowding, and the heat, and I look as fagged as possible at the end of the first week and never recover again, but keep getting faggier and faggier, and thinner and thinner, till I have the pleasure of knowing that I look as nearly as possible like a death's head, and by the cross looks I get on the staircases that my elbows are positively cutting."

I laughed, but I was puzzled; she looked so little like a rattle, so large-eyed, and hollow-cheeked, and sad in her first youth. I laughed, and said, "Why

don't you stay at home, then ?"

"I can't; I go out with mamma. She says she goes out with me, but that's a polite fiction. She is younger than I am; she is never fagged, or if she is, it's before she goes out. She gets brighter and brighter as the evening goes on; she sings better than I do, and she never has any head-aches that I know of."

" I know very little about society," I said.

" And you are fond of books, I know," she said.

"Very," I answered, smiling.

"I never touch a book; none of us ever do," she went on; "but mamma reads the reviews to be able to talk about them."

"And what do you do with your time?" I asked, hardly knowing what to say to her.

"Oh, in London," she replied, "what with shopping, and dressing, and visiting, we never have any time to spare."

"Do you play?" I said, innocently; music was a great resource of mine.

"Oh, nothing to speak of! What's the use of it? Professionals play better. People only think good players a bore. They either don't play themselves, and then they don't care to hear you; or they do, and then they would much rather play themselves."

I was half angry with this hollow-cheeked girl, betraying to me the emptiness of her life in this careless fashion. What canker had eaten into her heart that she should find it so?

"We are near neighbours of your uncle. Winfield Court is the nearest house to Highwood. Do you think we shall be friends?"

I felt myself blushing, for I could not reply.

"Doubtful," she answered for me, enjoying my want of tact. "Now, I hope we shall. It will give me an opportunity for speaking the truth and being believed."

"How so?" I asked, in blank bewilderment.

"Well, you must know that I am an extremely injured person. I am so much in the habit of speak-

ing the truth that people absolutely don't believe me. Come and see me soon," she added, rising as Mrs. Winfield rose, and shaking my hand with an eager clutch—I can call it nothing else—and away she went with her mother; Mr. Winfield making his adieux from the pavement, while we made ours from the window; Thora's great tail wagging and waving in accord with his nods and becks to us.

"Have you known the Winfields long, Aunt Mona?"

I asked, when they had gone.

"I have known them all my life," she replied. "Winfield Court is one of the nearest country-seats to Highwood, and we have been friendly neighbours, though, owing to the great difference in tastes and opinions between the heads of the families, we have never seen a great deal of them. Edith has, however, been in the habit of running out and in to me all her life. Has she been talking to you? She likes to talk nonsense."

"She has been talking to me, but whether it is nonsense or no I cannot tell. She seems very un-

happy," I said.

"I fear she is, poor child," returned Aunt Mona. "She has a strange character. I have never known any one at all like her. As a child she was a mischief-maker for the very love of it, seemingly, but probably only from sheer activity of mind undirected into its proper channels. She delighted in setting everybody by the ears, and then watching what would come of it. Her curiosity was unbounded, and though her affections were warm, she managed oftener to repel than to attract."

"I think she must be the same still," I ventured to say

"To some extent she is, but at any rate she is profoundly dissatisfied with her life."

"Is she wrong to be dissatisfied, Aunt Mona?" I asked.

"I think there is a noble dissatisfaction as well as an ignoble," said Aunt Mona; "and in Edith's life there is plenty of room for the former. Her affection for her parents is great, but her father, a kindly man in his way, bestows a good deal more attention upon his dogs than upon his daughter. He is a great lover of dogs, and at Winfield they are gathered in force. There are big dogs and little dogs, English dogs and foreign dogs, dogs without end, indeed; and he is devoted to them, one and all. Mrs. Winfield's heart is in society. She was a great beauty, and brilliant and witty besides. It was thought she would have made a splendid match, and every one was astonished when she married her cousin Charles. But she went into society as much as ever, and really seems to enjoy it for its own sake. Edith has no heart for it. She is not at all like her mother, and is, I do believe, blindly craving for a nobler and more earnest life.'

"What do you call an ignoble dissatisfaction, Aunt Mona?" I went on asking.

"I don't think it is difficult to define," she answered "I think it is ignoble to be dissatisfied with duty,

whatever it may be. For instance, when a girl has plenty of simple home duties, and is dissatisfied only because she thinks she is fit for higher things—I call that an ignoble dissatisfaction. One may bring one's highest things into the lowliest duty; and the first thing a girl ought to be fit for is duty, and the second is duty, and the third is duty," she added, smiling. "No noble doing will come out of doing anything else, and no noble satisfaction either."

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"I think I see it," I answered. "There may be a noble dissatisfaction when you are not satisfied with the way you are doing your duty, an ignoble one when you are dissatisfied with the duty itself, and won't do it, but want to be doing something else. But what has a girl like Edith to do, aunt?" I added.

"There is a great deal for her to do, my dear. She has a mind which would amply repay cultivation; she is deplorably ignorant. She has in the country at least endless opportunities for doing kindnesses, and satisfying her heart as well as her head; and then a girl never knows when the period of probation may be at an end; when she may be called upon, with all the energies of both mind and heart, to support those she has hitherto leaned upon; or when she may have to enter a home of her own to be the ruling spirit there. There is no reason against her seeking other duties if she has the time and strength for them; but not in the spirit of weariness with those she has."

"Were you ever dissatisfied, dear Aunt Mona?" I asked.

"Yes, my dear; but not permanently so," she re-"But the mistakes made in our training were of a different character. They were not mistakes of over-indulgence and relaxed discipline, which throw young people so terribly on their own resources. We were taught to recognise the great value of time as a preparation for eternity, and to fill our hours with a constant round of duties, even if these were made needlessly irksome. The noblest pursuits were brought before us, and we were encouraged to devote ourselves to them by precept and example. The service of God, our own improvement, the good of our fellow-creatures, were steadily kept before us. We might fall into the weariness of mere formal observance-I think we did-but we could hardly experience the deeper weariness of empty lives. And no sooner did this service become heart-service than there was no longer weariness; nay, there was bound-

"You want to know how I reached this stand-point, dear? I do not think it was by means of any special religious teaching that the spirit and the life came into this service, filling the divine words of the Bible and our sublime hymns and prayers with new meaning. It came to me in my daily life, in the things that went on about me, in the daily blessings and trials, in the solemn hours of sorrow and of joy, through my own needs, my own longings, my own failures, all gradually deepening into the one longing for a Divine sympathy, a Divine companionship,

which once attained, all life flows into a new order, a new activity, a new repose."

At the end of a week Aunt Monica returned the Winfields' visit alone. It was necessary to explain to them the position in which we stood with regard to our Uncle Henry, and leave them to take their own course about it.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR FIRST CHRISTMAS WITH AUNT MONA.

At this time I discarded my old habit of keeping a regular diary, and began to record, at intervals, the events that were passing around me, and the thoughts and feelings which influenced me. These I shall be able to give more exactly as they occurred at the time, with all the freshness of the immediate impression, by transcribing, whenever it is possible to do so, the record as it was written; often at the moment, seldom later than a few days after the event. Thus I find myself writing at the close of the year:—

Our first Christmas with Aunt Mona has been a very happy one. I think it has been so to her, though I can see how great has been the sacrifice she has made for us. Our father has come from his station in the Channel to spend the holidays with us. Happily, our lodgings have been found elastic enough, by a little packing on the part of us girls, to accommodate both him and Ernest.

I shall be sorry to see our father go back to his ship again. On the first evening, when we were all together seated round the fire waiting for dinner to be announced, he looked round on us and said, "This is more like home than anything I have known for years." I could see his eyes glisten as he spoke, and I thought of his lonely cabin and of the stormy nights in the Channel, and noticed for the first time that his hair was grey—very grey for his years—and that his tall thin figure stooped. He would not let us light up the drawing-room that evening, and Lizzie and I played and sang to him by firelight, and he was mostly silent. He never had much to say, though he can be boyishly gay at times, with a wonderful simple-hearted gaiety.

Ernest has come home full of ardour for his student life at Cambridge. He is in love with the place and everything in it, with his rooms, with his tutor, and with his new associates. He has already laid out his whole course there, an ideal course, which is to crown his youth with the triple crown of knowledge, virtue, and strength. He means reading hard, and going in for honours, but without being a mere bookman, joining the sports without becoming an athlete, boating without turning himself into a coxswain, riding without making a jockey of himself.

He has been confiding these intentions to me in his letters, and at first I could no help feeling what I had already learnt to feel instinctively concerning all Ernest's enthusiasms, that this would last only while the newness lasted; but I begin to feel convinced that there is something more real in it than usual, and to think that, after all, the fickleness he

has hitherto shown may have been only a seeking after the best, and that now, at least for a time, he will be satisfied, and perhaps form tastes, and habits, and friendships that will last. The associates he has not shut himself up with other pious fellows," said Ernest, "who keep to their own set as if our ideas would contaminate them. He is always ready for discussion and investigation. He says he wants to



"My heart failed me."-p. 77.

chosen are evidently thoughtful and pure. The friend whose name he mentions most frequently is a Mr. Temple, and it gave me a clue to the new way in which he seemed to look at things when I learnt that this friend is ardently religious. "And he does

hear all that can be said on the negative side, and he has no fear of the result. Do you know," he added, "he has convinced me that there is no halting-place between positivism and Christianity, and that the former is only a name for know-nothingism."

This admission led to several conversations between us, too simple and sacred for record, but in the course of them, the name of Herbert Temple has become very familiar to me, so that I almost feel as if he were my own friend as well as my brother's.

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I am glad Edith Winfield has gone out of town with her father and mother. I am sure it is ungrateful of me, for she has been very kind. She was extremely outspoken concerning our Uncle Henry's refusal to acknowledge us, and abused him roundly; and she has come to us several times during the last month—whenever she was particularly dull, she tells us, but it is a dulness we fail to discover. Her usual effect is to brighten us all up, not exactly like sunshine—there is nothing sunny about Edith—but like a crisp breeze which may blow a storm some day. Even Aunt Mona feels her refreshing, though she sometimes interposes when her tongue runs too fast or too far.

I cannot tell why, but I felt a vague sense of trouble when Ernest came into contact with her, which he did on the very day in which he came up to town. She ran in to say good-bye not an hour after he had arrived. For one thing, I feared she would shock his fastidious nature, and I did not wish to warn him against her, for that I felt would be an injustice; and, besides, would defeat my desire, which was simply that through her he might not think more meanly of all women.

Curiously enough, their first meeting seemed a sufficient answer to my objection. Edith on this occasion was perfectly charming. I was quite be-wildered by the change in her. I knew not that she could change almost at will. Her very voice had altered. The harsher notes were gone. She was altogether sweet and gracious. Her rapid utterance, which made her speech stumble at times, gave her an artless grace. In short, I made the discovery that Edith Winfield was fascinating, and, at the same time, that Ernest thought so too.

My own longing to gain the Christian standpoint is becoming more definite and eager. When I saw Aunt Mona preparing to go to church on Christmas Day, I felt a great desire to go with her. I hesitated a little, but when I found that our father wished to be alone all the morning to write letters, I hastened to ask if I might accompany her.

"I will gladly take you with me, dear," she answered, "only I should like you to see your father and mention your wish to him. He will not hinder you; he does not wish to hinder me from using any influence I can gain over you. Indeed, without this having been expressly understood, I could never have come to you. He thinks you are all old enough to choose for yourselves. Still, it would be better for you to speak to him on the subject."

On the spur of the moment, I went straight into his presence. He had been writing, but had ceased, and was sitting with his head resting on his hand, leaning against the writing-table. He seemed to me very sad, and my heart failed me. It felt like

desertion. He smiled a courteous and affectionate smile, and rose to greet me.

When I had hurriedly stated my wish in answer to his question of "What is it, Una?" the sadness returned to his face, but he replied, "Do not think for a moment that I would seek to prevent you going, or even desire that you should not go. All I have bargained for has been that you should be brought up entirely without bias. Go, by all means, and judge for yourself."

I left him, wishing that some day I might find courage to ask him what he believed concerning God. It was beginning to be the great question with me. I believed in God because I could not help it. If there was any faith to be put in instinctive belief, that belief was instinctively mine. Was it his also? or had he come to think, as I had lately found was possible among thinking men, that the universe was but an infinite assortment of blind forces which, in their ceaseless play, had blundered upon man?

However, the church bell was ringing, and I went to join Aunt Mona. Lizzie and the Fräulein begged to accompany us also, the latter assuring us of the staunchness of her Protestantism, though I fear she went simply to see something fresh. Her craving for sight-seeing was something which would have been incredible to any one who had not witnessed it. Lizzie went only to be one of us. She had had from the first an unquestioning love for Aunt Mona, and it was enough for her to sit beside us and to feel that we were hearing the same words, to make them sweet and sacred.

For some time after our entrance the bell kept clanging over our heads. I could not account for the feeling of repose and peace that took possession of me. It was like the rest which the mind feels when in the midst of confusion it perceives an order which promises to reduce it to a perfect design. The service was begun and conducted with extreme simplicity, and it affected me deeply. It satisfied me, too. Something was here, I felt, answering to the craving of my spirit.

Then followed the sermon, but the face and voice of the preacher had already bound me like a spell. I cannot describe the elevation, the purity, the saintliness of the one, or the trembling tenderness, the penetrating power of the other. His speech was of the divine mystery of which the day was a celebration, but he made the mystery appear the highest and purest reason. All the providences of God led up to it; all the human charities flowed out from it; all the aspirations and hopes of the race were bound up with it.

When we came out of the church I gave a little sigh of satisfaction, and Aunt Mona looked at me and said, "I am glad we have had such a sermon as this." "Yes," I answered, "I have heard nothing like it before. That is what is meant by the Gospel, I suppose. I never understood before what it meant."

"You have had but few opportunities," she said, gently.

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"It is not the first time I have been in church, Aunt Mona," I replied.

Yes, it was this I had thirsted for. It was some tidings from somewhere of the Father in heaven, some proof that to other spirits than mine He had drawn near, and some hope that I might draw nigh to Him-nay, abide in Him for ever. In later days I have often thought that the sight of a great congregation is one of the most moving in the world; their being sent empty away one of the most mournful. And a man may lavish all the treasures of his intellect, and exhaust all the moral energy of his nature, and yet fail in this; for unless he has drunk himself of the living water of a spiritual life, he cannot be to others the well-spring of living water which every spiritual man becomes. He may build the cistern, but he cannot fill it; he may serve as the conduit, but the waters must come from above. He cannot be a preacher of the Gospel; he has for the waiting multitude no tidings of great joy.

We had arrived at home before Lizzie spoke at all, and then, twining her arms round me with a fervent clasp, and fixing her clear steadfast eyes on my face,

she said, simply-

"Una, it is all true; I am quite sure it is the truth, and I love it."

The holidays are over, and Ernest has returned to Cambridge, but our father remains for a week or two longer. The only one who stays at home on Sundays now is Edwin, and so long as he stays I do not think our father minds so much our desertion. I could not help feeling it as such, and being silent—a cowardly silence I often think it is.

I never saw any one like Edwin. His idleness is perfectly amazing, and he is not deficient in intellect; on the contrary, he has always learnt only too easily. After watching him closely for some time, our father seems to have become alive to the necessity for making him do something. He has a way of trying to win him which it is pathetic to watch. It is, "Edwin, come and take a turn with me," and Edwin will go with apparent alacrity and pleasure, and our father will begin to talk to him, and gradually Edwin will lag behind, and become absent. Then suddenly he will remember that he has something to do or to see, and hasten or saunter off, while our father looks wistfully after him, not striving to hold him, but evidently half hurt, half perplexed. These little scenes take place in the garden of a neighbouring square which our father is as fond of pacing as if it were a quarter-deck, and on one or two occasions I have been present, and have watched them, and I know that it has been the same at other times, by the conduct of both. Edwin has returned alone and gone out afterwards with Lizzie and the Fräulein, and I have gone out and found my father pacing there alone.

At last, however, he has left us, and Edwin seems to have persuaded him that the best thing he can do is to learn German as thoroughly as French, which he is in a fair way of doing, and that then some opening will occur. He will enter the office of some great merchant, and carve out a fortune for himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

HERBERT TEMPLE.

TIME has begun to slip away once more with a seeming monotony of movement, as it did in our villa above the Seine before we knew Aunt Mona. It is as when one glides down a stream between level meads which we have ceased to notice, when all of a sudden we find ourselves at the confluence of two rivers, or between the quays of a city, or walled in by mountain ranges and hastening towards a fall.

We are already approaching Easter. The Winfields have been in town for some weeks. They are certainly very kind. They lost no time in calling upon

us, and were as cordial as at first.

Edith has taken to running in and out as before, till hardly an afternoon passes that she does not come to us, enlivening us with her chat about last evening's party, and all the foibles of the hour. She brightens us up so much that I begin to take myself to task for not liking her better, and to feel sorry that I cannot return the caressing warmth of her manner to me. If she finds me alone she will fling herself on a low stool at my feet, and lean her head against my knees, much as Thora does to her father; and on one of these occasions I know not what impulse of tenderness made me caress the soft luxuriant hair; for she has a habit of throwing her hat aside when she comes in.

"Go on," she said when I stopped; and, instead of repeating the motion, I bent down and kissed the shining head—the first spontaneous caress I had ever given her.

When she looked up at me, which was not for a minute or two, her great eyes were full of a tender mist, and she said, with a humility which contrasted strongly with her usual manner, "Do you really like me, Una? I thought you didn't; you have been so cold to me. But a kiss from you is worth more than one from anybody else I know."

I felt my eyes fall before hers, and my face begin to flush.

"One would think you took me for a lover, Una," she said, laughing. "Have you ever had a lover, U.?" Her mood had changed in a moment.

"No," I answered; "only I shrink from accepting more than I can return."

"That is pride," she said, quickly, and then repeated with wonderful feeling-

"'I hold him high who for love's sake Can give with generous earnest will; But he who takes for love's sweet sake, I think I hold more generous still."

Don't you like people to love you whether you love them or no?" she finished up by asking.

"It would be terrible to me," I answered, honestly.

"It might be to me too, under certain circumstances," she said, more thoughtfully. "It might be if I thought it would last, but it doesn't, you know."

"I should not care for a love that did not last,

either to take or to give," I said.

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"Yours would last," she said, looking at me wistfully again, and then bursting out into a little mocking laugh.

We were all three of us, and Aunt Monica, of course, invited to an evening party at the Winfields', but only Edwin went. Aunt Mona considers Lizzie too young; and, though our darling Liz manifested a healthy girlish appetite for what she could not but consider a new pleasure, she yielded gracefully to Aunt Mona's verdict. As for me, I was left to choose for myself, and though I know that Aunt Mona would have accompanied me cheerfully, I fancy she was better pleased that I declined to go. She still hopes that her brother Henry will relent, and take us into favour, and would evidently prefer not to create speculation concerning our family affairs in the meantime by appearing with us in society.

Aunt Robert is of a different opinion. She is already a warm partisan, and there is no love lost

between Uncle Henry and her.

"I don't know why you should study him," she said. "I should let him cook in his own sauce, if I were you."

Both Aunt Robert and the Winfields are going out of town for Easter. Ernest is to spend the first week with Mr. Temple, at the house of an uncle of his in Devonshire, so we shall be quieter than ever.

Easter has come and gone, and we have had the great pleasure of seeing and becoming acquainted with Ernest's friend. After spending a week in Devonshire, Ernest came up to be with us for the remainder of his holiday, bringing Mr. Temple with him. They were anxious to be together. Mr. Temple was going into lodgings at a private hotel which he frequents when in London, and which is quite close to us; but Aunt Monica, dear large-hearted Aunt Mona, invited him to come to us instead, and he accepted with alacrity.

Ernest's admiration for his friend is unbounded, and now that I have seen him I do not wonder at it. On the evening of their arrival, when Mr. Temple had bidden us good-night, and Ernest had gone up to his room with him, he came back again to ask us what we thought of him. Of course we all liked him, but our praise was not warm enough to satisfy

his worshipper.

I am glad Ernest has found such a friend, for he is really delightful. He is grave and courteous in manner, but full of flashes of fun. He does not speak at all of serious subjects; his pervading air alone is serious, but he went to church with us on Sunday, the day after his arrival, and no one could mistake the depth of his devotion. He and Aunt Mona stayed to the Communion, while we

remained in our pews, except Ernest, who went out with the congregation. We found him pacing up and down in front of the church, looking rather restless and unhappy.

Before the week was over Ernest's friend was as much ours as his. We all felt it. To Aunt Monica he gave the deference of a son. To Lizzie the playful tenderness of a brother. This also to Edwin and to me, but with a subtle difference in both cases. In speaking of him to me, and now in writing of him, Ernest calls him "your friend Mr. Temple," but that he is like an elder brother describes him best, Not that he is much older than Ernest, for he is only a year older than I am; but one could never lean on Ernest. He might enter on some grand enterprise and carry it out even, if his enthusiasm sustained him to the end. He might lead a forlorn hope, be the martyr of an unwon cause, but a support in one's daily life, a helper in one's common duties, he would not care to be. He wants to be doing some great thing, and does not care to do nobly the little things; and Aunt Mona teaches that ennobling the little things is the hardest if not the highest task.

Even Edwin does not grudge his brother's devotion to this friend; but I don't know what Edwin would grudge. I sometimes question if this wonderful sweetness of his comes from a certain lightness of nature. I would almost like to see him more easily hurt.

I can hardly believe that it was only a week, not that it did not go swiftly enough, for it went past like a dream; but now that it is gone it seems an age. The brief mornings flew past, with light reading, and letters, and chat; and after luncheon we went out. Ernest proposed riding, but Mr. Temple turned to me. "Do you and Miss Lizzie ride, Miss Lancaster?"

"Oh, yes, we are extremely fond of it; but we have not ridden in London yet."

"Then let us walk instead," he said to Ernest; and we went for a walk. I never knew how lovely London can look in the spring-time before.

"There is nothing I like better than walking about London," he said, afterwards. "The endless variety of human faces, and even of human habiliments, interests me unfailingly."

"If the endless variety were not such a variety of ugliness, I should like it well enough," said Ernest. "Do you know that he dragged me up and down Seven Dials when you ladies left us to-day till I know I shall have a nightmare of horrible faces."

"Strange enough masks; but only masks, I fancy," said his friend; "masks of the deadly sins in any number; but if by any process we could scale them off, we should find, beneath them all, the human face divine. Look at the little children among them, pinched and wretched enough; but with such gleams of light and sweetness in their wee faces. Still I don't propose to take you to Seven Dials, Miss Lizzie. It is not a pleasant place by any means, though it is a favourite haunt of mine."

"But I should like very much to go," said Lizzie, who had been listening eagerly, with her eyes fixed on Mr. Temple's face.

"Lizzie would bring back a whole menagerie, I

believe," said Ernest.

"I think I should want to bring away some of the little children," said Lizzie, earnestly.

"Pray, Miss Lizzie, are you already a practical

philanthropist?"

Lizzie blushed, and denied all connection with philanthropy, but confessed to a love of little children. "And you know," she added, "the little children will one day be men and women, and the men and women were once little children."

We all laughed except Mr. Temple.

"That is the depth of profundity," said Ernest, mockingly.

"Do you know," said Mr. Temple, "the first time I put that proposition to myself, though it seems simple to absurdity, it let in a flood of light upon my thoughts concerning things in general."

"Made you give your version of 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves,' 'Take care of the children, and the men will take

care of themselves."

"Yes, and it gives a profound pathos to the most degraded and brutalised of men, the having once borne the image of the child, unconscious and tender,

and helpless and innocent."

How glad I should have been to have made a third at the conversations that took place between the two when we had retired for the night. They seemed to me endless; for more than once I lay awake and listened for the quiet "good-night" on the stairs, as they passed up to their rooms. In these long evenings they doubtless indemnified themselves for devoting themselves to us during the day. Still, in the hour or two after dinner the young men would sometimes begin a discussion which lasted longer than our usual hour of retiring, and kept Lizzie and me, and also Aunt Mona, interested auditors. dare say they talked, as young men, a little loftily. Why should they not, if their thoughts and feelings are loftier? The years that bring soberer language and soberer thought may sometimes take away more than they give.

One evening—the last—they began to talk about political economy. Mr. Temple was combating the notion that the luxury of the rich is a benefit to the

"It encourages trade, doesn't it?" said Ernest, whose mind was not given to practical questions.

"It is wholly bad to encourage a useless trade," said his friend. "It is the trades that supply useless luxuries that are the most fluctuating and often the most crushing." "But there are true tastes to be satisfied—the craving for beauty in the things that surround us every day."

"Granted; a taste so liberally gratified by nature must be true and noble; but if we have the power to gratify it by art, it must be a matter of conscience that we do not do so at the cost of others, or even at the cost of the sacrifice of some nobler aim. I think it is possible for the lover of art to become a very poor creature indeed, and I am always a little jealous of the encroachments of a passion for it."

"But then there is the encouragement of industry. If we were all to take to camel's hair and leathern girdles, the ladies to blue serge and ditto—I think I have seen something like that somewhere—a great many people's occupations would be gone."

"But a lady trailing a rich dress of Lyons silk in the dust and mire is not encouraging industry."

"Ladies don't do that," broke in Lizzie, with a "Bravo!" from Ernest.

"I am corrected, Miss Lizzie; but some who follow their example in having rich dresses without the taste, or perhaps the opportunity for wearing them only on fit occasions, do." He avoided the sneer at a class which is so easy, and so false, and went on, "They are not encouraging industry; they are possibly preventing their poorer sisters from having rags enough to cover them. All waste is uneconomical, and if a lady has two silk dresses where one would suffice, she has withdrawn for her pleasure the power which would have sufficed for some one else's need."

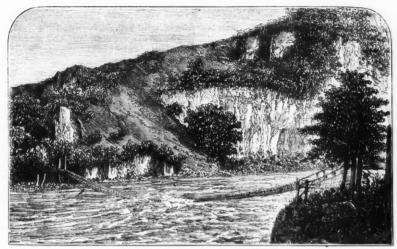
"But how far are you to carry the principle?" asked Ernest.

"If you mean in individual practice, that is a question, I fancy, for the conscience, and has no more to do with political economy on that side, than arithmetic has with the circulation of the blood. It may mean for one man spending generously a noble income, promoting taste, and culture, and happiness. and to another, 'selling all that he has.'"

Just at this point, to me of the deepest interest, I happened to look at Edwin, who was full length on a couch behind us, and saw his tender eyes fixed with a smile in one direction. Following them, I saw the Fräulein, with a bit of embroidery falling from her large handsome hands, and her fair head and rose-hued face nodding in slumberous unconsciousness. Of course other eyes followed in the same direction, and our colloquy was broken up.

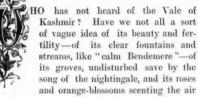
Lizzie and I were rather severe upon the Fräulein that night when we got her up-stairs. We knew she did not like Mr. Temple. He was perfectly courteous to her, but she shrank from him strangely. "He is too clever for me," she said, that evening; "and his eyes go through and through me."

(To be continued.)



A Bamboo Bridge on the River Hydaspes.

A CRY FROM KASHMIR.



with rich perfume? The Asiatics, to whom its blessing of abundant water seems beyond all price, call it "the Paradise of India"—"the garden of eternal spring;" and Moore's poetry has filled our minds with the same sort of Eastern ideas of Kashmir's being a veritable dream of beauty—a region where it is "always afternoon," as Tennyson says of the land of the lotus-eaters.

From this distant spot in the far East comes a cry of anguish to us, at this time, that stirs us up to learn more about Kashmir, and to interest ourselves in the great need, of body and soul, of the suffering people of that land.

Kashmir is an elevated valley, to the north of the Punjab (our most northerly possession in India), about eighty miles in length, from twenty-five to forty in breadth, and nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded by the highest mountains of Asia—the Himalayas—on the N.E., which present an insurmountable barrier of snow; on the N.W. the river Indus and the lofty range of the Hindu Kush; while it is separated from the Punjab on the south and west by high mountains, pierced by two main passes, the principal of which is the Pir Panjal, twelve thousand feet above sea-level. The view from thence is inconceivably grand—on one side Kashmir's valley, "like an emerald set in silver," while, on the other, "India's plains lie stretched

before you, with an intervening foreground of marvellously verdant mountains, and, towering above and around, are the thousand snowy peaks of the Himalayas."

This valley is supposed originally to have been a lake which drained itself by the river, now called the Jhelum (the ancient Hydaspes, the boundary of Alexander the Great's conquests in Asia), forcing a passage through the mountains. In some places primary rocks, some hundreds of feet in height, border its course; while in others, great blocks of stone and débris, with here and there a bush or tree clinging to them in picturesque fashion, give a wild beauty to the scene. But its general wandering course through the valley is gentle and placid, though before it joins the Indus farther south it becomes turbulent enough.

The elevation of the valley, and the snow-capped mountains which surround it, render the climate somewhat cold; and it has none of the drawbacks of the sun-burnt plains of India. It is free from the dampness of our own English climate; and its range of temperature is only a little colder and a little warmer than we are accustomed to in Great Britain. It produces all our fruits and flowers, besides ricethe staple food of the people-vines, and other products which we have not. The valley is famous for its flowers. Violets, roses, narcissuses, grow wild; and the bright saffron flower makes the steep uplands brilliant with colour, relieved by the foliage of the dark green deodar; whilst here and there are picturesque villages which would delight the artist's eye. It is, indeed, a picture of romantic beauty, with its snowy setting, though not the paradise that Eastern imagery would make out.

The people are a fine handsome race, being more

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muscular in frame than the Hindus, and their countenances are brighter and more animated. This is especially evident amongst the women, the fame of whose beauty has been heightened by poetic imagination. Both sexes are clothed with one long loose woollen garment, with wide sleeves, which reaches from the neck to the feet. The genuine Kashmiris are probably descendants of the ancient Aryans-that wonderful people, the children of Japhet, who settled in Central Asia after the dispersion of the builders of Babel, and carried their energy and civilisation into so many lands. They are fair complexioned, more like ourselves than the dark aboriginal races of Hindustan. The Kashmiri language is a mixture of Persian, Sanscrit, Hindustani, Arabic, and the dialects of Central Asia.

In ancient times, under the Hindu Rajahs, Kashmir was a prosperous country, with a population which has been estimated at four millions. Ruins of large and handsome cities, amongst which is Avantipura (the ancient capital of Kashmir, and supposed to have been destroyed by an earthquake), still testify to its flourishing condition in those early days. Tiglath-pileser, the King of Assyria, mentioned in the books of Kings and Chronicles, opened a highway with his sword to Kashmir, after which Assyrian merchants carried on a thriving trade in the rich products of the country. Remains of colossal temples and idols tell us of its Hindu and Buddhist faith: but still earlier traces of primitive idolatry are found, of the days when serpent-worship prevailed throughout the world, the offspring of the corrupt traditions of the incidents of the garden of Eden, which were transmitted from generation to generation. There are no less than 700 places in Kashmir where carved images of serpents are worshipped. At the present time the prevailing religion is Islamism, about sixsevenths of the inhabitants professing that faith, and the rest being Hindus.

In the fourteenth century Kashmir was subdued by the Mohammedans, and after that was sometimes subject to the Moguls, sometimes to the Afghans, and finally was conquered by the Lion of the Punjab, Runjeet Singh. Under the evil rule of the Sikhs the country wasted away, and the population is said to have been reduced to twenty thousand, while the people last all spirit, and made no effort to free themselves from their oppressors. In 1846 the English defeated the Sikhs, and Kashmir was assigned to the rule of one of Runjeet Singh's most trusted officers, Golab Singh, the father of the present Maharajah, who, for this privilege, paid the sum of £750,000, and agreed to acknowledge the supremacy of the English Government. In recognition of this he made an annual payment to them of one horse, twelve Kashmiri goats, and six of their renowned shawls, of which there were, till lately, about 30,000 weavers in the country. He reigned till 1857, and was succeeded by his son, Ranbir

What have we done for this country which thus

became our tributary? As a Government we have done little or nothing, but left the people to endure an amount of oppression which surely calls out loudly for redress. But we would fain hope that the day has now come which will open to us, not only Afghanistan, but Kashmir, and that we may be enabled to carry to these interesting countries the blessings of Christianity and civilisation.

We learn from a paper on Kashmir by the Rev. T. R. Wade, published in an Indian paper some years ago, that an exploratory journey was made to Kashmir in 1854, by the Rev. Robert Clark and Colonel Martin.

"The Maharajah received them kindly, and readily gave them permission to preach in his capital, remarking that his subjects were so bad he was quite sure no one could do them any harm, and he was rather curious to see if the missionaries could do them any good. But it was some years before the missionaries were able to occupy any part of this new field as a regular mission station.'

Missionaries occasionally crossed the mountains, and laboured for a time in Srinigar, the capital of Kashmir, preaching regularly in the bazaars. In 1863 the Rev. R. Clark again visited Srinigar, "and Mrs. Clark opened a dispensary for the sick, which soon became very popular. They much wished to remain in the country during the winter, and were prepared, for the sake of the work, to bear any privations they might have to suffer, arising from the severity of the climate, the want of suitable accommodation, and their isolation from English society; but the Government of the country would not allow them to do so.

"In 1865 Dr. Elmslie, in connection with the Kashmir Medical Mission, commenced regular work in Srinigar, and laboured on nobly, overcoming obstacles and removing prejudices, till the autumn of 1869, when he returned for a short period to England. At the beginning of 1872 he was found again at his work in Kashmir, and laboured beyond his strength during an epidemic of cholera. At the close of the season he was compelled to leave the country, and after a very trying march over the Pir Panjab Pass, died at Gujrat, in the Punjab." Dr. Elmslie was a great loss to Kashmir. He was much beloved by the people, who deeply valued his services to their bodies, and amongst whom the seed of the Word of Life, so faithfully sown, had taken some root. He was a man of superior attainments and professional skill, which his deep piety led him to devote to the cause of Christ. He was not only largely instrumental in opening the door to the beautiful country where his lot was cast, "but he also provided a key to it, in the shape of a valuable vocabulary of the Kashmiri language. From the very commencement of his labours in Kashmir, Dr. Elmslie ceased not to work and pray for the abrogation of the iniquitous law to whose operations he eventually fell a sacrifice. He felt that the truly beneficent character of his services gave him a vantage-ground from which to make his appeal. It is touching to note that the law was abolished the very day after his death." * Kashmir is now open to missionary effort. The Medical Mission has continued to do its work of mercy there, and to be increasingly valued by the natives.

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We come now to the present state of Kashmir, which famine has been haunting for the last twelve months, and from whence still come the most heartending accounts of the sufferings of the people. In 1877 the population was about 500,000, and the Native Government so far improved, that the zemindars, or cultivators of the soil, were obliged to forfeit only one half of the produce of the land—besides subsequent claims which left the unhappy producer about one-fourth of the results of his labour—instead of the five-sixths that were taken in the old Sikh days,

The Rev. T. R. Wade writes from Kashmir, "The principle observed is the Oriental one that the land of the labourer belongs entirely to the ruler, and he can do just what he likes, certainly with it, if not with him. The crops are cut only when Government gives permission, and as before the cutting, so afterwards, the zemindar has not power to take an ear of the grain which he has grown. It must be all stacked in a guarded threshing-floor, where, after a sufficient quantity has been collected, it is threshed, generally by oxen being driven over it; and after another period of waiting, a Government official arrives, and amidsta crowd of zemindars, sepoys, servants, lookers-on, hangers-on, and beggars, divides the grain."

In 1877 heavy rains set in, in the midst of the "It was contrary to law for any zemindars to attempt to remove their crops, either into their own houses, or from low and wet ground, where much of it was stacked, to that which was higher, and therefore drier; and there is not a properly covered threshing-floor or barn, so far as I know, in the whole country; the natural consequence was that all the grain was injured, and much of it utterly spoiled. Accordingly, when the officials arrived to take the Government share, the zemindars, even by yielding up everything, could scarcely make up the amount of former years, or that which was due to the Government, according to the valuation and expectation before the rains. From that time the scarcity began to be felt, and it increased in intensity till the rabi, or spring crops, which in Kashmir are never very large or important."

Rice became exceedingly scarce at this time, and the poor people had to live almost entirely on fruit and vegetables, which also were deficient in quantity, owing to the unusual storms in spring. "In spite of the abundant supply which their own little gardens usually produce, and the water-chestnut (Singhara) which is to be found in such large quantities on the surface of the lakes that it is said to support 30,000 people for five months in the year—so hard does Nature struggle to bless the poor—the people

could scarcely live, much less thrive, without any grain at all. There is not, at any time, what we should call free trade in grain, for the cultivators can seldom afford to part with the little they may have, and therefore the Government sells its share at its own price; and since the famine it has been doled out like rations to the hungry of a besieged city. As the scarcity became more severe, these doles gradually decreased, till at present, when they can be obtained, they amount to something like six pounds of rice for each individual per month."

With such a terrible system as this, can we wonder that thousands upon thousands have already died? Forbidden to leave the country, as they were, by the Maharajah; inaccessible as their valley is, from its mountainous surroundings, and difficult passes, and total absence of anything but bridle roads, so that the forwarding of grain to their assistance from other parts of India has been a work of extreme difficulty, not to speak of the rapacity of the Government officials, who have always intrigued against the foreign merchants who sought to bring into Kashmir the means of sustenance for its half-starving people, was there anything left for them but to lie down and die? And so many thousands have died in starvation and misery.

From private sources we gather some painfully graphic details. A letter from Srinigar, 27th January, says, "This morning I tried to save a poor old man's life, but all my efforts were of no avail, and I had just to stand by and watch him die. This was in the road just in front of the house occupied by two hundred poor children, and a number of these gathered round to look on. As I gazed down upon the dying skeleton on the ground in his last struggles, and then watched the little living skeletons sitting by, I could but feel that without timely help the little ones would have died first. One little one did die last night, and I shall be surprised if more do not follow, for they are so wretched when they come to us, the only wonder is that they have managed to survive so long." On Feb. 25th, we hear of the death of twelve of the two hundred children rescued from starvation. much pressure on the part of our missionaries, and the British Resident at Srinigar, a poor-house has been built by the Maharajah, which the children, now numbering three hundred and sixty, were to enter last month. Friends there speak of the great need of help in this work. The cry is urgent, "Come over and help us." There must be many a heart in England willing to respond, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

Late accounts say, "The famine still continues, and people are still dying of hunger. I have heard of one woman who ate a part of her own child; and when one of our men taxed her with it, she affirmed that she did not kill it, but did not deny eating a part of it when dead. Yesterday one of our coolies dropped down dead whilst at work; and I had to bury her, as she had no friends who could do so. Strange as it may appear, burying is a monopoisy in Kashmir. There are certain classes of gravediggers who pay the Government certain sums for

[&]quot; Seed-time in Kashmir."

the privilege of burying the dead of a certain district. I have just paid as much for this woman's burial as I pay a man or woman for working as a coolie for a whole month. I could tell you some strange things about the taxation in this country, and vice itself is made a means of revenue. I have just this minute been called out to see a man dead not fifty yards from the house. A man died yesterday a little further on, and was thrown into the river, so that the road may be clear for us to-morrow (this was whilst en a tour of inspection with the officer on special duty in Kashmir). It was very grand this morning coming over the Pass of Baramula, with all the ground and mountains covered with fresh snow; but it was very sad to see women and children, half-naked and half-starved, digging up roots even amongst the snow; and to meet other poor creatures trudging along to get out of the country. Last year the statistical report of the famine in Kashmir, from the Governor of the Punjab, was that 150,000 died of starvation (this out of a population of 500,000); and the numbers have greatly increased since then, while it is no uncommon thing to find a village of 1,500 inhabitants reduced to 500, and others altogether depopulated."

The people seem most willing to work, if only they can get employment. Mr. Wade now has tailors, blacksmiths, carpenters, at work, thankful to earn penny a day. Even Pundits besiege the Mission House for work at the same price. The noble efforts made by the missionaries and the British Residents at

Srinigar, to rescue the people from starvation, have opened a way to their hearts. Surely now is the time for redoubled exertions to carry, not only food for their starving bodies, but that more blessed spiritual food for their never-dying souls. There is a striking passage in a leading article in a paper of the day, referring to the conversion of the Japanese to Christianity, which quite as strongly applies to the conversion of the Kashmiris :- "Perhaps the most serious obstacle now is that all Eastern sects look for a corresponding life in the professors of a faith, and do not often find it in Christians so-called." This is a terrible reproach that often meets us in Kashmir, The need is very great, the darkness and ignorance appalling. Our often-referred-to authority again writes :- "If I had only come to baptise, and not to preach the Gospel, I might have baptised whole households long ago; but it is light and liberty that are so badly wanted here, for at present the poverty is only equalled by the ignorance of the people. Yesterday some were asking what kind of a thing divine worship was !-what did I mean by prayer? . . . Oh! for the light and liberty, the truth and purity, the self-abnegation, and deep earnest love of the Gospel."

May many hearts be touched at this time with compassion, and prompted to liberality towards these poor people, and may some be led to dedicate themselves to the great and blessed work which, we may hope, is now opening up for the missionary in Kashmir!

QUALITY IN HAPPINESS.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWN, RECTOR OF CATFIELD, NORWICH.

OPWOOD was a provincial town, and Mr. Gayler the principal doctor in it. He was very popular there, not only because of his professional skill, but yet more because of the genuine sympathy, combined with strong common sense, with which he treated his patients—a mixture that added immensely to the potency for good of all his prescriptions. Like all men

good of all ms prescriptions. Like all men of active mind and genial temperament, he enjoyed his work as well as his recreation; in fact, he was one of those comfortable persons who find a certain amount of pleasure in almost everything, and there was not apparently a happier man in Copwood than the doctor, whose pleasant face all knew so well, and were the better for coming in contact with. And his family, which was a numerous one, took after him. Brightness and good temper reigned supreme in the house. It seemed to be no effort to any one of them to be considerate of the others. A natural amiability made it a matter of course; and so, as a matter of course also, they all thrived and enjoyed life. It was indeed the cardinal rule of Mr. Gayler—the only rule, we might say, he

troubled himself about in bringing up his family—that they should all have, and help each other to have, as much enjoyment of life as they possibly could

At the same time it must be distinctly noted that neither the doctor himself, nor any of his family, had the least idea of religion. Not that they were worse in that respect than many of their neighbours. They paid a decent limited regard—in the doctor's case a very limited one—to the outward forms of religion, but there the matter began and ended; and there was nothing in the ministrations to which they were accustomed at Copwood to disturb their unthinking satisfaction in this state of things until a new minister came who knew what real religion was.

Mr. Polyblank was a scribe truly "instructed unto the kingdom of heaven." He pointed out both the one way of life, and also the sure effect upon the tastes, and habits, and character of really being in that way. And in doing this he was not content with recurring platitudes, but brought forth "out of his treasure things new and old;" that is, old truths with new illustrations and enforcements. But there was one grave defect, we might almost say deformity, in his teaching. Not naturally light-hearted, and with constitutional bodily infirmity, he could not realise in the smallest degree what zest is given to life by the possession merely of vigorous health or of strong animal spirits. To him the blessed hope and present satisfaction of religion was the only, as it always is the greatest, happiness; and therefore he concluded, practically, that they who knew not what religion was, could not know happiness. Consequently, he was always telling people they were

not happy, when they actually did feel happy; and that there was no real pleasure in the world without religion at the very time they were enjoying a great many pleasures. He did not say, with the great Teacher, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," but seemed rather to deny that any water of earth could satisfy at all. And this palpable contradiction between what he said and what many of his hearers felt, was a hindrance and a stumbling - block to some.

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"So he told you, did he," said Mr. Gayler, one day to his eldest daughter, Hebe, "that you would never be happy till you were re-

ligious? And what did you say?"

"Why, I said that I could not possibly be happier than I am."

"Well, and what did he say to that?"

"Oh, he gave me a very melancholy smile, and said he hoped I should one day see things in a different light."

"What in the world can the good man mean?" exclaimed her father. "For my part, I am quite content to see things as I now do; and, for the matter of that, should have no objection to live my time all over again. With all its ups and downs, it is not such a bad world; and what good there can be in telling young people they are not happy when they

feel like young kittens, is more than I can understand. We shall have you moping, Hebe."

"Not I," replied the girl, with a merry laugh, that rang out in ridicule of the insinuation; "but I tell you what, papa: I know some one who, I think, is beginning to mope."

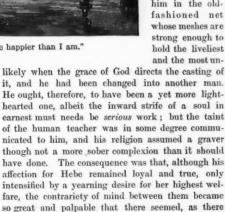
"Who is that?"

"Charlie. Haven't you noticed it? Why, he looks as solemn as a judge at times. He is always talking about what Mr. Polyblank says; and the

other day he told me he didn't care about gaiety as he used to do."

"What nonsense! Why, a lark mightas well talk about not caring to sing. There is something the matter with him; he must be hipped."

Mr. Gayler was right; there was something the matter with Charlie, though not what he supposed. Charles Capel and Hebe Gayler were engaged, and hitherto they had been of one heart and one mind. But the new fisher of men at Copwood, with his grave earnestness and hidden joy, had caught him in the old-



really was, but little prospect of their happiness.



"I could not possibly be happier than I am."

This her father at length represented in so strong a light to Capel, that the young man was induced, out of tender consideration for her, though with the bitterest pang of self-sacrifice, to break off the engagement. How Hebe could consent, and whether she consented with all her heart, we must leave; but for her father, at least, there was this excuse—that he was firmly persuaded his child's

happiness demanded the step.

A short time after it had been taken, Hebe, ill at ease, was paying a visit to a poor person at Copwood, named Lumpe, whom she called "her wise man." His wisdom consisted in this, that, though miserably poor, and perfectly solitary, and afflicted besides with a chronic disease that caused great suffering, he was always patient and contented. This excellent spirit was not the fruit of religious hope, but of fatalism pure and simple. His favourite aphorism was that "whatever is, can't be helped," being another version of "what can't be cured must be endured," only it expressed more exactly what he really felt, the utter hopelessness of cure—that nothing was left but to endure. There was nothing cynical in the man; he was simply passive. And there could be no doubt that many a one with much more knowledge of the blessed hope of the Gospel than Hebe possessed might have learnt something, as she often did, from the poor man who day and night suffered and wanted without murmuring and without hope.

"Come alone, miss?" was his remark when he had thanked Hebe for her gift, which she never failed to bring him; "where's the young gentle-

man 9"

"Oh, he is not coming with me any more. He doesn't think it right to be happy, and so he and I

have agreed to go each our own way."

"Not right to be happy, miss, with youth, and health, and life, and comfort, and you to make him so! What would he say if he had to spend his days as I do? Yet I never make a trouble of it; what's the use?"

"He has become very religious, Lumpe, and so he thinks we have no business to enjoy ourselves; but if that is religion, I would rather not have it till I want it."

"Ah, the new parson has been at him, I'll be bound. He came to me the other day, and told me I must be very miserable, but I said I wasn't, and then he said I must be looking forward to the time when there would be no more pain or sorrow, but I told him I didn't know anything about that, but just made the best of what can't be helped, and then he said he pitied me all the more because I was content with such husks of comfort."

Hebe laughed, but it was not quite her old merry laugh; it was plain she had something on her mind.

The time was swiftly coming when Hebe's sunshine was to be suddenly darkened. Her father went out one morning full of life and energy, and in a few short hours was brought home fatally injured by an accident. There were no "bands," no conflicts

or oppressions, in his death, but his strength of mind was firm to the last; no murmuring, nothing but manly fortitude. The ever-present smile of his life lingered with him to the last. It is not always so with the worldly man, but it is so sometimes; it was so with him. Ignorance is often bliss, though it can never be folly to be wise towards God. Oh, what darkening of the windows was there to that once bright family circle! It was indeed, as Hebe's "wise man," had said, a setting of their sun, and they "could not help it!" and the gloom was aggravated, though it could hardly be increased, by the discovery of the poverty in which the family was left. Mr. Gayler had lived up to his income, hoping to live on; and they were well-nigh penniless.

Hebe at once determined to "go out"—as the saying is, that often has so much of meaning—as a governess. However honourable the work, what does not the "going out" express often, when we consider from what home-happiness and into what unhomelike service the transition is? In Hebe's case it was an exodus from a free Canaan into Egyptian bondage. Mr. Barwick, into whose family she thus went, for the purpose of rendering him the most important services, was an opulent personage, who lived in a palatial residence some distance from

a northern town.

In Mr. Barwick's palatial residence, accordingly, Hebe, the once bright spirit of home, the lady bred and born, was domiciled. Domiciled, did we say? Rather received as a servant-nay, for we are all servants if doing anything worth doing-as a menial; though there is nothing degrading in being a menial except to him who wrongly treats us as one, as Mr. Barwick did Hebe. We say Mr. Barwick, for his wife was simply his echo. Poor Hebe was snubbed, and limited, and cooped up; her school-room placed near the servants' quarters, and her bed-room in them; her signature required in the wages-book with the footman's; and in the uninterrupted loneliness of that barely furnished school-room that looked out on a dead wall, she spent her evenings with no other sunshine for her young heart than what memory reflected from the home that was gone for ever.

Who could be happy in such a prison-house, that wanted Government inspection as much as any gaol, except she who possessed the sunshine Joseph had to illumine his dungeon, when "the Lord was with him, and extended kindness unto him" even there?

But that sunshine Hebe had not,

In very despair, at length, after many months had passed, she bethought herself of the rejected words of Mr. Polyblank when he had said he hoped she would one day see things in a different light. What a good thing that she had heard, even though she had not listened to him! How many, in their night of darkness, have not the most remote notion where to turn for light. Those words of truth all came back to her—the human offence no longer existing, because the had no happiness to renounce; the divine offence passing slowly away, because the Lord was in that

prison-house, although she "knew it not." The shutters were being taken down that "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" might shine in upon her.

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rn to se ce at It was holiday time, and Hebe was spending it at Copwood with her mother, who still lived in the old place, but in a much more humble dwelling. They had none of them been so happy since their father died. It was like a summer day after a long dreary winter. They all thought her altered, and yet each one felt she was the same. Her face looked paler and thinner, but the old cheerful smile was on it, only her gladness seemed subdued and softened, as if it were not a mere impulse, but the more deliberate result of having a right to be happy in spite of every drawback and trial. One of her first visits, and she had many to pay, was to her "wise man."

"Ah, miss," poor Lumpe cried, in the less musical sense of the word, "there has been no one to see me since you left us. Many a time I've thought how hard it was to lose the only friend I had got, and how hard it was for you to have your father taken away in the midst of his days; but it can't be helped. It was to be; and we must sit down, and face it as best we can."

"But Mr. Polyblank comes to see you, does he not?"

"Oh, yes, the parson comes every now and then, and I don't say but what he is kind to me; but I never take much account of what he says; he is always on at me about being so miserable. In fact, he is hard upon me, and I don't like it."

"But do you know, Lumpe, that I have got to think that Mr. Polyblank is right after all?"

"Indeed, miss!" said the poor man, in great consternation. "What? that we ought to be miserable, and that none of us have any business to be happy, however jolly we may feel? which hasn't been the case with me, by the way, for many a long year."

He was so animated in his repudiation of what he supposed the parson wanted to make him believe, that Hebe had to wait till he had done. Then she said, gently, "No, my good friend, he doesn't mean that. I used to think he did, but, thank God, I know better now. What he means is, that neither you, nor I, nor any one else will ever know what real, true, lasting happiness is till we find it in peace with God through the blood of Christ, and in serving Him gladly and willingly because He has done so much for us. God, in His mercy, has made me understand that."

"And are you happier now than you used to be?"

"I can't compare the two things, and I don't want to compare them. I only know that my happiness was uncertain then, and that now, though not always the same, it is as certain and sure as the promise of God can make it."

"Humph!" said poor Lumpe; and though Hebe went on explaining, and urging, and appealing in every way she could think, all he said was "Humph!" and shook his head in an incredulous manner, as if he didn't take it in at all.

Not long afterwards, when Hebe had returned to her palatial prison, another visitor appeared in the wretched room where the poor man dragged on his existence. It was Charles Capel, who had also come to spend a holiday at home, snatched with difficulty from active engagements elsewhere. We can only find room for one brief extract from the conversation.

"Miss Gayler has been to see me, sir," remarked Lumpe.

"Ah! poor young lady!" said Capel, with sudden interest. "Was she very much cast down?"

"No, sir; she told me she had found the true way to be happy, and that it was Mr. Polyblank's way; but I can't make it out at all."

"Did she mention my name?" inquired Capel, carelessly.

"Not a word about you, sir; but you're both of the same way of thinking now, I fancy, from what she told me about you before her father died."

"I hope we are, Lumpe," said the other with old feelings that he thought were dead fast rising up in his heart. "Why should it not be the same with you too, my poor fellow?"

"What can a man do more than be content, sir?"

However, if Capel could make no impression on the poor fatalist, what the fatalist said made a great impression on Capel. It led to searchings of heart, to careful delicate inquiries, to consultations, and, ultimately, to formal negotiations for the free delivery of the prisoner in the palatial mansion, who was to be handed over in due time to one who was worthy to take care of her.

Mr. Polyblank married them, but before the day arrived, Hebe told the good man all that was in her heart; how much she felt she owed to him, how grievously she had misunderstood him once, how bitterly she regretted that her eyes had not been opened sooner, so that she might have told her poor father, who loved so to see them all happy, that the joy of religion does not destroy, but purifies and increases all other joys. "And oh, sir," she added, "when you speak to poor wandering sinners about the happiness religion gives, do not expect them to see before they have eyes to see with, but please encourage what is bright and happy in them, as being, not wrong, but only far less, and less satisfying, than what they might enjoy."



THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

A SONNET.

REY autumn-tide adown her leafless ways
Has passed all silently, and chill winds blow,
And skies are dark o'erhead: then comes

Chasing each other in a wildering maze.

O happy children! who can always find
Such joyous pleasure in life's little things,
Making the best of what each moment brings;



(Drawn by J. D. WATSON.)

The first light fall, that tells of wintry days—And in the porch the children stand and gaze,
With mirthful faces, and with hearts aglow,
Watching the feathery snowflakes come and go,

Would that, like you, with calm contented mind, We, too, might grasp Heaven's blessed gifts, and rest

Trusting that all God sendeth us is best. G. W.

POEMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE,

I.-THE "MAGNIFICAT" (St. Luke i. 46-55).



VERY burst of true religious life is accompanied by its burst of religious poetry. This is marked in our own most popular hymn-books by the names of Luther, Wesley and Whitfield,

Keble and Newman.

St. Luke's Gospel shows us that it was so just before our Lord's appearance. All through that Gospel, indeed, an attentive ear can catch choral vibrations. Its close is anthem-like. But more especially is this the case with its opening chapter. The air is full of song. The whole field is in flower.

I. Let us look at the historical framework in

which the Magnificat is set.

"And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word. And the angel departed from her. But Mary, having arisen in those days, went into the hill-country with haste, into a city of Juda; and entered into the house of Zacharias, and saluted Elisabeth. And it came to pass, that, when Elisabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb; and Elisabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost." (St. Luke i. 38—41.)

Mary was misconstrued by the world. was called upon to bear the cross which is heaviest for the purest souls—a cross of shame. Nazareth she could not remain. She turned to the spot towards which she seemed to be invited by an angel's lips, and pointed by an angel's finger.* A light twinkled for her among the hills. If, as seems most probable, Elisabeth lived at Hebron, the journey would be, for a traveller supplied with the best horses of the country, one of seven or eight hours; for one unable to procure such help, about twice that length of time. The journey lies through one of the sternest and wildest routes in Palestine. The solitude is the most desperate which travellers of experience have ever traversed. scenery is so stern that the very mountains of Moab, touched as they are with a beautiful rosy tint, present a contrast which is almost a relief. At the end of her second or third day's journeyprobably late on the third-lines of blue smoke, piercing a sky touched by the twilight shadows, told the Virgin that she was drawing near to Hebron. The softer and more humanised character of the landscape might insensibly communicate a measure of relief to that aching heart. Yet Hebron was a spot which could scarcely be entered without solemn associations, by one whose

spirit habitually breathed and moved in the atmosphere of the Old Testament Scriptures. It not only included the grotto of Machpelah, the last resting-place of Sarah, of Abraham, of Isaac, Rebekah, Leah, Jacob. Its foundation ascended to an antiquity which just exceeded that of Tanis, in Egypt.* Long before the Canaanites came, the gigantic shapes of Anakim and Rephaim moved through the primæval forests by which it was surrounded. The Canaanites gave it the name of Arba, a great warrior of the Anaks (Kirjatharba). † These distant and marvellous recollections must impress the least susceptible imagination. ‡ However this may have been, there must have been a pathos in the quiet word of the gentle maiden as she saluted Elisabeth. Elisabeth, for her part, knew her cousin's voice, even before she saw her pale and suffering face. And in the power of the Holy Spirit, the babe within her quickening, and seeming to leap into joyous life, she spoke with a thrilling and exultant voice, that swelled and rang out in ecstatic welcome to the mysterious Incarnation into whose presence she was brought.

"Blessed thou among women, and blessed the fruit of thy womb. And whence this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? For, lo! as the voice of thy salutation was coming to mine ears, leaped the babe in exultation in my womb. And blessed she who shall believe that there shall be performance of those things which were spoken

to her from the Lord." §

Two thoughts here naturally occur. 1. It was nothing but a brief, unrecorded salutation, probably of one or two words, which drew out the amazing and magnificent acknowledgment, that came home to Elisabeth with the power of the Holy Ghost, and, for a while, stirred her very frame, elevated her spirit, ennobled and trans-

* "Hebron was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt" (Numbers xiii. 22). On the identity of Tso'an with Tanis, see Gesen, Lex, p. 714.

† Joshua xiv. 15. The name is not derived from Arba, "seven." See Gesen, Lex, p. 75 and p. 743.

‡ In the Middle Ages it was a pious opinion in the Church that Adam was created in a field of red clay, quite close to the cave of Machpelah. Pilgrims visited the cradle of the human race for the purpose of gaining indulgences, by buying of the Saracen proprietor a little of the mud or clay out of which the father of humanity was formed. In the simple Evangetirum of Brother Faber (A.D. 1430), we are told that the creation took place on the 25th of March, A.D. 1430. "Adam was a colossal giant, very beautiful, very learned in all liberal arts, especially astrology, geometry, music, grammar, and rheteric." For Hebron, see the vivid pages of the Viscomte Eugene M. de Vogüe, "Syria, Palestine, Mont Athos," pp. 158—168.

^{. 36). . . §} St. Luke i. 42—46.

^{* &}quot;And, behold, thy cousin, Elisabeth" (Luke i. 36).

formed the tones of her voice into a rich and stately music. Here, as is so often the case, God's work is done by an unconscious influence going forth from His servants. Even handkerchiefs and aprons lead to high manifestations of the powers that are lodged in the Gospel. When souls are steeped, day by day, in prayer and prolonged realisation of the presence of God, more especially when they are in sorrow, or bearing the cross, a sweet contagion goes forth from them. A mere act of common courtesy and affection perhaps, as in the case of Mary's salutation, touches the deepest spiritual chords in other hearts.

2. It certainly should not be overlooked that, in the presence of the incarnate Lord, Elisabeth's child leaped and quickened beneath her leaping heart. It is strange, then, that believing people should assume that very young children are necessarily insusceptible of grace. Such an assumption is not reasonable. "The first springs of thought," said a great philosopher,* "like those of the Nile, are veiled in obscurity." What influences may be made to stir those unknown springs, what elements may be mingled with those obscure waters, we cannot tell, and therefore we are not in a position to deny, in the presence of a counteraffirmation of the Word of God. The denial to which we refer is, therefore, unreasonable, because it is unscriptural, as we may confidently say with this incident before us, no less than the angel's previous utterance, "He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from His mother's womb."†

II. We now proceed to the Magnificat itself. After the prominence given to the loud ecstatic utterance of Elisabeth (ver. 42), it seems certain that the delicate pencil of St. Luke presents us with a real contrast in a single word, "And Mary said." Elisabeth's utterance and supernatural possession by the Holy Ghost was instantaneous; it was a single and exceptional burst, a momentary elevation. But, during those months, when her very frame was the shrine of the Christ of God, Mary was habitually steeped in the Spirit, habitually absorbed in the great Pre-There is a sence by which she was inhabited. noble quiet in the one word said. But that quiet does not exclude a great and special joy, which gushed up within her soul and spirit at the words of Elisabeth. For those words are pervaded not only by enthusiastic acknowledgment of Mary's purity, but by enthusiastic recognition of the secret in her soul, of the truth of which she was the favoured depositary. Every one who is possessed by a great unpopular truth, finds that unpopularity one of the severest of trials. He may, indeed, and he must bring it forth to others; but he will be plied with sarcasms in the world, with texts and anathemas even in the Church. There

is a joy of the purest and rarest kind, when some one at last says, "The truth which possesses you has taken possession of me also. I understand you." Such was Mary's joy when she said, in the *rhyme-thought* of Hebrew poetry, the second rhythm at once repeating and passing beyond the first—

My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit did exult upon that God who is my Saviour.

Let us examine the personal traits, and the general religious principles, by which the Magni-

ficat is pervaded.

1. Of these personal traits, humility is, no doubt, the chief. Not that the lowliness of the Prayer Book version (ver. 48) is exactly equivalent to humility, but rather, as in our own Authorised Version of the Bible, to low estate. And for this reason: humility is sensitive. It has been beautifully described as "dark-hued and low; it is the violet of the soul." The man who says, "See how humble I am," is cetainly not humble. Mary, in the Magnificat, does not profess humility; she practises it. Favoured, indeed, she is. (as the word so translated implies) she has no thought of that which she is-only of that which, in God's free grace, she has received. In the second line she counts herself among the lost whom He has brought into a state of salvation. Her joy and exultation repose upon that God who is her Saviour. Her woman's heart does, indeed, throb as it thinks of the cry which arises from the heart of redeemed humanity, as it turns to the grace which she has received-

For lo! from hence on, all the generations shall call me blessed.

But why?

For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, And holy is His name."

"He who hath a gift," writes an excellent old divine, "and is puffed up by it, is doubly a thief; for he steals the gift, and the glory of it also; and both are God's."*

2. The religious principles by which the Magnificat is pervaded are these. Mary's soul is full of faith in the tenderness and power of God—in the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. "He hath holpen His servant Israel," she exclaims, using a word very like that which the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in describing the way in which Jesus laid His helping hand upon, and took very close to Him, not the angel's nature, but the true humanity of one born of Abraham's seed. She has the clear conviction that all which is greatest and sweetest in the attributes of God, meets in the gift of His dear Son. Power and Holiness are there—

He that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is His name. †

^{*} Dean Comber, in his "Temple," on the Daily Evening Service, † Ver. 49.

^{*} M. Consin.

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And His Mercy is on them that fear Him.*

Faith and truth are there-

In remembrance of His mercy, as He spake to our fathers, etc. \dagger

And she believes intensely in the victory of that Incarnation; in the sure triumph of God. With the instinct of a prophetess, she sees an outline of all history, and compresses and crushes the vast drama into four strong rugged words—still as the rocks, obscure as the mists or troubled sunlights that veil them, the secrets of God, whose meaning men see when a great revolution is over, and which then goes back into silence for centuries again.

He hath

Put down the lords of dynasties from thrones.

That dethronement includes not Herod only, though it may have begun from the Idumæan usurper. Scribes and Pharisees, men of action and science; pontiffs, powerful with a power not of God; men of action which is not heavenly and science which is not true; Mary sees them sink, or their thrones stand untenanted, if they stand at all. Not always by the earthquake of war and revolution. In an old Greek city, a modern engineer once remarked a mass of stone, many tons in weight, lifted up for several feet from the ground, and hanging, as if suspended in the air. looking more closely, he saw that the root of a huge fig-tree had performed this achievement. By exercising an even, continued pressure, every moment of the twenty-four hours, for about three centuries, it had fairly lifted off this stupendous weight. Something of this strong, yet gentle and gradual work is done by the influence of Christianity. A miracle of lifting is performed. The tyrant is hurled from his throne, "not by might, not by power."

III. We may proceed to draw some lessons, ecclesiastical and personal, from the Magnificat.

1. It will not, we think, offend those earnest Christians who object upon principle to parts of the English Liturgy, or even to liturgies in general, if we venture—surely in no spirit of offence or controversy-to give expression to the reasons which probably induced our Reformers to retain this poem in the Reformed Prayer-book. A manual of public prayer, they doubtless thought, would scarcely be complete without the Magnificat, and other poems of the New Testament. A Scriptural service should reproduce the Bible essentially. In the Old Testament it should incorporate the In the New Testament there are but few divine songs. But there are some, and surely they are there for good reasons. We can scarcely fail to remark that there is much caprice in the taste for hymns. One rarely went to a large public service fifteen years ago, without hearing, "Jerusalem the golden;" how often is it heard now? Hymns which were passionately applauded up to a late period are now branded as belonging to the emotional, or sentimental, or material, or theatrical section of religion. It is, then, in the midst of this fluctuation and mutability, a great thing to have some hymns in public service whose permanence is insured by their being strictly

2. Not without propriety is the Magnificat placed in the public service. It comes after the Old Testament lesson. Now the Magnificat was breathed by Mary with the Old Testament promise fully before the gaze of her soul. "In remembrance of His mercy," she exclaims, "as He spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever." She stood, as her song stands with us, between the two testaments.

3. By using the Magnificat we fulfil her own prophecy, "All generations shall call me blessed." Some, in a superstitious horror of superstition, She is blessed. forget this. Blessed because chosen out from all the mothers of Israel, and of the earth, to an inconceivable privilege. Blessed, because consecrated as a temple for the Eternal Word; by ineffable conjunction, uniting to Himself that human nature which was conceived and born from her. And we purely and scripturally honour her, not by pompous litanies, with swelling epithets, but by calling her blessed, and by chanting her own sweet and humble prophecy, in which the glory and honour are given not to her, but to her Saviour. It goes up, week after week, from millions of worshippers of the Reformed faith. The Magnificat of Mary is one of the best antidotes to the litany of Loretto.

4. As to the personal lessons, upon which we

shall all agree.

We may well apply Mary's words to ourselves for a mercy common to all. Jesus himself teaches us that her blessedness is ours; that so there is a strange family likeness between us and her. "But He answered and said unto him that told Him, Who is My mother? and who are My brethren? And He stretched forth His hand toward His disciples, and said, Behold My mother and My brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."† In a family which possesses some one specially gifted member, we often see looks of him in others. So the likeness of Christ is reproduced, generation after generation, in all the children of God. Nay, St. Paul exclaims, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." His spiritual being is reproduced in His holy family. When a woman exclaimed, "Blessed is the womb that bare Thee!" He answered, "Yea, there is

^{*} Ver. 50.

[†] Vers. 51, 55.

^{*} St. Luke i. 54, 55. † St. Matt. xii. 48-50. ; Galat. iv. 19.

such a blessedness—at least for those who hear the word of God, and keep it." *

Again, praise should be our work. The brute rolling in the dust of our roads is said to have inherited associations of the free desert sands. The dog, scraping and turning before he lies down to rest, similarly acts from a blind reminiscence of progenitors in the prairie grass. Much more do men inherit the instinct of that praise, of which the Magnificat is the purest expression.

Once more, joy and peace are part of our purchased inheritance. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace." "Peace, peace," says the divine original, with the sweet iteration which belongs to the lullaby of God, "whose mind is stayed on thee!" And the more we lean upon Him the more He loves us. When we read or join in the Magnificat, let us see to it, that that peace is ours which will make its words true for us.

* St. Luke xi. 27, 28.

* Isaiah xxvi. 3.

LUCY AND JOHN HUTCHINSON.

A STUDY.

EY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "THE HUGUENOT FAMILY IN THE ENGLISH VILLAGE," "PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS," ETC.

PART II.-IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.



TORMS were brewing on the political horizon towards the close of the reign of Charles I. The corrupt tyranny of the Star Chamber, the French influence at court, the king's highhanded attempt to carry out

his own and his father's dogma of the divine right of kings, had all done their evil work. England was about to be rent asunder by its great Civil War, which despoiled its fertile fields, impoverished its towns, and what was still worse, parted brethren and chief friends, and set on opposite sides-to misunderstand, traduce, and slay each other, not only the arrogant roystering cavalier and the equally arrogant fierce fifth monarchy man, but such good men, of whom their world was not worthy, as Jeremy Taylor, Falkland, and John Evelyn in the one faction, and Richard Baxter, John Hampden, and John Hutchinson in the other; while the mistaken king-whose errors of judgment, and weak obstinacy, and insincerity helped largely to work out the misery, yet whom Lucy Hutchinson even under the provocation of being his hostile contemporary. still calls "a good man though a bad king"-paid with his life his share in the general wreck.

However, a brief space, a lull before the tempest, was granted to the young husband and wife ere they, too, were engulphed in the rising tide.

The first two years of their married life were spent near Mrs. Hutchinson's mother, partly in London, partly at Enfield Chase, where their first childrentwin sons-were born. Lucy refers to the indulgence of her husband in thus weaning by degrees the townbred girl from all her early haunts and associations, "which she could not suddenly resolve to quit for altogether, to betake herself to the North, which was a formidable name to the London ladies." The first remark reminds us how far removed by bad roads and toilsome journeys the provinces then were from the capital, and in what depths, not of rusticity alone, but of ignorance and boorishness, many country places were sunk. At the same time, another casual observation of the writer, far on in the memoirs, conveys the impression that Mrs. Hutchinson, with all her admirable qualities, never so far overcame her early unfamiliarity with the country as to have a hearty liking for it and its pursuits, apart from her pleasure in what pleased her husband.

These two quiet years Mr. Hutchinson devoted to study, particularly of theology, employing a tutor to direct his studies. They confirmed and deepened his religious principles generally. Mrs. Hutchinson expresses her thankfulness to God for these two years of leisure and preparation before the storm burst on all sides.

The husband and wife had repaired at last to their future home, the country house in Nottinghamshire, where they conceived rightly that their natural duties lay. Such a toilsome journey as that from London to Nottingham was taken by the gentry of the day either on horseback or in their own coaches, drawn for the most part by grey Flanders mares.*

The Squire of Owthorpe, with his second wife and her children, was in London, where Parliament, of which the elder Mr. Hutchinson was a member, was then sitting. But George Hutchinson, John's full brother, whose unenvious unswerving attachment to John—by far the more gifted in every way of the two

[·] Macaulay.

brothers—forms a winning feature in their history, came and gave the couple a glad warm welcome and entertainment; and Lucy observes, with a certain pathetic patience, that they were for a few months peaceful and happy in their own home, till the

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held hostages, if ever young man possessed them, in his wife and infant children, sufficient to induce him to preserve peace until he became convinced that the time had arrived when no honest Englishman, who valued his duty to God and his country, could remain



"She called down her brother-in-law, who played the part of John Hutchinson."-p. 91.

kingdom began to blaze out with the long smouldering flame of civil war.

All Mr. Hutchinson's sympathies were on the Puritan and liberal side. He might be said to have been a Parliamentary man by descent as well as by inclination, for his father certainly favoured the same side, though he never enlisted actively in the cause; and some attempt was made to show that his two elder sons took up arms without his consent, and to his vexation. At first Mr. Hutchinson seemed disposed to follow his father's example of neutrality; and he

passive. Two opposing influences were exercised to make him declare openly and conclusively for the King or the Parliament; the one was that of his cousin, Sir John Biron, whose house of Newstead—fated to be so famous in connection with a later Byron, was within a few miles of Owthorpe; the other proceeded from another cousin destined to take a distinguished part in the troubles of the country, Henry Ireton, for whom both the Hutchinsons entertained from first to last unqualified respect and regard. I need not say that the influence of Ireton—if influence were needed to

give the last impulse to John Hutchinson's convictions-prevailed. And in this resolution, as in all the public-spirited acts which followed, and which, under whatever mixture of error they may have contained, render the name of the patriot glorious, Lucy Hutchinson went hand in hand with her husband. There is not a trace of her womanly, wifely, or motherly tenderness causing her to dissuade him from the sacrifices which both of them were too intelligent not to see from the first might be required of them. She did not so much as chide or damp his enthusiasm, Many excuses might have been found for her had she done so, but surely her womanly heroism was a noble Christian triumph. There is a story told of an old divine who met the argument of a cumbered and at the same time ingenious parishioner with a mild but conclusive rebuke. She had urged, in apology for her neglect of some binding public duty, her private cares -above all, the claims of her many children, as if these constituted of necessity a primary and insurmountable obligation. He answered her in few words. "The Scriptures tell us," said the old man, "that Enoch had sons and daughters, yet Enoch walked with God."

It is impossible to follow here the events of the Civil War, which, in its very commencement, in Lucy Hutchinson's graphic words, converted every county of England into a stage for fighting. If we will, we can pursue her narrative, and gather a reflection of the absorbing interest, the breathless anxiety, the wild excitement—even in those people whose feet were set on a rock—the joy of success, the anguish of disaster, the pity for the losses of ancient friends and neighbours, which attended every crisis.

But in an early episode of the war, not long before the battle of Edge Hill was fought, Lucy, in spite of her wisdom for her years, got into a girlish piece of trouble. Mr. Hutchinson had received notice that he was to be arrested in his own house of Owthorpe, and went out of the way to Leicester, causing his wife to join him there. But they were no sooner in the town together than he was informed that a warrant had been sent to the Sheriff of Leicester to seize him. He proposed to leave next day, when, at five o'clock the same evening, "the sound of the trumpets told him that a troop was coming into the town," and he went out at the one end as they came in at the other. Then his wife ("somewhat affected to be so left alone in a strange place"), as Lucy puts in quiet parenthesis, found, to her great relief, that the hostile troop was commanded by her own brother, Sir Allen Apsley, an officer in the Royalist army, and who took up his quarters in the house next her.

The whole scene—in the hair-breadth escape of the fugitive, and the sudden change on the part of the wife from forlorn apprehension to glad confidence in the fact that the leader of the enemy was her own near and dear relative, is strongly suggestive of the hourly perils and strange transformations in the life of the period. John Hutchinson found refuge in the house of a friendly Northamptonshire yeoman, being more fortunate in his place of hiding than a friend and neighbour, who had to lie among the gorse on an adjoining common till the search for him was past.

In the meantime Lucy's spirits had risen in the reaction of experiencing her brother's protection. And it happened after Sir Allen, too, had left-on the very day that the Royalist troops quitted the town, when all the people in the house were gone out to look at the king's soldiers marching by, and the wife of the Parliament man was left indoors with her husband's brother George, who, like herself, naturally felt no desire to stare at the show their foes were making-a Royalist Captain Welch, whom she had seen at her brother's quarters, came in to pay her a visit. He spoke of an intercepted letter from her husband, explaining the danger he had incurred in trying to return to her, and assuring her he would come to her as soon as the "horse" which lay between them were marched away. Captain Welch was one of Prince Rupert's officers, and thus had become acquainted with the contents of the letter. He took it upon him to add, "by way of compliment," that it was a pity she should have a husband so unworthy of her as to enter into any faction which could make him not dare be seen with her.

The loving and loved young wife was justly incensed by the whole conversation. In her pique she was tempted to commit an act of childish deceit, which, at the time, seemed without risk, as she believed all the Royalist troops were that morning gone from the town. She said she had not a husband who would at any time hide himself from him, or that durst not show his face where any honest man might appear. Next she called down her brother-inlaw, who, on a private hint, played the part of John Hutchinson, when Captain Welch remarked gallantly that in any other place he had been obliged to make him a prisoner, but here he was in sanctuary, and took his leave. So the little trick seemed to prove triumphantly successful.

No doubt it was but an ill-timed frolic on the part of two young people; for the sister and brother-in-law, with all their serious responsibilities, were after all only a girl of twenty and a lad not above two years older, while they were goaded on to the foolish jest by the scornful taunt of Captain Welch; and Lucy proceeds to recount that when the gentleman of the house and the rest of the family returned, and they were all laughing together, she told them how she had "abused" (cheated) Captain Welch.

But her laughter soon came to an end. She was frightened and punished for her thoughtlessness. While the company were enjoying themselves, Captain Welch came back along with another gentleman, and made the fine mocking speech to George Hutchinson that he had been delayed by his horse having lost a shoe, and that he (Captain Welch) must be his (George's) prisoner till the smith released him.

Lucy does not say whether her mind misgave her

on seeing Captain Welch's immediate re-appearance on the scene, and hearing the suspiciously elaborate politeness of his excuse. She only tells briefly, that before they had sat long, a boy came in with two pistols, and whispered to the Royalist captain, who, desiring the gentleman of the house and George Hutchinson to walk into the next room, out of the presence of the ladies, seized George in the name of John Hutchinson.

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Of course it was utterly useless for either George or Lucy or any one else to explain and protest that he was the wrong man; the couple's own silly act made the truth sound like a falsehood in each speaker's mouth.

To cause the predicament to look more serious, Prince Rupert, on the information of Captain Welch, had sent back a troop of Dragoons that beset the house in which were poor Lucy and the victim of their practical joke, and at last carried him away with all solemnity - to her great "affright," and amidst what she calls the railing of the women who surrounded her, because of the peculiar harshness of the arrest under the circumstances, for it occurred not long before the birth of one of her children.

George Hutchinson's cousins, the Birons, were with Prince Rupert, but even their testimony failed to break down the case of mistaken identity. It was only after Lucy, in her distress, had despatched a messenger to her own cousin, Lord Grandison, who was also with the Prince, to beseech him to help her in the strait into which her imprudence had brought her husband's brother, and after George Hutchinson had been carried as a prisoner to Derby, that he was with difficulty released. Without question the grief and affront which followed hard on her girlish offence, must have cured Lucy in all time to come of any inclination to make an April fool of either friends or foes, even if later events had spared her the light heart which led to the idle jest.

From the first the town of Nottingham,* where Charles erected his standard, became of importance to the combatants. The population of the town was

not more than seven or eight thousand, but it stood in the centre of an influential district, and its old * Here is John Evelyn's description of the neighbourhood and town of Nottingham, where Lucy Hutchinson was to spend so important a part of her life, as they were in his and Lucy's day :- . " passed the famous river Trent, which divides the south from the north of England; so lay that night at Nottingham. This whole town and country seems to be but one entire rock, as it were, an exceedingly pleasant shire, full of gentry. Here I observed divers to live in the rocks and caves, much after the manner as about Tours in France. The church is well built on an eminence; there is a fair house of Lord Clare's, another of Pierrepont's; an ample market-place; large streets, full of crosses; the relics of an ancient castle, hollowed beneath which are many caverns, especially that of the

Scots' king, and his work whilst there. This place is

remarkable for being the place where His Majesty first

erected his standard at the beginning of our late un-

happy differences. The prospects from this city, towards

the river and meadows, are most delightful."

castle, partly in ruins even then, was a place of great natural strength. Of this castle Mr. Hutchinson. after raising soldiers and taking part in the fighting on the Parliamentary side, was appointed governor. This appointment was due in a measure to the influence which his family had always exercised in the county and neighbourhood, but it was still more owing to the gallantry, trustworthiness, and ability which, young as he was (he was only twenty-three when the war began), he had already displayed.

So Lucy's home was once again in a warlike fortress, from whose rock she could look down on the familiar roofs and steeples of the town, and the meadows which in spring bloomed purple with crocuses, lying by the brimming Trent with its bridges-which were of such importance to the little garrison, or away along the road in the distance towards Newark, or to the fields and furze-covered commons which stretched in the direction of her own house of Owthorpe,

Lucy gives some details of the castle and town. She mentions the secret windings and caves in the rock, said to have been used by Mortimer in the reign of Edward III. She repeats the curious legend of another cave, "Where one David, a Scotch king, was kept in cruel durance, and with his nails had scratched on the wall the story of Christ and His twelve Apostles." *

But there was little time for the study of antiquarianism in the busy beleaguered castle. difficulties of the post, which Colonel Hutchinson held with great credit throughout the worst of the war, can only be estimated by a careful perusal of Lucy's close clear narrative. There were daring foes close at hand-even the king himself lay at Newark for a time-and sometimes they forced the bridges; once they carried the town itself, plundering and occupying the houses for five days, firing with more or less effect from one of the church steeples on the defences of the castle, and signalising their retreat by setting fire to the thatch roofs of the houses. There were false friends, who, under the guise of zealous Puritans, truckled and sold themselves to either side which had the ascendency for the moment. There were hot-headed small-minded rivals, who though not dishonest in politics, grudged Colonel Hutchinson his hard-won supremacy, and looked out eagerly for his failure.

These last sections of the public thwarted and crippled the Governor's efforts on every opportunity. More than once he was accused and called up to London to answer to a Parliamentary committee for the proper discharge of his office. The town had a standing feud with the castle even after Colonel Hutchinson was made governor of the town also.

^{*} By rather an interesting coincidence, when Ann Gilbert, sister of Isaac and Jane Taylor, came first to settle with her husband, a Baptist minister, and their children in Nottingham, romantic quarters were found for them in what remained of the old ivy-covered castle on the rock. It seems to have fallen down in the world, till its rambling accommodation was in danger of being let out in unfurnished apartments.

Some among the Presbyterians resented the Governor's unwillingness to take action against the Separatists—or Independents, who were acquiring prominence in the army—whom, in the singleness of his heart, he persisted in judging with some regard to their conscientious sincerity and their faithful service as his soldiers, and not merely in the light of their taking forcible possession of the town pulpits, and thundering from them their wild orations. In these very pulpits the Presbyterian ministers, some

assault. The friendly visitors, such as General Cromwell, whose personal ambition the Hutchinsons distrusted from an early date, while they admired his great qualities and his services to the State, helped to sow dispeace and disaffection in the little government, and to render John Hutchinson's arduous undertaking still harder. And repeatedly at the time that he was experiencing to the full the thanklessness of the fellow-countrymen for whom he watched and toiled, he was offered, both by kinsmen



"She bound up and dressed their wounds also."-p. 97.

of whom held captains' commissions and went into the field with their troops, did not hesitate to arraign the Governor, and preach in terms only slightly veiled-alike against his leniency to schismatics, and his weak indulgence to old friends in adversity in the shape of wounded prisoners and such a belated kinsman as Lucy's brother, Sir Allen Apsley, whom the exigencies of the time forced to take refuge in the castle. Colonel Hutchinson's soldiers, while attached to their leader, were, in the beginning, undisciplined unpaid men from the town train-bands, who would in the loosening of all social bonds dispute his right to dispose of them entirely, and slip away without his authority to their own homes and families in the town, leaving the castle in the utmost danger of being surprised and taken by

and strangers, large bribes and complete immunity for past offences to go over to the King's side.

Only Colonel Hutchinson's integrity and straightforwardness, together with a natural capacity for governing, a large-minded freedom from vindictiveness, and a frank readiness to forgive and forget in the middle of his firmness, the gracious Christian distinction of the man, which disarmed, in spite of themselves, the honester of his opponents, and converted them into fast friends—could have enabled him, under God's providence, to surmount the perils which beset him.

Lucy, though keeping herself persistently in the background in her narrative, shows herself to have been keenly concerned, and once or twice she comes to the front in a way which enables us to give our

readers suggestive glimpses of her. The first was on the occasion of the enemy's being driven out of the town of Nottingham, where, by the way, the Parliamentary soldiers of Sir John Gell, who had been summoned to Colonel Hutchinson's assistance, proved as great plunderers of the townsfolk as their natural enemies had proved. The Governor had been in the town, aiding in the rout, and striving to protect the townspeople from their friends as well as their foes; and in the meantime, the women in the castle, with Lucy at their head, had provided a great supper for the refreshment of him and his followers, was a large room, which was the chapel, in the castle; this they filled full of prisoners, besides a very bad prison, which was no better than a dungeon, called the Lion's Den; and the new Captain Palmer and another minister, having nothing else to do, walked up and down the castle yard, insulting and beating the poor prisoners as they were brought up. In the encounter, one of the Derby captains was slain, and five of our men hurt, who, for want of another surgeon, were brought to the Governor's wife; and she, having some excellent balsams and plasters in her closet, with the assistance of a gentleman who had some skill, dressed all their wounds -whereof some were dangerous, being all shotswith such good success that they were all well cured in convenient time. After our men were dressed, as she stood at her chamber door, seeing three of the prisoners sorely cut, and carried down bleeding into the Lion's Den, she desired the marshal to bring them to her, and bound up and dressed their wounds also; which while she was doing, Captain Palmer came in, and told her his soul abhorred to see this favour to the enemies of God. She replied, she had done nothing but what she thought was her duty in humanity to them as fellow-creatures, not as enemies; but he was very ill-satisfied with her, and with the Governor presently after, when he came into a large room where a very great supper was prepared, and more room and meat than guests, to fill up which the Governor had sent for one Mr. Mason, one of the prisoners, a man of good fashion, who had married a relation of his, and was brought up more in fury than for any proof of guilt in him, and I know not whether two or three others the Governor had called to meat with them; for which Captain Palmer bellowed loudly against him, as a favourer of malignants and Cavaliers. Who could have thought this godly zealous man, who could scarce eat his supper for grief to see the enemies of God thus favoured, should have after entered into a conspiracy against the Governor, with those very same persons who now so much provoked his zeal? But the Governor took no notice of it, though he set the very soldiers a-muttering against him and his wife for these poor humanities."

Thus did the Governor's wife practice in her matronhood some of the lessons learnt in early childhood from another humane governor and his wife.

Colonel Hutchinson, urged by the Presbyterian 739

ministers, had, against his inclination, for quietness' sake, broken up a meeting of Separatists (Independents) in the Canoneer's chamber in the castle, where the men, thus disturbed at their exercises, left behind them some notes on Pedo-baptism. These were brought to the Governor's quarters and read by Lucy, who had preserved her old inquiring spirit, while she had more leisure than her husband could claim to pursue her inquiries. It seemed to her that the arguments of the Pedo-baptists were in conformity with Scripture, and had not been answered by their polemical judges. She consulted her husband on the new ideas which had come to her, and shook his faith in his former belief. He went his way candidly and deliberately, as usual. He searched the Scriptures for himself, he bought and read all the eminent treatises on the subject. He invited all the ministers in the town to his table, and laid his doubts before them; and when they could not answer them to his satisfaction, and a child was just then born to him, he agreed with the mother that it should remain unbaptised till it arrived at the years of reason and responsibility, when God's grace might convert it; and the child on its own account make the profession and receive the sacrament, which the father and mother had come to believe were otherwise emptyeven profane-ceremonies.

Whether John and Luey Hutchinson were right or wrong in the conclusion they arrived at, none can dispute they believed it was in accordance with God's will, and they gave in their adherence to that will with loyal obedience. Their change of view on this point cost them much favour, and raised strong prejudices against them even in their own party.

The following are among the private incidents in the Huchinsons' life during their stay in Nottingham Castle:—Early in the war John Hutchinson's father died, and, contrary to his son's expectations, bequeathed all he could devise away, including even his library, past his elder son, to his widow, and her children. But Lucy argues, with some show of probability, that this was no conclusive indication of his displeasure; and, she says, neither did it impair the regard his elder sons had always borne him.

John and Lucy Hutchinson's eldest daughter, a delicate child of four years of age, wasted away, and died amidst the wild turmoil and strife, so that the hearts of the young father and mother, heavy with their public cares, must have been further wrung by a very near and tender private sorrow.

George Hutchinson, whom Lucy describes very shrewdly—yet affectionately—as deficient in his brother's strength of character and power of keeping his own place, while he was "of the kindest heart, and the most humble familiar deportment in the world, and lived with all his soldiers as if they had been brothers," cemented the relationship which already existed by forming a double alliance. He married Lucy's little sister, the lively pleasant child of Richmond memories; and surely her settlement in Nottingham was a great gain to Lucy.

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HOMES AND HAUNTS OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.

BISHOP LATIMER.



N the northwestern part of Leicestershire is a hilly region known as Charnwood Forest, the barren rocky summits of which jut out abruptly from the loamy upland soil and rise to about eightorninehundred feet above sealevel. Along their sides may h e traced the

ancient British road called the Salt Way, in its passage from the mines at Droitwich to the northern counties; and in the valleys below rise many springs, which swell and develop into brooks bordered by natural meadows of rich grass-land, and forming tributaries of the river Soar, which falls into the Trent at Sawley in Derbyshire, and is navigable from that point to some distance beyond Leicestera course of twenty miles or thereabout. One of these streams, issuing in the first place from Sutton-under-Bardon, makes a long sweep southward to Newton; and then runs north by Kirkby Frith and through the Anstey pastures, towards Mount Sorrel and Barrow-upon-Soar. But before reaching the red granite of Mount Sorrel it runs past the large village of Thurcaston, where Bishop Latimer was born about 1472. He was named Hugh after his father, "a husbandman of right good estimation," according to Foxe; and was the only son who survived infancy, though there were six daughters. How they lived, the bishop told his congregation in after years, when contrasting the plenty of his childhood with the miseries which ensued when small holdings were thrown together, and sheep-farming introduced on a large scale by the mercantile classes, who invested the fortunes they made in trade in the broad acres which gave them weight and power in their conflicts with the monarchy. "My father," he said, "was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year, at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine; he was able, and

did find the king a harness with himself and hishorse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath Field. He kept me at school; he married my sisters with five pounds a-piece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor, and all this he did of the same farm, where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pounds by year or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, nor give a cup of drink to the poor."

Rents and prices are strangely different now-adays, and yet when we see the immense farms on some estates, and miss the class of men who prided themselves on ploughing a straight furrow, and of women who made their own cheese and butter, we feel that history does indeed repeat itself.

The Thurcaston yeoman's only boy showed at four years old such promise of good abilities that instead of bringing him up to his own calling, or perhaps, feeling that the growing agrarian discontent of the times boded ill for farming prospects, he sent him when very young to a neighbouring grammarschool, where he made such diligent use of his opportunities as to be ready for Cambridge at the early age of fourteen. Physical training had, nevertheless, not been neglected, for, in the intervals of work, the bishop says, "My father was delighted to teach me to shoot with the bow. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body to the bow, not to draw with strength of arm as other nations do, but with the whole strength of the body."

School-days, according to the common acceptation of the term, being over, young Latimer was entered as a student at University or Clare Hall, a college which had even then undergone a good many vicis-situdes.

Once arrived at Alma Mater, the youth flung himself into the pursuit of the New Learning with all the ardour and strength characteristic of a fresh and vigorous mind. Some years before this time, Erasmus had first visited England and resided for a while at Oxford, where the study of the Greek language had just been introduced from Italy. Dean Colet was its great advocate, for he looked upon Greek as the one key wherewith to unlock the New Testament, wherein he hoped to find a new and rational religious standing-ground. Erasmus made his acquaintance at Oxford, as well as that of Linaere and Grocyn, the latter of whom introduced him to Archbishop Warham and Sir Thomas More. The scholar, delighted as he was with England, wandered away to Paris, but was recalled by the invitation of the Archbishop. He then went as professor of Greek

to Cambridge in 1506, attracted thither by the friendship of Dr. Fisher, who had in the previous year been
made master of Queen's College. Here he had rooms
in the old tower, and began reading the Greek
grammar to a small circle of scholars, but without
much encouragement. Among the few who profited
by his instructions was Hugh Latimer, and we can
imagine that the promising pupil was one of those
who were wont to climb the long flight of stairs
to the master's study in an evening, or keep him
company as he paced up and down the path on the
other side of the river still known as Erasmus's Walk.

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But the young man was not satisfied with the crumbs of knowledge, which were, comparatively speaking, all that could be gleaned in England, and betook himself at length to Italy, where he passed the dark gates of Padua, and studied in her University. He devoted himself to Latin under Politian; while Demetrius Chalcondylas, who had succeeded to the office and renown of Chrysolorus, was his instructor in Greek. When he returned to his native land, it was to carry on the work Erasmus had begun at Cambridge; and so hard did he toil both at learning and teaching, that his health was enfeebled, and though he lived to old age never wholly recovered the strain. Several years passed thus in the learned leisure and intellectual activity of University life, and by-and-bye Hugh Latimer became intimate with Thomas Bilney, a man whose heart was deeply imbued with scriptural principles, and who was instrumental in disabusing his mind of some prejudices and in showing him the way of truth more perfectly. He was at that time the keeper of the cross at Cambridge, and charged with the duty of bringing it forth on procession days. Bilney chose him as his confessor, and the two, as they became more and more alive to the abuses of the Church, and the errors of the times, used to walk and talk together in the fields, and the place where they were so often seen in earnest converse came to be called the Heretics' Hill.

Scholar as Latimer was, his name has come down to posterity far more in connection with his preaching than with his learning. The pulpit was evidently his true vocation, and he possessed the gift which is so rare in all ages, of speaking to his hearers in such a manner that they could not choose but hear. They were his friends, and he reasoned with them, talked to them of their daily life, drew practical lessons from the events of the day, and showed them the example and spirit of Christ as he found it in the Gospels. To the simple folk he said, in his homely fashion—

"God amend that is amiss, For we be something wide, I wis."

At length, however, there were so many complaints from divers quarters about the heresies and overmuch zeal of the popular preacher, that he was summoned to London to give account of himself

before Cardinal Wolsey and the king, who did what they could to protect him against the bigotry of his enemies, who hated him as much for his learning and ingenuousness, as for his opinions. A way of escape out of his troubles was made for him by the presentation to the benefice of West Kingston, in Wiltshire, a tolerably good living, far enough removed from the capital and from his old haunts to allow him to preach the Gospel according to his own convictions, without bringing himself into notoriety, or so at least his friends hoped.

The village is but a small one on the side of the county nearest to Gloucestershire. There are quarries where sufficient stone is obtained to build and repair the few cottages and farmsteads in the parish, and the inhabitants have been from time immemorial exclusively engaged in agriculture. In Latimer's days the living seems to have been in the diocese of Sarum, though it now belongs to Gloucester and Bristol. The high road to this old city of the west runs near Kingston, and must have been pretty often traversed by the rector, as we hear of his preaching there on several occasions. A venerable oak-tree, beneath whose shadow he loved to repose and meditate, is still pointed out to the few visitors who penetrate to such a quiet spot as the sequestered Wiltshire village, ten miles distant from even its post town. The plain old church, with its rustic tower and meagre peal of four bells, dedicated to St. Mary, has hitherto escaped the hands of restorers, and presents much the same aspect as in the martyr's In this peaceful retirement he might have ended his days, had not some of the neighbouring parish priests stirred up the Bishop of Salisbury against him, who made common cause with one or two who had known him at Cambridge, and got him called before Warham, the then Archbishop of Canterbury, who prevailed on him to quiet evil tongues by subscribing to certain articles, and inhibited him from preaching within the diocese of London-a measure that looks like a kindly device for keeping him out of harm's way.

The Queen, Anne Boleyn, made Latimer her own chaplain; and shortly afterwards, through her influence and that of Cromwell, he was appointed to the see of Worcester. The Bishop's palace in which he resided there, is now the Deanery, and the grey cathedral has been restored of late years; but we may still see College Green and Edgar's Tower, with the statues of two Saxon queens, only a little more time-worn and weather-stained than they were three centuries ago. Worcester stands on gently rising ground on the eastern bank of the Severn, in a well wooded country over which for many miles may be seen the towers of its churches illumined by the last rays of setting sun, while the city at their feet is only indicated by the mist which overhangs the river. The cathedral has seen many changes. see was founded by Ethelred, King of Mercia, and its earliest church completed in 983, by Bishop Oswald, but it only stood about sixty years, and was

burned by Hardicanute's soldiers in 1041. Fortytwo years later, a new cathedral was begun by Bishop Wolstan, and the work pushed rapidly on, but it again suffered from fire in the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries. King John paid it a visit and gave 100 marks towards its repair and restoration, and when he died was buried in front of the altar. Portions of this old Norman structure are still imbedded in the walls, but the architecture generally is of the Early English and Decorated styles. The great beauty of the edifice is in its height, space, and the lightness of its workmanship; the effect of which is increased by pinnacles rising from every available point. It is in the shape of a double cross, and the plainness of its exterior hardly prepares the spectator for the elegance within. The cloisters are well preserved, and there is a tier of intersecting Norman arches in the chapter-house,

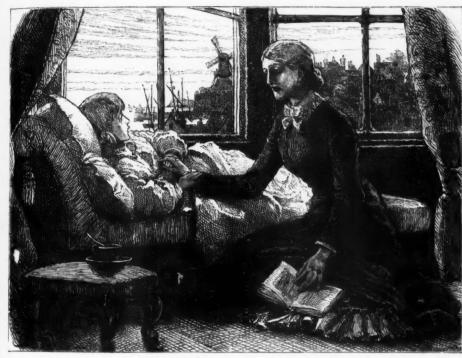
The general aspect must then have been not unlike the present one when Hugh Latimer was Bishop; and the beautiful monumental chapel to the memory of Prince Arthur, the first husband of Katharine of Arragon, could have been only lately completed. But there was a figure of the Virgin in costly vestments, which he tore down from its place and thrust out of the doors, and then packed up and forwarded to London with the scornful intimation that "she with her old sister of Walsingham, her younger sister of Ipswich, and their two other sisters of Doncaster and Penrice would make a jolly muster at Smithfield." The relics shared the same fate, and the quaint eloquence and familiar speech of the well-known preacher drew crowds of listeners who hung on his words and clustered round his pulpit as though it had been the rock in the desert about which the expectant people gathered in their thirst. For three years he ministered among them early and late; was to be found by two in the morning in his study, interceded with Cromwell that two or three religious houses "in every shire," instead of being suppressed, should be turned into schools, set an example of godly living, held visitations, and corrected abuses. But at the end of that time the Act known as the "Six Articles" was passed, from which he so entirely dissented that he resigned his bishopric and retired to Baxterley, in Warwickshire, where, as we have seen, he had both relatives and friends among the Glover family, who resided there, and at Mancetter.

Perhaps he would have escaped persecution in this seclusion had he not met with an accident, being much bruised and crushed by the fall of a tree; and as doctors were but few, and in country places there was no medical assistance whatever to be had, he went up to London, most likely for the advice and help of an old friend, Dr. Butts, the king's physician. There his foes found and sent him to the Tower, where he remained till the accession of Edward VI., who offered to reinstate him in his diocese, which he refused on the score of age and infirmity. Nevertheless, he preached often, and was much about the young king, but returned again into Warwickshire on his death.

He was too marked a man to escape the Marian persecution, and hearing that the Queen's pursuivant was on his way to arrest him, prepared calmly for the journey, and was brought up to London and cast once more into the Tower, whence he was transferred to Oxford, and there imprisoned with Ridley and Cranmer in Bocardo. The two former were first cited to appear and dispute before the Bishops of Lincoln, Gloucester, and Bristol, and as they could not be prevailed on to recant, were sentenced to death. This took place in St. Mary's Church, and Latimer was then committed to the custody of the Mayor till the 16th of October, on which day he was to die. He spent most of his time in reading the Testament (which hung from his waist by a leathern string), by the aid of the spectacles suspended round his neck. Being so old, he wrote only one short letter to a Christian lady thanking her for the liberality which had supplied him and his fellowmartyrs with the few comforts they had had in prison. He was quite ready to die, and when the stake was erected in Conditch, on the north side of Oxford, opposite Balliol College, went forth cheerfully with his brother Ridley, in a long white shroud, under the frock of Bristol frieze which was his usual garment; and as the flames rose up around them, exhorted his fellow-sufferer to "be of good comfort and play the man;" adding, "We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Then saying, "Father of Heaven, receive my soul," he bathed his hands in the fire and was soon dead.

Some years ago, a "Martyrs' Memorial" was erected near the spot, in memory of those three bishops. There it stands—a silent witness of the faith that endures all things, seeing Him who is invisible.





"'I like to see the sun set, ma-mie,' said he."--p. 102,

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A-MIE," cried a little voice at the top of the stairs. "Ma-mie, may I come down?"

"No, dear," returned the mother below in the hall; "I am just going out, and you would be in the way."

"But I won't be in the way, ma-mie. I will be as good as ever I can be," replied the child.

"You can stop at the nursery window, dear boy, and when you see me coming back you can come down to meet me."

The speaker was Mrs. Oliver, the wife of the Vicar of Lower Merton. Her boy who had just spoken to her was nearly five years old, and she had no other child. It is hardly to be wondered at that he should be more than ordinarily dear to that mother's heart. Besides, he was such a sweet child. Long flaxen hair fell over the fair white neck, and his bright blue eyes sparkled with innocent mirth. It seemed as if nature, in giving the mother this solitary little one, had done her best to make her work perfect. Mrs. Oliver was going down the village to see why some of her Sunday-school scholars had been absent on Sunday, and she made a shorter visit than usual because of the waiting little one at home.

When she returned, the first thing that met her eye was a sight sufficient indeed to appal the mother's heart.

Her darling was literally hanging between life and death.

It seems that, waiting at the window proving tedious work to him, he got on a chair, opened the window (which, unfortunately, was not properly fastened), and looked out towards the village to get a better view of his returning mother. While thus engaged he had lost his balance, and had fallen through the window. In falling, however, his dress caught on an old nail that had been used some time ago for keeping up a stand to hold flowers in. It was at this moment that Mrs. Oliver returned. Her first impulse was the right one-she rushed under the window so that if her child fell she could catch him in her arms and break the force of his fall. Her next was to cry aloud for help. This was not long in coming, and in a very few minutes from the first discovery of the mishap the child was drawn in by its nurse, and was once more in safety. Almost fainting with excitement, Mrs. Oliver went up-stairs to press her nearly lost treasure to her bosom, and to weep over the thought of what might have

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"Oh, my darling, my darling," she said, "if you had been killed it would have killed me too," as she smothered her little one with kisses.

After a time, when she grew more calm, she asked her child how it happened, and he told her, "I wanted to see you, ma-mie, and couldn't see far down the village without looking out; and I wasn't very frightened when I fell out, neither, for I knew Jesus could keep me. I did cry a little, but not much, because you

say it is not brave to cry."

That night the child was restless, and seemed feverish. Two or three times during the night the child had cried out for water, and Mrs. Oliver had gone into his bedroom, which was her own dressingroom, and given him water. In the morning the feverish symptoms had increased, and Mrs. Oliver thought it wise to send for her kind old doctor, Mr. Brown. When he came, great was the mother's consternation to hear that it was an incipient case of scarlet fever. On being questioned as to where she had been, the truth came out that the scholar whose absence she had gone to inquire about was suffering from scarlet fever; and there was little doubt that when she rushed to save her child from injury, she carried this dreadful disease to him, its speedy development being due to the excitement of the previous day. However, there was nothing to be done but to wait patiently and trust in God. And so, waiting and hoping, the days went on, one by one; and the nights dragged their slow length through. Night after night that loving mother sat at her child's bed, or lay down now and then to snatch a moment's rest. Often, too, Mr. Oliver shared her watch; but he was not there so often as he could have wished, as he feared to make himself the medium of carrying the fever about the village. It was painful for them both to listen to the ravings of fever-madness, and to see the poor parched lips that no balm could soften. Sometimes three times, always twice a day, Mr. Brown came to see his little patient. And then there came a day when the crisis was at hand. If he got through that day he might, and probably would, recover. There was not a moment of that day those two grief-stricken parents were not praying.

Mr. Oliver could no longer resist the strong yearning to be with his son, and he insisted that while he was in the room, the poor worn-out mother should lie down and take some needful rest. She obeyed him so far as to lie down, but the only rest she had was the peace of communing with her Father in Heaven, whom she knew to be a just and merciful God.

That night the doctor said the symptoms were more encouraging. He was afraid to say more, but even this was sweetest balm to those two watchers.

About the middle of the night "little Will" opened his eyes, and looking at his mother for the first time for many days, said—

"Ma-mie, dear ma-mie."

If an angel had come down from heaven, "ma-mie's" heart could not have been so comforted at that moment. "My darling, my darling!" she cried, as her lips devoured the child's face.

And from that moment the child began to mend.

The days lengthened into weeks, and somehow "little Will" was still an invalid. He seemed to go a certain distance on the road to recovery, and then to stop. The doctor looked grave, and suggested change of air. And so it was determined that Mrs. Oliver should go with her boy to the south coast. But still there was no improvement. Nay, it became evident to the sharp eye of love that "little Will" was growing weaker every day. It was often their custom now to watch the sun setting over the western waves. The child would lie on his couch, wheeled into the large bay window, and the mother would hold his hand, kneeling on the floor at his side.

"I like to see the sun set, ma-mie," said he, one evening. "It makes me think of heaven; the sun never sets there."

"Heaven is better than anything we can see on earth, my darling," replied she.

"I should like to go to heaven ma mie if it weren't

"I should like to go to heaven, ma-mie, if it weren't for leaving you," said Willie.

"But you would not leave me for long, dear," she answered; "I should come to you some day."

"And might I look out of the window till you came?" he asked, in his child-way.

"There are no windows in heaven," said the mother.

"But how can God see me, if there are no windows there?" persisted the child.

"God does not see as man sees. He is everywhere, and all-seeing," was the reply.

"When is father coming?" asked he, presently.

"To-morrow, darling," was the answer.

"I shall be glad to see father," said the child.
"He will tell me all about my garden and the pony; won't he, ma-mie?"

And that night the boy's eyes were brighter, and there was more colour in his cheeks.

The next day Mr. Oliver came, and he was much struck by the sickly appearance of his boy. Very sad and heavy were the hearts of those two parents, and when at night they stood beside the couch, where "little Will" was sleeping, Mr. Oliver took his wife's hand, and together they knelt down and prayed to their Father in heaven, that he would give them back their little one from the jaws of death. And, like Hannah of old, the mother made an inward vow that, if the Lord heard their prayer, she would, as far as she was able, dedicate her child to God. And from that day, "little Will" began to grow stronger. At first he could only bear to be carried out, for half an hour at a time, in his father's arms, his mother walking near and smiling her heart out at him; and then, in a while, he could walk a little way, or take long drives in an open carriage. And so, before the summer was over, "little Will" was running about the vicarage garden, as strong and fair as ever.

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"Mother watches near."

Years went by, and Willie was no longer "little Will." He was about seventeen, and the momentous question as to "what he should be" was continually before them. His own inclination had been frequently expressed-that he should be a soldier; but father and mother were both unwilling for this-the father because he knew what temptations beset a young officer, and the mother because of the hope that lay always in her heart that he would enter the ministry. Still, they were unwilling to use any coercion in the matter, and lived in the hope that time would eradicate the wish from the easily-changed mind of youth. It seemed, however, as if fate were against them; for an offer was made to them by the noble patron of the living of Lower Merton, to procure a commission for "young Oliver" in one of the foot regiments, with a promise of further help. The boy's delight can easily be imagined, and Mr. Oliver felt it would no longer be right of him to stand in the way of his son's advancement. But the mother, remembering her vow, resolved to speak to her boy, and tell him all that was in her heart. So one evening, soon after the offer had been made, and while it was yet in abeyance, Mrs. Oliver went into her son's bedroom, and said-

"Willie, I am come to talk to you about your choice of a profession. You know, my darling boy, that I wish nothing but your welfare and happiness, and that I would not willingly thwart any wish you might have. But I have a special reason—to me all-powerful—for desiring you not to accept this offer, and the time has come when I feel bound to tell you why. When you were quite a little boy, you were attacked with scarlet fever, and you were for some days at the very point of death; but I could not give you up, and I prayed without ceasing that you might recover. I wanted you all for myself. And you got a little better—so much better that all immediate danger was over. And then you began to grow

weaker, so we took you to the seaside, hoping you would recover strength there. But you got worse day by day, till it seemed almost hoping against hope to think that you would recover. So, one night when your father had come over to see you, while you were sleeping with such a look of illness on your face that we almost feared you would not live to see daylight, we knelt down by your bedside, and asked God, with breaking hearts, to give you back to us. And I then made an inward vow that, if He heard our prayer, I would, if possible, dedicate your life to Him. And it has been with that thought and hope constantly in my mind that I have watched you grow up from childhood, and striven to make a good man of you. Now, dear, you know why I wish you not to be a soldier."

"Nay, mother," he said, "you still want me to be a soldier, only under another flag."

"Yes, my boy, that is what I mean. I would have you to be a good soldier and servant of Jesus Christ," she said.

"Dear mother," he answered, "you know that all my life long I have tried to please you; and though in one way I *shall* be disappointed, I will do this for your sake."

"Not for my sake, dear Willie," she urged.

"Yes, for your sake, mother. I cannot pretend to feelings I haven't got. As you asked God once for my life, and got it, ask Him now for His grace for me," replied he.

And the mother did as her boy suggested,

At the present moment William Oliver is the curate-in-charge of a district church in one of the back slums of one of our great commercial centres. He draws all men unto him, not alone by the power of his eloquence, but by some more subtle charm, which one cannot form into words. Still, if you asked him how he came to be so successful as a toiler in his Master's vineyard, he would not hesitate to say it was owing to his mother's prayers.

J. HALIFAX.



"WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING."



ENTLE mothers vigil keep
While their babies' eyelids close.

O, the slumber deep,
O, the drench of sleep,
Come the little heart to steep

In a vast repose!
What can scare their souls with fear?
Mother, mother watches near.

Trust, my brother, trust as they!

Love more utter, more profound,

Leads thee on thy way,

Guards thee night and day;

Might of wider scope and sway

Girds thy being round.

Jesus' love, is ever near—

Shall His little children fear?

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.



TRIAL BY THIRST.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," "THE OILED FEATHER," ETC.



HE Bible is man's great educator, if only he know how to read it. It teaches in all ways, and by all means. It addresses itself to the affections and the intellect; it reads us wonderful lessons from sticks.

stones, battles, weddings, funerals, all sorts of events, great and small, happening to all sorts of people, from giants down to children. Laughter and tears, bread, wine, water, hunger, thirst—anything which falls within the experience of man—the Bible has something to say about them all.

And if you follow out any one subject—say, all the teachings which are to be found in connection with bread or water—it is wonderful how much it teaches, and how great the variety of thoughts it suggests: in fact, you will find that you cannot really exhaust any one subject; for after you think you have had from it all the teachings it can give, talk to a friend about it, and you will find that in your conversation, either new thoughts will come up into your mind, or will be suggested from his; or look at the subject again in some months' time, and come to it with your mind fresh, and you will see that it is still able to yield you something new.

We propose in this and some following papers to trace some of the teachings of Thirst. We shall find that they have much to say to us in our individual spiritual life. The first mention which we have in the Bible of Thirst is in Exodus xvii. 3, and the subject which it brings before us is "Trial by Thirst."

The congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, after their journeys according to the commandment of the Lord, and pitched in Rephidim; and there was no water for the people to drink. They were brought to this dry and thirsty place by the express leading of God; for they could only travel and pitch their tents as they were directed by the pillar of fire and cloud. He who led them to Rephidim knew very well beforehand what kind of place it was; therefore, this is God's trial of the people by thirst. To Rephidim they went "according to the commandment of the Lord," and had we seen them as they started on the morning, the evening of which found them there, we should never have guessed that they were going under the guidance of God Himself to a dry and thirsty place. God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor are His ways as ours; we should have said, "Surely there can be no experience for the people of God save that of great abundance; the God of the skies above and of the springs below can never let His people want."

Now there are many dry Rephidims in the world. This experience of the Israelites is typical; and we, in our journey to the Promised Land, find that Rephidim is one of its wilderness experiences.

There are dry places—very dry—as to earthly prosperity, and earthly affections, and even as regards spiritual experiences and privileges.

Some seem never to be able to attain to worldly prosperity. If they make a little heap, it is sure, like the sand at the bottom of the hourglass, as soon as it attains any height to fallsome cannot even make the little heap at all. And this form of trial is often by no means temporary -many a saint of God has tarried a long time at Rephidim. And in earthly affection Rephidim is to be found. Life has many a sad tale to tell of the hearts which have yearned for and found no counterpart, of the hearts which believed that they saw streams of water, but when they came to prove them found them to be but the deceitful mirage of the desert; of the wells which were too deep for their rope and bucket, into which a stone could, as it were, be thrown, and the listening ear could hear a splash and know that there was water below, but none could be fetched up for assuaging their thirst.

And as we shall probably see when we come to consider Psalm xlii., even in spiritual things Rephidim is to be found. In spiritual privileges, and feelings, and opportunities, we know that there are dry places—withered juiceless leaves are found where verdure ought to be, and perhaps used to be; stones, sand, and a scrap of stunted herbage are sometimes all that we can see. The young believe in ever-murmuring streams, and start heavenwards in the belief that the Promised Land may be reached by simply following the course of a river of spiritual freshness and happiness; but when they reach that land where they shall hunger no more and thirst no more, they shall have experiences of chequered spiritual life to tell-how their soul was athirst for God, as well as how they were led by still waters, of not only how they came to Elim, where there were twelve wells of water and three score of palmtrees, and they encamped there by the waters, but also how, according to the commandment of the Lord, they pitched in Rephidim, and there was no water for the people to drink.

Now, if it was God who brought His people into these circumstances, we may draw for ourselves the comfortable assurance that He knew all about this Rephidim—yes, we may extend the thought—that He knows about all Rephidims. Sometimes we talk and think when we come into a dry place, as though we had got into some spot outside God's creation, or sphere, or providence—some kind of place that He knows nothing about. And perhaps we think that, if God had been looking after us, we should never have got there; and when we pray to God about it, we do so in a tone which is almost as much as to say that He is ill-used as well as we, in such a calamity having come on His child.

And this may be the best view we take of the This is supposing we consider God kind; but perhaps we consider Him unkind, and say, "He knew all about this, and if He loved me, He should never have let me come here;" or perhaps we say, "He does not love me, or He would never have brought me here." stablish your heart in the belief of God's full knowledge of all the Rephidims in the world. Believe that He knows where they are, and what they are like, and every minute particular concerning them. Say to yourself, "There is no Rephidim unknown to God, no Rephidim without God; God has made no place destined to exist outside Himself, without Himself. 'Though we take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall His hand lead us, and His right hand shall hold us.' "

Let us note that it was God who made His people pitch at Rephidim; who not only led them there, but made them pitch there. though we are willing to believe in the Rephidims in the dry places—we would always pass them by. It is natural. No one chooses sorrow, or want, or straitening of any kind. We are willing to allow the Rephidim a place in our theology, but not in our life. I do not think that God is angry with us for this. Our nature was made for happiness, and all unhappiness is jarring to it. We shrink from it, just as we shrink from death. I do not suppose there ever yet lived a saint who, if he had his own free choice, apart from any good which he may think it would bring his soul, would pitch a single day in any Rephidim.

It is in mercy to us that God does not always allow us to dwell beside the seventy palm-trees and the twelve wells of water. We should never be humbled and proved—never know what is in us, if we did. And perhaps, as things now are in the world since the fall, God could never show what is in Himself, what supplies, what independence of circumstances, what power of turning hard rocks into flowing fountains.

Next, observe how God led the people up to this trial by a previous lesser experience. In Exod. xv., we have the story of the waters of Marah. There the waters were bitter, and the people could not drink them. And they "murnured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink? And he cried unto the Lord, and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet." There the trial was by bitter water, here it was by no water at all.

It was the same kind of trial, only in different forms. In each case it was trial by thirst; in the first there were the means, but they were unavailable; in the second, there were no means at all. In our life-story we shall find the same experience. Pain comes in many forms, but ever pain the same. Disappointment-always disappointment; but now from those from whom we might have expected something different, it is water, but, alas! bitter water, no good to us-worse than useless, because tantalising as well. Sorrow is Protean in its forms. Like the fabled Proteus of old, it can take many and even very opposite shapes, though ever remaining itself the same. Still, remember God everywhere, if only we will wait, and look, and cry to Him-God at Marah, and God at Rephidim. Beside all waters of Marah there is a tree which God knows, and God can show; in all Rephidims there is a rock which God can smite, and from which He can make waters flow.

In the case now before us the Israelites had two great helps, which if they had used, would have brought them through their difficulty in triumph. God had already proved Himself the God of waters on two different occasions. He had divided the Red Sea, and but a very little while before had sweetened these same waters of Marah.

But these things never came into their minds when the Rephidim trial was pressing on them. So potent is the pressure of present trial to blunt the faculties, and gather in all thought on the dark side of the sorrow at our door, or in our house. We can imagine the congregation saying, "Our God is a God of the waters. He began our deliverance by bringing us miraculously through them. He showed us but yesterday how He had power over them. Now He is the same God in dry places as in others. He can open us springs from the earth, or pour upon us floods from the skies." But nothing of the kind seemed to come into their minds. They did not know that God was One who called things which be not, as though they were; the want was very urgent, and it proved too much for

Alas! we know the whole story only too well in our own experience. Our helps have availed us but little in our trials. We might often have called to mind this and that which the Lord had done for us, we might have "put Him in remembrance," we might have calmly prayed instead of wildly murmuring; but we were overborne by the

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presence of the present trouble, and fell into unbelief and sin.

In our future times of trial, may God enable us to remember our helps; all that He has heretofore done for us, or for others, we may call to mind for comfort and strength. Every known experience of any member of the Church is a part of the Church's heritage—a part of its working power. If you know that God helped such a one, think of it, will He not also help you? If He helped you in former times, will He not help you now? Nothing in nature is lost—it only goes through new forms, it gets power in a new way, a new direction. So should it be with all the past experiences of help; they are not meant to die, but to come forth, helpful memories, to play their part in new emergencies.

But now as to the failure of the people. There is trial and failure; and to what is this failure to be traced? Partly to what we have already been considering—forgetfulness of previous exhibitions

of power and goodness.

But it came also from looking to man and means, wholly or too much—to misplacing man, and looking to him and not to God. Israel wanting a king; Israel going down into Egypt again leaning upon a reed that could only pierce the hand, are examples of the same evil. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" That is the lesson which we have continually to learn. The children of Israel seem to have had no higher resource than Moses; they had not learned the lesson of what God was in Himself, and of His independence of means.

We are always more or less doing this, we are misplacing man and means; we are saying, "Who will show us any good?"—we do not go on to the rest of the psalmist's words, "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us."

It may be that this looking to man and means is natural—at least natural to us in our present fallen state. But it is none the less dangerous on that account; nay, it is all the more dangerous, for the more natural a thing is, the easier it is; and we shall never be able to look away from man and means to God alone, without great effort, without doing a violence to nature.

We can trace yet another element of this failure—there was unbelief in and ignorance of a great destiny, in the preparation for which this present distress was only an incident.

The Israelites appear to have ignored everything but the present distress. They acknowledged—though it was not by way of acknowledgment that they said it—that they had been brought up out of Egypt; they would never have denied for a moment that it was under God's direction that Moses had acted; but in full view of the miraculous passage of the waters of the sea, they now declare that they were brought up, only that they and their children should be killed

with thirst. It was as much as to say, "You, and the God you act under, have not only brought this matter to a tame and meaningless, but to a wanton and cruel conclusion." In uttering the word Egypt, no doubt they had an eye to the flesh-pots of which they were so fond, and to the garlic and onions, and to the abundance of water. They little thought that they were increasing their own condemnation, for the word Egypt, with its bondage, could never be associated in the mind of any one who thought, with other than slavery and the great deliverance therefrom.

We may profitably take the lesson home to ourselves. If we cannot go so far as to say vanton unbelief in, and ignorance of our great destiny, make us complain foolishly, we may at least say that these are practically the cause of much of our restiveness under God's hand, and our misbehaviour in many ways under the various

trials of life.

The child of God has a great destiny in store; would that he had it always in view. And if we had it always in view we should never be guilty of anything at all equivalent to this particular sin of the Israelites. We should never get into despair, we should never say of anything, "This is for my death, my ruin;" our conscious destiny would uphold us. Men have done wonderful things and played great parts in the world under the influence of mistaken destiny. What they thought to be their destiny turned out a lie, but for a time it played the part of a truth to them. They believed themselves immortal until their work was done.

The realisation of a destiny may do great things for a man; it will enable him to sustain his spirit in the weariness of long imprisonment, for he believes the good day is coming, and that it is a simple impossibility that the one who was to play such a part as he, can die in a dungeon; it will carry him through disappointment and failure, for he believes he must come out

triumphant at last.

And we who have a destiny—and a true one—and who ought to know it, may be greatly helped by an abiding sense of it. If we are destined for heaven, and do not deny our God, we cannot perish by the way. He on His part will not let go His hold of us if we will to hold on to Him. The Israelites appear to have put Moses in the place of God; let us but say, "God with mighty power severed us from the world, from our old ways, our old selves; He has led us forth, He has outstretched heaven and life eternal before us, and we will believe in that destiny, and go forward."

It did not enter into the minds of the Israelites to think that so great an emergency—yes, we might almost say so great a calamity—as the want of water (for we would not make light in any wise of the trial) was only an incident in

preparing them in national character for the land which they were to inherit.

In that land they were to be God's people; they were to live on God's bounty in blessing it, and on His protection in keeping their enemies from it. If they were to go into it as a proved people, He was to dwell amongst them as a

proved God.

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A few hours must have determined the matter: either God must give them water in some way, or else sustain them miraculously without water. From the very nature of the trial, God did not mean to keep them long in it; but they seem never to have thought of any of these things. They rushed headlong into rebellion, under the quick pressure of a present need.

It is God's complaint elsewhere that His people "Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider" (Isa. i. 3). "They regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands" (Isa. v. 12). "Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old" (Isa. xliii. 18). And when the Apostles failed in faith in that great storm on the lake, the reason we have given to us is this: "For they considered not the miracle of the loaves" (St. Mark vi. 52).

It may seem to us that it was too much to expect that these terrified men, in that great emergency, should call to mind and reason upon the miracle of the loaves; but the thing could have been done, and the effect of it would have

been peace.

Now, let us bring all this home to ourselves. May it please God, by His good Spirit, to give us a right understanding in all things. have our trials-many of them, no doubt, small, but some of them undeniably great; and what will help us more through them than our realising that we are the children of God; that we are onward bound to a land which the Lord has given us, to possess it; that we are not meant to perish ignobly by something which is quite within God's control? Let the intelligent belief in our destiny do at least as much for us as a blind belief in their destiny has done for many.

And let us believe in the incidental nature of all trial—that it is not final, but incidental that this and that, whatever it may be, has to do, not with death and destruction and final loss, but with life, and preservation, and gain—that no strange thing has happened to us—that this trouble is by the way, and in nowise damages the certainty of the end. How God will bring us through it we know not; but we may be sure there will be (even after the long tossings up and down, and the darkness of the sun and moon for many days) no loss of life, but only of the ship.

Ah! through how many thirsty trials, hard incidents, have the Lord's people gone! God

give us the Holy Spirit even to discern somewhat at least the meaning of such when they come upon us, and while they are on us, so that we may be able to keep our eyes fixed upon Him to see what He will do, so that we may not lose our tempers and think that we are ill-used; so that, although what was upon us be for the present not joyous but grievous, we may believe that it is destined to yield the peaceable fruit.

Now look, lastly, at the extent to which this We are told in Exod. xvii. 7 that in this chiding the children of Israel tempted the Lord, saying, "Is the Lord among us, or not?"

Israel judged God by a circumstance. One would think that if circumstances were to be their standard for judging the Lord, they had plenty by which to form a very different opinion from that which they evidently did. But, in truth, all judging of God by circumstances is dangerous. Never do it. Believe in God Himself, and judge His dispensations by Him, and not Him by His dispensations. You have no power to tell the full meaning of any one circumstance, and you may make a fatal mistake if you stumble at this or that.

Moreover, they were unreasonable in thought d word. The Israelites seemed to have lost their head as well as their heart. They said to Moses, "Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?" (verse 3). Could any more monstrous or more silly accusation have been made? What motive could Moses have for such a wholesale murder, so disastrous to his own credit, as well as so abominable in itself? But this unreasonableness is often repeated. sometimes lose our head as well as our heart in trial, and say and think foolish things. Sin will always make a man in some form or other a

And last, look at the recklessness of speech as "And the people recorded in Numbers xx. 3. chode with Moses, and spake, saying, Would God that we had died when our brethren died before the Lord!" They said they were willing to have been amongst them who fell by fire before the Lord. It shows us how far into folly sin will carry us, and it teaches us in our trial-time to pray, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips" (Ps. cxli. 3). Perhaps we cannot attain to Habakkuk's spirit, so as to rejoice in the Lord, and to joy in the God of our salvation, even when all earthly comforts fail (Hab. iii. 18), but we may say, "O Lord, undertake for me, for I am oppressed" (Isa. xxxviii. 14), and then bow the head, and silently and faithfully wait upon the Lord to see what deliverance He will work.



PRAISE.

"And when he came out, he [Zacharias] could not speak unto them."—St. Luke i. 22.
"Then took he [Simeon] Him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said——"—St. Luke ii. 23.

ENTLY the long-expected vision broke
On Simeon, like sweet music on the ear,
While Zachary, holy, but less watchful, woke
To find a sudden angel standing near,
And love, not perfect, faltered into fear.

So shall the perfect ones the awful rays
Of God's great judgment day serenely bear;
But some shall shrink a little in amaze,
And speechless stand awhile ere they burst forth
in praise.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.



FEW young people

—amongst them
were Maggie Darrent and her
brother Hugh—
had, meanwhile,
assembled in the
drawing-room.
Sibyl rushed
upon Maggie,

Sibyl rushed upon Maggie, and poured out questions about her uncle. When did he arrive? Was he all Maggie had pictured him? How long was

he going to stay? Did he like a civilised life?

Maggie asked if she was expected to answer all the questions at once.

"Begin at the beginning," said Sibyl, folding her hands in her lap; "tell me everything, as if it were a story."

Then Maggie looked serious, and her great brown eyes grew soft and glistening, and enthusiasm spoke in her low musical voice.

"He is different from what I expected," she said; "different, but not disappointing. He is not lively, and he has not told us one single story yet about his adventures, and you know how bold we thought he would be."

"With piercing eyes, like the men in books," put in Sibyl.

"He may be bold," said Maggie; "I dare say he is, but he is very gentle; and sometimes, when he is speaking to one, he looks sad; but if he sees anyone in trouble that he can relieve, or if the children ask him a question about the birds or insects, or bring him even so little a thing as a leaf or a twig, why, then he changes in the most marvellous way. His face lights up as though great thoughts were behind it; and he has told us wonderful things. He makes me feel as if what the other day I thought a nut-shell was a great world, full of change; as if any moment I might go out and discover something new."

"But what do you think makes him look so sad?" said Sibyl, upon whom—for she was romantic—this part of Maggie's story had taken the most effect. Maggie shook her head.

"That I cannot tell," she answered. "I should think the sorrows of other people, those sorrows that no one can relieve. There are such sorrows, Sibyl."

"I know, I know," said the young girl, rising

hastily. Yes, she knew. She knew there was poverty, she knew there was sickness, she knew there was death. But she did not think it was necessary to dwell upon such things. They were utterly beyond the reach even of her sympathy.

Sidney Harcourt joined them. He did not find the society of the gentlemen in the dining-room quite to his taste. "I suppose," he said, addressing Maggie, "you can think of nothing but Uncle James now. When is my sail to be finished?"

"How many pages of Thucydides have you ready for me?" Maggie returned. "You remember our compact?"

There was a mutual help association between Maggie and Sidney, which, like many arrangements of the kind, was somewhat one-sided. For Sidney's sake, Maggie was learning Greek, and, in consideration of their lessons, which were devised subtly as a means to keep him up to the standard of necessary examinations, she helped him in a variety of ways—disentangled his tackle, made fishing-nets, constructed flies of the most deceptive character, and, last, but by no means least, was deeply engaged in making a huge sail, of a certain specified form, for the small sailing-boat Sidney had been permitted to hire for the season.

Sibyl withdrew to a little ottoman near the window, and left these two to their discussion.

Maggie's words had been suggestive. sat there alone, her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the blackness outside, certain new ideas came to her. They had nothing very definite about them; so shadowy were they that they scarcely deserved the name of ideas. They were fancies, rather, of an imaginative heart and brain. "The noble nature suffers"—in some such shape her thoughts ran-" suffers, because its weakness to help suffering is always present to it." And then what definiteness there was in her ideas became lost altogether: only vision was left. The noble nature, spent with the life-long task of living down its sorrow, might be revived. Oh, yes, such things had been. There were other natures, neither so rich nor so noble, but fresh, sincere, and loving. It had been known that the less had wrought upon the greater beneficially. If a vision, it was a fair one. Sibyl's lips parted in a smile. She felt nearer the world of suffering humanity than she had done a few moments before.

There was one who noted with pleasure the young girl's silence, the languor of her attitude, and the rich red colour that all at once, as she recognised whither her thoughts were tending, flooded her face. That astute observer was Miss Harcourt.

Naturally biassed, she put her own construction upon Sibyl's thought-wanderings; and, to encourage her dreamy mood, she asked for music. "Try and persuade Miss Darrent to play," she said to her nephew, Sidney, who made a mock bow, and offered Maggie his arm sedately.

This awoke Sibyl from her reverie, and she came forward into the lighted room.

"What are you going to play, Maggie?" she said, for, drawing off her gloves, Maggie sat thoughtful, as if in doubt or hesitation.

"Let it be something pretty and low," suggested Miss Harcourt; "one of those pastorals that Maggie plays so charmingly."

But Sibyl said, in a low tone, which only Maggie and Sidney caught, "I should like a march, a call to battle. Soft music makes one womanish."

"Give us something familiar, dear," said gentle Mrs. Vernon. "I think," addressing Mrs. Darrent—the two ladies sat together near the piano—" half the charm of music is in its power of association."

"But the memories are not always pleasant," said Mrs. Darrent; "through some music there runs an

undertone of pain."

"Yes, but it seems to me that the pain is refined." Mrs. Darrent smiled. "James would say that it is taken up into the region of art, and purified there. Play what pleases yourself, Maggie," to her daughter, who still sat a little doubtful before the piano, "then you will be sure to please others."

"Yes, yes, play what you like," came from different

sides of the room.

Miss Harcourt, with a benignant smile, as of one who expects to be pleased, threw herself back in her arm-chair, and addressed to her neighbour, Mrs. Morton, a few remarks, embodying a short history of Maggie's musical talent, and what she called "her remarkable gift of improvisation."

Mrs. White, leaning forward, said, "that Sibyl must be persuaded to play presently. Her performances were wonderful; to see her fingers running up and down their new grand piano was a sight not to

be forgotten."

Mrs. Morton, thereupon, observing that a piano was as difficult to choose as a friend, made tender inquiries about this new piano, upon whose excellence Mrs. White was only too ready to dilate, and, being thus engrossed, none of the three noticed that Maggie's prelude had begun.

It was excusable, for this prelude was low and tender, like a dream told in a silent evening.

It moved Sibyl, and she escaped from the warm room and the ladies' chatter to the moonlit terrace outside,

A pain—it was an incomprehensible pain, but it had a strange new sweetness in it—made her heart vibrate. This music seemed the echo of her dreams. Her eyes filled with tears. Then she told herself indignantly that she was womanish and weak, and longed to be a man. Men never wept. Men never felt music and the loveliness of things as a subduing power. But did they not really? Would it be well to live in such a world as this and never shrink and tremble, never recognise its wonder, never feel its

mystery? Yes, she was inclined to think that men had these feelings too.

By which it will be seen that Sibyl, daughter of the self-made man and of the gentle little lady without ideas, was also a child of the age, in that she had inherited that complex mental organisation which makes our modern life so difficult.

But the fundamental qualities of girl-nature differ very little, after all, throughout the ages. Those large vague ideas described a circle ever narrower, as they swept through Sibyl's mind, and presently they grew to a point. "I wonder," she said, to herself, "if James Darrent feels so. I wonder if pathetic music would make the tears start to his eyes. Perhaps it is his sympathy with human suffering that makes him quiet and sad."

And here she reflected that an uneasiness so deepseated would be difficult to cure, and, for a few moments, was actually impatient with the world for being so unsatisfactory and causing people so much trouble. Wherewith, having a keen sense of humour, she laughed at herself. "I am only a baby, after

all," she said, half aloud.

But Maggie's music changed. She was thinking of Sibyl now—Sibyl, who wanted a war-song—a clash of trumpets and a gathering together to battle. Since her childhood she had looked upon her bold, frank, audacious play-fellow—always first to ask a favour and first to confess a fault—as a warriormaiden, one to whom the sentiment of fear was unknown. Fear was well known to Maggie, and she had an inordinate reverence for the fearless.

The martial notes, meant for Sibyl, went straight to Sibyl's soul. Tears and womanish softness fled

away together.

Again she longed to be a man-not a poet or sentimentalist-but a leader, a warrior, a conqueror; like Epaminondas, first in her country's senate, and foremost in its battle-fields. This girl's nature was a responsive one. She was peculiarly open to impressions, and the impressions found for themselves an outward vent in her attitudes and expressions. Hence that variety about her, which, people said, was her principal charm. As she listened to the music, as, in imagination, she filled some of the greatest rôles in the world's history-imagination, we must remember, has no limits-her grand form seemed to dilate, unconsciously, so intense was her feeling. She threw her hands above her head, and lifted her eyes to the deep starlit sky of night. The world was too small for Sibyl at this moment. Only heaven, or heavenly aspirations, could answer to her need.

"If it is acting, it is superb acting," said, half to himself, a gentleman who, standing at the further end of the terrace, just outside the dining-room window, had been watching the girl's gestures and expressions. Sibyl was not aware that she stood exactly in the centre of the light that streamed from the drawing-room, and that her profile was strongly illuminated. James Darrent was in shadow.

He was a sympathetically sensitive man. His-

action in watching her had been as unconscious as her response to the music. When he discovered what he had been doing, he bit his lip in annoyance, and passed away from the window into the garden.

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The gentlemen were just leaving the dining-room. When they appeared amongst the ladies, Miss Harcourt intimated to Sir Walter that Sibyl was on the terrace. The intimation implied a wish that he should join her there. Sir Walter was, of course, not unaware of the future his aunt planned for him, and his attitude towards this future was, until just lately, a tolerably neutral one.

He had no objection to Sibyl, he rather liked her; and he felt keenly how unpleasant a thing it was to be short of ready money. If Sibyl cared to supply this need, and to receive from him the advantages of a good name and an assured position, he had nothing to say against the bargain. It was his opinion, in fact, that both of them might do worse. She might be taken in by a fortune-hunter; he might be compelled-it was part of his life-creed that he must marry money-to ally himself with some one utterly distasteful to his feelings. But a few days before this evening party, things had changed a little for Sir Walter. He would not, probably, have confessed so much; indeed, it is likely that he was scarcely conscious of the change that had come to him. There are changes in mental attitude, other than that momentous one which we all should know of, For in the midst of influences of every kind our mental tissue is being wrought. The beauty of the world; the passion of that art by which man grows into sympathy with nature, and tastes the rapture of creative power; the sweetness of domestic affection; the subduing power of noble example; the energy, thrilling through all time, of heroic deeds; friendship; the compelling charm of a rare individuality; these are some of the influences which mould us. And most often they work gradually; but now and then, as all history testifies, they sweep down upon us suddenly, like a torrent, and we are borne away; we cannot resist.

Something like this had happened to Sir Walter.

He was pacing his horse through the woods one evening. He heard the sound of a voice carrying on what seemed like a monologue. The voice was penetrating and musical. Being curious, he went slowly in the direction whence it proceeded.

He was near a certain little sheet of water, well known by the children in the neighbourhood for the ferns, and mosses, and wild flowers that grew upon its banks; above this pond were some young beeches. He could hear the voice distinctly now. It was of an exquisite quality. But the words seemed a jargon of nonsense.

Sir Walter felt that he ought to pursue his way quietly. For whomsoever the words might be intended, they were certainly not for him.

But curiosity was strong. Moreover, there was about the voice a species of fascination which he could not resist. Drawing up his horse, he looked down through the veil of tender green. The thought crossed his mind that it had never occurred to him before how lovely was the foliage of these young beeches; now, as the rays of the evening sun shone upon them, they seemed radiant with a light of their own. Probably he was in a receptive mood. But the beech-leaves were presently forgotten in the exquisite little picture they framed.

The mystery of the sustained voice and nonsensical jargon was solved. A mother was telling fairy tales to her child.

And now Sir Walter could not have stirred if he would. To say that he was spell-bound would be a mere commonplace. As he looked at that marvellous face, all the more fascinating for its touch of sadness—where he sat he could catch the profile of the face, the tiny ear, and the golden-brown hair, tossed back behind it—Walter Harcourt had the curious sensation of the world enlarging about him.

He stayed but a moment. He was afraid of disturbing them; but he went away thoughtful.

And since then he had seen the lady again. This second time it was at church. He inquired who she was, and was told that she was Mrs. Rosebay, the lady to all appearance dropped from the clouds, who had taken Fairfield House. He heard also, for he was persevering in his questions, that the child to whom she showed such motherly tenderness was not her own, but a little foundling whom she had brought from London; probably, his informant said, she could not bear the loneliness of her life.

Since then Sir Walter did little else but think of the solitary stranger, frame histories of her past, and wish, with the fervency of his two-and-twenty years, that his good fate would throw into his hands some chance of serving her. For as yet no selfish feeling mingled with his adoration; indeed, the mental revolution he had undergone consisted principally in the fact that his point of view was changed. Hitherto self had been the central sun of his universe; now he began to look at things through the eyes of another. Hence it came about that his aunt's idea of building up his fortunes through the surrender, possibly the sacrifice, of his little friend and playfellow, was all at once repugnant to him.

Nevertheless—for Miss Harcourt was a strongnatured woman, and the habit of obedience to her will was one of long standing—Sir Walter went out upon the terrace.

Sibyl was still there, lost in thought. It was a beautiful evening; the lawn, with its grey borders, and shrubs of fantastic form, seemed to sleep in the moonlight; through the shadowy background of tall forest-trees two or three stars shone brightly; the odours of moss-rose and carnation filled the air. Sibyl sighed deeply.

"What a sigh!" said Sir Walter, lightly; he was doing what was required of him. "Might one inquire..."

Sibyl's requirements did not happen to be the

same as Miss Harcourt's, and she answered petulantly, with the manner of a child aroused from sleep, "No; one might not inquire. And please, another time, don't creep. I hate people to watch me."

aloud" made her own elaborate morceaux de salon odious. So, to Mrs. White's secret mortification, Maggie played again—this time some well-known airs, to please Mrs. Vernon—and Sibyl took



"'Maggie used to read your letters to me.'"-p. 114.

He ventured another light remark, but her answer was of so chilling a nature, that he did not attempt to conciliate her further. He braved his aunt's contempt by requesting her to go into the drawing-room and give them some music.

Sibyl would go into the drawing-room readily, but she would not play. She said Maggie's "thinking her place on an ottoman near the piano, Sir Walter standing near her, submissively. She was in one of her wilful moods, and wished he would not stand there. He irritated her. She knew him well enough. He was a good fellow in his way, but not interesting. There were others in the room to whom she would have preferred to talk. But, till Maggie's second performance was concluded, there he stood, like a rigid kind of watchman, bound not to stir.

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Meanwhile, Mrs. Darrent, who sat at the further end of the room, had noticed Sibyl's constrained attitude.

"I know what it is," she said to her brother-inlaw, who, sitting near her, had followed the direction of her gaze; "she wants to be introduced to you."

"Wants to be introduced to me!" he echoed.
"That seems strange; but who is she?"

"Oh, you must surely have heard Maggie talk of her—Sibyl White. Her mother owns Melbury Park. They have plenty of money, and she is the only child."

James Darrent looked at Sibyl with interest. He had already recognised in her the young lady whose magnificent pose he had admired. He said, "If I don't mistake, she is a remarkable girl."

"She is remarkable," Mrs. Darrent replied, with that generous enthusiasm which gave force to her approvals. "Another girl would have been spoiled long ago. She is as simple, and fresh, and girl-like as she can be. She is clever, too, and accomplished."

As she spoke, she made a friendly sign to Sibyl, who obeyed it by crossing the room to her.

"I knew you were longing to be introduced to Uncle James," she said, in a whisper.

Sibyl thanked her by a grateful smile, and then looked up to the traveller, who had risen from his seat, and was bowing to her in as orthodox a fashion as if he had been accustomed to drawing-rooms all Then followed a pause. In her rapid fashion this girl was dotting down his characteristics, and noting, with a little sinking of soul, such as naturally attends upon disappointment, that they were rather of a negative than a positive description. James Darrent was not tall, he was not weatherbeaten, his eyes were not piercing, his chin was not massive. Had he been any one but James Darrent, the traveller, and long-time hero of her imagination, Sibyl might have pronounced him commonplace. That she came to no such rash conclusion was due, perhaps, not only to the dream preceding the introduction, but to the quiet friendly smile and look of unmistakable interest that, on his side, followed it, and that moved her to say, to the accompaniment of a slight heightening of colour, "You must not be surprised that I wished to see you, Mr. Darrent. It seems to me that I have known you for a long time." Here, reflecting that this imagined knowledge might be mysterious to him, she explained, with her peculiarly frank and winning smile, "Maggie used to read your letters to me-that is how I heard of you. We read them together in the orchard at Mrs. Darrent's, and, for a long time after any of them came, you would figure as a personage in our fancies."

She laughed as she thought of those games. It was a clear, healthy, girlish laugh; but in a moment she recovered her composure. She added, more seriously, being touched with the fear that she was wasting her opportunities, "How delightful it must be to live as you have done, alone in a desert place!"

She had seated herself near Mrs. Darrent. James Darrent took a seat by her side. He was pleased with her. She was like a new type to him—a new type that, correctly analysed, might prove indictinitely instructive. The traveller was a man of theories.

He said, "Did it never strike you that life in a desert might be better in imagination than reality?"

"Oh," answered Sibyl, "everything is better in imagination. I know that."

James Darrent looked at her in some surprise. He was confirmed in his impression that Nature had sent him a typical specimen of girl-nature.

Knitting her brows, Sibyl went on-

"But it was not that I meant when I spoke of life in a desert; and, perhaps, desert is not a right word. I was thinking"—she clasped her hands, and looked out straight before her—"of getting away from every-day things into a new and wonderful world. I was thinking of freedom. I was thinking of discoverers, and of the glory of increasing knowledge for men."

Thus far the young girl spoke with an intensity and fervour that astonished even Mrs. Darrent, well as she knew her. Then suddenly she broke off. A word of her own had sent off her mind on one of its rapid swallow-like flights.

"Maggie says you make her feel like that," she observed, looking with quick eagerness into the traveller's face.

He was too much interested in her to remark on the vagueness of the observation; indeed, it fitted into his train of thought.

"Yes," he said, "I have made Maggie feel as if there was something to be discovered everywhere—at our feet, over our heads, about us. We don't want deserts and savage countries to make life interesting, Miss Sibyl. We have only to open our eyes—yes'—reverently—"and to allow our hearts to speak. 'The discerning intellect of man, when wedded to this goodly universe,' so Wordsworth puts it, may find beauty, interest, the highest pleasure everywhere."

Thus James Darrent spoke, and Sibyl listened with hands joined together, and eyes cast down thoughtfully. Some one else claimed his attention, and Sidney and Maggie were clamorous for hers.

She listened to what they had to say, but James Darrent's words mingling with her thoughts, made an undercurrent of feeling. She was anxious to hear more. For the present, however, her anxiety had no chance of being gratified.

Mr. Vernon, who was deeply read in philology, was endeavouring to draw from the traveller proofs of one of his latest theories, and, with this view, was catechising him closely about the forms of speech of the least known and most backward African tribes; and James Darrent, being himself a philologist in a small way, was only too glad to lend himself to the catechism.

Sibyl was not even able to bid him good-night when she went away later.

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CHAPTER IV.

SIBYL was an early riser. She loved to be out-of-doors when her neighbours were asleep, and the flowers and the birds had the world to themselves. Before six o'clock on the morning following Miss Harcourt's little dinner, she was dressed and in the garden. There was much to be done. She had to visit the chickens, and to feed a lovely golden pheasant in the yard; her pockets were full of biscuits for her dogs and sugar for her horses. There was a young calf in the cow-house, that she had forbidden the dairy-maid to feed until she was up; her beautiful new aviary required her supervision. Sibyl ran away from her flowers.

And first she let loose her particular friend in the establishment, a superb smooth-haired St. Bernard, with powerful limbs, and melting brown eyes, that seemed to crave affection.

Thus Sibyl passed on, her attendant trudging along by her side. When her morning duties were accomplished, it still wanted an hour of their usual breakfast time.

"We can get some fresh moss for the baskets," she said; and to Don's irrepressible delight, she found her basket and gloves. Leaving the Park by a postern-gate, they come out upon a private road. Sibyl did not like roads, and Don was entirely of her mind. They left the road and struck across one of those stretches of common for which Surrey is famous.

Melbury Hall stood on the outskirts of Melbury civilisation. Beyond it were the wastes of heather and furze which separated the village from another and less distinguished village in its neighbourhood; and where Sibyl stood presently, on the brink of a sandy hollow, there was an absolute silence and solitude.

It was such a position as the girl loved. Filling her-lungs with the keen fresh air of the morning, feasting her eyes upon the pomp of colour, the heather's purple—for it was late July—and the golden fringing of hawkweed and tansy, she paused and looked round her. Don stopped too. Sibyl thought he looked a fine object against the morning sky, moveless, erect, his ears pointed, his limbs rigid.

"Do you see anything, old man?" she asked. He took no notice of her question.

"I do believe he does," she murmured. "Don, what is it? I insist on your answering me."

Don's tail began to sway uneasily from side to side. No doubt he considered the interruption untimely. Then, all at once, he laid his ears to the ground, growled angrily, and darted away. At the same moment there came to Sibyl's ears distinctly the sound of a child's cry, and she remembered that this part of the common had a bad name; tramps and vagabonds were said to make their beds in the heather.

For a few moments she stood listening. The sense of possible danger rather stimulated than alarmed the bold girl. "With Don and this," she said, flourishing her small riding-whip in the air, "I should be a match for any number of tramps."

Nothing could be heard now, and she had lost Don amongst the furze; but ske caught sight again of his tawny coat, flashing in and out of the clumps of heather, and, gathering up her skirts, started to follow him. As she ran, she heard continually the same sound—a melancholy monotonous child's wail. It guided her, for, swift of foot as she was, she could not keep up with her powerful Don, whom she soon lost from sight.

The sounds became clearer.

"Oh! my Gipsy! my Gipsy!" she heard, in a voice choked with sobs. "My poor little Gipsy's gone!"

Sibyl was out of breath by this time. She drew up, and looked round. A small hillock was before her. Rounding its shoulder cautiously—for she did not wish to be taken at a disadvantage—she came out all at once upon the object of her search; and for all her sympathy, she could scarcely refrain from laughing. This was the queerest little scrap of humanity she had ever seen.

It had evidently been well dressed a short time since, for remnants of lace still clung to its pinafore, which showed a curious combination of red and brown stains, and patches of snowy white. Its curly head was bare, and so were its little pink feet, at which it looked down ruefully. For the rest, the little torn pinafore and a tiny under-garment were the only covering it possessed. But the face was what amused Sibyl. Such a face !—small, white, weird, with a tiny sauey nose, large brown eyes, and a mouth like an opening flower-bud, so brilliant in colour were the rose-red lips, provokingly pursed together. Sibyl was at that stage of a woman's life when, if she love children at all, her love is a passion.

"You little darling!" she said, enthusiastically; and, sitting down upon the grass beside the little one, she tried to draw it to her arms. But the mite resisted with all the force of which she was capable.

"I'se not a beggar," she said; "I'se lots of ponnies at home."

"I see you are a very nice little girl," Sibyl said, reassuringly; "and no doubt you had a frock on this morning."

"They've been and took it away," said the child, sobbing again.

"Ah, well, never mind the frock. I might find you another, if you would come with me. My house is not far away, and there is breakfast there."

At the pleasant word breakfast, the child, observing that she was "so hungry, she didn't know what to do," edged herself closer to Sibyl, who rose, took her in her arms, and, since she met with no further opposition, carried her in the direction of the Park. "And now that we are so far friends," she said, "perhaps you will tell me your name."

"I'se the Witch," replied the baby, readily.

g her relapsed into an unchildlike melancholy, which was natch painful to behold, and she wished to make her laugh, "Now you must be making a mistake; the Witch is Don of his ps of

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at my house, shut up in my stable." The startling intimation had the effect Sibyl desired.

"The Witch!" exclaimed Sibyl, for the child had

The little pale face resting on her shoulder was lifted, and a look of contradiction made its dark eyes

" No, she ain't," said the mite, with decision.

"But I tell you she is," answered Sibyl.

The idea that there might possibly be two Witches began now to dawn upon the child.

"Is it little?" she asked, with some excitement, " and has it a white face and big eyes? I'se a white face and big eyes."

"So I see," said Sibyl, looking with much gravity into the child's eager face. " No; my Witch is quite different from you; she is brown, not white, and she has a mane like silk, and beautiful soft eyes, and she is big enough to carry me all over the common."

"What a funny girl!" said the mite; and Sibyl had the pleasure of hearing her laugh heartily.

In all probability the picture conjured up by her imagination was of this big girl, who could carry her, being carried about herself by a girl still bigger. Presently, however, she recalled to mind the misfortunes of the morning, and her sorrowful wail recommenced.

Sibyl was at her wits' ends. She did not know But happily Don created how to comfort her. a diversion. With a little long-haired dog trotting by his side, whom in rapturous exclamations the child hailed as her own Gipsy, and the remnants of a blue cashmere frock, he came rushing up to them.

They all went on happily together.

Sibyl gathered, by further catechising the child, that she knew neither her second name nor her habitation, and that she had no mother, only what she was pleased to call a "new mammy." latter person romantic Sibyl at once interpreted as a step-mother, and she made up her mind that the Witch was treated unkindly at home. In fact, she had already begun to speculate about the possibility of the Witch's father, if he could be found, allowing her to keep his little girl, and to frame visions of summer and winter days to come, during which her newly-found treasure would form an important part of her life.

That the Witch, in a voice broken with sobs and the true accent of affection, should cry out, now and then, for her new mammy, and crave to be taken to her at once, proved nothing from Sibyl's point of view; for does not all the world know how forgiving

We meanwhile must turn from Sibyl to her mother, and consider Mrs. White's state of mind, when, on coming down from her room, in her usual neutral frame towards things in general, with a reserve of strong feeling always ready to manifest itself towards her daughter, she met in the hall the little party we have seen wending their way to the Park-Sibyl, flushed and eager, with the half-naked child in her arms; Don, whom she had not remembered to return to his kennel, looking proud and defiant by her side, and the long-haired terrier, running from corner to corner, and wailing piteously its conviction that something was wrong,

The poor lady stopped aghast. "Why, Sibyl," she cried out, "what in the world have you been

doing now?"

"I picked up a Witch on the common, mother; look at it and tell me if it isn't lovely."

But the Witch would not be examined. She buried her head in Sibyl's shoulder, declared that this wasn't home, and begged to be taken to her mammy.

Sibyl consoled her by vague promises of being taken to her mammy presently, and they succeeded in persuading her to allow herself to be dressed in some minute garments of Sibyl's, long laid by. By this time Mrs. White had recovered from her first shock, and was full of curiosity and interest, mingled with tremulous half-tearful recollections of a certain dark day many years ago, when, for two long hours, her own darling had been missing, and shuddering determination that Sibyl should no more walk the common in the morning without two or three servants in attendance.

At breakfast, when the Witch, who, being dressed now in white embroideries and blue ribbons, had resumed her former dignity, and was busily occupied with bread and milk, eggs and honey, the important question of where she belonged was discussed, Sibyl maintaining her suspicion that the child's "new mammy" was a step-mother, asked if any widower in the neighbourhood had married lately.

Mrs. White could not remember any such case, and Mrs. White knew everybody. Mother and daughter looked thoughtful.

Then Sibyl declared her conviction that the Witch was unkindly treated at home, and proposed that they should keep her.

But Mrs. White started a new idea. "There is one person I do not know," she said, with hesitation, "a lady lately come to the neighbourhood-a widow. They tell me she has adopted a child."

"Do you mean Mrs. Rosebay?"

"Yes, Mrs. Rosebay. She-

"The Witch is Mrs. Rosebay's, I am sure," interrupted Sibyl, jumping from her seat, and striking her hands together. "I wanted to meet her; nothing could have fallen out better. Sarah" (to her mother's maid, who was helping the Witch), "tell James I want the pony-phaeton at once."

Mrs. White did not countermand her daughter's order, but she ventured a feeble protest. "You will not go yourself, Sibyl?"

"Myself, mother! pray, why not?"

"I have not called, dear. You see, she knows no one." "The more reason that I should know her. I hate following the multitude-"

"But—listen to me, darling. It is better you should not go. There are curious stories floating about; Miss Harcourt told me so. She says—"

Sibyl, who had been walking towards the door, stopped short in the middle of the room. Her mother shrank into herself. The girl had her father's look in her eyes; a certain angry defiance, bordering on contempt, but she spoke quietly. "Please don't quote Miss Harcourt, mother. Say what you wish done; I will obey you. Miss Harcourt I decline to obey."

"Sibyl, Sibyl, you are running away with an idea, indeed you are. I never wished you to obey Miss Harcourt, only to follow her advice. Remember what experience she has—what knowledge of society."

"I remember one thing she has not," flashed out the girl.

"And what is that?" asked Mrs. White.

"Heart; she is as cold-blooded as-as a fish."

Wherewith, being never long serious, Sibyl burst into a peal of laughter, and the Witch, under the belief that the entertainment was got up for her benefit, swayed herself backwards and forwards in her seat, and joined in so clamorously that poor Mrs. White's wailing voice could scarcely be heard.

"It's too bad; yes, it's too bad," she protested.
"Those Darrents never liked dear Miss Harcourt; they have been putting ideas in your head, and she is my best friend; and I'm sure she's very benevolent.
Mr. Vernon says the sums she gives away in charity are surprising. Oh, yes! you may laugh; but I quote his own expression, and a clergyman ought to know. If you quarrel with her, I don't know what I shall do."

"Mother, darling," said Sibyl, stooping to kiss her. "I really think, taking you altogether, you are the most exasperating person I know."

It was in this way their altercations usually ended. Satisfied with her daughter's caress, Mrs. White put no further obstacle in the way of her carrying out her intention, and already the ponies were at the door. Sibyl put on her hat; the Witch, a little drowsy after the excitement of the morning, was wrapped up tenderly by Mrs. White herself, and placed in Sibyl's lap. At a rapid pace they started for Fairfield House.

There, meanwhile, the excitement was intense, for Mrs. White's guess had been correct. The Witch was Mrs. Rosebay's adopted child.

In her loneliness and heart-hunger the new neighbour had determined to take some deserted child into her house, and, about a fortnight since, she had paid a visit to the Foundling Hospital. The little Jeannette charmed her at once. The different formalities were gone through, the child was brought home, and her curious individuality, her audacity, her queer old-fashioned ways, her white face, and her big plaintive-looking brown eyes so fascinated Mrs. Rosebay's household—they had been on the verge of insurrection—that Jeannette was christened

the Witch, and allowed such liberty as seldom falls to the lot of children.

When, therefore, the girl, hired as her special attendant, came that morning to tell, with flowing tears, that Miss Jeannette was neither in the nursery nor in the garden, and that, in fact, she did not know where she was, there followed as great a commotion as if the little foundling had been a queen's daughter.

Every effort was made to find her, as yet without success, for certainly none of Mrs. Rosebay's messengers would have thought of making inquiries at

the great house of the village.

The police-station had long since been sent to. This was on account of hints being thrown out by the servants about tramps and vagabonds; and a gentleman, with a large frame and cheerful voice, called on Mrs. Rosebay. After making minute inquiries. this person observed, darkly, that such things had happened before in Melbury, "them tramps was that owdacious." He expressed, however, his conviction that they would "nail 'em this time." He seemed to imply, indeed, that this adventure of Jeannette's might presently come to be looked upon as a benefit to the neighbourhood, which would be deprived of the presence of disagreeable vagabonds. Touching his hat, then he ventured the remark that the morning was hot; and when he had been supplied with refreshment to his heart's content, his view of the business was so much more hopeful than before that Mrs. Rosebay felt completely reassured. But an hour, two hours, passed away; and still no intelligence came from the cheerful stalwart gentleman.

Mrs. Rosebay's uneasiness grew. She became agitated, nervous, desponding. Some of the old morbidness, from which the little Jeannette had been rousing her, oppressed her spirit once more.

A few of us know these moods, when we get away by ourselves, and sit silent and still, with feelings at our heart "too deep for tears;" when gloomy visions oppress us; when we cry out in our despair, "All these things are against us."

Adeline's life had been unhappy, and it did not seem strange that this, her new happiness and interest, should be suddenly cut short.

"It is the fate of everything I love," she said. "I am marked. I should not have taken the child. It was a selfishness and a folly; but oh, why is it? why is it?"

She did not weep. Her eyes were dry and stern, her hands were knotted together; while, as in a vision, the days that were gone passed before her.

Suddenly there was a sound of movement in the house, a rushing of many feet, voices in animated talk, a laugh.

Adeline ran to the door of her room, and threw it open, just in time to see the prettiest and most heart-gladdening picture that she had looked upon for many a long day.

Sibyl is on the stairs—strong comely Sibyl—her face bright with colour, her eyes shining, her tall fine

form erect. With one hand she holds up her dress as she mounts the stair, with the other she carries the Witch, whose tiny hands are being cried and laughed over by Mrs. Rosebay's old servant Anne.

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"They all went on happily together."-p. 115.

The rest of the servants follow, every face full of delight; while Don, bearing legibly written on his countenance the consciousness that he is to be thanked for this happy reunion, and the long-haired terrier, bring up the rear. Throw this group into full sunshine, for the morning-light was pouring into hall and passages; look at it through a mist of tears;

look beyond humanity, and to realise with such vividness as to the busy and happy might seem impossible, an invisible world surrounding us; imagine all this, and it will not seem strange that, after the first moment of surprise and deep-breathed prayer of thanksgiving, Adeline Rosebay's face should change. Slowly she moved forward, as one

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the very beatings of whose heart are arrested by solemn feeling, and the servants, frightened by her expression, fell back one upon the other. They said—

"She sees something. The trouble has turned her brain."

Sibyl had no such fear, but she was curious and impressionable. The fixity of Adeline's gaze, her remarkable beauty, and the slow processional movement, which endowed her with a certain queenly dignity, had the effect upon the young girl of a new experience, and she paused midway on the stairs, the words of explanation she had prepared frozen by

surprise upon her lips.

Adeline moved forward still; the Witch, who was busy watching Gipsy and Don, had not seen her, and the stillness of the little group confirmed her first impression, that the light-robed maiden, with the strong and stately form, was only a spirit or appearance. Further and further the group seemed to recede from before her, and her passionate eyes, with the heart-hunger in them, followed ever, till one might have imagined that she was looking not at Sibyl and the child, but beyond them into infinite distance.

The moment was one of discomfort and unnatural tension, for it all passed in a moment; though to Sibyl, to whom the sensations of awe and wonder with which she was inspired were entirely novel, the

time seemed long.

But a child was present, and children, happily, are not sufficiently developed to understand the subtler shades of feeling. When Jeannette turned and saw Adeline, her one impression was delight. The eyes looking far away, the expression as of one on the borders of that awful "no-man's-land," where visions come and go, did not affect the child. She gave a great bound, called out to Sibyl, in an authoritative voice, with tiny gestures of command, to put her down, and clung about Adeline's dress, begging to be forgiven.

With a gasp and a cry the white lady came back to herself. Colour flooded her face, the unnatural expression left her eye. Passing one hand caressingly over Jeannette's curly head, she held out the other to

Sibyl.

"I hope you will forgive me," she said, with a smile, which Sibyl instantly characterised as angelic, "for my slow welcome. Indeed, I am grateful to you. You have brought back my treasure; but you came upon me unexpectedly. I had been passing through severe agitation. I could not believe in a happy end to my trouble; for it was a great trouble"—pressing Jeannette to her heart. "We love our naughty Witch. She came to me, you know, in a strange way. I always think there is something unearthly about her, and "—her colour deepened—"when I saw you just now, with my darling in your arms, the thought came to me that you were unearthly too."

"I belong to this earth, very much to this earth,"

Sibyl said, with an answering smile. "But," the humour of the situation striking her, "it is lovely to have been taken for a ghost. How the boys would laugh!"

"You must not tell any one, please," said Adeline, whose sensitive nature was alarmed at the idea of her becoming a laughing-stock to the neighbourhood. "But come in; you will rest and take breakfast."

Sibyl followed Mrs. Rosebay, took an offered chair, and assured her that she was no gossip. She proceeded to remark—this was somewhat hypocritical of Miss Sibyl—that such a mistake as Mrs. Rosebay had made was the most natural in the world. Sibyl, upon reflection, pronounced herself as profoundly convinced that, under like circumstances, she would have been similarly affected. Also, having picked up a smattering of psychological knowledge from a popular treatise, she made a few quasiscientific remarks upon the powerful effect upon the mind of sudden revulsions of feeling. Adeline began to think this a most sensible girl.

"Would you consider me curious," she said, presently, "if I am to ask whom I am to thank for all this kindness?" Sibyl and Jeannette, in their different ways, had related the events of the morning. "I have been some time in Melbury, and I do not remember to have seen you." She added, being full of admiration for the frank and handsome girl, "I am sure I should have remembered you. Such a face as yours is not easily forgotten."

Sibyl blushed with pleasure.

She answered, "I have only just come home from school. My name is Sibyl White." Then, fancying a shade of disappointment on Mrs. Rosebay's face, she proceeded, with rapidity and conviction, "My mother should have called upon you before this. She will do so at once. You see" (explanatorily), "she is a little shy, and seldom makes new acquaintances when I am away from home."

Breakfast was served presently in the drawingroom. It had glass doors, opening upon a smooth,
closely-shaven lawn, planted with beds of roses in
full bloom, and it was furnished, not luxuriously, like
Sibyl's home, but with elegance and refinement. The
chairs were of cane or wicker-work; there was inexpensive matting on the floor, curtains of pale
green chintz subdued the light, and gave it pleasant
tones, and flowers in vases of exquisite form and
workmanship filled the little room with pleasant

So much Sibyl's first observation revealed to her; but, since she was a healthy young lady whom the various emotions of the morning had exhausted, she was hungry, and it pleased her to remark that the breakfast laid out on a small table near the window was of a tempting character.

The fact was that Anne, to whom the face of the young lady of the Hall was well known, had exerted herself.

"It's an ill wind that blows no one good," said this

sagacious old woman to one of the imaginary listeners that constantly attended upon her. She was toasting the bread, frying the bacon, and devilling the sardines with minute care. "And if," she proceeded,

"this morning's trouble results in the people at the Hall taking her up, my lady may be thankful. She'll have some one to talk to, poor dear."

(To be continued.)

THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD.

THE BREASTPLATE.

BY THE REV. J. A. FAITHFULL, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, LEICESTER.

"Having [put] on the breastplate of righteousness."-Eph. vi. 14.



GREAT deal of confusion has existed with regard to the sense in which the word "righteousness" is to be understood. But there need have been none, if only expositors had consistently kept in sight the fact that the apostle's purpose

in this passage is to point out the moral characteristics of the Christian man. In view of the context, we are compelled to take it in the sense of that purity of character which is the necessary outcome of "truth," or integrity of purpose in the heart towards God. Just as the breastplate was essential to the Roman soldier as a means of protecting the heart, which is the centre of physical life, so "righteousness" is a necessary attribute of the Christian character, because Christ, the centre of soul-life, dwells only where it has Being Satan's adversary, He either expels sin, or else, so to speak, is expelled by sin; in that He withdraws Himself from those who to the end persist in unrighteousness. take it, therefore, as granted that St. Paul has in mind that righteousness which the Father and the Son impart to the Christian through the agency of the Holy Ghost.

We notice four things about this "righteousness":—

- 1. That it must be preceded by pardon.
- 2. That it is of a partial character.
- 3. That it is progressive.
- 4. That it is perceptible to others.

1. This righteousness is preceded by pardon. Although there is no immediate reference to the righteousness which Christ imputes to the believer, the existence of that righteousness is assumed. Just as it is impossible for a man to

fulfil the law while he is under the ban of the law, so it is impossible for an unpardoned sinner to do right in the sight of God, whose law he has broken, until he is freed from guilt. A man must first be acquitted, he must first have received pardon at God's hand for Christ's sake, before he can become holy. Justification must precede sanctification, otherwise sanctification exist. And it is just here that the world goes wrong. Herein lies the mistake of every false religion, and a mistake made by many earnest men and women in this our Christian country -probably some of my readers are making it. They have been trying all these years to obtain pardon by being righteous. It is all an utterly vain endeavour. We can never undo a wrong by doing right. We may mitigate its consequences, but we can get no further. The wrong is still as wrong as ever; time-nay, eternity itself, can never make it otherwise. No amount of subsequent well-doing can atone for past sins. St. Paul has just this sort of people in mind when he speaks of those who are "going about to establish their own righteousness," not "having submitted themselves to the righteousness of God." Man by nature always tries to do this. It is one of the most successful artifices by which Satan secures his prey. He persuades a man to set up for himself an ideal, sometimes a very beautiful ideal, and then to spend all his time and strength in living up to that ideal. And what is the result? Sooner or later the man makes this discovery, that he can't attain to it; he fails, and comes at last to one of three conclusions: either he folds his hands in despair and gives up trying to be good, or else he satisfies himself with a lower standard, and, in either case, sinks lower and lower into the slough of sin, losing by degrees his moral sense; or else he throws himself as a conscience-stricken impotent sinner upon the infinite mercy of the God whose laws he has broken. Wise and happy is the man who does this. When once a man really cries to God for pardon, he is forgiven for the sake of Him who is Humanity's head. God tells the penitent sinner He regards him as though he had not sinned, and imparts to him a new power by which he is enabled to walk uprightly.

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2. And this brings us to the next point. This imparted righteousness is at present only partial. It is a melancholy thing that the righteousness which is of faith, while it is perfect in so far as Christ's righteousness is imputed, is far otherwise in its actual manifestation. It was the Apostle's lamentation that "he did what he would not, and what he would he did not." It was the Psalmist's regret, that "his ways were not directed to keep Jehovah's statutes." It was the Prophet's experience that "the heart was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Such is the testimony of every good man. The fact that we sin still, though we hate it, is that which makes many of us long to be released from this world. Who cares for heaven that feels not self-dissatisfaction? God's world is good, very good, in spite of sin, and were it not for its presence it would be as good as heaven itself. The righteousness which the Christian is to wear as a breastplate, then, is partial. Not, of course, that he is ever to be contented with the degree of its partiality-that would contradict the longings after heavenly perfection that God had implanted-but that he must ever return to the mercy seat, that he must ever go on exercising repentance, from the day that he first passed into the wicket-gate until he crosses the river which separates him from the holiness of heaven.

3. In the third place, this righteousness is progressive. It is always an encouraging thought to the Christian, that though this righteousness is never more than partial as long as he is in the flesh, there is progress in the work of sanctification. Desire to advance is a natural instinct The imparted righteousness of the of the soul. believer is a being made holy. The process takes place at varying speed. In some cases it is very gradual, scarcely perceptible, and in others it is rapid; but in all there is progress in some degree, or there is no "having been justified." It is a terrible thing for a man to have had strong convictions, and striking soul-experiences, and then to find he is no better on account of them. terrible thing for any one to be the victim of any evil habit; but far more terrible for one who has thought he has received absolution, and that he has had faith. Unless repentance has produced conversion as an objective fact-by which I mean change of the habits of life; unless faith is now producing works-that is, a life of welldoing-we are belying our profession. If we have really "put on the Lord Jesus Christ"—that is, if we are His-we must have put on His armour; and part of that armour is righteousness. Our attitude toward sin is different from what it used We used to consent thereto, but now we are pledged to eternal antagonism to it. And what happens? Our influence is thrown into the winning side, for good must win at last. ing in God's strength cannot fail to be ultimately

victorious, and thus every year that we live we must be nearing the successful issue of the battle. We fight with varying success; sometimes it goes against us, sometimes we are sore wounded, sometimes it looks as if we should be ultimately worsted; but in the end we must conquer; and how is it possible that final victory can be obtained without many present successes? How goes the fight to-day? Are we overpowering that master passion? Are we overcoming that evil tendency? Are the worst points of our character shrinking under Divine influence? Are our best traits being improved? Then may we take courage in spite of our reverses, for "we have put on the breastplate of righteousness." Not, of course, that we have reason to be proud, not that we have aught of which to boast, for "boasting is by the law of faith excluded," but that we may thank God for the work of grace which is progressing in our hearts.

4. And this brings us to the last point, imparted righteousness is perceptible to others. It cannot be but that our well-doing speaks for itself, and influences others. In saving this we must, of course, make all due allowance for the mistakes which others make. The sin-principle has not only blunted their moral sense, but also perverted their discerning faculties. really right may seem wrong; and there are always plenty of people in the world that are incapable of recognising good (or rather of admitting that they recognise it), even though it is right under their observation. With this proviso we maintain that righteousness cannot fail to be seen by others. The good man is as a fact respected, though perhaps not fully appreciated. recognise moral improvement in their fellows. For example, a man of violent temper becomes a Christian; he learns in some degree to control himself. It cannot be but that men will see he has a power he did not possess before. True, they will do all they can to make him commit himself, and he will most likely sometimes be caught by the devil's ingenuity; but in the main he will be a different man in this respect, and sooner or later his fellows will admit it. Most of them will not trace the change to its real source, viz., to the power of an indwelling Christ, although it may be that some few may be led to seek for the same power; but for all that, many, if not all, will be witness to the fact that the man is different. And such must be the effect of our religion upon each of us, or it is unreal, an empty sham, a phantom that will fade away in the sunlight of eternal truth. The breastplate of the soldier of Christ, well burnished and bright, must bear witness to itself. Just think how marvellously this was exemplified in the one perfect When our Blessed Lord was brought to trial, He could not be convicted on any count. His life was so pure that all their attempts to

The suborned bring home any crime failed. witnesses proved themselves to be liars, so that He could only be condemned out of His own The only ground they could find for His conviction was that He claimed to be that which He really was, "the Messiah." He was murdered simply on the ground that He was Absolute righteousness stood the test even in the presence of the most unscrupulous tribunal that ever gave sentence. And when we come to think of it, it is very remarkable that we rarely, if ever, hear anybody question the morality of Jesus. The most that Renan charges Him with, is that He was mistaken as to Himself; and this fact is to be noticed, that the modern attack upon Christianity is almost entirely against the authenticity of the narrative. Simply because the character which the narrative describes is unassailable.

To the Christian this is an encouraging thought. If I am possessed of the Spirit of Christ, it cannot but be that I reflect Him in my character; I shall have falls, I shall make mistakes, I shall be misunderstood, and even slandered; but in the main the righteousness which Christ imparts will be seen apparent to others. Such being the case, does it not behove us to be very careful as to our walk and conversation? Oh! how watchful we

should be as to what we say and do. impure thought is calculated to soil the breastplate, every unkind or untrue word dims its lustre, every evil action makes a dent in its smooth Let us never forget that our Christian surface. character is apparent to the outside world, God having called us out of darkness not more to save us from hell, than that we should bear witto "the Light." We need ever to wear the breastplate of righteousness. If we put it off, we, and not only we ourselves, but Christ Himself and the whole body of Christ, are certain to some extent Alas! my readers, how terribly we to suffer loss. err in this respect! how terribly do we dishonour the Captain of our Salvation! how often do we show the bare breast of our own weakness to the enemy, rather than the God-given breastplate of righteousness! Just think of it-every time we commit an act of wilful sin, we are putting aside this piece of armour, thereby exposing our precious life to Satan's shafts. Having put it on once for all, let us never put it off again, but let us stand like men engaged in deadly conflict, with integrity of purpose around our loins, and righteousness of thought, word, and deed, on our breast. So shall we fulfil the ends for which the Great Captain has pressed us into His service and furnished us with necessary armour.

BEREAVED.

ENEATH the gloomy shade Which a giant oak-tree made,

A slender sickly birch had slowly sprung; And it drooped there, sadly crying,

While its rustling leaves seemed sighing, And its branches, almost dying,

Feebly hung.

The mighty monarch oak In tender accents spoke,

And asked the slender birch to lean upon his breast;
So she stopped her weak sad crying,
And her rustling leaves ceased sighing,

And on his strength relying,

Sank to rest.

So many summers passed; But a fearful storm at last

Came crashing through the wood with deafning sound;

And amid the storm's contending,

The bright lightning, swift descending, Came, that giant oak-tree rending

To the ground.

The birch-tree feebly stooped,
And its branches lower drooped,
While fast the rain-drops from its branches came,
As it shook, as if with sobbing,
At the storm, its strong stay robbing—
When a strange new sense came throbbing

With clear life-giving light,
The warm sun was shining bright,
And for the birch a new life had begun;
And she stopped her weary grieving,
When she felt her weakness leaving,
As new strength she was receiving
From the sun,

Thus when we lose strong friends,
We sometimes think God sends
Too sharp a stroke of His afflicting rod;
Until those in whom confiding,
We so long had been abiding,
We find had too been hiding

Us from God.

Through its frame.

A. G. E.

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SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 3. DAVID AND MEPHIBOSHETH.

Chapter to be read-2 Sam. ix.

NTRODUCTION. Who was it that always showed such great hatred to David? What caused this hatred of Saul's? Envy, one of the most deadly sins, parent of many others. Had David done Saul good, or evil? Conquered his enemies, drove away evil spirit, spared his life. Sometimes said that

a man never forgives another who has done him a benefit. Certainly Saul never liked David. Saul always getting men into trouble. David, although persecuted, seemed always happy. Now David king, how will he treat the remainder of Saul's family? We shall see.

I. THE SEARCH. (Read 1-5.) What was David's question? For whose sake did he wish to show him kindness? Could not pretend to for Saul's sake, but had loved Jonathan as a brother. Now the courtiers begin to inquire, messengers are sent about Jerusalem, ask in all the back streets. At last find one of Saul's servants. What is his name? He is taken to the palace. What does David ask him? Are any of Saul's family left? Why does he want to know? Has suffered every possible wrong at Saul's hands. What will he now do to Saul's family? What does David say? Whose kindness will he show to him? This forgiveness of injuries not natural to man: is learned of God; so is "God's kindness." What does Ziba tell him? This is news indeed; one of Jonathan's own children; but what was the matter with him? So David sends at once. Can fancy a litter ordered, or perhaps a wagon sent, as Joseph did for his father Jacob (Gen. xlv. 27); cloaks sent; everything arranged as comfortably as possible for the poor lame boy.

II. MEPHIBOSHETH. (Read 6-13.) Now at last Mephibosheth comes. Can picture the king going out to meet him, having him tenderly carried in, his emotion at seeing Jonathan's son, tracing the likeness in his face to his father. What did Mephibosheth do? This the ordinary Eastern mode of doing reverence. Now David raises him up and cheers him. What does he tell him? Will show him kindness; will restore his possessions; will welcome him constantly as a guest. Here is kindness indeed. What a change for the poor young man. Probably been living in hiding, fearing the anger of the king because of his grandfather's behaviour. Has yet to learn how one of God's servants can forgive. What does he call himself? To be called a dog the greatest reproach (see 2 Sam. iii. 8, etc.). Now whom does David call? Ziba had told the king of Mephibosheth, so he shall attend upon him. See what kind and thoughtful arrangements David made. How many sons had

Ziba? These fifteen sons and twenty servants just gave the strength which poor Mephibosheth wanted. He probably a regular invalid; at any rate, hopelessly lame; could not superintend farming operations. So what are Ziba's sons and servants to do? David gives them all Saul's farms and possessions. They are to till the land, and bring in the fruits for Mephibosheth; i.e., farm the land for him. And what was Mephibosheth to do himself? Why should he have a place reserved at the king's table for him? This a mark of special favour. And not only he but his son seems to have lived at court. So a new and prosperous time began for Mephibosheth, and all because his father Jonathan loved David.

III. LESSONS. (1) Value of true friendship. See how David shone as a friend. Loved Jonathan and all his family for his sake; he never forgot benefits; treated Mephibosheth as a son because of his love to Jonathan. How unlike this to conduct of many, who, when raised to higher position, look down on former friends. Also notice how David treated Mephibosheth-not as inferior, but as equal; with kindness, thoughtfulness, hospitality. This is true love. (2) Typical. May also see in David a type of condescension of Christ. Remind how He pitied our fathers' state, sought us out when sick and far from home (Luke xv. 4), forgot our having been enemies (Rom, v. 10), forgave us all the past, invited us to His feast (Luke xiv. 23), and hath prepared for us a home in His palace (1 Pet. i. 3). Did Mephibosheth refuse these blessings? and shall we? Let all, then, accept Christ's offer, be reconciled to Him now, come to His arms, and be blessed.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. For whom did David make inquiry?
- 2. How did he find the man he sought?
- 3. What was the matter with Mephibosheth?
- 4. How did David treat him?
- 5. What lessons may we learn from the story?

No. 4. DAVID'S PUNISHMENT.

Chapter to be read-2 Sam. xii.

INTRODUCTION. A whole year had passed since David's sin first began. (See 2 Sam. xi.) All that time been joining in sacrifices and prayers in the Tabernacle, singing psalms, joining in religious worship; yet had no feeling of his great sin. Now the time came when his sin was shown to him.

I, THE PARABLE. (Read 1—14.) Who came to see David? A true successor of Samuel. As he had

often reproved Saul, so Nathan reproves David. This one most important duty of God's ministers-to reprove men for sin. But how does Nathan do it? Parable common method in the East of setting forth truths. Nathan wanted David to accuse himself, and so he did. Let children see how exactly the parable applies. Who was the rich man? What is meant by his flocks and herds? Yet what did he take? Uriah away at the wars, fighting for the king; looking forward to coming home and enjoying peace in his own home; finds his ewe lamb gone. What did David say at once? He could see the sin in another, though had not seen it in himself, so dead was his conscience. Now what does Nathan say? He makes David see his sin. He had all he could want: if he had wanted more, it would have been given him; yet he has committed murder and adultery, has despised God; has secretly sinned against Him, shall be openly punished. Now what does David say? Sees his sin, feels it is against God, and confesses it. What does Nathan tell him? What! forgiven already? Yes, because God, who knows all things, knows his sorrow for sin is sincere; he has confessed; he is forgiven (Ps. xxxii. 1). Let children read a few verses of Ps. li., to see the depth of David's sorrow. Now what may we learn from this? (1) The Spirit convinces of sin. David did not feel his sin till God's Spirit, by His prophet, brought it home to him. This still the work of God's Holy Spirit (John xvi. 8); must seek God's Spirit to show us our sins. (2) The nature of repentance. What did David do when realised his sin? So all sin, when once felt, must be confessed, and pardon asked. Remind of the publican's prayer for mercy; of Abel's sacrifice, accepted because brought a lamb as offering for sin. So with us: must not hide sin; must confess it; seek for pardon. This what God likes. (3) God's forgiveness. How soon was David forgiven? Is God still the same? Yes; if are really sorry, will be at once forgiven. Remind of dying thief: began by reviling Christ, changed, repented, asked for mercy; that same day in Paradise with Christ (Luke xxiii. 43). What an encouragement to us. All heavy laden with sin; God calls us to Him, says is ready to forgive; Jesus says, "Come unto Me" (Matt. xi. 28). Why not, then, come at once, ask pardon, be forgiven?

II. THE PUNISHMENT. (Read 15-24.) Though

the sic was forgiven, yet must be punished. Why? (1) For David's sake. To make David always remember it; otherwise might have thought little of the sin; might have been tempted to sin again, because so easily forgiven. (2) For sake of others. What character had David held? What would God's enemies say now? Something like this-"See this holy man, this man after God's own heart, he is no better than others." Therefore must be taught that God punishes His people who sin against Him; no light matter to sin. What was the punishment? (1) Family troubles (ver. 10). What would David have all the rest of his reign? War bad enough with an enemy, but in his own house much sadder. Shall see in future lessons how this came true, his own sons rising against him. (2) Death of the child. Seems to have loved this child very much. What did he do when it became sick? Fasted, and prayed that it might please God to spare his life: but did God? No; the punishment must come, and the child died. Now how did David behave? Did not complain; bore punishment meekly, accepted it as just. Where did he go directly? No doubt took a sacrifice, a burnt-offering for sin, and worshipped the Lord. Then he made what reparation he could. What was Bathsheba's new son called? Jedidiah, which means "beloved of the Lord."

III. Lessons. Two great lessons. (1) God's holiness. He cannot look upon sin. Even His servant must be punished; nay, more than others, to show how God is holy. How careful, then, we should be not to sin against God. Must not trifle with sin; think it a light thing. No sin can enter heaven. (2) How to bear punishment. Children often rebel against punishment; think it cruel of parents or teachers. Must be borne meekly, because deserved; patiently, because from God. All done in love, that we may become better (Heb. xii. 11). Let us take care that it does bring forth good fruit in us to glory of God.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. What was Nathan's parable?
- 2. Whose work is it to convince of sin?
- 3. Show the nature of true repentance.
- 4. What was David's punishment?
- 5. How did he make restitution?
- 6. What two lessons may we learn?



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Lo! He Comes.



Every eye shall now behold Him Robed in dreadful majesty; Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree, Deeply wailing, Shall the true Messiah see. Now redemption long expected.

See in solemn pomp appear!

All His saints, by man rejected,

Now shall meet Him in the air.

Alleluia!

See the day of God appear!

SHORT ARROWS.

SUNDAY AT SEA.

T is well known—at least to those who are at all familiar with a sea-faring life—that "Jack afloat" has no very great interest in Sabbath observances, and that if left to himself and his own devices, he would ignore public worship as effectually as is generally the case with

Jack ashore. He will attend religious service on board ship at the call of the captain, either in a spirit of obedience to his superior officer, or as a matter of policy in the interests of to-morrow. Where these matters, however, are left to the chaplain, if there is one, or to some chance clerical voyager on board, our sailors evince but little disposition to assemble together for any such purpose. It does seem a very desirable thing to induce the brave fellows who dare all the perils of the sea, to seek the favour and protection of Heaven, and to impress their minds with a sense of the sanctity of the Lord's Day, and the high importance of their own spiritual interests. A more favourable opportunity can scarcely be found for this good work than the usually listless hours of Sunday on the high seas. It is a good and practical thought, therefore which has induced Mr. T. Brassey, M.P., himself a seaman of no small experience, to offer a prize of £25 for the best hand-book of suggestions, to merchant officers, willing to help their crews in religious matters and to conduct Divine worship on board ships at sea. We may well hope that by this means, some such methods may soon be employed for attracting our sailors to Gospel services, as have proved efficient among other classes of our countrymen. Once fairly under the influence of the Gospel, our British tars become patterns of honest sincerity; and in no small degree engage in diligent and successful missioning at home and abroad.

There are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul and fortune, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and like the natural charity of the sun illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice.—Sir Thomas Brown.

AMONG THE ENGLISH NOMADS.

Mr. George Smith, who has earned a much-respected and worthy name by his interest in and persevering efforts for the well-being of our canal population, is bent on doing similar service for the gipsy children and roadside Arabs, who are sadly too

numerous in the suburban and rural districts of the land. By securing the registration of canal boats as human domiciles, he has brought quite a host of poor little outcasts within the pale of society and the beneficent influence of the various educational machineries of the age. By bringing the multitudinous tents, vans, shows, and their peripatetic lodgers under some similar arrangements, he hopes to put civilisation, education, and Christianity within reach of the thousand ragged Ishmaelites who are at present left to grow up in ignorance and degradation. These vagrant juveniles are growing up to strengthen the ranks of the unproductive and criminal classes; and policy, philanthropy, and Christianity alike demand that the nomadic waifs should be encircled by the arms of an ameliorating law which will give them a chance of escaping from the life of semi-barbarity to which untoward circumstances have consigned them, and to place them in a position to make something better of the life that now is, and to secure some fitting preparation for the life that is to come. It is evidently high time that something should be done, otherwise we must sooner or later be faced with more serious difficulties than even now exist. Our sympathies are strongly with the warm-hearted philanthropist; and we trust that in taking to this new field of effort he will win all needful aid, and that his endeavours to rescue from a life of crime and vagabondage these hitherto much-neglected little ones will be crowned with success.

The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate—
Death lays its icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.—Shirley.

NATIVE AFRICAN MISSIONARIES.

This is a very recent movement, but as its end and aim must heartily commend itself to every true and thoughtful friend of Christian missions, we hope for it a speedy and a very marked success. It proposes to train, equip, and support native Christians for Gospel work amongst their own tribes and peoples. These are to be selected and superintended by experienced missionaries of any and every Christian Church having foothold on the soil. Those who thoroughly understand the peculiar difficulties of mission work in Africa, arising from climate, custom, and character, have heartily welcomed this suggestion as a means of getting rid of one of the greatest hind-

rances in the land of Ham to successful and abiding evangelic labour. It is not intended by this association to initiate any new missions, but in every fitting way to promote the employment of converted natives by the missions already in existence. There can be no doubt that, if it is well and prudently conducted, an association such as this will greatly strengthen the hands of the European agent, and materially assist in the advancement of the work of God on the dark continent.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 't is a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

Lady Elizabeth Carew.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

From eighty to a hundred destitute and deserted children housed, clothed, fed, trained, and equipped for service, by the untiring zeal and pious faith of one godly woman! In the whole range of Christian charity there is nothing more beautiful, more touching, more thoroughly illustrative of the divine benediction on self-denying labour for the poor and desolate, labour done and trials borne, and merciful ventures made in simple trust that what is done for Christ's sake will be sustained and perpetuated by His blessing and aid. The little girls whom Miss Mittendorff rescues from abject poverty and probably a life of ultimate vice and misery, carry in their cheerful faces and comfortable appearance, perpetual certificate of the influence which her home government and Christian training have upon the favoured waifs and strays who are permitted to cross the threshold of her house of mercy. Without endowments, grants, or fixed resources of any kind, this estimable lady succeeds in maintaining three homes, in Kilburn Square, at Haverstock Hill, and St. Albans; and the financial report prepared by a duly qualified actuary is a marvel of spontaneous liberality, effective philanthropy, and economic expenditure. Her own simply worded and heart-stirring report of the year's labours, trials, and encouragements is redolent of the Christian faith, love, and patience which inspires her and her few coadjutors in the doing of these good deeds for the weak and helpless. It is no uncommon experience at the homes for the treasury to be exhausted, the larder to be empty, and "ways and means" for the morrow to be absolutely dependent upon answers to the private pleadings of the godly foster-mother and her swarms of little orphans, with their Heavenly Father, that He will mercifully supply their needs. There are incidents of answered prayer in this touching statement, which are of exceeding interest. "Sometimes," she writes, "there has been an interruption

in the supply of means for our necessary food. As in former years on such occasions, we then assemble the children for prayer, and expect an answer. Once (it was April the ninth) in the evening, a few hours after such a meeting for prayer, Dr. Picard called. As we had no illness in the house, and he had been with us in the morning, I looked at him inquiringly. He said, " After I left you a lady gave me £5 for the Home, but thinking I might bring it to-morrow. I continued my rounds. After seeing my patients I returned home, tired, but when about to open my door, this text came to my mind, 'Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it,' so I have brought it to you." It appears that about £12 is sufficient to pay the annual cost of each orphan. Miss Mittendorff invites visitors to inspect the homes on Thursdays, at 6, Kilburn Square, and on Wednesdays at 38, Queen's Crescent, Haverstock Hill. We have genuine satisfaction in recommending this excellent lady's good work to the kindly notice and practical sympathy of our readers. Here, if anywhere, the Divine declaration will apply to real helpers, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto

A ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

The history of Christian mission work in the island of Madagascar is one of the most interesting narratives ever produced by evangelic enterprise; and Gospel successes in that beautiful region-once the home of barbarism and cruelty and besotted ignorance-are amongst the fairest and completest triumphs of Christianity. Within the lifetime of a man, this land, of which more than most places it might be said, "Where Satan's seat was," has been largely transformed into a Gospel garden ground rich with fruit and brighter still with promise. It will be within the recollection of our readers what dreadful decrees were fulminated against the few faithful Malasy Christians who, at the outset of the mission, dared thus to sin against their gods and against their king. Punishments the most cruel and vengeance the most terrible were accorded to every Christian confessor in those dreadful days. To-day Queen Ranavalona, "by the grace of God and the will of the people, Queen of Madagascar," makes a proclamation to her subjects concerning education; and when we remember that it is but a handful of years since William Ellis and his brave supporters first dared the ferocity of the Malasy heathen for the Lord's sake, we can but marvel as we read, and say, What has God wrought! "I am glad," says her Majesty, "because the Gospel of Jesus Christ has come to my country and kingdom, to make wise my people in the knowledge of the true God." She then proceeds to announce the number of children in the various schools, and expresses regret that the proportion is so small, especially with reference to one district, and declares her strong desire that all the

young people should be well instructed. "Send your children to get knowledge, for the good of it will be a good to you and to themselves-a means of keeping account of your cattle, and your money, and all your property, and also a means of advancement, for I am a sovereign who rewards the deserving with good. You fathers and mothers also be diligent herein, for it makes me glad to see my subjects wise. I know that it will cause you to prosper, and for that reason I insist upon all of you learning. And so be all of you diligent, for although you do not know now the sweetness of knowledge and wisdom, you will discover it when they become yours .- Saith Queen Ranavalona, Queen of Madagascar." Such a proclamation on such a subject, couched in such language, augurs well for the future of the African island.

A CHRISTIAN ORPHANAGE IN TURKEY.

The Orphanage at Broosa, the old capital of the Turkish empire, and still a flourishing town where the silk and wool trades are vigorously carried on, is one of those institutions that have sprung up recently which promise to be a great blessing to Turkey. The Home was begun in simple faith and trust in God five years ago, when famine was sore in the land. Many of its inmates are children of those who perished at that time. It is conducted by Mr. Baghdasarian, a native pastor, and his wife, an English lady, at present in this country. The present premises are unhealthy and quite unsuitable, and new premises The whole sum required to are urgently needed. build this new Home is £500, the Pasha having promised a free grant of land in an excellent position for a site. Mrs. Baghdasarian has interested many who have seen and heard her since her return To those anxious to do something towards elevating Turkey, and showing the power of a living Christianity to its people, we could not commend a more desirable object. The sum is a small one, and ought to be speedily raised. A strong letter of commendation has been signed by the Hon. and Rev. Edward Carr Glyn, Vicar of Kensington, Mr. Denham Smith, and others.

If saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.—Richard Hooker.

A BLIND TEACHER.

In the annual report of the One Tun Ragged School, which has its home in Old Pye Street, Westminster there is an interesting notice of the good work done by a blind reader, whose special work it is to traverse the streets, lanes, slums, and alleys of the district, reading by the fingers the Gospel of Jesus Christ to all who from curiosity or interest will pause

to hear. His is not the mere mechanical or parrot lesson of the professional beggar; he puts his heart into his message, because the saving truths he reads aloud are in his heart, and has a word or two of his own to say when occasion serves. He carries with him the printed Scriptures in whole and part, and not seldom acts the colporteur with success. Not long ago he was reading in the Wandsworth Lane, when he was heartily greeted by one of his hearers, who testified with tears that the blind man's message had been the means of saving him from the curse of drink and leading him to the possession of a new and higher life. After saying a few simple but earnest words to the crowd, the man pressed some silver coin into the reader's hand and went on his way. There is further record of the good work done by this agent in the report; as for instance, that more than 1,600 streets, courts, and lanes have afforded stations for his readings and his colportage during the year, and that over a thousand portions of holy Scripture have been sold among the poorest of the poor.

Men are god-like in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.—Cicero.

"THE KIND OF TALK WE LIKE TO HEAR."

Given a quaternion of volunteers, thoroughly in earnest and bent on doing good work for the Master's sake, a light four-wheeled chaise, in which are packed away illustrated tracts and papers, small books and leaflets, to the extent of some twenty thousand or so, and it is not difficult to predict that the workers are likely to take a tour and perform a work well deserving chronicle in any register of good deeds. Through Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Oxon, and Beds, the four gentlemen referred to, and thus equipped, have just travelled, being joined some halfway through their tour by two others. The plan of operation was sufficiently simple, and included a hymn on the village green or other convenient place, followed by a short and simple address; visiting the villagers house by house, speaking the truth by sick-beds, conversing with the aged, pointing individuals to the better Hope, and everywhere leaving book or leaflet, tract or paper, adapted to each pecu-"That be the kind o' talk we like to liar case. hear," was the testimony of one stalwart son of the "I wish you'd coom often and say sich things," was the voluntary and appreciative utterance of a humble matron with a baby in her arms; and witness of the same kind was simply lavish in profusion all along the line of march. Every solitary cottage between the villages, by the wayside or discernible across the fields or down the lane, was visited in the same fashion, and discovered to the visitors many a cheery Christian, and, alas, many a heathen in everything but the name. In one village in Northamptonshire, inhabited chiefly by shoemakers, who, in that region, are well known to be a hard-headed and

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somewhat sceptical tribe, the Gospel messengers were first of all cautiously listened to, then heartily welcomed, and—it reads like a page of pioneer mission record—they were compelled to divide their party and go to different houses to partake of hospitality heartily pressed upon them. The travellers were greatly encouraged to find gratifying fruit existing of similar journeys made some years before, and were thereby led to sow the seed with tears of gratitude, as well as solicitude, and doubtless again will reap in joy. Into the hayfields, too, went the diligent seed-sowers, into brick and tile yards, among little groups by the village

smithy or the inn, and to all, whether individuals, groups, or crowds, the simple story of the cross was told. In one week they travelled over two hundred miles of road, seldom coming in sight of a railway, and giving a wide berth to the towns; 20,000 portions of Gospel literature were distributed, and the hearts of the willing workers were greatly gladdened by the heartiness of their reception and the hopeful character of their work. It may well be hoped, in the interests of British villagers everywhere, that many others, who would fain do good work for God and man, may read this record and "go and do likewise."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

- 20. What is a man like who has no control over his own spirit?
- 21. What waters were much esteemed by King David?
- 22. On what occasion was Samuel the prophet at Bethlehem?
 - 23. For what was the place Elim noted?
- 24. What words used by God show the great power of intercessory prayer?
- 25. By whom is Abraham called the "friend of God?"
- 26. Mention a passage which shows that the Sabbath was strictly observed by the Jews during their wanderings in the wilderness.
- 27. What two foreigners were specially commended by our Blessed Lord for their faith?
- 28. Quote some words which show God's watchful Providence over all things in the world.
- 29. On what occasion were sparrows used in sacrifice, and to the sale of which for such purposes our Blessed Lord evidently refers?
- 30. What does our Blessed Lord say concerning the watchful care of God over little children?
- 31. What is likened by the Wise Man to a "jewel of gold in a swine's snout?"
- 32. Quote a proverb which shows the folly of meddling with other people's quarrels.
- 33. What two Jewish towns were both called "the city of David?"34. Quote passage in which the angels are called
- "the sons of God."

 25 Who was it regard that he might die with his
- 35. Who was it prayed that he might die with his enemies?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 64.

- 1. Samuel the seer, Nathan the prophet, and Gad the seer (1 Chron. xxix. 29).
- At Jerusalem, under the direction of St. James, who was the first bishop of that city (Acts xv. 6, 13, 22, 23).

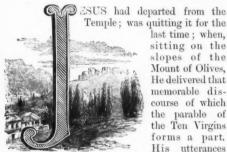
- 3. The question of circumcision of Gentile converts to Christianity (Acts xv. 1, 5, 24—30).
- 4. "All this, said David, the Lord made me understand in writing by His hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern" (1 Chron. xxviii. 19).
- 5. "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" (comp. Isa. liii. 1, and John xii. 37, 38).
- For "seven times"—that is, "seven years" (Dan. iv. 32).
- 7. "Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward" (Gen. xv. 1).
- God, when speaking to Abimelech in a dream, says, "Now therefore restore the man his wife; for he is a prophet" (Gen. xx. 7).
 - S. Hannah, the mother of Samuel (1 Sam. i. 27).
- When the army of Syria besieged Dothan in order to take prisoner the prophet Elisha (2 Kings vi. 18).
- 11. When Gideon went to fight with the Midianites (Judges vii. 3).
- 12. The prayer of Abraham to God, "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" (Gen. xvii. 18).
- 13. It is said Josiah the king put down the idolatrous priests who burned incense to the sun. Also that he burned the chariots of the sun with fire (2 Kings xxiii. 5, 11).
- 14. When she was present with the eleven Apostles and others in the upper room just after Christ's ascension (Acts i. 14).
- 15. God gave him the land of Egypt as wages to him and his army (Ezek, xxix. 18, 19).
 - 16. King Hezekiah (2 Kings xx. 18; Dan. i. 3).
- 17. That of Jonathan, son of king Saul, towards David (1 Sam. xviii. 1—3; xix. 2).
- 18. When God sent His angel to destroy Jerusalem after David had sinned in numbering the people; and when God sent His angel to smite king Herod (2 Sam. xxiv. 16; Acts xii. 23).
- 19. The eldest son of Moses, named Gershom (Exodus ii. 22).

THE TEN VIRGINS.

I.-THE PREPARATION.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, PADDINGTON, CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom."-ST. MATT. XXV. 1.



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last time; when, sitting on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, He delivered that memorable discourse of which the parable of the Ten Virgins forms a part. His utterances

deepened in solemnity as His sermon drew nearer to its close. And in the three parables of which this twenty-fifth chapter consists (including under that name the vision of the final judgment) there is a graphic vividness of description, an awful intensity of tone, and a resistless closeness of personal application, which probably, even in the sacred volume itself, has no parallel. It is observable, however, that each of the three illustrations which form the subjects of this chapter, appears to be addressed to some one specific blemish of Christian character—the first to unwatchfulness, the second to unprofitableness, the third to unmercifulness. Thus the parable of the Ten Virgins has its lessons for the slumbering Christian-the man who thinks salvation such an easy thing that he The parable of can afford to go to sleep over it. the man who hid his talent in the earth is meant for the useless Christian—the man who seems to have dropped down upon the earth for no other purpose than to cumber it, and eat up its fruits. Whilst the representation of the Great Assize, with its touching accessories of a Saviour neglected in His hunger, and poverty, and nakedness, and distress, is clearly intended as a warning to the selfish Christian-if Christian he is to be called: that petrified human thing who, without a heart, without a sympathy, without a tear, lives unblessed, and unlamented dies.

This leading scope and aim of our Lord's discourses seems necessary to be kept constantly in view, in order to keep us from the mistake of supposing that each parable contains a complete body of Gospel doctrine in itself. It is not the whole of salvation to be constantly engaged in visiting the hungry, and the stranger, and the naked, and the sick; neither would a life of stirring and wakeful zealousness in good works be of itself alone a

passport to the kingdom of heaven. There may be faults of Christian character quite enough to deprive us of all part in Christ's salvation; and yet it would not follow that any abounding in the opposite virtue would make our part in that salvation sure. We must look at the Gospel as a whole, taking each parable of our Lord as having its own focal point of teaching, and regarding the accessories of the discourse chiefly as they bear upon that. In the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, our Lord is careful to point the moral of His own sermon. He would remind us that where open sin slays its thousands, want of diligence and watchfulness slays its tens of thousands: "Watch, therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh."

A word first upon the leading features of the parable. It is founded upon the ceremony of marriage, a favourite subject of illustration in the Scriptures, as being a rite which, among Easterns generally, was performed with peculiar pomp and solemnity. The time for the celebration was generally towards evening; and therefore, in the example before us, some special circumstances are supposed to have caused a delay of the bridegroom's coming until midnight. Both the bride and bridegroom had their attendant companies, those of the latter being called "the friends of the bridegroom," the others "the companions of the bride," as we have them described in Psalm xlv.-"The virgins that be her fellows shall bear her The two companies met at the house company." of the bride's father, in order that from thence they might form a united procession, either to the house of the bridegroom, or to some hired hall prepared for the nuptial entertainment. It was in this part of the ceremony that the foolish virgins were destined to lose their honoured part; for, on the bride leaving her father's door, all the virgins who had assembled were accustomed to arrange themselves in two files-commonly in detachments of five each-and then, with lighted lamps or torches in their hands, proceeding to sing, in parts, the words of the marriage-hymn, until they came to the bridegroom's door. In the case before us, the virgins are the friends of the bride. They are already in her father's house, which accounts for its being said, "Go ye out to meet him." But the foolish virgins could not go out. Being overtaken by sleep, and having made

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no provision for delay, on the arrival of the bridegroom they find that their lamps had gone out. And, without these, they know they cannot go. The nuptial torch was of the very essence of the solemnity, being required both as an act of homage to the bridegroom, and as the outward evidence of their belonging to the bride. The wise virgins had slept too; but, as if with a prudent forecasting of such an overtaking infirmity, they had taken precaution against being left in total darkness. The lamp might be burning dimly, but it only required trimming and feeding, and they had a reserve of oil to feed it The foolish virgins had no such reserve. They had the oil to get, when they required it to use, and they could not get it in time. While they were trying to do so the procession had started, moved on, had actually come to the bridegroom's door. No one could be waited for now, neither could any consideration be shown to those that were unprepared: "And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut."

I. In taking this parable as the subject of a series of papers, I limit our meditations here to the first going forth of this bridal company-who they were, and the preparation they made for this service. It is said that "five of them were wise and five were foolish;" that the foolish took their lamps, but took no oil with them, whilst the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. In the spiritual application of the passage, the first question which arises is, Who are intended by "the wise?" who by "the foolish?" Well, as to the wise, we can make answer easily. They are the children of the kingdom, partakers of present grace, and heirs of the coming glory. Not so easy is it to say, definitely, what class of persons are intended by the foolish. To speak of them as hypocrites, as conscious dissemblers in spiritual things, as carrying the lamp of a Christian profession in their hands for mere show or form's sake, is a supposition which does not accord with the conditions of the parable. For thus had they been foolish, and something more. But there is nothing to convict them of any want of moral sincerity whatever. Like the wise, they were willing to do all honour to the bridegroom; like the wise, they were willing to wait when there arose a delay about the time of his coming; and, like the wise, until overtaken by sleep, their lamps continued burning. Hence, if there had been no delay, and the bridegroom had come when he was first expected, there is nothing in the parable to intimate that the whole ten would not have gone in to the marriage together. All this is against those not unfrequent interpretations of this parable, which represent the wise and foolish, respectively, as types of the converted and the unconverted: the one being, as some would express

it, the subjects of true grace, the other of nominal or ineffectual grace. The parable indicates no such original difference in the influence under which the two companies were severally acting. The foolish are differenced from their wiser companions, not in the one having good oil, and the other having oil of an inferior description, but by the fact of the foolish virgins not having oil enough-having no reserve of oil in the vessels which they took with their lamps. Hence, whatever we may understand either by the oil or the reserve of oil, we cannot interpret the parable as implying that, between the wise virgins and the foolish, there was an absolute and total difference of religious character -one being sincere and the other insincere-but rather a difference in the degree of moral earnestness and diligence with which they severally set Indeed, this is one of the about their work. points of the parable in which a regard to the leading moral inculcated so much helps us. exhortation "to watch" would be quite out of place if addressed to the hypocrite, whose service is alike an abomination unto the Lord, whether he sleep or whether he wake. But the exhortation is not out of place when addressed to persons of feeble, well-meaning, but half-instructed piety; to those who are wanting in force of religious character; to Christians who have not calculated the cost and difficulty of a faithful and persevering service; and who, neglecting to feed their souls daily with the grace which is in Christ Jesus, are liable to become remiss, and careless, and undevout, and worldly, unready for sudden surprises, and still more for the end which is to

Still, in the practical rendering of the parable, that which is most important to observe is, that, up to the time of the whole ten yielding to a common infirmity, there was no apparent difference between them. The two companies, it is likely, saw no difference among themselves; and yet a difference there was, just as to the Omniscient Searcher of Hearts there is a difference among those who worship before Him. Of two who are kneeling side by side-of two who, with voice accordant, are singing praises unto God -yea, of two who together are wont to partake of the cup of Holy Communion-one is burning with true love to the Saviour, the other has only the goodness of the "morning cloud." One is watchful over the affections and spiritual feelings of the heart; the other glows only with the warmth of an outward, or at best an emotional worship. One has drunk deeply of those gifts of the Divine Spirit, which, even after a temporary sleep of the soul, will revive and spring up again; the other has but tasted of the heavenly gift, and being content with that, is unprepared for the cloudy and dark day. The flame of his inner life becomes daily more feeble, and dim, and flickering; and when the time comes that he wants

it most, he finds, to his inexpressible dismay, that his lamp is gone out.

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II. And now let us endeavour to see what it was which the wise virgins had, and which the foolish lacked. Thus of the foolish it is said, "They took their lamps, but they took no oil with them." They were satisfied with a present ranging of themselves on the bridegroom's side; doing a present honour to the marriage. As to the future-how long their lamp would burn, how it was to be trimmed if the light should wane. or how it was to be re-kindled if it should go out -this they thought not about. They lived for the hour, and had not a care beyond. To whom does this feature of the parable apply? Well, first I think it addresses itself to those who, having once been made the subjects of serious conviction, think the rest of their religious life may be left to take its course; that the lamp of the Spirit being once kindled in their hearts, neither effort, nor diligence, nor watchfulness, nor prayer will be required to keep it alive. No place is left for the multiplied influences which the lamp may have to encounter, and which must interfere with the brightness of its burning; such as the rude blasts of temptation, the suffocating atmosphere of the world, the wasting outwear and decay which goes on continually in the function of the inner life. For have they not fled to Christ? have they not been assured of peace? can anything they can do, or omit to do, make their salvation more certain than it is? or alter that saying-"Once the Lord's, always the Lord's"? Stand we in awe of this unscriptural confidence; this substitution, for a continuous discipline of heart and life, of a complacent persuasion that the safety of the soul consists in the setting-a-going of a piece of spiritual mechanism, which, once wound up, will need no more tending. Moreover, wherever true conversion is, there will be humble fear, godly distrust of self, a wise laying up in store of spiritual strength, the habitual cultivation of holy desires and thoughts, the constant repairing to the Fountain of all grace for new supplies, living in the Spirit, walking in the Spirit, waiting on the Spirit. We need a spring of holy experiences and precious faith, tokens within ourselves, something that we can draw out from in the day of distress, and fear, and sudden surprises. Such trials may come upon us when the wick of our inner life is burning down very low in the socket. What should we do? "The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps."

And hence I would consider this part of the parable as addressing itself to those who hold too cheaply the cost and difficulty of a part in the kingdom of heaven, There are those who wish to be followers of the bridegroom, wish to be thought of the number of those who go forth to "bear Him company," and who are willing, for a season at all events, to provide themselves with a lighted torch. But one thing they lack. They "take no oil with them." What is the lack here spoken of? Well, it is lack of earnestness, of diligence, of fixed and resolute purpose. The salvation of the soul is not made the supreme object of their moral existence. It has to wait on conveniences; to be at the mercy of frames, and feelings, and humours of the hour; to take its turn with the farm, and the merchandise, and family claims, and too often a very meagre and inadequate turn too. It is regarded as life's duty, not life's necessity; one of the many things desirable, not "the one thing needful." Hence there is nothing of effort or persistent endeavour to make sure our part in Christ; no frequency in self-examination; no resolute fighting with besetting sins; no doing what is to be done with our might. We "seek" to enter in at the strait gate, but we do not "strive." We seek "the kingdom of God and His righteousness," but do not seek it "first." We are content to start out with those who go forth to meet the bridegroom, but we have made no preparation for continuing with them. We take "no oil" with us.

"They took no oil with them." Not without its bearing, should the words be considered, on men's neglect of spiritual opportunities; a light esteem of the word, and prayer, and holy ordinances: as if the grace that is within us would thrive without the means of grace, and as if the fire on the altar of our souls' life would burn continually, though there should be no tending or feeding with new supplies. It is a bad sign of the condition of our souls when rightly-spent Sabbaths are a weariness to us, and attendance on the preached word is a heavy tax, and when the great sacrament of the Christian Church is looked upon as a Divine superfluity-something which we can get to heaven very well without. It is a manifest token that we care more about what the world thinks of "the lamp," than what the heavenly Bridegroom thinks of the state of

"the flame.

Wherefore, let us take, as our first lesson from this parable, the duty of sustained diligence and earnestness in the great work of our souls' Let us give ourselves wholly to It is folly to think that a form of godliness, or conventional religiousness, or an outward profession of belonging to those who are friends of the Bridegroom, will of themselves procure for us an entrance into the marriage. To the humble, and the earnest, and the patient, and the selfdenying-the leaners upon Heavenly grace, and the givers of themselves humbly unto prayerthe door is ever open, and the Bridegroom is ever But to those who will strive nothing, and endure nothing, and give up nothing-who expect the recompenses of immortality to come as

a matter of course; who think to have a victory without a strife, a rest without a labour, a Saviour without a sense of sin, a place at the marriage-supper at the small price of a once-lighted torch—there is no promise in Scripture. If there be a heaven for such easy professing, easy living religionists, it must be looked for elsewhere. It

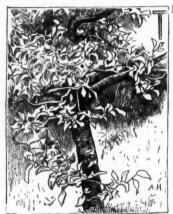
is not the heaven of the Bible; it is not the heaven which has been opened for all believers; it is not the heaven of Him who, when the unprepared and the unready shall come unto Him at the last, saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto us," will make answer and say, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A PRINCE IN DISGUISE.



HE other day
I startled
Aunt Mona
by jumping
up, and tapping on the
window, in
the endeavour to
arrest the
attention of
some one on
the opposite
side of the
street.

"Who is it,my dear?" she asked, coming over

to me, and looking out of the window at the crowd below.

"The gentleman there."

"Where?" asked Aunt Monica. "I do not see any gentleman. Has he crossed over?"

"No; he is there still. But he does not see me; he cannot hear me for the rattle of the carriages."

Aunt Monica stared across the street in complete bewilderment, for there was no one to be seen on the opposite side except an old man, evidently an itinerant vendor of toys, waiting to cross when the stream of vehicles had passed.

I had no time to explain, but left Aunt Monica standing there in astonishment, while I ran downstairs and out into the street, darted between the carts and carriages, seized the hand of this very old man, and at length dragged him with me into the house, as fast as his lameness would permit.

I still held his hand, and in the other, and over his shoulder, he carried a load of children's toy carts and wheel-barrows. I wanted him to come straight up into the drawing-room, but he would not come, and I desisted from urging him, because I felt it would give him pain; so I had to content myself for

the present with a hurried conversation in the hall, which ended in the obtaining of his address and leave to call upon him there.

On entering the room again, I found Edwin stretching his lazy length upon the sofa, a volume of Tennyson in his hand.

"Oh, Edwin! oh, Aunt Monica!" I cried, excitedly; "whom do you think I have found?"

Aunt Mona smiled, and answered, "I don't know, my dear; but you evidently forgot that you were in the middle of London. I saw you rush out, and run madly across the street; and I thought you were possessed with a sudden mania for purchasing the stock of an old toy-vendor."

"Katie never ran; she 'moved to meet him,'" quoted Edwin, from the sofa.

"Then Katie must have been a very lifeless and rather selfish creature," I answered, hastily; "and you don't deserve to know whom I have found."

"Who was it?" asked Aunt Monica. "Some pensioner, I suppose."

"It was Mr. Bothwell, our old tutor," I answered.

"My dear, I am more bewildered than ever. You don't mean the old man with the toys?"

"Yes, indeed I do. He tells me that teaching failed him, and so he took to toy-making. Only think of it, Aunt Mona! he lives by making those things, and he is very, very poor!"

"Why didn't you give him something?" said Edwin.

"Why didn't you bring him up-stairs?" said Auntie.

"First, Aunt Mona, because he would not come; and, Edwin, I could not give him money like a common beggar."

"Oh, I mean lots, all that you had—not such a sum as one gives a beggar."

"No, I could not; I feel sure it would have hurt him to be offered money. Besides, I want him. I want to see him. I have his address. He says it is not a fit place for a lady to visit. But I must go; you will come with me, Aunt Mona? Indeed, I must go!"

"By all means, my dear. It is very sad for a gentleman and a scholar to be reduced to live in such a way."

"Only he is not sad, Aunt Mona. I never saw

any one more cheerful. But fancy his living all alone in a room by himself, with no one to do anything for him."

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I could not rest till I had dragged Aunt Mona to the address Mr. Bothwell had given me. It was in one of the courts at the back of St. Martin's Lane, and we passed through Seven Dials to reach it, which we did at last under the guidance of a friendly policeman, who, however, left us at the entrance of the court.

It was certainly a dismal and dirty place, and I saw some faces, especially of women, round the doors of the public-houses which made me shudder, and yet they inspired more of pity than terror. We had asked our way, and been answered with unvarying courtesy, and within the little court it was the same.

The houses were large and old, and surrounded the court, so that even on that bright afternoon in May a great portion of it was in shadow; but in the little strip of sunshine the children played. They stopped their game to look at us, and drew near to listen when we asked a young woman, with a baby in her arms, to direct us to Mr. Bothwell's.

"I know; I 'll show you," came from half-a-dozen eager voices, quite drowning the woman's answer, and showing that he whom we sought was well known among his neighbours.

The house, it seemed, was let in single rooms, and Mr. Bothwell's was on the ground-floor. The young woman led the way, and all the children followed. A cheerful "Come in!" answered the young woman's knock, and having opened the door she ushered us in and withdrew, driving out the children, who showed a strong inclination to follow us.

When I had introduced Aunt Mona, while Mr. Bothwell was finding us seats, I was getting accustomed to the dimness and confusion of the little The window was in a corner, and in the corner was a bench, heaped with materials for the construction of toys; another ran along the side of the room with a turning-lathe fixed to it; against the end wall was a set of plain deal shelves filled with books in good old-fashioned calf bindings, except that the top shelf was occupied with a row of dishes, a few cups and saucers, a brown teapot, and a plate or two. A lot of thin wooden planks leaned against the wall in the only spare corner. There was a tiny table about two feet square, a big easy chair in which the master of the house had placed Aunt Mona, and several three-legged stools, which came out from under the bench, and which he gaily informed me he had made for visitors. In the midst of the confusion there was something genial. It was not comfortless; there was a small fire, and a little kettle simmering on the hob. "You see I am quite comfortable here," he said; and what with the fire and the books one could not help believing it was true.

Then he began asking minutely about all of us, and taking the greatest interest in all I told him, gradually, and in spite of the invincible shyness

which he could not help showing, setting us at our ease as any gentleman would his visitors.

"You wonder to find me engaged in such work as this, Miss Una," he said, seeing me examining the heap of wooden objects which lay near me.

"Do you make these with your own hands?" I asked, by way of reply.

"Yes, I make them, and sell them to the toyshops; and in the summer I sell more than I can make; only, as there is no demand in the winter, I lay in a little stock of the separate parts, such as you are looking at, and put them together as required."

"But I fear such work is very poorly paid," said Aunt Monica.

"It is so," he said; "but, you see, it takes very little to keep me, and when I am busy I lay up enough for the time when work is scarce."

"But what made you take to such work as this? It is not fit for you," I said, hastily.

He smiled.

"I am glad to be fit for it, Miss Una, though you seem to think it is a degradation; which, indeed, it might be if other work was required of me."

It was my turn to blush; but I could not deny my thought as he had read it.

"You could do higher work," I said; "and to do lower work does not seem right, does it?"

"But the higher was not given me to do," he answered. "I tried and tried in vain to get teaching; tried till it was useless to try any more, for my clothes were no longer respectable enough to present myself in, and my very letters, one from your father among the number, were worn out, too, with much handling. Nobody wanted me to teach; and the rebuffs I got make me wince to this day. Misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, they say; and it made me acquainted in this very way with an old toy-maker, who taught me his light and gentle craft in return for some teaching which he wanted sadly enough-of higher things than earthly knowledge, Miss Una; and I have stuck to it. I make my carts and wheel-barrows so strong that they will stand any amount of knocking about. They are not made only to sell, to disappoint the bairns, and teach them distrust, and premature knowledge of the world; depend upon it, Miss Una, the Master knows best, and I am at my appointed task."

I was listening with a delight which I saw reflected in Aunt Mona's face. I was listening to the same voice that had charmed my childish heart. He had quite cast off his shyness, because he felt, as all such natures feel, the atmosphere of sympathy.

"You are looking at my books," he said to Aunt Mona, who had risen and was standing before the book-shelves. "They were my father's, and very sorry I was to part with some of them. I parted with those I liked least; but I fear I sold some that were mere rubbish, and that ought by rights to have gone into the fire—the only safe place for a bad or

foolish book. The less rubbish in the world, the

"And yet," he went on, "I remember a rebuke on this point which came from your little sister Lizzie. She was holding tenaciously a whole lapful of odds and ends, engaging both hands, while a ball and some other object were held under each arm; and being summoned to lay down that rubbish, she replied, indignantly, 'It isn't rubbish—it 's toys!' And in this life of mine here I learn what things can be made of use to human beings in their straits, and to despise nothing—nothing, except it be the bad books," he added, with a twinkle of humour; "I haven't found out any use for them."

"I fear there is nothing you would care to read," he said to Aunt Mona.

"You mean nothing that I could read," she replied. "I see they are mostly in Latin."

"Yes, they are mostly classics," he said. "I like to read the great poets and philosophers, and it keeps up my knowledge of the ancient tongues. One never knows what use one may have for them."

"Then you will take up your teaching again?" said Aunt Mona.

"I didn't mean in this world," he said quite simply.
"I don't think I shall. But there is nothing finished here. We shall want all our knowledge yet."

"I think I have some moderns whom you might care to become acquainted with at you leisure," said Aunt Mona, preparing to go; "and you will come and see us, Mr. Bothwell, will you not? There are Edwin and Lizzie at home, and Una here is promising herself no little profit and pleasure from renewing her acquaintance with you."

"If you don't come to us, we mean to come to you," I said, "now that we have found the way."

"Then, I must come to you," he answered, "for I would not like to expose you to the risk of coming here."

"Indeed, it does not seem at all dangerous," said Aunt Mona; "the people were so civil to us. Your neighbours especially seemed quite eager to show us the way to your room."

"Ah, poor things! The women and children you saw about in the daylight are anything but dangerous; but within hearing of our voices almost, there are men, and women too, capable of any and every crime, men and women who are at this moment drinking themselves into madness, turning themselves into cruel and disgusting brutes."

"And are you not afraid to live among them?" I said.

"I have nothing to be afraid of," he said. "They could not injure me if they would, and would not if they could. They are welcome to warm their shivering limbs at my little fire. If they are hungry, they know that they can share my crust and my cup of tea, and wonderfully chary they are of doing it. They take sanctuary here from themselves and from each other. I have saved one or other of them from death, from suicide, from nurder. I have rescued a

wife from her husband, a child from its mother. One whole night I had a baby here, but that I wouldn't undertake again on any account."

"But what would you do with it if it came in your way?" I said, laughing at the rueful face he made at the bare remembrance of it.

"Oh, I could get plenty of nurses for it now among the women and girls. It was left with me by a neighbour, who promised to come and fetch it, and then went and got locked up dead drunk. I shall never forget how awfully it cried. I was sure it was hungry, and I didn't know how to feed it; and, indeed, it would have died if I hadn't thought of giving it some milk out of the teapot, as I had heard of the motherless lambs getting in the north country. You see I can work for the Master even here."

"Indeed you can," said Aunt Mona; "and perhaps do more than those who seem to have all the advantages of wealth and position, for you live among them."

He nodded affirmatively, adding, "One can see better, you know, with a farthing candle close at hand, than by the light of a fixed star."

Aunt Mona gave her hand at parting to Mr. Bothwell, with a look of recognition, which I was delighted to see; and when we were once more in the street she whispered, "My dear, your Mr. Bothwell is one of the world's princes in disguise, and you and I must do him homage."

CHAPTER X.

SMALL MATTERS OR GREAT?

It seems a very small matter I am going to set down, so small that I fear I exaggerate its importance; and yet it has made me very uneasy.

Fräulein Vasa has been in excellent spirits ever since we came to London. We have never once seen her in tears, and she has even ceased the prodigious yawning which used to go on, more or less, every evening. She has been very much impressed with the necessity for taking good long walks in the open air, as a precaution against the unsanitary conditions of London; and her headaches have disappeared in consequence. We have heard her trilling her pretty German songs all over the house, and her complexion has been lovelier than ever.

But with all this improvement her appetite has been extremely variable. I noticed it on several occasions without saying anything about it, and indeed thinking it was part of the general improvement; for I am sure she ate more than was good for the health either of body or mind. But to-day Aunt Mona spoke out about it, and seemed quite concerned that she could eat so little.

There was a curious silence, I thought, and happening to look at Lizzie, I saw her eyes directed with indignant rebuke towards the Fräulein, while, knife and fork in hand, she seemed to wait for her to speak.

Turning to Edwin, he was looking persistently at his plate, and the Fraulein's alabaster brow was flushing to the roots of her hair.

"We shall have to get some of your native dishes to tempt your appetite, if you go on in this way," Aunt Mona continued. "London does not agree with you, I suppose; for in spite of your long walks you eat nothing."

I could not understand it; the Fraülein only uttered a long-drawn "Ach!" and even Edwin looked embarrassed.

Lizzie did not speak again during dinner-time, but as soon as it was over, and we were on our way to the drawing-room, going up-stairs with her arm around my waist, she made me understand that she wanted me to come up to our own room, and accordingly we ascended another flight together.

As soon as we were within it, she closed the door, and burst forth indignantly, and yet with a half smile of amusement, "I can bear it no longer, and yet I hate to speak of it. I do think she might have spoken herself, when she had such an opportunity."

"What do you mean, dear?" I cried.

"It is perfectly disgusting! When we are out the Fraülein goes into the pastry-cooks' shops and eats all sorts of things. No wonder she has no appetite. To-day she had four or five great things—cakes and tarts—and a glass of wine. They wanted me to have some, but I would not. You know how we were taught to despise that sort of thing."

"They-who are they?" I said.

"Oh, Edwin has been with us most times. He takes a little, but not nearly so much as she does."

"And does he take wine also?"

"Yes, sometimes a glass, or two glasses, of sherry."

"And of course he pays for it all?"

"Yes, but he did not propose it first," explained Lizzie. "It was the Fraülein herself. She said she was hungry, and the things looked so nice; and so they do," said honest Lizzie, "and I would have liked them well enough, only I was angry and disgusted. What shall we do?" and Lizzie looked the picture of comical distress.

"I will speak to Edwin at once," I said; "it must not go on. It is very bad for both of them, but especially for him; and you must tell the Fraülein that you have spoken to me about it."

That evening we both found an opportunity to accomplish our tasks. Edwin treated it as a very light matter.

"What would you have had me do? The girl was only hungry, and wanted something to eat. She is a great baby; but it is good to see how she enjoys herself. And how could I say anything afterwards, when she said nothing? I suppose she did not like to tell; it is natural enough. After all, she is a stranger in a strange land, and we must make allowances. It will be all right now that Liz has told you. Liz always cuts her way straight out of a difficulty."

"It won't be all right if it is to go on," I said, gravely.

"Why not? We used to do it at school to any extent."

"Oh, Edwin, I wish you were not so idle. Can't you see how wrong and foolish it is?" I broke in.

"What has that to do with it?" he asked.

"A very great deal," I answered. "If you were earnestly engaged in preparing for the work of your life, as you ought to be, you would not care to saunter in the streets and eat cakes and drink sherry."

"How very serious we are," he laughed, with good-humoured mockery. "And what is my lifework to be, Professor Lancaster? I wish you would let me know."

"For a man it must be to make himself of some use in the world, I should think; to help to make things go right instead of wrong."

"Rather vague," he replied, still mocking me.
"A good many are only engaged in making things go wrong; if one keeps from doing that, it is something," he added, more gravely. "I don't think I am doing much harm. Other fellows like me want to ride in the Park and have expensive luncheons, and smoke, and go to entertainments, and spend lots of money. I am a perfect Spartan in comparison with others of my age."

"But, then, you are doing nothing."

"I can't possibly be doing harm, then."

"Oh, Edwin, one can't keep from doing wrong if
one isn't doing right," I said. "Why don't you join
Ernest at college, and work as he is working?"

"What would be the good of it?" he asked. (Oh, that question! Is everybody asking it? and do they go on asking it for ever!) "Ernest has ambitions," he went on. "He wants to be Lord Chanceller some day."

"So should I, if I had been a man. I call that a great ambition to know the laws, perhaps to make them better—fitter to punish the evil, and help the good to triumph."

"Very fine, Fräulein Professorin," Edwin began; "but," he went on more seriously, nay, even with a touch of sadness, "there are hundreds of fellows wanting to do all those fine things, and better able to do them than I am, so I should only be keeping out a better man if I succeeded, and I feel sure I should not."

"Then there is medicine," I went on; "but what is the use;" I thought, "we have had it all over twenty times. Here he will only make a wry face, and look disgusted, and put all my heroics to flight by some pleasantry."

But some deeper vein had been reached, for he answered, gravely, "I do not think I am fitted for that life either."

"I had no idea you were so humble."

"It is true," he said; "I think I am a useless sort of fellow. If any of you wanted me to do anything, I could do it. I can't get it into my head that the

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world wants me. I used to wonder at the fellows at school wanting the prizes so much, and the places. More than once I have let a fellow win when I could

winning the prizes. And now I mean to enjoy life, without seeking its prizes, and perhaps I may win there too,"



"In the evening we have our books and our music."-p. 140.

have done it myself, because I couldn't bear to see him disappointed."

"But you took a good many prizes and worked very well at school."

"Worked—yes, I suppose I did. I read for the reading's sake; I enjoyed it, and I couldn't help I can make nothing of him, and I am very uneasy. My pre-occupation, perhaps, has hindered me from noticing how much less eager Edwin is for his brother's companionship. Hitherto they have been inseparable. Edwin always chose after Ernest, and always chose the same things. They always did

everything together, and went everywhere together. When did they begin this divergence? Has there come a change in their relations to each other, and has Ernest's fiekleness anything to do with it? I cannot tell. I can only hope that something will rouse the fine intellect and sweet generous nature to shake off this lethargy.

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Is it a great calamity, or a little one, or no calamity at all, this which has befallen us? The loss of money may be any of these, I suppose—a calamity in proportion as it cripples our powers and narrows the possibilities of our lives, and the reverse if it restores the one and widens the other.

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I have never known the real value of money, and so I can hardly measure the loss of it. I have always been supplied with all I wanted; and only when I have not had enough to give away have I ever wished for it, and then I wished for it on the scale of "The Arabian Nights," to be measured like Ali Baba's treasure, uncounted and uncountable.

Aunt Monica makes little of it; says we shall have enough for all the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life. She has three hundred a year of her own, but I believe all that my father had beyond the income of his profession, has been swept away by the failure of a company in which he had invested.

Aunt Monica is thankful that the company was "limited," which she has been explaining to me, so that, beyond the paying up of the capital invested, there will be no future calls upon him. Still, I fear we shall to some extent be dependent on Aunt Monica.

My father has written to me. He is much more troubled about the loss than Aunt Mona seemed to think he would be, and speaks out plainly. He tells me that we shall be dependent, to a great extent—almost entirely, for the present—on Aunt Monica. That we girls must spend nothing, and that the boys must get into harness at once. He is doubtful if Ernest can be maintained at the University, and writes to Edwin that he must look out for something at once.

Edwin has taken it so sweetly. He looked all through the advertisements in *The Times* the very morning the letter came, and then, as there seemed nothing for him, he made up an advertisement of his own, letting us all help and advise him. This was what we decided to send—

A YOUNG Gentleman of good education, and with a competent knowledge of French and German, desires to enter a Merchant's Office as Corresponding Clerk, or in any other capacity in which immediate remuneration would be given.

"I needn't say how young I am, Auntie, unless I am asked," he said, stretching himself up to his full height, which was slightly over six feet. "Nobody would take me for under twenty, would they?" and he stroked the chin already golden-brown with the

fast-coming insignia of perfect manhood. "Give us a kiss for good fortune," he said, gaily, as he went out to post his letter.

And we all kissed him as he went out, Lizzie running after him to proffer another and another.

When she came back she noticed, and we all noticed, that the Fräulein was in tears, and, for the first time, we neither felt disgusted nor annoyed at them. On the contrary, Lizzie went up to her, and gave her an affectionate, if rather patronising, hug; and we all felt more friendly and sympathetic towards her. Indeed, on my part the sympathy awakened a feeling of self-reproach that this girl, with a heart that could be touched by our trouble, should have lived so long under our roof, and still remain so great a stranger.

Lizzie, too, has come to the front in our need. She is far more practical than I am, and I believe she realises the situation better. Instead of going off to bed before any one else, as she has hitherto done, often, it must be confessed, with sleep in her dear eyes, and a repressed tendency to yawn about the corners of her sweet mouth, she begged to begin sitting up with us.

And the poor Fräulein succumbed at last and went off to bed, when Lizzie, watching for her opportunity, began. "Dear Auntie, Fräulein Vasa must be sent away at once. I am sorry to-night, somehow, but she is sure to get a good situation. She has often told me that it is quite easy for German governesses to get more money than we give her. I can go on with my lessons with a little help from Una, and I shall like it much better."

"It would be a great saving, and, indeed, a necessary one," said Aunt Monica; "and I feel sure she will easily get another situation, as you say, my dear."

And so it was settled at once that Fräulein Vasa should leave us.

"She has taught me a good deal," said Lizzie, evidently desiring to think as well of her as possible; "and among other accomplishments, Auntie, to be a far better needlewoman than I ever thought of being. You none of you know how clever I am. I have watched her and helped her in making up her dresses, which always fit her so nicely. does it quite scientifically, so different from a dressmaker. She has down all the measurements, and then draws out the pattern with a bit of chalk, and cuts away with mathematical precision. have watched her trim hats and bonnets till I am sure I could do it myself. And I mean to try, if you won't mind making guys of yourselves for a little, while I am learning. You have no idea how economical it is to do all these things for one's self."

I really think Lizzie enjoys the prospect of being poor, and managing things.

The Fräulein has asked leave to stay with us till she finds another situation—a request to which we were glad that Aunt Mona assented willingly. Auntie will not hear of interrupting Ernest's studies. I am

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sorry to say he writes in a very discontented tone, as if some one ought to be blamed in this matter. I can see, indeed, that he blames our father, and feels an injustice done to himself, as if he had a right to the happiness that a certain amount of money will purchase, and some one had robbed him.

We have been on the look-out for a small suburban house, and at last we have found one. It is only £50 a year, and that is as much as we shall be able to afford. It has two sitting-rooms and five bed-rooms, one for Aunt Mona and one for Lizzie and me, one for Edwin (which Ernest must share in the holidays), and one for our only maid. What a change this will be for Aunt Monica, who has always been accustomed to have a maid of her own till she took charge of us! Aunt Robert told us so. She comes to see us, and laments over us so much that it makes me feel quite wretched-not on my own account, but on Aunt Mona's. And yet where should we have been without her? And then she declares that she is happier than she ever was in her life before, and I do not think it is entirely fancy. She seems happy.

"I am only afraid," she said to Aunt Robert, the other day, "that my helpless ways will make me a sad trouble to my children. Did you ever see me with a prettier cap?" she went on. "Well, Lizzie made it out of nothing; absolutely created it out of a

few scraps of lace."

"And I did so enjoy making it," said Lizzie; "and Aunt Mona has lace enough to make up caps for a lifetime."

I do not know what we should have done at this time, also, but for Aunt Robert. We had got our little house, but Aunt Mona confided to me that she had not nearly enough money by her to furnish it. "We must be content with very little," I said; but I had not the slightest notion what that meant.

It was Aunt Robert who came to the rescue. When it came to furnishing our house, she wanted to see it, and to take us shopping in her carriage, but Lizzie cried out, "Oh, that will never do; they will think we want fine things, and we have only a very little money, and we have settled that we can only have iron beds and plain deal furniture in the bedrooms, and very little carpet, and eke it out with some pretty matting."

"Oh, have we?" said Aunt Robert, with an accent on the "we" which made us all laugh; but we were packed comfortably into the roomy carriage, and driven out to our cheap suburb, that Aunt Robert might see the house and its capabilities.

"You can't live here," said Aunt Robert, looking disdainfully at the very outside of our little mansion, which we had almost admired, after all we had seen.

"Why not?" said Aunt Mona. "We cannot choose—that is, we have chosen to the best of our ability. You know what our income is likely to be. People with such an income must live in such houses as these. It would take every penny we have to pay for our present lodgings alone."

Aunt Robert went over the little rooms, finding

fault with everything, till Lizzie said, "Aunt Robert, I do wish you hadn't come. We thought everything quite pretty, and I mean to go on thinking everything pretty still," and she looked at the fault-finder with comical defiance.

Aunt Mona looked troubled at Lizzie's speech, and I know I was, but Aunt Robert seemed to take it in good part. "You saucy child!" she said, with a smile.

"I wish we could see inside some of the little houses, to find out how they manage," said Lizzie.

"I don't think that would help you," said Aunt Robert, looking out of the window. "Those houses opposite are smaller still. Do you see in that window what appears to be the top of a bride's cake under a glass case? Is that an advertisement that they are newly married?"

"I see some darling little faces watching us from over the way—a whole window full," said Lizzie.

"This will be our drawing-room," said Aunt Mona.

"And you will let me furnish it for you," said Aunt Robert. "Lizzie shall go with me and choose everything for this one room. You can manage the rest."

"Oh, that will be delightful!" exclaimed Lizzie, throwing her arms round the speaker. "You are as good as a fairy godmother—and better, for your gifts won't vanish away."

Aunt Robert kissed her, and I saw the hardish mouth tremble a little, and a flush of pleasure pass

over Aunt Robert's face.
"I know it will be a pleasure to you, Harriet," said Aunt Mona, in her quiet sweet tones, "and it will be a great help to ve, but he save that you

will be a great help to us; but be sure that you keep down your desire for the bountiful and the expensive, or we shall offend against good taste by our want of proportion."

CHAPTER XI.

POVERTY AND REFINEMENT.

OUR little house is furnished at last, and very nice and pretty it looks now we are in it. Aunt Robert and Lizzie have been very judicious, Lizzie boldly claiming all the credit to her aunt's face, who had wanted to buy twice as many things as the room would hold; and the controversy had ended in Aunt Robert furnishing both sitting-rooms, leaving only the bed-rooms to Aunt Mona, in spite of her remonstrance. There is a dark green carpet in our drawing-room, with a mossy pattern; a simple set of walnut-wood furniture in crimson stuff; pretty lace curtains; a single pot of flowers, which can be renewed according to the season; and then for ornament a few pretty vases on the mantle-shelf-though they are only glass, they are very pretty. Auntie's portfolio furnished plenty of water-colour paintings for the walls, and she is quite proud of them-could not have believed they would look so well. And then her books: they are arranged in little hanging book-cases within easy reach. The dining-room is equally simple, only the wood is oak, and the

furniture clad in leather; and the things being larger, and the room smaller, it has enough ado to hold us. Lizzie wishes we weren't all so big, rather reversing the usual mode of desiring to adapt things.

Aunt Mona and I did our part with a very small expenditure, fitting the bed-rooms with painted deal, iron beds in black and gold, and strips of carpet and Indian matting. It was well that we did spend so little, for the things wanted seemed endless. There was linen, and plate, and kitchen things, and we are always finding out that something else must be bought. My very brain seems to be new furnished, as indeed it is, for I have been buying a great number of new ideas as well as new furniture-ideas which make life appear in a very new and real light; and among these ideas is a profound respect for the class which creates and maintains all the new homes so like this of ours in externals at least. Whatever their failings may be, they cannot be the wretched and contemptible creatures whom I have heard called hard names by ignorant people.

Edwin thinks he has been remarkably fortunate. He has found, by the merest chance, just the kind of situation he wanted, in a large mercantile house. They have great transactions with France and Germany, and their corresponding clerk, a Frenchman, who has been with them several years, is hopelessly ill. They fear he may never be able to take his place in the office again. Poor man, he had only one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and he has a wife and several children. Edwin is to have the half of that sum for the present, with the prospect of retaining the situation at the full salary on the death of his predecessor; in the meantime, I believe the other half is to be paid to him. The whole thing sounds dreary in the extreme, but, dear fellow, he is quite satisfied, and feels sure that his work will be easy.

We have had Ernest with us for a few days, but I am very glad he has gone to Aunt Robert's. He was so dissatisfied with everything. He could not bear to see Lizzie and me doing things in the house, and was always saying, "Can't the servant do that?" I had to tell him that there was more to do, especially when he was at home, than one pair of hands could accomplish. I marvel what they can accomplish, now that I have tried the separate items. Lizzie and I make the beds and dust the rooms. We asked the servant how we could help her, and she told us that her former mistress had done these things. We find it pleasant enough to do them. An hour or two in the morning suffices, and it keeps our nice little maid from being thoroughly overworked. She is anything but the typical maid-of-all-work, our She dresses very simply, though she has such a fine name, and is pretty and delicate looking, with an air and gait which would beseem any lady, and speech and manners to match. Lizzie and I look far fitter for housework than she does, and yet, I suppose because she is trained to it, she is far less easily tired. When I said I feared she must be very tired, one day that Aunt Robert came to dine with us, she said so sweetly that she was not tired in the least, adding, with a look of grateful kindliness, "I do not mind work at all—it is a pleasure to work in this house, where I am never scodded, or worried, or spoken to as if I was an inferior animal;" and then she told me how hard and miserable her life had been with more than one former mistress, "driven," as she phrased it, "from morning till night, attacked with looks and tones of fury or of freezing contempt if anything went wrong. They made me feel so bad that sometimes I did not know what I was doing, and really made mistakes and breakages from nervousness. I never was so happy in my life as now," she concluded.

Thus far our new domestic life is a great success. It is pleasant to find our single servant, of whom we had a great dread, and who might have tyrannised over us to any extent, prizing so much our courtesy and kindness, which is no more than the common courtesy and kindness which English ladies always show to their domestics.

Of course, Juliana must go out now and then. She goes to church on Sunday evenings, and once a month to visit her mother, and then we are left to serve ourselves. I am glad Edwin was not at home on one of these occasions, as he would have seen me getting red over the kitchen fire cooking a mutton chop, and opening the side door to take in the milk and the bread. I do not see why it should vex him so much. These things must be done, and they can be done without any loss of refinement. Juliana does all her work with a gentle dignity which is perfectly delightful to behold.

I talked it over with Aunt Monica.

"Real refinement is a thing of the inner kingdom, dear child," she said. "Like real religion, no circumstances exclude it. If it is present within, it is sure to rule and guide all that is without."

"And yet people talk as if it belonged only to a certain class—nice people and refined people meaning only the wealthy and the educated."

"There are circumstances favourable and circumstances unfavourable to it," said Aunt Mona, "and many a noble fight has been made by men and women to keep themselves and those dear to them surrounded with the former. But then nothing is so hostile to it as pretence. Truth is necessary to its existence. Indeed, it is allied to all that is pure and good. It is with a kind of intuition of this that the proverb says cleanliness is next to godliness."

"And it costs a great deal," I said, speaking from my new experience.

"Indeed it does; the delicate personal purity of English ladyhood costs a very great deal, both in time and money; but Juliana, whom you have instanced, is an example of how a servant achieves it by her own labour and the fitting simplicity of her dress. It is doing her duty so fittingly that lends her so much dignity."

"A lady under the same circumstances ought to do the same,"

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"Yes, my dear; but not by dressing exactly like a servant; that would be renouncing instead of practising the fitness we have been speaking about. Nature will not lend itself to imitations. They are too cheap. And if we cannot pay in money for the best things, we must do it in a higher currency. Peace and order and 'sweetness and light' are not to be had without giving in exchange self-control and self-denial, unselfish aims and earnest thought."

"And then all high thought ennobles," continued Aunt Monica. "An aged Christian is perfectly refined. I have one in my mind at this moment who died in the ward of a city workhouse. I knew her before she went into it, too weak and poor even to keep herself clean. She was watching over her one unhappy son, who was a confirmed drunkard, and whom she would not leave till she was no longer able to wait on him, as she did with unfailing gentleness in the midst of his bestial sin."

"Oh, Aunt Mona, how good people are!" I exclaimed, somewhat vaguely.

"Can be, I should say," she answered, smiling.
"You mean that our virtue and our refinement cost us comparatively little."

"Yes, indeed; our lives are quite easy and leisurely. Lizzie says she never knew there was so much time in a day before,"

It is true we are getting accustomed to our new mode of life, and finding it quite easy. We are able, after the bustle of settling down, to look about us and to think it is just a little dull for our neighbours, if not for ourselves. Certainly the days are long. We rise early and breakfast early, because Edwin must go into the City by the 8.20 train, and then there is ample time in the morning for all our domestic work, for dressing and for our early dinner. There are no visitors. We generally go out for a walk, all three; and there are just three walks to be had in the neighbourhood. One, after an interval of market-gardens and untidy waste ground, already let for building purposes, takes us past the long wall of a suburban cemetery. Another, among endless rows, and roads, and terraces, like the one we live in; and the third, into the fields-at first they are brickfields, by no means exhilarating objects of contemplation, but Lizzie and I can walk past them and get into real fields, with hawthorn hedges, and spreading trees, and stiles, and field-paths. We can even get up on a little hill by means of one of these paths, and see all about us green, as if we were in the heart of the country. Only Aunt Mona cannot walk so far, and sometimes she stays at home, I feel sure, in order that she may not hinder us.

Then in the evening we have our books and our music. I do not know if this is enough for me. I do not think I am discontented, and neither is Lizzie. She is anything but that, but she craves already for a fuller life, shown in the eager interest she takes in the concerns of our neighbours. The people opposite, I ought to say, for we have no neighbours, so to speak. On one side of us there is an empty house,

and on the other we have seen no one except a little boy.

He was discovered by Lizzie one day. Nothing was to be seen of him but his round face and very round eyes looking over the top of the wall. He must have got a chair there to stand upon, and it must stand there always, for we never look out without seeing the little face peeping at us. That garden, and a very neglected garden it is, seems to be his whole world, and he looks over the wall quite into another. On first seeing me come out into the garden and look up at him, his head disappeared suddenly, so suddenly that I feared some catastrophe might have occurred. It came up again, and then I smiled and nodded. Again it disappeared, and this time a little hand came up again, holding out a pansy, which was accepted with thanks, and so our intercourse began.

At first it was conducted by a telegraphy of nods and smiles and gifts of flowers, chiefly dandelions and daisies on his part, but at length he found a tongue; and what a nimble little tongue it was, too! Everything that took place within his ken was immediately communicated. In vain I tried to stop him. "I'se dust had my dinner," he would say. "I'se had beeftea; mamma had a top. Mamma isn't well to-day; I mustn't make a noid." Next day he appeared, calling out excitedly, "I dot a baby; have 'oo dot a baby?" and he seemed to pity us much when we answered in the negative.

We have sent Lizzie away for a fortnight to Aunt Robert's country house. Indeed, it was Lizzie whom Aunt Robert wanted all along, asking her and Ernest, but Ernest only as a make-weight. Lizzie declined, and yet she did it so graciously that Aunt Robert could not take offence, "Let me come to you some other time, dear aunt," she said. "There is so much that I can do at home just yet;" and so it was settled that Ernest was to go alone. He has been seeing a good deal of company at Nyewood. His friend Mr. Temple is to be there during Lizzie's stay, and the Winfields have been and gone. He seems to have enjoyed himself on the whole. Lizzie and he are to come home together in a fortnight, when Aunt Robert goes to pay some autumn visits.

Auntie and I are still troubled about Edwin, though not on the score of idleness any longer. I fear he has a great deal more to do than he anticipated, for he often comes home late, and seems tired and depressed. Indeed, we see very little of him. He has to go away so early, and on Sunday he stays at home all the morning, when we are at church, and goes out in the evening for long walks, which seem to tire him more than refresh him. The other evening, when he came home early, Fräulein Vasa came to see us, and he went home with her. Curiously enough, she has found a situation in our neighbourhood. Perhaps she sought to be near us, for she claims us as her only friends in England. After all, she is a stranger, and we must be kind to her. I am glad Edwin offered to see her home, as the roads are dark and lonely; but he did not do it as graciously as he would once have done. A shadow has fallen on our sunny-hearted boy.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

LIZZIE would have been gratified. We have seen something of our neighbours at last. The day after

troublesome, as his looking over the wall had been discovered, and prohibited; and Toodles had been breaking his heart ever since. We assured her that it did not trouble us in the least, duly admired the baby, whose little red face was buried in a stiff satin bonnet, and ended by asking Toodles to tea. It was a bond of interest between us and the unknown young mother to find that the father of Toodles was



"'Nobody would take me for under twenty, would they?' he said."-p. 137.

she left us the nurse next door brought us the new baby for inspection, with the mother's thanks for our kind inquiries. Along with nurse and baby came our little friend from over the wall, whom we have only known by the name of Toodles. "Mamma's Toodles" was the name he gave us, while he rejoices in the title of Master Frederick William Johnson Jones. "Teddy is short for Frederick," explained the nurse, "and so it got to be Toodles"—by what process might be interesting and instructive to advanced students of philology. The nurse was also commissioned to inquire if Toodles was in any way

at sea, and away on a long voyage, in command of a merchant vessel.

Then while Aunt Mona and I were engaged in ministering to the insatiable curiosity of Toodles, we were called on to receive the clergyman and his wife. Mr. Davidson is a fine-looking man, with iron-grey hair, and stern not to say severe cast of countenance. He is an interesting preacher, but he is not an attractive man, at least to me; his expression is one I cannot understand. Mrs. Davidson is a large and still rather handsome woman, who says very little, and looks rather timid and repressed. I do not think

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they are happy together; he has a way of looking at her—a "what will you say next?" sort of look—which reduces her to silence. He does not otherwise snub her, except by entirely passing over any remark she makes, but she is evidently afraid of being snubbed.

Mr. Davidson told us that his curate, Mr. Carrol, had decided on bringing his mother and sister to live in the district, and that he has taken the house next door to us. It will be very pleasant for us, especially as Aunt Mona believes that she knows something of Mrs. Carrol. It is not quite a common name, and one whom she knew in early youth married a clergyman who bore it.

Thus we were prepared to welcome our new neighbours, and it was well that we were so. The poor lady and her daughter arrived in a cab before their furniture, which had been delayed on the road, and evidently the fatigue and anxiety had been too much for her, for no sooner had she got out of the cab than she fainted, and would have fallen to the ground but for her son's arm thrown around her just in time to prevent it. He had just come out of the empty house to meet them, and seemed very much distressed.

She was being carried in-doors, with the aid of the cabman, when I ran out, by Aunt Mona's desire, and begged them to carry her into our house instead, and lay her on the sofa in our sitting-room.

"We shall be most thankful," replied both brother and sister in a breath. "Something has delayed the carts, and there is not even a chair for her."

So they carried her in and laid her on the sofa, and Aunt Mona and I bathed her hands and face with eau-de-cologne and fanned her, while Mr. Carrol stood looking on, and her daughter knelt by her side. It was a long faint, and I was not used to fainting, and by the time it was over I was trembling so that I could hardly stand. But at length animation was restored and she opened her eyes upon us.

She seemed startled to find herself in a strange place, till her daughter, still kneeling by her, explained how she had been brought there, and begged her earnestly to remain where she was, till a room in her own house could be prepared for her.

"We ought to have arranged differently," said Miss Carrol, "knowing what mamma is; but she felt so unusually well, and we were anxious to get settled, and thought the furniture would have got here an hour or two ago. My brother remained here to prepare for us."

While we were speaking, the furniture did arrive, but the brother and sister left their mother with us thankfully. How tender they are of her, and how good and sweet she looks! Her face may have been plain in youth, but it is beautiful and attractive in age; a dignified and noble face, if sadder and less beautiful than Aunt Monica's: a face from which the last faint gleam of life's sunset has vanished, but where the grey light of fading day is yet left tender and serence.

It was as Aunt Mona thought. She had known

Mrs. Carrol slightly very many years ago, and they still had one or two mutual friends and acquaintances. We did not part with our guest till quite late in the evening, the brother and sister running in from time to time with tender inquiries, and staying to take tea with us.

Clara Carrol is a noble-looking woman. She has the pure pale complexion of red or reddish-haired people, without a tinge of sickliness. She is curiously like a picture I have seen, and retain in my memory, It may have been one of Mr. Burne-Jones's before he made all the noses in them turn up at the point, I am glad her nose does not turn up. Why is it that when a fashion of any kind prevails we see so many instances of it? Is it only that we never noticed it before ?-red hair, for instance, and this of noses : only, as Lizzie says, "people may dye their hair, but they can't turn up their noses." Ernest hates tiptilted noses passionately. He says the heroines who possess them are capable of being furies, like her who had "large eyes, the haunts of scorn." They have the attitude—as far as noses can assume an attitude -of contempt and malice. Therefore I am glad that Clara has not this nose of fashion, but one which, though not long, is straight as that of a Greek statue. Her brows are straight, under the delicate golden eyebrows, and her mouth firm and pure, though rarely smiling-indeed, almost sternly grave.

Claude Carrol is in some respects a contrast to his sister, with shadowy hair and high-arched brows. His face is far more mobile, more sensitive, more feminine, in fact, than hers, though in person he is tall and manly. I had only heard him read, and seen him at a distance, but Aunt Mona and I have always liked him in the reading-desk; his reading is quiet and reverent, and without the slightest affectation. Of course, now that we have really seen him, we like him very much indeed.

We have been able to help our neighbours a good deal in a variety of little ways. Not a day has passed, since they came, without our seeing them, and they all three improve on acquaintance. We have been over their house, so like and yet so unlike our own, the latter being rather new at present—what an artist would call raw, I believe. It, on the contrary, is full of things that have served a lifetime, and have the look of real well-preserved old age—not that of sham new old age. I have been with Clara and Claude all our walks, our three walks, and we know all about each other's tastes and habits.

Mrs. Carrol is the widow of a clergyman who died before the birth of this son and second child; died, the hard-working curate of a London parish, of a fever caught in the slums where his work had lain. He left his widow in poverty, but not wholly unprovided for—the provision which had enabled them to marry, being her own portion, was settled upon herself and her children. Her sorrow came upon her with a sudden shock and in a time of bodily weakness, and it had very nearly proved fatal; but when she returned, as it were, from the very brink of the grave,

it was the new life she brought with her that gave her strength to take up her burden, and she has told Aunt Mona how her sorrow blossomed into joy over "the sweetest child that ever made childhood gracious."

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Through the influence and exertions of the clergyman whose curate Mr. Carrol had been, Claude was admitted into the Bluecoat school, while Mrs. Carrol educated her daughter carefully and thoroughly-as she herself had been educated-with but little help from school or master. They have lived in a small house in a dismal West-end district bordering on Chelsea, one of a "dull, unfriendly, unfashionable row," Clara says. And unfashionable enough Clara and her mother may have been, but dull or unfriendly never. It is wonderful what bright and sweet lives they seem to have led during all the years of Clara's youth, For a time-when her brother was at college-Clara, though so young for the task, went out as a daily governess, trudging through all weathers to teach several relays of Belgravian pupils. It seems to have been hard and fatiguing work: and, happily, with Claude's independence--also achieved unusually early-the necessity for it ceased.

Clara's time is now entirely at her own disposal.

"With her talents (and Clara is really talented)," says

her brother, "friends are always telling her she might do great things; but somehow the great things do not come in her way, and she seems quite contented to do the little ones." She has led, and does lead a very useful life; she waits on her mother, who is greatly invalided; she has helped to maintain herself that she might not hinder her brother's career, and now she does all the helpful household things which enable them to live on their limited income as they do live, and still she seems at leisure. In her former home she seems to have helped the clergyman of the district and his wife with all their schemes and charities, teaching in the school, and even making up garments for its wretchedly-clad children.

These are our new friends, about whom I have been writing to Lizzie every day, as she does not fail to remindme. I have certainly been very much interested in them, and have had very little else to think about. Lizzie's letters are not very satisfying. They rather excite curiosity than gratify it. She has so much to tell me, she writes. But the time has sped, thanks to our new neighbours, and she will be at home again, and then I shall be satisfied; for Lizzie's talk is better than my pen, though I can always write so much better than I can talk.

(To be continued.)

LOST!

AN OLD STORY IN VERSE.

OST!
So rang the cry throughout the vale;
A child was missing, and the tale
Spread, like its mountain mists, throughout the
place;
And limbs, that never yet had failed,
Trembled, and many a strong heart quailed,
And paler grew each face!

Early that morn the little maid Along the upland paths had strayed, Climbing far up the rugged brow, Then smiling in the sun—but now The snow had fallen, pure and white, And it was night!

Over the mountain, like a spectre grim,
With sable mantle close enwrapping him,
A huge cloud hung;
And swiftly, silently, came down the snow,
And lay in heaped-up drifts where none could know,
The hills among.

The child was lost, and through the night
Strong hearts went forth
To east and west, to south and north,
And everywhere, all pure and bright
The ground lay white.

Lost! lost! far up the mountain side
The searchers sped
In haste and dread,
Fearing to find the thing they sought,
Dreading the dead!

Lost! lost! the search seemed all in vain:
Their steps must be retraced again.
"Till morning light
No more could well be done; and then
What hope remained?" so said the men,
That wintry night.

But hark!
When hope seemed dead and nought was left to
dare,
A dog's loud bark
Re-echoed through the midnight air,

Saved! saved! Beneath the cliff in snowy bed, They found the little maid—thank God, not dead!

And hope revived! Mayhap the child was there!

For weary hours she sat and wept—
The tears upon her face were wet—
And then 'neath snowy coverlet
She crept
And said her prayers and calmly slept.



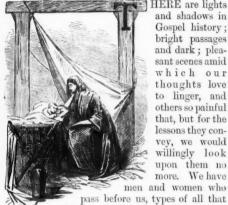
"A dog's loud bark Re-echoed through the midnight air."-p. 143.

Forth from the little vale that night A song of praise went up on high, Hoarse in its grand intensity, To Him, "Our Father," in whose sight
The little maid had trusting trod,
Safe in the keeping of her God. G. W.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

THE MAGI: THE TRIBUTE OF SCIENCE TO CHRIST (St. MATT. ii. 1-12)



HERE are lights and shadows in Gospel history; bright passages and dark; pleasant scenes amid which our thoughts love to linger, and others so painful that, but for the lessons they convey, we would willingly look upon them no more. We have men and women who

memories can have been preserved only that we might know to what depths of degradation human nature can sink, and with what terrible crimes it can render itself infamous. There are but few of us who have not been powerfully impressed by these word-pictures of the New Testament; and these scenes and characters stand out before us in all the distinctness and relief of reality and life. We can see the Magi there, with their reverent looks and their costly gifts, forgetting the weariness and peril of their pilgrimage in their joy of having found the young Child. We can see John the Baptist, with his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins, carrying on his preparatory work, whose loud call to repentance we can hear sounding like a trumpet-blast in the desert, or dying away among the hills by Jordan. We can see Herod, that weak and wicked man who so long made "I dare not" wait upon "I would," at first gladly listening to the prophet whom he would not obey, and then, consciencestricken criminal that he was, haunted by the ghostly remembrance of the prophet whom he had murdered. Then we see Nicodemus, the Jewish ruler, hesitatingly and by night approaching the young Rabbi Jesus, and learning of Him truths of which, though a teacher in Israel, he had till that memorable night known nothing. Then we see Zacchæus, the rich publican, looking forth from the shelter of the sycomore-tree, from which he is called down that he may welcome Jesus in his own house. And then we have that exquisite wayside picture of the village home of the two sisters of Bethany, that retreat from the

is noble and excellent; and others whose

noise and dust and strife of the neighbouring city, which was often sought by our Saviour, and where He always found Himself a welcome and honoured guest. In our attempts to reproduce these and other Scripture scenes, we all of us owe something, though perhaps quite unconsciously, to those various pictorial aids which we have at different times enjoyed. Some can remember when they learned Scripture history from those old Dutch tiles with which many of the hearths of England were once pleasantly and not unprofitably garnished; many more can remember how they looked with eyes of childish wonderment on the pictures of the great Bible, the opening of which was the occasion of so much delight; while many have had the privilege of beholding the higher creations of Christian and Christianised art which rank among the most carefully-treasured possessions of this and other lands.

And we must remember that these old-world men and women do not merely pass before us in grave and stately procession, making no sign as they pass whether for our warning, or comfort, or instruction, but by word or deed they all speak to us, some in tones of encouragement inviting us to follow in their footsteps, others in tones of solemn monition warning us off from the rocks on which they foundered. At a few of these characters we propose to look, to some of these voices, whether of warning or encouragement, we would listen.

And we cannot but notice, as we consider the different personages to whom we are introduced in Gospel history, how they all gather around, stand in some kind of relation to the Lord Jesus Christ; one by one are they drawn towards, one by one do they take up their positions around Him as friends or foes; and they, according to the relations they sustain to the Christ of God, are held up as objects of honour or infamy to the gaze of all after-time.

And we cannot but observe how, while Christ was yet a child, an infant, He acted as a test, and did, while as yet He slumbered in His mother's arms, reveal, cause to develop themselves, the thoughts of many hearts. Of this we have a striking illustration in this narrative which records the visit of the Magi. We are here introduced to two or three different classes, who are very variously affected by the rumour which reaches them of this Child's birth in Bethlehem. One day, not so very long after the birth of the Lord Jesus, a rumour spread through Jerusalem, subject to all the exaggeration which usually attaches to report, concerning the arrival in the city of certain illustrious

strangers from the East—sages, Magi as they are called—and whose purpose in visiting Jerusalem was to inquire concerning one recently born King of the Jews. Men of considerable distinction must they have been, and travelling probably with a large retinue, to have produced by their arrival and inquiries so deep and widespread a sensation

as they evidently did.

They have come thither, to the metropolis of Judgea, where dwelt all the men who should be most conversant with the affairs of the kingdom and most deeply concerned in its welfare, that they might learn something more than they knew concerning one who had been recently born King of the Jews-and whose star they had seen in the East. We can easily imagine that a feeling of surprise must have been awakened in the minds of these illustrious strangers, and that a chill of disappointment must have fallen on their hearts, as, upon their arrival in Jerusalem, the city of the great King, they found no signs or sounds of exultant joy, but only a strange unconsciousness and ignorance in reference to the whole matter. Not only so, but at the very suggestion of the idea—there is no certain knowledge—the mind of Jerusalem grows troubled and disturbed, sign sufficiently dark and ominous, proof afforded beforehand, of the attitude which Israel will assume in respect of the Lord's Christ.

Let us look first at the revelation of character we are furnished with in the case of the Scribes and Pharisees, the leaders and teachers of Israel. The test is applied, they are weighed in the balances and found utterly wanting in those qualities on account of the assumed possession of which they prided themselves. There is no deficiency of information; they are expecting the Messiah, they can speak with precision as to the place of His birth; but with minds blinded by prejudice, worldliness, and carnal expectation, they are satisfied with their barren acquaintance with the mere letter of God's Word; and while the Magi, as we shall see, guided only by the light of the star, and some indefinable impulse, travel towards Bethlehem, those to whom were committed the oracles of God remain in Jerusalem, while its King and their King was lying under the shelter of some humble

cottage in a village near by.

But by this same event have we light thrown upon another and worse type of character. We read that when Herod the king had heard these things—had heard, that is, of the arrival and inquiries of the Magi—he was troubled. At the time when these wise men from the East were inquiring for the new-born King of the Jews, the Jews, though nominally a nation, for centuries had had no king of their own royal lineage. They were looking forward to the restoration of the throne of David, the appearance of one who should lay claim to the ancient monarchy, and make Jerusalem a praise in all the earth. It

was at this time that these wise men from the East came to Jerusalem with their inquiry, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" They did not ask for the actual reigning sovereign, for to him they ultimately addressed their inquiry. They ask where the hereditary and rightful King is to be found—they inquire not for one who is yet to be born, but for one who is born already,and who from his very birth is a King. No wonder that the Edomite who occupies the throne by the favour of the Roman Emperor is terrified: knowing full well the hollowness of his own pretensions and the precariousness of his position, he trembles as he hears of one born King of the Jews. He at once secures all the information that can be obtained of the Scribes and chief priests as to the birthplace of the Messiah, and of the wise men as to the time when they first saw the star; and seeking to impose upon the wise men by the lying pretence that he too desired to worship the young Child, whom he had purposed in his heart to kill, he exacted from them a promise to return by way of Jerusalem, and give him any information they might acquire. The Magi, however, were warned by God concerning the King's real intent, and they returned to their own country by another way, when Herod, finding that he was mocked by the wise men, issued the order for the massacre of Bethlehem, by which he has rendered his name for ever infamous.

But now, leaving Jerusalem, we will accompany the Magi in their star-guided way towards Bethlehem; for "Lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down and worshipped Him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." Even now, through all the dimness of intervening ages, does the picture stand out before us distinct and We know not the number or the names of these distinguished strangers, but we can well imagine that the villagers of Bethlehem were greatly astonished to hear of their arrival, and yet more astonished on discovering the purport of it. They knew not that the mystery of godliness, wrapped in a child's form, had for some days past been lying in the house whither these Magi wended their way, and over which the star rested, noticed, it may be, by no eyes save theirs, familiar with all the wonders of the heavens.

And Mary and Joseph must have been as greatly astonished as any to see the strangers come in, forgetting, in their joy of having found the Child, all that they had endured in their quest of Him. We can only vaguely conceive what were the feelings with which the Virgin mother must have looked upon the infant Jesus, but we are sure that her

feelings of wonder were deepened that night, as she saw these grave, thoughtful, high-minded men, representatives of the world's wisdom, coming out of the remote and fabulous East, looking with eyes of unspeakable reverence on the young Child in her bosom, falling down and worshipping Him, opening their treasures, and presenting unto Him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh. All this must have seemed very wonderful to Mary, and indeed, even now, seems very wonderful to us, who can read the narrative in the light and glory of subsequent events. He must have no faculty of wonder in his soul who with unmoved feelings can see these strangers from the East bowing down in their deep humility, and spreading out, in the great joy of their hearts, their costly offerings before the Child Christ: symbol of many things, the deep significance of which we are only by slow degrees learning.

We cannot look at this visit of the Magi to the infant Saviour, without seeing in it an expression of that spirit of expectation which found a place for itself in the heathen world prior to and at the time of the advent of Christ. Incomparably the greatest event which ever transpired in the history of our world was the advent of Christ in the flesh, the coming forth of the Son of God to accomplish the great work of human redemption. This we may regard as the crisis of the world's history, "the great birth of time," and for this great event, everything had been, directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, preparing for four thousand years. We are tempted, in considering the great work of preparation, to restrict our view to the direct line of descent, that special preparation of which we have account in the Old Testament Scriptures, but besides this there was being carried on simultaneously, though obscurely, a great work of preparation, not less real, though more general in its character.

Christ's position in sacred history is of course immediately recognised. He is all and in all, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. He is the explaining principle of the preceding economies, for whose advent kings and priests, patriarchs and prophets, through ages and generations waited and longed. But if we look away from this, which we may speak of as the line of special preparation, we see all the various lines of the world's life converging on this point. If we look beyond the limits of the Jewish nation, we see a mighty work of preparation silently carried Broad and deep foundations for the Divine kingdom were being laid, and besides all this there was a widespread expectation as to the advent of some "heroic deliverer" who should inaugurate a brighter and better era.

But looking to these Magi, we have to consider the special form under which, in their case, this expectation manifested itself, and how that form was determined. These strangers from the East, who are called Magi, or Magians, were in all probability priests of the Parsee religion. It is, of course, a matter of extreme difficulty to ascertain the opinions which were entertained at this period in reference to any particular subject, and we must carefully guard against the error of attributing to these Magi those well-defined views of Christ's character, and the purpose of His advent, which were not possible in that early dawning of the Gospel day. But, making this admission, we feel that their expectation and belief, however indeterminate, must have been strong, and that to a very exceptional extent. In what way, then, are we to account for that state of mind which led them so earnestly and enthusiastically to seek the new-born King of the Jews? There have been attempts made to show that their belief was the mere outgrowth of their astronomical and astrological studies; the result of their inquiries into the principles of that religion of which they were the professors and priests; but all such attempts have been unsuccessful. There must, in their case, have been some intermixture of Jewish ideas, or a special revelation. The Persians expected their Saviour from the family of Zoroaster, while these Magi come to seek the King of the Jews at Jerusalem. Their faith clearly rested on something more than a vague and indefinite surmise; they recognised in the new-born Child one who is not merely a Saviour, but a ruler, one whose star they had seen in the East. They must either have had an old revelation through the prophecy of Balaam, or a new one, possibly by a dream such as that by which they were warned to go home by some other way than that by Jerusalem. It is difficult to see how such a belief as they entertained could have had any other than a supernatural origin.

In looking to these Magi we have to consider not only the expectation and belief which induced them to enter upon this quest, but also the way in which they were guided. These men were astronomers, astrologers, accustomed all their lives to note the wonders of the heavens; their religion was the religion of light, and in its day was perhaps the highest and noblest form of Well, God heathenism which ever existed. makes use of a star to awaken the attention of these men, who had been studying the stars all their lives, and with this remarkable, unusual appearance in the heavens, He associates the belief in their minds, that it was the sign of the birth of One who was the King of the Jews, the One who was to be the substance of all the things they had hoped for.

This was no uninfluential belief; they start off forthwith towards Jerusalem, where, if they do not find the young Child, they may expect to get needful information concerning Him. We

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need not inquire what this star was, whether some natural though unusual conjunction of certain heavenly bodies occurring at that time, or some supernatural appearance awakening expectation at first, and guiding them where special guidance was needed. We gather from the narrative that these men were led by some unusual sign in the heavens to set out on their pilgrimage, and that they were mysteriously guided from their far-off home in the East, to the house in Bethlehem where they found the young Child and His mother.

These men stand before us as the representatives of the wisdom, the science, the philosophy of the True wisdom leads to Christ. wisest thing which these wise men ever did was to follow the leading of the star, and to yield to those mysterious promptings of which they were conscious. They go forth in faith-we cannot say-we do not know-on what precisely their faith was grounded-we only know that they believe that a King, the King of the Jews, has been born, and that it is their duty to seek out and worship this new-born King. Much might be said concerning the manifestation wherewith the earnest, persevering, discriminating search of these wise men was terminated and rewarded. We cannot but wonder what they expected to find when they started on their quest. What was to answer to the dim expectation of their Oriental imagination, naturally delighting in what is splendid and magnificent? Did they seek a King-a King of the Jews-who was to restore the kingdom, long oppressed and desolate, to more than its pristine magnificence, and who would be surrounded with more glory and splendour than characterised the court of Solomon, the fame of whose wealth and wisdom extended through all the East? If these Magi went forth entertaining such expectations, they cannot be accounted unreasonable. But whatever may have been their expectations, they found Him whom they sought: not in the court of Jerusalem, not surrounded with all the pomp and splendour of royalty, decked with purple and fine linen, but a child, a babe, in the shadow and obscurity of a poor cottage in Bethlehem. And of all the scenes with which we are presented in Gospel history, there are few more strikingly beautiful, few more deeply significant than this, where we see these illustrious strangers from the East, not turning back with feelings of mortified pride when they found that the object of their pilgrimage was only the coarsely-clothed babe of a poor Jewish peasant woman; but entering with great joy and deep reverence the house, more sacred in their esteem than any temple, we see them bow themselves in worship before that infant form, and spread out at the Child's feet their costly offerings of gold and frankincense and myrrh. In that infant form they see the Saviour

and Sovereign of the world. Yielding to the guidance which had been vouchsafed to them, they found themselves at last in the presence of the holy Child Jesus, and found in Him the profoundest desires of their souls satisfied.

This visit of the Magi to the infant Jesus may be taken as the symbol of many things. These men were Gentiles, and by their approach to the Child of Bethlehem they teach us at the very outset that the new-born King of the Jews is not to reign over Jews only, but is that long-promised King of grace and glory whose kingdom ruleth over all, and in whom all nations and kindreds are to be one. And in this worship of the Magi we have not only the approach and ingathering of the Gentiles shadowed forth, but we see, as in a picture or a parable, the homage which is ultimately to be rendered to Christ by the science, philosophy, and wisdom of the world. We see these men-wise men-men who represented the wisdom and science of the then world-bowing in worship before the infant Saviour, and spreading out their costly and symbolical offerings at His In these Magi we see the type of the genuine and honest seeker after truth. They had first of all dim expectation awakened; this led them to observe; their attention was rewarded by a manifested sign; associated with this was a conviction, a belief to which they felt bound to yield; and, yielding to which, they left their home; they went forth on a pilgrimage with the hope of finding the new-born King of the Jews, whom they desired to see and worship; they followed the sign which led them; humbly, trustingly they pressed on towards they hardly knew what. They inquired of Herod-they thought he would be sure to know, but he knew nothing; they inquired of the Scribes and chief priests, and they knew very little-only knew where the Messiah was to be born; but they, knowing that He was born, pressed on to Bethlehem. At last the star which they had seen in the East shone out more brightly, and seemed to stop, to rest over the place where the young Child was; and they, not repelled by the obscurity of His surroundings, present to the young Child their lowly worship and their costly gifts. Does not this teach all who are truly seeking the Saviour that if they truly seek, and faithfully follow the guidance afforded, they shall certainly find? God speaks to men in many different ways: to the Magi by a star, to the shepherds by an angel, to Joseph by a dream. God is speaking still to the children of men; is speaking in many different ways, and by many different voices to us, and if we but listen to His voice and yield ourselves to His guidance, we shall find rest and blessing in that same Divine presence in which the starguided Magi at last found themselves, and in which they rejoiced with so great and true a

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LUCY AND JOHN HUTCHINSON;

A STUDY.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "THE HUGUENOT FAMILY IN THE ENGLISH VILLAGE," "PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS," ETC.

PART III.--IN LONDON AND AT OWTHORPE.



N the temporary cessation of the war which left the King a prisoner in the hands of his subjects, Colonel Hutchinson, still only a little over thirty, found himself considerably poorer in worldly goods by his losses and his tardily

and scantily repaid loans to the Parliamentary service; while his house at Owthorpe, which had

been abandoned and sacked, was so dilapidated that the family could not occupy it until it was rebuilt. He was in very bad health, but it did not prevent him from carrying his family up to London and taking his seat in Parliament, where he was a man of mark. He was made, much against his will -while he regarded the nomination as a summons from God, which he durst not decline-a member of the commission that tried and condemned King Charles. He signed the death-warrant, after having prayed to God to guide him, acting under a solemn conviction of the justice of the sentence. He believed that the King's death was the sole means to insure the safety of the country and to preserve to Englishmen those liberties, sacred and social, which had been so dearly bought. He was quite sensible of the danger which he incurred from any reaction in the popular opimon, and he took the extreme step on his own responsibility, scorning to excuse himself afterwards, as some of his companions did not scruple to take refuge in the assertion of coercion employed by Cromwell and his army. Let us say again, that



"A resolution had been taken that John Hutchinson's pardon should never pass the seal."-p. 153.

whatever the reader's verdict on the fate of the King, no impartial person can refuse to Colonel Hutchinson's share in it the concession that, according to his light, he decided sternly, but in all righteousness, even in that mercy which would prevent more cruel and criminal wrong-doing. We do not hear from Lucy, and perhaps it would hardly be reasonable to expect such an admission, whether she and Colonel Hutchinson were not moved by the final manliness and meekness of the King, whose faults had brought him to this lamentable pass. But it has already been said that Lucy, in place of indicating Charles as "the man of sin," in the harsh and affected language of some of her compatriots, frankly and freely admits the virtues of the man as distinguished from the errors of the king. And surely there was not a couple in England then who were more likely, in spite of the political bias that kept them silent, to feel the piteousness as well as the terror of that block which was the end of the tortuous troubled path that began with a crown.

But although John Hutchinson condemned the King, he was no partisan of Cromwell's in his aggressions on the Parliament; in fact, he was one of those fearlessly just and scrupulously clean-handed men who are sure to fall between sides, and to reap gain from neither-rather disparagement and disgust on the part of both, in their day. Accordingly during the reign of Cromwell as Protector, Colonel Hutchinson, powerless to prevent what he considered the usurpation, did his best to lend it no countenance, by retiring to his country seat, where, however, he did not escape slight and taunt from his old allies. An indirect descendant of the Hutchinsons in this country, who first published Lucy's memoirs of her husband, has left a record of his visit to Colonel Hutchinson's rebuilt house of Owthorpe, after it had passed altogether from the family by the eccentric will of the last Hutchinson in possession of the estate, who desired that it should be sold and the proceeds given to strangers. He describes the air of state and bounty which distinguished the spacious solidly-built house, with its great hall and banqueting hall, and its ample provision for the comfortable accommodation of a family. The grounds still bore evidence of Colonel Hutchinson's delight in the landscape gardening of the time. He had made a terrace and lawns, shrubberies and sloping gardens, and planted much wood, while he had cut openings for views of Belvoir Castle, among other objects. He had got a lake, of course; above all, he had converted a morass, by means of numerous canals, into a wilderness, a reservoir for fish, and a decoy for wild ducks.* He took great pleasure in his duties and occupations as a country gentleman, and he added to the last the arrangement of the collection of paintings, sculpture,

and "all other such curiosities," the procuring of which, principally by the dispersion of the contents of the royal galleries, had been his great recreation when in London.* His favourite sport was hawking, but when "a very sober fellow of a falconer" died he resigned it in a great measure, and returned to his old pleasure in the cultivation of his talent for music. A more serious engagement was his children's education, to which he attended sedulously, having them well trained by the best masters he could secure in every branch of a liberal education. He cared for the interests of his tenants and servants. He went into society and dispensed hospitality bountifully. But he would hold no magisterial office under the Protector Oliver.

Lucy Hutchinson, in her self-forgetfulness, says nothing of her own matronly pursuits; but she was her husband's partner in all things, and she writes thus of the union which only grew closer and more tender with the passing of her own and her husband's prime. "So liberal was he to her, and of so generous a temper, that he hated the mention of severed purses; his estate being so much at her disposal that he never would receive an account of anything she expended; so constant was he in his love, that when she ceased to be young and lovely, he began to show most fondness; he loved her at so kind and generous rate as words cannot express; yet even this, which was the highest love he or any man could have, was yet bounded by a superior; he loved her in the Lord as his fellow-creature, not his idol, but in such a manner as showed that an affection bounded in the just rules of duty, far exceeds, every way, all the irregular passions in the world. He loved God far above her and all the other dear pledges of his heart, and at His command and for His glory cheerfully resigned them." Contrast this hallowed abiding love with the purely earthly passion on which-not decay and death alone-but waywardness and inconstancy are written from its birth. Its singers, even in this far-down Christian century, do not hesitate to proclaim with a certain mournful pride that it must of necessity perish in the indulgence, as if that perishing were a quality to be boasted of, and an attraction which must needs prove irresistible.

But even apart from her inseparable alliance with her husband, Lucy Hutchinson had wide interests. We cannot fancy her in her falling collar and sleeves, and that hood, or steeple-crowned hat—one or other of which was particularly favoured by the Puritan ladies, given over to "stitching and spinning, brewing gooseberry wine, curing marigolds, and making the crust for the venison pasty," occupations which were fast becoming the chief resource of English ladies in the country.† At the same time it would be an

Let us match John Hutchinson's house and grounds at Owthorpe with John Evelyn's house and grounds, including the famous holly hedge at Saye's Court. We may note what a strong natural sympathy in point of taste existed between the two men, who took different and extreme sides in the Civil War.

[•] If my readers will read the account which Macaulay gives of the homes and pursuits of the ordinary country gentlemen of the time, they will see how far such men as John Hutchinson and John Evelyn were before and above their contemporaries in intellectual activity and refined taste, as well as in religion and virtue.

[†] Macaulay.

error to suppose that Lucy Hutchinson formed the solitary exception to the feminine illiterateness of her day. The names of Mary Evelyn, Ann Killigrew, and Margaret Godolphin will at once occur to my readers as proofs to the contrary.

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Upon Oliver's death (in the middle of such a tempest by land and sea as has rarely visited England) when the reins of government passed into the gentle but feeble hands of his son Richard, disturbances began to break out all over the country. The Cavalier party awoke to fresh hope, and resumed, in spite of past crushing defeats, much of their old swagger and bluster, whilst their former victors had become a house divided against itself, tottering to its fall.

Colonel Hutchinson, distrusted by both sides, suffered from both. Above all he had the distress and mortification of being forced to see that all he and his friends had struggled so earnestly for, sacrificing peace, ease, and fortune in the struggle, had been won in vain, and was about to be wrested back from them by the secession of Monk to the Royalists and the restoration of Charles II., unrestrained by a single All Puritans had not been like John Hutchinson, and the great body of them had shown grievous flaws in the glare of their prosperity. The unwarranted ambition of some, the fanatical austerity of others, and, what was far worse, the hypocrisy and dissoluteness of dissemblers in the ranks, together with the deep impression made by the late King's tragic fate and his heroic bearing in the face of a violent death, had all helped to work on the fickleness and shallowness of the multitude, so as to alienate the nation from its late idols.

Some members of the Hutchinsons' household, whom they had taken from charity out of brokendown Cavalier households, were base enough to be tempted by the claims of old allegiance to betray their present master and mistress. In the narrative of official visits paid to Owthorpe during Colonel Hutchinson's temporary absence, under the pretence of searching and seizing arms, there are curious revelations of the houses of the time, including "secret places," and the hidden room which Colonel Hutchinson had not failed, in re-building his house, to prepare for seasons like this. Lucy proposed, in her unsuspecting trust, to the very traitors in the household, that they should hide the plate there; and there also Colonel Hutchinson retreated on occasions. It is clear that, with all the unfaltering faith and resolution of the husband and wife, deepening apprehension of coming misfortune was settling down on

And about this date Lucy's mother, whom the daughter describes as having shown as much lumility and patience in her poor estate as moderation and bounty in her more plentiful and prosperous condition, was taken away from the evil to come. She died in her son-in-law's house of Owthorpe.

King Charles enjoyed his own again, and the Parliament, in their eagerness to atone for their former offences, and to prostrate themselves unconditionally at the feet of the returned sovereign, were guilty of the perjury of disowning any share in shedding the late King's blood. In the teeth of all good faith, they commanded an inquisition to be made, and the shedders of the royal blood to be called to account for their sacrilegious deed.

Colonel Hutchinson was a member of the Parliament that passed this motion, and in the debate which preceded it he did not seek to elude observation. He spoke out boldly, and declined to screen himself, as some of his associates sought to do, under a dead man's mantle. He would not urge the excuse that Oliver Cromwell had constrained the members of the commission. The only concession he made to the change in men's minds was in the use of a certain ironical ambiguity of language, which everybody "As to that particular action of the understood. King," he said, "that for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their disposal; that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark on such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience; and as to that particular action of the King's, he desired them to believe that he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a Christian, and a gentleman.'

The first result of the proceedings was the suspension of all the late commissioners from their right of sitting in the House.

Lucy Hutchinson, who was in London with her husband, describes herself as full of anxious misgivings, which Colonel Hutchinson had persuaded away hitherto, but which were so roused by the present measures that, believing her husband was, as she says, "ambitious of being a public sacrifice," she resolved, for the first time in her life, to disobey him and to improve all the affection he had for her to procure his safety. She protested, poor soul, in her passionate distress, not knowing how her words would come back to her, that "she could not live to see him a prisoner." unquietness "she drove him out of her own lodgings into the custody of a friend, in order to his farther retreat if occasion should be." In the meantime she solicited all her Royalist kindred and friends on his She was betrayed into a still less justifiable The Parliament had declared that interference. mercy should be shown to some and justice dispensed to other members of the commission, and at last voted seven to be the scapegoats of the rest.* The

The following extracts afford an instance of the strong party feeling at the time, even where good men were con-

names of the seven were given, and Colonel Hutchinson's name did not occur in the list. Immediately after the announcement of this partial annesty, a members of the commission to surrender themselves. This Colonel Hutchinson was fain to do, and the advice of his friends coincided with Lis inclination,



"She wrote her husband's name to the letter."-p. 153,

proclamation was issued calling upon the remaining

cerned:—"11th October, 1660, the regicides who sat on the life of our late King, were brought to trial in the Old Bailey, before a commission of Oyer and Terminer. 14th, Axtell, Carew, Clement, Hacker, Heneson, and Peters were executed. 17th, Scot, Scroope, Cook, and Jones suffered the reward of their iniquities at Charing Cross, in sight of the place where they put to death their natural Prince, and in the presence of the King his son, whom they also sought to kill. I saw not the execution, but met their quarters mangled and cut and recking as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle. Oh, the miraculous providence of God! 30th January, 1661, was the first solemn fast and day of humiliation to deplore the sins which so long had provoked God against this afflicted Church and people, ordered by Parliament to be

as they judged his ready submission would help to prevent the forfeiture of his estates.

annually celebrated to expiate the guilt of the execrable murder of the late King. This day (0 the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcases of those arch-rebels Cromwell, Bradshawe (the judge who condemned His Majesty) and Ircton (son in-law to the usurper) dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit, thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators. Look back at October 22nd, 1658 (Oliver's funeral), and be astonished, 'and fear God and honour the King, but meddle not with them who are given to change,"

But his wife, in her fear for him, would not consent. She held him back by "his strong engagement not to dispose of himself without her." Her faith had failed her. She was so distracted between the panic to which she had become a prey, and the counter-representations of friends, who maintained that her obstinacy would cost her husband his lands, that she wrote a temporising letter in his name to the Speaker of the House. In that letter Colonel Hutchinson offered to yield himself, but begged to be allowed to remain out on parole. The proposal was intended to try the temper of the House towards John Hutchinson. Lucy meant to show her husband the letter, but in the interval a friend came, and told her that the House was at that moment in a likely humour to receive the communication favourably, so she wrote her husband's name to the letter, and ventured to send it in. She was, as she adds naïvely enough, "used sometimes to write the letters he dictated, and her character not much differing from his," she was so far successful that Colonel Hutchinson's submission was received graciously, and he "was voted free without any engagement, his punishment only to be discharged from the present Parliament, and from all office, military and civil, in the State for ever." On his petition of thanks for this remission of sentence his estate also was voted free from all mulcts and confiscations-a conclusion which showed the respect in which he was still held even by his old enemies among his countrymen. But of the poor little forgery, not at all in keeping with the general conduct of the honourable loyal woman and wife, Lucy makes a sorrowful candid admission long after her error had proved fruitless. She says her husband was more displeased with what she had done to save him than with any other act of hers in the whole course of their married life.

Though Colonel Hutchinson was, in a manner, discharged from the bar of the House, he had not only "to lie very private" at Westminster, waiting for the passing of the Act of Oblivion, but he had enemies-particularly in the case of the Lord Chancellor, who still sought his destruction. And such a claim was made by Lord Lexington for re-payment from the Colonel's private estate of money from confiscations under the late Government, which Colonel Hutchinson had received and spent in the public service, as, if enforced, would have been the utter ruin of his already shattered fortunes. Among the friends who courageously pleaded his cause and strove for his rescue from this labyrinth of trouble, none was so devoted as Lucy's brother, Sir Allen, whom Colonel Hutchinson had formerly protected in his need, and who now, at the risk of all court favour and worldly success, besought his friends for his brother-in-law as if he were pleading for his own life.

These straits were not so pressing as to hinder the Hutchinsons from going back from time to time to Owthorpe; but Colonel Hutchinson was in constant danger of being peremptorily summoned to town to answer for himself to his accusers. Once he sent up

his wife to do what she could with their friends to stop Lord Lexington's Bill from passing through the Lower House. On this occasion she underwent a terrible ordeal for a loving woman and wife. A kinsman, who had either been drinking too freely, or, as it may appear from the sequel, assumed the appearance of careless intoxication in order to blind Lucy Hutchinson to the craft of his artifice, came to her lodgings, and proceeded to unbosom himself to her. He first "affrighted" her with statements of what he declared from his own knowledge was the King's personal enmity to Colonel Hutchinson. The courtier argued that the old Parliamentary man-his principles unchanged-was readier to protect than accuse his former comrades, refusing to discover their designs. For these reasons, the speaker maintained that a resolution had been taken that John Hutchinson's pardon should never pass the seal. The tempter then hinted, cautiously and insidiously-interspersing some grains of personal flattery with his hints-the examples of late statesmen's wives who had come and offered the party now in power all the information they had gathered from their husbands, and "how she could not but know more than any of them; and if yet she would impart anything that might show her gratitude, she might redeem her family from ruin." He went into further details with regard to her husband's former intimacy with several of the leaders of the Parliamentary party; and, from a casual expression of Lucy's, together with a note supplied by the first editor of the memoir, he referred particularly to a political secret of some importance to the Government, which had to do with the complicity of a person of rank in a proposal to Colonel Hutchinson to quit his neutrality, and aid in settling the State under Richard Cromwell, the proof of which was then actually in Lucy's possession. But though her love and terror for her husband had caused her to err once, she stood this crucial test nobly; she proved invulnerable to the subtle cruel snare. First, "she told him, she perceived any safety one could buy of them was not worth the price of honour and conscience; that she knew nothing of State management: or, if she did, she would not establish herself upon any man's blood and ruin." Then, after he had "employed all his wit to circumvent her discourse, to have gotten something out of her concerning some persons they aimed at, . . . she discerned his drift, and scorned to become an informer, and made him believe she was ignorant, though she could have enlightened him in the thing he sought for." "After all," Lucy finishes with regard to this go-between, who may have had the good feeling to admire her constancy, even while he saw himself rebuked by it, "natural affection working at that time with the gentleman, he in great kindness advised her that her husband should leav : England." Lucy believed afterwards the warning had been sincere, because it was coupled with information which events proved correct-that it was determined by those in authority, "if there were the least

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pretence supplied, the Colonel should be imprisoned, and never be let loose again." Some of Lucy's friends, who were disposed to take a more hopeful view of the position, judged that her kinsman had spoken altogether from the effects of wine; and Colonel Hutchinson, when Lucy and other alarmed friends would have had him go abroad, distinctly refused, "This was the place where God had set him, and protected him hitherto, and it would be in him an ungrateful distrust of God to forsake it." The fact was, though John Hutchinson had accepted his reprieve, he was not altogether content with himself for doing so, any more than with that measure of his wife which had served to obtain it; for his tender conscience and faithful heart embittered his exemption from the penalties which many of his old associates were doomed to suffer. Lucy writes: "When the Colonel saw how the other poor gentlemen were trepanned that were brought in by proclamation, and how the whole cause itself, from the beginning to the ending, was betrayed and condemned, notwithstanding that he himself, by a wonderful overruling providence of God, in that day was preserved; yet he looked upon himself as judged in their judgment and executed in their execution; and although he was most thankful to God, yet he was not very well satisfied in himself for accepting the deliverance."

A pathetic little domestic episode winds up the sorrows of those days, while it shows both the husband and wife in that tender fatherly and motherly light which gives an exquisite grace to their public virtues. Their elder son had married without the knowledge of his father; though apart from this hasty act, there was no fault to be found with his choice. But the breach of duty and confidence, with the bad example which it supplied, so wounded the man who had himself been as dutiful a son as he was s by nature quick and a kind father, and wh fiery in his anger, that he took the equally hasty resolution to banish the offending couple for ever from his house. But, as usual, his anger was shortlived; and his forgiveness so entire that he not only received the pair into their natural place in the family

-he himself became speedily fondly attached to the young wife who had been the original cause of his son's offence. Lucy gives a wonderfully perfect picture of this young Jane Radcliffe, whose sweet sad girlish story has been preserved in the middle of the more than half-political and warlike record. "And, indeed," writes Lucy, "she was worthy, . . . applying herself with such humble dutifulness and kindness to repair her fault, and to please him in all things he delighted in, that he was ravished with the joy of her, who loved the place not as his own wife did, only because she was placed in it, but with a natural affection, which encouraged him in all the pains he took to adorn it when he had one to leave it to that would esteem it. She was, besides, naturalised into his house and interests as if she had had no other regard in the world; she was pious and cheerful, liberal and thrifty, complaisant and kind to all the family; and the freest from humour of any woman, loving home, without melancholy or sullenness, observant of her father and mother, not with regret, but with delight, and the most submissive affectionate wife that ever was; but she, and all the joy of her sweet saintlike conversation, ended in a lamented grave about a year after her marriage, and left the sweetest babe behind her that ever was beheld, whose face promised all its mother's graces, but death, within eight weeks after her birth, ravished this sweet blossom, whose fall opened the fresh wounds of sorrow for her mother, thus doubly lost. Her husband having no joy in the world after she was gone, some months shut himself up with his grief in his chamber, out of which he was hardly persuaded to go; and when he did, every place about home so much renewed the remembrance of her he could not think of but with deep affliction, that, being invited by his friends abroad to divert his melancholy, he grew a little out of love with home, which was a great damping to the pleasures his father took in the place; but he, how eager so ever he were in the love of any worldly thing, had that moderation of spirit that he submitted his will always to God, and endeavoured to give Him thanks in all things."

SILENT PREACHERS:

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ALT. Upon three occasions during the ministry of our Lord we are told that He illustrated His teaching by referring to the properties of salt.

1. In St. Matt. v. 13, speaking to Christians and reminding them of their influence upon the world, He says, "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out,

and to be trodden under foot of men." In this verse our Lord intends to exhort, in the first place, the Apostles, and after them Christians in every age, to be faithful in their lives, on account of the effect which their lives may produce on those among whom they live. One of the purposes for which salt is used is to preserve from corruption; its use for the preservation of meat is familiar amongst ourselves. The thought in the mind of our Lord seems to have been that the Apostles and Christians in the world might

prevent or hinder the process of corruption to which the world in its natural condition would be subject. The special work entrusted to the Apostles makes it easy to see the application of our Lord's words to them: but it is not, perhaps, always so easy for each single Christian to realise that he, according to his opportunities, may have a real share in the preservation of the world from corruption. And yet there can be no doubt that the words have their application to Christians of the present day as truly as to the Apostles. It is true perhaps—and it is humiliating to have to make the confession-that Christians do not exercise as much influence for good upon the world as they might and ought. There is too much inclination to compromise matters, and do as others do. And hence the warning of our Lord's question comes in: "If the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing." It is said that in the country in which our Lord was speaking salt becomes tasteless and deprived of its properties by exposure. Then it is worthless, and may be cast away. Similarly a Christian who allows himself to sink to the level of the world cannot have any good influence in the world; he is not promoting the glory of his Master; he is useless to God. Christian must, therefore, be careful to be true to his principles; he must not be afraid to have it known that he is guided by other and higher motives than those which influence worldly men; he must not shrink from acting in accordance with the dictates of his conscience (which God's Holy Spirit will enlighten), even when there is a danger that he may thereby suffer inconvenience or even loss; he must always put first his duty to God and his love to God, and avoid whatever may be inconsistent with either; and then, although he may never know that he has done anything for God in the world, his life will not have been useless -he will have done what he could.

2. The second use of this illustration by our Lord is not so easy of explanation as the first; it occurs in St. Mark ix, 49, 50 :- " Every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt." Of the many interpretations which have been given of this passage, the best is perhaps that which, retaining the reference to the preserving and purifying properties of salt, would represent our Lord as having intended in the first clause to say, " Every one shall be subject to the discipline of the trials of this life, in order that he may be purified from sin:" and in the second (referring to the rule of Lev. ii. 13, "With all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt"), " Every one, in order that he may be able to present himself a living sacrifice unto God, must submit to be cleansed and purified by the power of the grace of the Holy Spirit, otherwise his offering will not be accepted."

In ver. 50, our Lord repeats the saying already noticed in the Sermon on the Mount—"Salt is good: but if the salt have lost its saltness, wherewith will ye season it?" but the application of these words is different from that considered above. There the tastelessness and uselessness of the salt represented

the failure of the whole body of Christians to influence the world for God, and the reference to individual Christians was only indirect; but here the direct reference is to the individual, and the meaning is that if by his own fault the means which God has appointed for the purification of the Christian's soul become powerless to accomplish the results for which they were intended, it will be impossible that those results should be accomplished in any other way. And the lesson to be derived for each of us is this, that we must be very careful that we do not by our own wilfulness or carelessness frustrate God's purposes of good towards us, but we must pray often that whatever of trouble or sorrow is allowed to come upon us may draw us nearer to God and help us to advance in holiness.

3. The third mention of the use of this illustration is in St. Luke xiv. 34, where we find repeated the words of which we have already spoken-"Salt is good: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be seasoned?" The different connection in which the words (which seem to have been a kind of proverb) occur in this passage gives them a meaning somewhat distinct from that which they bear in either of the passages noticed above. Here they follow immediately upon, and apparently as the conclusion of, two parables intended to teach the necessity of carefully considering what is implied in the profession of Christianity before a man undertakes to be a disciple of Christ. The salt which has lost its savour would, therefore, in this case, seem to represent the Christian who has failed to persevere in his devotion to Christ, who has become weary of the life of self-sacrifice to which the true Christian is called, and who has given up the service on which he had entered, and gone back to his old life again. It is hard indeed to win such a man back to Christianity again; his heart is hardened against it. "For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them" (2 Peter ii. 21). Let us pray earnestly for grace to persevere unto the end; and that we may not be discouraged, let us remember that we must not expect the Christian life to be all peace and happiness. It was not so for the Christ Himself, He bore His cross, and so must we. It is enough to follow in His footsteps. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as

SEED, SOWER. In the parable of the Sower (St. Matt. xiii., St. Mark iv., St. Luke viii.), and in other parables spoken by our Lord, the message of the Gospel is compared to seed sown in the ground; the growth of the seed is used to illustrate the spread of the Gospel in the world, and the fruit of the full-grown plant is taken as the type of the result produced by the reception of the Gospel either upon the life of the individual Christian, or else upon the world at large.

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The force of this illustration is so very evident, and it is at the same time one which is so familiar, that it will not be necessary to add anything upon the general subject to what is said elsewhere concerning the details of the different parables.

The parable of the Sower has been mentioned in the introduction to these Notes, as affording a remarkable instance of the way in which our Lord made use in His teaching of the events and objects of every-day life for the purpose of attracting the attention of his Hearers, and helping them to understand the truths which He wished them to receive. This parable and others of the same kind have turned the ordinary operations of agriculture into means of conveying many spiritual lessons; and thus there are provided for ordinary men in the ordinary work of the world "silent preachers," to keep before their minds truths which it is of the greatest importance that they should remember. And it may be added, that while the "silent preachers" adopted by our Lord in His teaching will ever speak most plainly to the Christians, yet the principle which is thereby recognised may be extended by the devout mind to other objects and events not referred to for this purpose in the Gospels. So that the world around us may be constantly reminding us of the better world to which we hope to attain at last. Christian poets have applied this principle in many instances with which we are familiar, and each of us may make similar applications for himself.

> There is a book, who runs may read, Which heavenly truth imparts, And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below, Within us and around, Are pages in that book to show, How God Himself is found,

SHEEP, SHEPHERD. The references to sheep in the teaching by the Saviour are frequent, and most interesting.

It will not be possible within the limits of these papers to mention in detail the different occasions upon which sheep are referred to in the Gospels; but we shall notice the most important references and chief lessons they contain.

1. The innocence of sheep is referred to in St. Matt, vii. 15, as illustrating the warning against false teachers which that verse contains—"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." That is to say, there will be men who will profess to teach you the truth and to point you the right way, but their design will be to mislead you and destroy you; they may put on an appearance of harmlessness and purity, but this will be only a cover to conceal their evil designs. Beware of them, therefore. Watch their lives, and you will find out the truth about them. If their lives are not according to true Christian prin-

ciples, their teaching is dangerous, however attractive it may appear.

2. The helplessness of sheep is made the ground of other sayings of our Lord. There is scarcely any animal of its size which looks more helpless than a sheep. It is said, moreover, that having once straved from the fold, a sheep is quite unable to find his way back again alone. What a fitting illustration of the helplessness of the man who has forsaken God! And so our Lord has used it. He speaks of "the lost sheep of the House of Israel" (St. Matt. x. 6, xv. 24), to whom He had a special mission. And, again, to make a more general application of this illustration, and to teach us His special love and anxiety for sinners who have wandered away, He has left us the parable of the Lost Sheep (St. Matt. xviii, 12, 13; and St. Luke xv. 4), which is prefaced in St. Matthew's account by the statement, "The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost." And then follows the parable :- "How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray;" or, as it is in St. Luke's account, "When he cometh home he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Words cannot express more strongly or more tenderly the Saviour's desire for the conversion of even one sinning soul. And the knowledge that He has a special interest in each single soul, should make us very careful not to be too hasty to condemn a sinner, but, if possible, to help our Lord's work by dealing with the sinner in love, by giving to him any assistance which may be in our power to give, by praying (if we can do nothing else) for his conversion.

3. The love of the shepherd for his sheep, and his willingness to meet danger in protecting them, is referred to at much length by our Lord in St. John x. It is a chapter with which all Christians ought to be very familiar. For in it the intense love of the Saviour for His people, and His protecting care of them, are brought out with perhaps greater distinctness than in any other portion of His teaching.

It must be remembered, in order to enter fully into the meaning of the teaching of this chapter, that in Eastern countries the bond between a shepherd and his sheep was commonly much closer than it is in this country. The dangers were sometimes great which the shepherd had to face. When David kept his father's sheep, a lion and a bear came and took a lamb out of the flock (1 Sam. xvii. 34). This incident gives sufficient evidence of the perils then besetting the life of a shepherd, and gives force to our Lord's saying, "The good shepherd giveth his

life for the sheep." A saying, however, which had its complete fulfilment only in His own death upon the cross.

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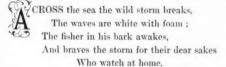
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But while we think of the way in which our Lord reminds us of His great love for us, we must not forget that He uses a similar illustration to teach us what our love should be to Him—"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them and they follow Me." The sheep recognise in the shepherd their constant

protector and guide; they answer to His call and follow where He leads. So must it be with us, or else the great love of Christ may be given to us in vain. We must give ourselves up to His guiding, we must listen for His call, we must seek to know His will, that we may not wander from His care, but remain faithful to Him during our life in this world, and be with Him for ever hereafter in the eternal fold.



AMID THE STORM.



Sullen and fierce the storm-clouds lower,
The sea-gulls landward fly;
Grasping the bark with frenzied power,
Each wave stands up like some huge tower
To meet the sky,

The fisher grips the helm, and prays
To Him who rules the sky.
The answer comes as in past days—
"Be not afraid!" once more He says,
"'T is I!' 't is I!"

Across the sea the stars awake;
(Thank God for those at home!)
The winds a distant murmur make;
The fierce wild waves forget to break
In crested foam.

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As wearied children sink to sleep Upon their mother's knee, The waves lie still upon the deep; Their homeward course the fishers keep All silently. So may we e'er with thankful tears
Bow down before God's will—
Our Father, who all-pitying hears
And calms His children's doubts and fears
With, "Peace, be still!"

G. WEATHERLY.

CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY A LATE MISSIONARY.



EW ZEALAND was first discovered by the Dutch navigator Tasman, in 1642, but quite lost sight of again for more than a hundred years, until visited by Captain Cook in 1796. It really consists of three islands. One, however-the most southern-is so small that it is seldom distinctly noticed, but reckoned with the middle island, under the general name of the "southern." The middle and northern islands are both large, and contain together an area very nearly double the size of the whole of England. They possess, moreover, far richer natural resources, both mineral and vegetable; abound in magnificent scenery, and boast a climate which is, perhaps without exception, the finest in the world. The colony is fast becoming one of the most prosperous and most important of our distant possessions.

When first discovered by Tasman, and afterwards by Cook, the native population of New Zealand, the Maori people, were far more numerous than they are now. Contact with Europeans has had the effect which it generally seems to have on native races, and the Maoris have dwindled away before the white man; but the progress of decay seems to have been stayed of late years, and there is some hope that this fine and noble people may yet recover strength, and not pass away altogether.

When first known to Europeans, the Maoris were one of the most fierce and barbarous people that have

ever been discovered. Barbarous, not in the sense of being low in physical development or intellectual power, but in their savage and cruel customs. Physically they are a splendid race. Taller and more powerful, on an average, than Europeans, they are also bold and courageous in a high degree. When first known, and in their independent state, they were divided into tribes, under different chiefs: very much like the old clans of the Scottish Highlands, and all the clan had a common interest and right in the land owned by their tribe. Much of the same system still prevails in parts of the country specially set apart by the Colonial Government as native holdings. Like the Highland clans, they had in former years their tribal feuds, which were handed down from generation to generation, and led to constant wars and bloodshed. Numbers were slain in these conflicts, many reduced to slavery; and after a battle the victors regularly killed in cold blood, cooked and devoured some of their prisoners in cannibal feasts

Such were the Maoris or New Zealanders, when efforts to Christianise, reclaim, and civilise them were first made—a fierce and bloodthirsty race of savages, to whom war was a pastime, and murder a thing of almost daily occurrence. No ship dared approach their coasts without the greatest precaution, and their name was a terror to the sailors of the Southern seas. It was then no light act of heroism that led a little band of English men and women to venture to settle amongst them, not merely for a short time, but permanently, and that only for the purpose of doing them good.

The first man who cared for the moral and spiritual welfare of the New Zealanders was a New South Wales chaplain, the Rev. Samuel Marsden. He had met with some few young Maoris, who had made their way in ships to that colony, and, admiring some of their fine qualities, became interested in them and their land. He accordingly pressed the claims of the Maori race upon the Directors of the Church Missionary Society, then only recently formed, and after some three or four years' delay, from various causes, had the satisfaction of seeing his representations taken up, and a small company of missionary agents set apart to commence Christian work in New Zealand, The first party consisted of three lay agents (two of

them married men with their wives), who sailed for New South Wales at the end of 1812, to meet Mr. Marsden, and under his direction undertake the work. Such, however, was the difficulty of getting ships to go to New Zealand at that time, that it was not till the latter part of 1814 that a vessel was secured to take the party to their intended destination.

Providential circumstances had meanwhile prepared the way. Two young New Zealanders, the sons of chiefs occupying the country around the Bay of Islands, had made their way up to New South Wales, and had been taken under Mr. Marsden's protection and taught a little English. It was therefore resolved to commence the work in their part of the country; and these two young men, in company with Mr. Marsden, sailed with the mission party. New Zealand was reached on December 24th, and the two young chiefs went on shore to communicate with their tribe, and to make preparations for the landing of their English friends on the morrow. Arrangements were made with their people to receive the missionaries, and protection promised. Accordingly, on Christmas Day, 1814, the party landed, and the work was commenced by holding a service, at which, after reading the prayers, Marsden preached from the Christmas text, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," one of the young chiefs interpreting, as he best could, the substance of the discourse to the warriors of the tribe drawn up in military array as spectators; and to the concourse of old men, women, and children, who crowded round to witness the new and strange proceedings.

When rough dwellings had been put up, the stores landed, and all done that could be to secure the good-will of the natives towards the mission party through the influence of the young chiefs with their relatives and friends, Marsden sailed away in the ship which had brought them, to return to New South Wales, and the missionaries were left alone. Alone and utterly unprotected among a savage people, trained in deeds of murder and bloodshed, and in whose eyes even the little store of goods and clothing which these helpless strangers had brought with them, must have seemed as great riches. Few situations could have been more trying, or more fraught with danger than those in which this first band of apostles to New Zealand were placed. They were utterly without the means of escape when their ship sailed away. Communication even with New South Wales could only be made when a whale-ship or man-of-war chanced to touch at the Islands for water; and they depended day by day for safety and for life (humanly speaking) on the uncertain goodwill of a tribe of cannibals. But they had a higher and more powerful protection-the good hand of that God in whose name and service they had ventured to come, was over them, and through long years of lonely labour, neither they nor any of those who, from time to time, afterwards joined them, ever suffered personal injury or violence. They lived, indeed, in the midst of scenes of bloodshed; they were sometimes in danger, and their lives threatened, but God's protection was over them in a striking way, and not a hair of their heads was ever touched.

But those who undertook the work of Christianising and civilising the New Zealanders had other trials besides personal dangers to endure. They had long years of discomfort and deprivation of almost all the necessaries of ordinary civilised life to endure. They had a new and strange language to learn, and then to reduce to written order that it might become a means of imparting instruction to the people; and they had to wait long before any fruit of their labours appeared. All these difficulties they had to meet and conquer while living, day by day, exposed to risk and danger. We admire the courage, pluck, and perseverance of a traveller who pushes his way through strange and savage lands, in spite of risk and danger, but in the midst of all, he is looking forward to the hope of completing his journey in a few weeks or months, and reaching a safe and civilised land, where he may recount his deeds and receive his just and well-earned share of welcome and praise. But if the courage and patience shown by travellers win our admiration. surely men and women, like the pioneers of Christianity and civilisation in New Zealand, may equally claim a share, when we see how they exhibited the same qualities, in an equal or even higher degree, not for weeks or months merely, but for years; and that, too, with no hope or prospect that what they were doing would pave the way to fame.

The state in which the first missionaries to New Zealand lived, and the scenes which they frequently witnessed, were such as must often have made their hearts sink and their courage fail. The following is but a specimen of incidents often mentioned in their communications to friends at home, and to the Directors of the Society which sent them out. One of them, describing the return of a war party to their settlement, wrote :- "The canoes lay at a short distance from the shore, while the young warriors landed to perform a war-dance, which they did with much shouting, brandishing of weapons, and tossing human heads in the air like balls. The canoes then slowly approached the shore, when the women whose relatives had been killed in the expedition rushed down and commenced beating the bows of the canoes in a frantic rage. They then pulled out some of the prisoners and beat them to death in the water. The widow of one of the chiefs who had fallen, rushed to another canoe, dragged out a female captive, and beat out her brains with a club. Nine prisoners in all were killed, and in the evening the chiefs and people of the tribe feasted on their flesh. They do these things as a satisfaction to their friends killed in battle." The foregoing will suffice to show the state of the New Zealanders when first Christian efforts among them were commenced, and the circumstances under which those first efforts had to be carried on; nor were those years of trial and patience of short duration. On the contrary, it was ten years before a single Maori became a Christian: at the end of another five years, there were only two. Fifteen years spent in patient labour and effort and no more apparent results. Often must these early labourers have felt like the Apostles did, when they said, "Lord, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing," but they acted also in the spirit of the Apostles, who added, "Nevertheless, at Thy word we will let down the net." They fished in stormy waters, and for a long time seemed to catch nothing, but success came at last. The first eighteen or twenty years in the history of Christian work in New Zealand, were spent in patient but apparently unsuccessful labour and effort. During that time the first party of workers were reinforced from time to time; stations were occupied in other parts of the country, besides the shores of the Bay of Islands. Knowledge of Christianity slowly but widely spread among the people; schools were by degrees established, and the young educated to some extent, as books were prepared. It was gradual but sure work that was being done, and the fruit was afterwards reaped. At the end of the first fifteen years there were, as we have said, but two converts to Christianity, but after that, rapid progress was made. In the course of the next ten or twelve years a very large proportion of the Maori population gave up heathenism and became Christians; and amongst those who still remained heathen, a good influence was exerted, which led to the giving up of many barbarous customs. New Zealand became a safe place for European colonists to settle in, and in 1840, at the desire of the principal native chiefs, it was added to the British dominions, and taken under our regular rule. From that time forward the stream of emigration has steadily flowed in; but it is too often forgotten that New Zealand was rendered safe for our countrymen to settle in, and won as a valuable colonial possession, not by our soldiers, but by missionaries; not by conquest, but by the regenerating and civilising power of Christian truth.

In 1842 New Zealand was formed into a bishopric, and the first Bishop, Dr. Selwyn (afterwards of Lich-

field), went out to his diocese to organise and consolidate both the European and native Church. Writing to the Church Missionary Society soon after his first arrival, he said with regard to the spread of Christianity among the natives, "I find here, by the labours of a few of His faithful servants, a new nation added to the family of God." The agents of the Church Missionary Society were the first labourers in New Zealand, and for many years they alone occupied the ground, but other missionary bodies took part later on in the native work. Since the country has become a British colony and the European population has increased, English and native Christian churches have existed side by side.

The results of Christian work in New Zealand, carried on in its earlier years in the face of so many dangers and difficulties, may be thus stated. In the course of less than sixty-five years (a single ordinary life-time) a race of savage cannibals have been not only tamed, and to a great extent civilised, but the majority of them have been brought to the intelligent profession of the Christian faith. Wars, bloodshed, and cannibalism, have given place to security and the peaceful pursuits of trade and agriculture. Evils of course are found, as they are in all professing Christian communities; many of those evils (as, for instance, drunkenness) introduced by contact with Europeans. Every candid observer will, however, admit that a great change has been wrought in the native population. That there are to be found among them men who exhibit in their lives and conduct the true effects of Christianity; and, that, taking the usual standard of life and conduct among the Christian Maoris, and comparing it with the usual standard of life and conduct among Europeans, it will suffer very little by the comparison. But if that is the case, as undoubtedly it is, then a great work has been done, and no lover of Christian truth, or wellwisher to his fellow-men of every land and of every race, need be ashamed of the results achieved by Christian enterprise in New Zealand.



OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.



AVING decided that Mrs. Rosebay was beautiful, charming, intelligent, and a perfect lady -Sibvl had been famous at school for the rapidity and accuracy of her judgments - she further determined that her mother should call upon her.

A little contest ensued. In any ordinary matter Mrs. White would have yielded at once; but here she was drawn two ways. She wished to please Sibyl. She was convinced now that Mrs. Rosebay was a person to be known, she was not a little curious to meet her; but Miss Harcourt did not wish her to be visited. Why Miss Harcourt had such a desire, Mrs. White did not ask herself; she was of an unscientific turn of mind. What she realised, however, and with particular vividness, was the fact that Caroline, when her will was opposed, was apt to show her feeling unpleasantly. Mrs. White liked to be at peace with all the world. Satirical smiles, cutting looks, and veiled innuendoes, froze the very marrow in her bones; but Sibyl's insistance was strong enough to overcome even these strong repugnances, that very afternoon, the Melbury Park carriage drove up the small avenue leading to Fairfield House.

Mrs. White was alone. The sagacious Sibyl had said, "You will understand one another better without me;" and no sooner had she met, face to face, the mysterious white lady, with her beauty and sadness, and noble queenly manners, than she was subdued

Like many another of her type, the tradesman's widow had a large fund of sentimentality in her nature. While Adeline, who was really gratified by the visit, talked in a general way about the weather, and the roads, children and prices, dogs and flowers, Mrs. White was framing for her a romantic history. Who could tell that this charming woman was not a person of exalted rank who had chosen to live in obscurity?

Moved by these considerations, her manner became warmer. Generalities had done their duty, and conversation began to flag. Mrs. White abandoned them boldly, and launched into more intimate topics. She gave, with some detail, and omitting only the unimportant item of the shop, a history of herself, from the moment when she awoke to life, as the spoiled darling of beloved parents, to the present, when her one tie to life was her daughter. She related how she first came to Melbury, offered a grateful tribute to her neighbours, touched lightly on the prolific subject of servants, gave an elaborate description of the Park, and begged Mrs. Rosebay to consider herself at home there.

"You must come and go just as you like," the little lady said. "Sibyl and I do not go in for formality. It is curious," she further observed, in a parenthetical way, as if the idea had only just occurred to her, and was, in fact, a somewhat remarkable one, "how she and I resemble one another in these points. Sibyl makes me think of my youth. When I was young I was just such a one as she is. You were pleased with her, were you not?"

Mrs. Rosebay answered with an enthusiasm which was highly gratifying to her visitor, who drifted thereupon into an account of the morning's adventure, retailing, with certain necessary reservations, the conversation between herself and her daughter that followed Sibyl's return from Fairfield House. After that she accepted a cup of tea, remarked apologetically on the length of her visit, was reassured by Mrs. Rosebay, and drove away finally with a flush upon her kind little withered face, and a pleasant sensation of goodness at her heart.

So far, all was well. Mrs. White told her daughter she was glad she had called; Mrs. Rosebay was delightful, she looked sad, and appeared to be not very strong; they must do what they could to help her. "I like to know people whom I feel I can help," the little lady said, and she was abundantly rewarded for her benevolence by Sibyl's caresses, and the attentions she showered upon her. But that the penalty for her rashness would certainly come, Mrs. White knew, and she passed the next two or three days in a painful state of trepidation.

A week passed by, however, before she saw Caroline Harcourt, and she began to breathe again.

But the fact was that the news of her visit had not come to Miss Harcourt's ears. She heard of it at last through a certain Mrs. Green, a rich lady in the neighbourhood, who, wanting remarkable-looking people to adorn a garden *fête* she was about to give, had followed Mrs. White's initiative, and left her card at Fairfield House.

Full of annoyance, for she had even stronger reasons than formerly for wishing Mrs. Rosebay to be unknown by Melbury, Miss Harcourt drove to Melbury Park, and after expressing, in her courteously unpleasant way, surprise that Mrs. White had not, as usual, consulted her, she summed up her reproof in the following words:—"Society has certain rules; one must be guided by them. Impulsiveness is the greatest mistake in the world—betrays one at once. A pity? Oh, yes, I agree with you there—clearly a pity. But it is impossible to alter the order of things."

"The order of things," a pet phrase with Miss Harcourt, was one Mrs. White particularly disliked; probably this was because she felt herself outside it.

She replied, apologetically, "You see, Sibyl wanted me to call. The child is no baby now."

The entrance of the child interrupted her. Sibyl, from her garden-house, had caught sight of Miss Harcourt's ponies, and, believing that lady had come to lecture her mother, was chivalrously preparing to defend her. She did not entirely dislike the opportunity. Certain little forms of speech, well tested in encounters with school opponents, were running in her head, "We do not intend to be dictated to;" "We have as much judgment as other people;" "We shall choose our own friends." It did not once occur to her that she might not be allowed to use her weapons. Yet so it was,

"Ah! well!" Miss Harcourt said, in an aside, as the young girl entered, "let us talk about it another time."

"Sibyl, my dear child," holding out both hands, "it is a treat to see you looking so well."

"Am I not disturbing your conversation with mamma?" Sibyl answered. She was irritated to feel her opportunity slipping away from her.

"No, dear; no, indeed, it was nothing," said Mrs. White, hastily, while Miss Harcourt, patting her lace trimmings affectionately, smiled upon Sibyl.

"Young girls will be wilful," she said, in her soft voice, with its accurate intonations; "but you know, to talk of their little follies, and our own little measures, before them, would not always be wise."

"Oh! if you were discussing me——" cried Sibyl, turning a flaming face to her mother, who earnestly denied participation in any such treachery.

"I only said——" she was beginning; but Miss Harcourt stopped her with a wave of the hand—" I came specially to ask you about your Mary," she said. This was a young servant who was leaving the Park. Mrs. White, glad to escape any further reference to her new independence, which was like an ill-fitting garment, constantly reminding her of its inappropriateness, followed Miss Harcourt's lead gratefully. The two ladies drifted into the ordinary style of talk.

Sibyl went to the window and looked out. How she despised this ordinary style of talk! "To hear people," she commented, gazing away over the meadows, "one might imagine that humanity was the pettiest thing in the universe, and humanity is not petty, and if one could get amongst people who don't lead narrow lives.—" Her thoughts went away into vague immensities, and she did not know that there was a lull in the talk which had annoyed her, But

presently a soft hand was put upon hers, and a soft voice said in her car-

"Life is made up of littles, Sibyl."

She started, turned round, and discovered that Miss Harcourt was near her, and that her mother had left the room.

"Yes, dear," pursued the quiet lady, "and if we are to be worth anything in the world, it is necessary to accommodate ourselves to things as we find them."

Something unpleasantly sharp was on the tip of Sibyl's tongue; but it reached no further.

"We must learn to govern ourselves, before we can govern circumstances," Miss Harcourt said again, and Sibyl was betrayed into asking what she meant,

"I mean," she replied, touching lightly the girl's flushed cheek, "that you are far too transparent, You are growing up, Sibyl; you will soon be a woman. You should not wear your heart upon your sleeve as you do. These blushes, and movements of irritation, and instant putting into execution of every childish whim, are most charming—charming indeed to a student of character. They reveal you, dear, and you are pleasing—we like to see you. Whether it is well—well for yourself and your future to be so very frank, I leave you to judge; and, whatever others may say, I believe you to be a girl of sense."

"So people have been talking about me!" said

Sibyl, foolishly losing her self-possession.

"Now, now, you must be calm, dear," her mentor returned; "did I say people had been talking about you?" "You implied it."

"Ah, then I implied too much. However, that is a small matter. Melbury is a small place. In small places people have nothing to do but to talk. I put down gossip, as you know, but gossip flourishes in spite of me."

Sibyl found herself sympathising with gossip.

"But you," Caroline proceeded blandly, "are destined for a larger sphere than the little society of Melbury."

"Thanks," the girl replied, carelessly; "Melbury suits me very well at present." To which, with unfailing serenity, Miss Harcourt returned, "It is nice to see you contented, but one may be ambitious as well, and I know you are ambitious. I read it in your face. Your advantages—your face, figure, fortune—were not given to you for nothing. I see you in the future, a woman of rank, queen of a distinguished circle."

Sibyl's eyes sparkled. Miss Harcourt caught their gleam, and she smiled.

"These are my imaginative moments," she went on; "when I come down to reality, and see how impulsive you are, my poor child, I begin to fear that my dream will remain a dream."

Sibyl moved uneasily in her chair. "I don't see," she said, "that I am more impulsive than other people."

"More impulsive, no; but with what people do you compare yourself—the Darrents, the Smiths, the Johnsons? Who expects any of them to make a figure in society? No, Sibyl; they are not you—

you are not they. It is a great pity there are no really superior people here with whom to compare yourself. If there were, your observation would tell you that the essence of strength is repose, and that a woman must exercise severe and constant self-control if she wishes to make any figure in the world."

Sibyl made no answer to this speech, for her mother came back at the moment; but it impressed her. Is there a human being to whom power is not sweet? If we think of all the lustrous associations which cling around such words as queen, king, emperor, empress, we shall probably answer the question in the negative.

"Queen! queen of a distinguished circle!" the words repeated themselves in Sibyl's brain, and then again—" self-control, strength, repose." Her feeling was that Caroline Harcourt had put out a hand and touched her, that she was compelled to rise and follow where she led. A servant came in with the tea, and Sibyl jumped up. She must act at once, or she would surely turn into stone. She caught Miss Harcourt's benignant glance, and her manner changed. She walked quietly across the room. She became aware—and something within her laughed satirically—of a sensation of dignity that was new to her experience.

"I think," she said, languidly, to her mother, "I will take out the Witch this afternoon."

"Do as you like, darling," Mrs. White replied.

Sibyl bent her head to Miss Harcourt. The movement was the very reflection of the lady's own courtly bow.

As the door closed behind Sibyl, Miss Harcourt smiled.

"Our little girl is improving," she said; "she has perception."

But when Mrs. White, whose cheeks were flushed pink with pleasure and excitement, would have dilated upon this charming theme, Caroline repressed her with unusual sternness—

"The more promise there is about a girl," she said,
"the more careful it behoves us to be. A young
lady must not know everybody, she must not run
about by herself; she must be taught to repress her
feelings."

The tears came to Mrs. White's eyes. She said, "I try to do my best for my darling."

"But that is not enough," returned Miss Harcourt, unpityingly; "a true mother should sink herself. If she knows others have more experience than she has, she should undergo the humiliation of taking their advice."

There followed a pause, for Mrs. White's face was buried in her pocket-handkerchief.

But Caroline was not compassionate by nature; and she was keeping in reserve her bitterest sting.

"By-the-bye," she said, as if the idea had only just occurred to her, "I did not tell you that I had my information about our new neighbour from Sir Walter. You know how strongly gentlemen feel about these things. He said, 'I advise you to be careful,'

He wished me also—of course it is no business of his—still he wished me, and I foolishly consented, to warn you and Sibyl."

"But you will tell him, will you not, how it all happened?" said Mrs. White.

"Sibyl's visit is to be explained," returned Miss Harcourt, with emphasis; "however" (Mrs. White began to look frightened; and, as Caroline was aware, frightened weak people have curious ways of asserting themselves unexpectedly), "it cannot be helped. I will make the best of it to Sir Walter. Ah! dear Mrs. White, young people are a serious responsibility, girls especially; it is so easy to ruin their prospects in life."

Wherewith she departed, leaving Mrs. White to her sombre reflections. The two young people, meanwhile, who occupied so large a place in these elder people's thoughts, had met in the Park.

Sir Walter was mounted on a tolerably sorry nag, which his aunt kept for his riding during his frequent visits. Sibyl was on the Witch.

"Happily met!" he said, turning his horse's head.
"I wanted specially to see you."

"Come, then, and pay your visit on the common," she answered; "but say nothing till we have had a gallop. Here's a fine stretch of turf. Will you race me?"

"Race you? No, thank you. We have nothing in our stables that comes up to the Witch. But stop a moment. Why are you in such a hurry?"

Her answer was to put the Witch at a hedge and sunk fence, separating the Park from the common, canter her a few hundred yards, then turn round and laugh saucily. Sir Walter's steed refused, and he bit his lip with mortification. He had no intention, however, of breaking his neck for anybody. And, pending a few bitter reflections on money, the power of money, the necessity of money, and the bad manners of those who have lately acquired money, he made his way leisurely to a gate at no great distance, which Sibyl's groom threw open for him. But that he had really something to say to Sibyl he would have lifted his hat, after the approved style of wounded dignity, looked at her disdainfully, and returned home.

His curiosity and interest were powerful enough to overcome his irritated feeling, and he joined her, where she stood waiting for him, for the consciousness that she had made an unkind use of her superiority, had caused Sibyl to rein-in her horse.

They paced on quietly side by side, speaking of indifferent matters.

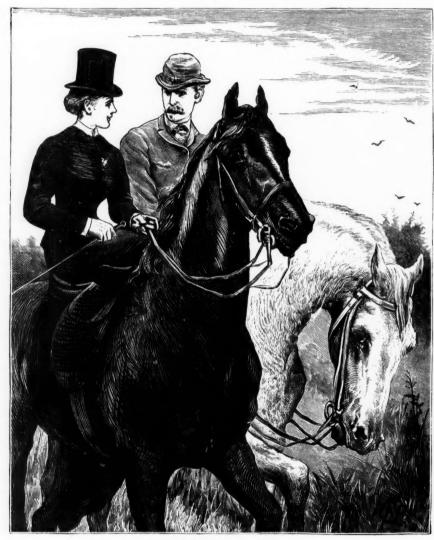
At last Sir Walter said, with unnecessary hesitation, "You had a little adventure the other day, Sibyl. I—well, the fact is, I heard about it, and I was anxious to know—"

The sentence fell away into indefiniteness. Sibyl looked at him, and there came a merry sparkle to her eyes.

"Do you mean about Mrs. Rosebay's little girl?" she asked "Yes; they tell me you found it on the common, and took it home."

"They are right, in this instance. Did they tell you what they thought?"

"I say," cried the baronet, "mind what you are about," for the Witch, impatient of this quiet sauntering, had begun to curvet and prance uncomfortably.



"I think you were right,"

"Whatever my aunt and other people may think," he answered, "I think you were right."

"I am much obliged to you for your good opinion. I suppose your aunt and other people would have considered it right to leave the poor baby on the common, till they found out what they would call 'its antecedents.'"

"She's a true Witch," said Sibyl; "she knows what's in her mistress's mind. Sir Walter, we must really be off. We have had no exercise to-day."

"One question before you go," he cried, with the desperation of one who sees a long-coveted opportunity slipping away unused. "How did you like her?"

"Like whom? Jeannette?"

"Is Jeannette her name, and do you call her by her Christian name already? How quickly women become intimate!" In his excitement Sir Walter reined-in his horse, and sat looking at Sibyl—she said, with his mouth open, an aspersion which he would have indignantly denied.

Sibyl burst into a peal of laughter.

"Well," he said, "what is it now? You really

"The most provoking person you know. Others find me the same. But, really, it is enough to make even Sidney laugh. Jeannette!"

"Is there anything funny about the name?" he asked, in a highly dignified manner.

"No, but," through fresh paroxysms, "your face—it was so funny!"

The face alluded to became almost purple. Sir Walter was seriously annoyed. Sibyl tried to resume her composure,

"Don't be angry," she said, "and I will make an agreement with you. Jeannette is to lunch with us to-morrow. Come, and I will introduce you. You will? Then good-bye. If I hold in the Witch any longer, she'll be desperate."

Waving her hand in farewell, the wild girl dashed over the common.

Sir Walter, all whose anger had evaporated, turned his horse into the road.

"She is a first-rate girl," he said to himself; "one might do worse than take her, with all her faults." And then his mind wandered in another direction. "Jeannette!" he turned the name over and over again in his mind. He was like a child with a sugar-plum or a new toy. "Jeannette! Jeannette Rosebay." How well the two names sounded together. Surely, there was a particular harmony about them. To his ear they sounded like music, And to-morrow he was to be introduced to herintroduced by Sibyl, who was already sufficiently intimate with her to call her by her Christian name. Introduced! and after that what opportunities of possible service! The spirit of chivalry, that spirit which sent forth knights of old to toil, suffer, die, if need were, for their heart's queen, was strong in the breast of this nineteenth-century young gentleman that evening, for all that his costume was of the approved nineteenth-century pattern, and that his face, following the type of the faces of country squires who had preceded him, was a little heavy as to feature, and not interesting from a romantic girl's point of view.

But Sibyl was losing herself, and the imprisoned feeling which Miss Harcourt's strictures had induced in her, in the delightful sense of rapid movement.

Having entirely distanced, and, indeed, lost sight of her groom, she pulled up at last close to the lip of a little pool in the common. A gentleman, whom Sibyl did not at first recognise, in a tweed suit and soft felt hat, was stooping over this pool, as if watching something.

At the sound of her approach, he looked round; then, lifting his hat, "Good evening, Miss White," he said.

"Oh, Mr. Darrent!" she cried, "is that you? I did not recognise you at first. You were watching for something. I am afraid I disturbed you."

"Any time will do for my work," he answered; "and, by-the-bye" (consulting his watch), "it is quite as well you did disturb me. I had forgotten the time; I promised to meet Maggie and the children on the Merriton Road after their lessons."

"I want to see Maggie; I will join you," said Sibyl.

She put her horse into a walk, and James Darrent walked by her side. Sibyl was pleased with the situation. The traveller—her childhood's hero—was an object of peculiar interest to her. It was on this account probably that she felt shy with him, for, though she wished to hear him talk, she did not exactly know how to begin the conversation.

But he said nothing. He was naturally a silent man, and at last she ventured, with a timidity new to her—

"Were you making discoveries, Mr. Darrent?"

"When, Miss White?"

"Just now at the pond. You seemed so deeply absorbed."

"I don't think I was making discoveries. I was trying to reconcile new facts with old theories. That is generally unsatisfactory. Theory must be made to fit fact, not fact theory. I am puzzling you?"

"I am afraid you are dreadfully learned," said the girl.

"No. I know very little."

"I wonder what you would think of my amount of knowledge."

Sibyl was at that period of life when it is impossible to keep self out of any discussion.

He looked at her with his curious smile. "Without knowing anything about it, I am certain on one point," he answered.

"And what is that?" asked Sibyl, who loved definiteness.

"That it may be increased."

Her brows contracted. This was only a commonplace, when she had been looking for a revelation.

"The same may be said of everybody," she observed.

"Ay!" he answered, his face kindling, "of everybody. And thank God for it! We are not shut into narrow bounds. We are the children of a large land. We have infinitude about us. It is not a commonplace, it is a grand heart-inspiring thought, that the knowledge of every one of us may bear expansion. We can never know all—never, never."

The words, spoken with enthusiasm, took hold of Sibyl. She was carried away, as we sometimes are, by the sight of a wide prospect from a giddy height.

"Never," she said, in the low voice of one suddenly penetrated by the force or fervour of a new idea. "That is a long word."

He answered, gravely, "It has immortality in it. I believe in immortality."

She cast upon him one of her swift rapid glances, She did not venture to ask him to explain his meaning, though, as he spoke, came back, haunting her like a beautiful old song, certain words she had been accustomed, week after week, to repeat—

"I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come." Mechanically she had said them. She always believed that she believed them; but deep down in her heart of hearts—it is the experience of many—there was the chilling scepticism—the "It may be—I hope so."

And when now, first in all her life, this thought of immortality as something profoundly real and solemn, was brought near to her, the effect upon her excitable nature was almost terrible. She turned pale to the very lips.

James Darrent had been watching her, and this sudden pallor alarmed him. He put his hand upon

her bridle-rein.

"What is it? Do you feel ill? Had you not better dismount?" he inquired, carnestly.

But scarcely were the words out of his lips before, to his horror, his hand was dashed from the rein, and he saw Sibyl and the Witch flying from him at breakneck speed.

CHAPTER VI.

Almost at the same moment the groom came up.

"What is to be done?" said James Darrent.

The man looked uneasy.

"Not the slightest use following of the Witch," he answered. "It 'ud make her mad."

"But something must be done. If any accident happened! Why, man, what is the use of you?"

Sibyl was almost lost from sight on the common.

The man made no answer.

"Give me your horse," cried James Darrent, "I can do nothing on foot."

"Beg pardon, sir," the man replied, "you'd do no good, only 'arm, take my word for 't. When a young lady like Miss White's on a 'oss such as the Witch—"

"But she was taken ill, I tell you."

"She ain't ill now, sir, asking your pardon. There! I said as they'd do it."

Touching his hat respectfully, but with a look on his face in which pride in his young lady and her horse was subtly blended with contempt for the gentleman who had first done the mischief, and then tried to improve upon it, the groom cantered off in pursuit of his mistress, who had certainly had a narrow escape.

The continued restraint, the hand upon her bridlerein, and the passage on the road which they were then nearing of a huge yellow and red furniturewagen, had caused the Witch to lose her temper, and for a few moments Sibyl had entirely lost control over her.

But the rapid movement, the sense of danger, and

the innate consciousness that her fate was in her own hands, and that now or never she must practise the presence of mind and courage on which she was wont to pride herself, stimulated the bold girl. Letting the Witch have her head, she kept her seat firmly. She knew her country. There was a wide gully in advance of them. She had never yet put the Witch at it, but in her present state of excitement she would, she believed, clear it easily. Afterwards she might be able gradually to resume her control and return by the road to Mr. James Darrent, the suspicion of whose uneasiness at the misadventure formed a distinct element in Sibyl's consciousness.

What she proposed to herself, she accomplished with success. The Witch took the leap, alighted safely, and then, being somewhat frightened at her own daring, permitted herself to be guided into the

road.

"Thank God!" said James Darrent, in a deep, earnest voice, which made it sound what it was—a prayer—when the young girl rejoined him. He was surrounded by his nieces and nephews; Maggie, who had been smiling quietly at his uneasiness about Sibyl, and assuring him that he did not half know her; Hugh and Beatrice; Charlie and little Alice. These were all clamorous that Sibyl should return home with them, and James Darrent, who thought the young girl looked unfit for the ride home, added his entreaties to theirs. There was a special kindness in his manner, a gentle tenderness, which to Sibyl, who had no male relatives, was new and very pleasant. She allowed herself to be persuaded.

They were now close to the white gates of Forest House—the Darrents' home. It was so called because it had been built on a small tract of forest-ground. The garden was actually surrounded on three sides by a wood of straight-stemmed pines; and very lovely the smooth-shaven lawns, the gay borders, and warm-toned red-brick house looked against the dark background of the trees.

"I don't think there is any other place in the world like Forest House," said Sibyl, who was in an expansive mood, as she walked the Witch up the

avenue.

Yes, it was pleasant, this dear old quiet home, pleasant in itself, pleasant in all its associations; where children had been born, had grown up, had learned and loved, and, not seldom, rebelled and quarrelled, but, even in the rebellion and strife, gained lessons of life worth the learning; where love was the law of action, and wisdom prevented love's weakness from harmful yielding. It was pleasant. Sibyl had always found it so, and here a large part of her education, and a part more important, probably, than that which had specially to do with literature and art, had been carried on. For Mrs. Darrent, who now stood at the door, with smiling welcome in her gentle face, had, from the beginning, loved and befriended the solitary child.

When James Darrent said, "I think you had

better keep Miss White for an hour or two, Eleanor; she has had a fright," a look of anxious protest came into Mrs. Darrent's face.

But before she could utter her warning, Maggie said, laughing, "Uncle James means that Sibyl gave him a fright. She is never frightened."

A desire—it was a new one, and to herself inexplicable—to appear womanly, caused Sibyl to say, "I think I must have lost my nerve for a few moments to-day. But don't look so reproachful, dear Mrs. Darrent. I found it again as soon as there was any real necessity for it, and the pleasure of being on the back of such a horse as the Witch when her blood is up, is cheaply purchased by a few moments of danger."

"Child, child! you are far too reckless," said Mrs. Darrent; "and you look pale. Come in and rest. Have you any engagement for to-night? No? Then let me send the groom back with a note asking your mother to join us. We have such pleasant evenings now in the garden."

The whole family chimed in with entreaties that Sibyl would consent to this arrangement; and since she was only too ready to agree, the note was sent off.

Then, after a general tea in the nursery with the children, James Darrent went to his books; Mrs. Darrent, with her eldest boy Hugh, started to meet her husband at the station—John Darrent was a barrister, and went to town daily; and Maggie and Sibyl, with arms intertwined, wandered about the garden and pine woods.

There was a certain monotony about their talk and the confidences they interchanged. Since neither of them had reached the age when life becomes dramatic, they were given to dramatising the lives of others. The period is a more dangerous one than parents and guardians think, for as the myths of a nation's youth are apt, after the lapse of time, to crystallise into creeds—monstrous, too often, and impure—so these youthful adorations, which, if they pass away with the clearer vision of maturity, rather help than hinder development, may also form a prison to the young soul, preventing its growing up into the perfect light.

We are all aware that, at this myth-forming period, young men and maidens have been known to idealise a broom-stick, dressing it up with unimaginable beauty and virtue; which is all very well so long as they do not, when, from the nature of things, the ideal garments drop away, obstinately worship the bare and ugly stick, or fall sick of despair and horror when their dear illusion with regard to it dies a natural death.

And since few young people are so fortunate as were Sibyl and Maggie at this critical period, in having close at hand materials worthy to be wrought into the tissue of real romance, it is perhaps as well that the objects of youth's ecstatic worship should be creatures really of the imagination rather than flesh and blood personages, clothed by fancy in a dress purely ideal.

For the lady, whose face, placid now, betrayed the hidden memory of lived-down woes, whose manners were so quiet and dignified, and whose life had certainly a mystery in it—Maggie's heroine—and the grave, middle-aged gentleman, fresh from heroic wanderings, who was fast becoming Sibyl's hero, had about them some true elements of romance, if by romance we understand that in life which is novel, rare, or stimulating.

So much given, we can easily imagine the nature of that talk under the trees. On the one hand, recurring with the certainty of a particular motive in some musical structure, such phrases as "How good he is! How much he must know! What a noble life he has led!" (young people, on these occasions, abound in notes of exclamation), and on the other, "Is she not lovely? Her face haunts me; and then her manner—how exquisite it is! She makes me think of Mozart's sweetest melodies."

Thus they rang the changes, until the arrival of Mrs. White, with a box containing Sibyl's evening dress, and the return of Mr. and Mrs. Darrent from the station, warned them that it was time to dress.

The sweet July day was closing brightly. The sky was mellow and warm, the air was still, long pale shadows, thrown by the house and shrubs, lay upon the lawn; the stems of the pines were crimson, and their dark tops had caught the shining of the level sunset-rays; the "heavy-folded" roses and the lilies, stately and pure; the rose-carnations and the jasmine 64 "with summer spice the humming air." It was one of those rare occasions when merely to live is a pleasure.

The little party were gathered together under the cedar on the lawn. Some one said that it was a shame to go in, and then nothing would suit the young people but to arrange their dinner-table out-of-doors. Many hands make light work, and to the accompaniment of laughter and jests, with much rushing one against the other and unnecessary excitement, the change was made.

They were reinforced, meanwhile, by Sidney, who was a frequent visitor at Forest House. His aunt, he said, had gone to town on business, Walter was somewhere or other; he himself had been working hard all day, and was tired of his own company. Maggie immediately took possession of him, and made him useful, and though his continual protests, his perversely languid movements, and absurd mistakes, rather increased the confusion, the merriment was none the less.

During dinner this merriment lasted. The young people had everything their own way. John Darrent besides, who was something of a humourist, had a delightful knack of drawing them out, and pitting them one against the other. Satirical speeches, which, if not very pungent, were at least animating, went flying about; old jests, in some newly-improvised dress, were laughed over for the thousandth time; the languid Sidney was induced to sing a funny little eong, which sent Hugh, and Maggie, and

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Sibyl into convulsions of laughter; between Sibyl and Sidney there was a pretty duel of sharp speeches, Hugh interposing now and then as Sibyl's second, and Maggie as Sidney's.

James Darrent was induced to give an account of one of his hair-breadth escapes, and then, indeed, Sibyl was silent, listening with bated breath. So silent she was and absorbed, that Sidney, so soon as the story was over, seized upon the opportunity of taunting her with what he considered himself very clever in calling her "vicarious cowardice." But she turned the laugh against him by observing that a lack of imagination, like many other wants which she might mention (hereby conveying a hidden threat), had its advantages.

Nothing, in fact, could have been more successful than this bright little dinner.

"How happy they all look!" Mrs. White whispered to Mrs. Darrent, who answered with a smile of pleased assent; but Mrs. White had no general regards—her eyes were fixed upon her darling.

Sibyl was happy, and since happiness confers a charm peculiarly its own, she looked well. had forgotten Miss Harcourt's hand, beckoning to sweet, if dearly-acquired dominion; she had forgotten the larger, more indefinite prospects, opened out before her spiritual vision by those two or three words from James Darrent. To her it was one of those moments-brief, alas! and even in favoured lives infrequent-when to live is a delight, when frankly, freely, unquestioningly, with no care for the future, no dread of the dark secret which haunts us continually, we can bask in the full sunshine of being. That such moods are good-good in themselves, good in their effects on our nature-who that has ever thought seriously on human life and its significance will deny?

But to those who are gifted with power to see below the surfaces of things, they have their pathos too.

James Darrent, looking now and then across the intervening shadows (which began to deepen) at Sibyl's face, turned towards the light, sighed. "A fine girl," he said to himself, "a glorious type; if so she might remain." And then wandering thoughts carried him away. Another face than this, a face girlish too, and far more beautiful, a face radiant, animated, instinct with bright intelligence, he saw in the vacant space on which he vacantly gazed; and after it another vision—the same face, but convulsed, terrified, drawn, with blanched lips, and pallid cheeks, and eyes deep with horror.

But his brother touched him on the arm. "James! are you asleep?" he asked smilingly; and James came to himself with a start.

"I was thinking," he said; "I lost myself for a moment. Did any one speak to me?"

"Some half-dozen people have been screaming at you, my dear fellow, for the last half-hour."

"Oh! papa," said Maggie, "It was only Sibyl who spoke, and I put in a word—"

"And Hugh put in a word, and Sidney another, and"

"Papa, if you were any one else," said Maggie, with a pretty pretence of impertinence, "I should tell you to be quiet. Uncle James, Mrs. White and Sibyl want you to lunch at the Park to-morrow. I am going, and Mrs. Rosebay will be there. You know I told you about her."

"If you are not too busy, Mr. Darrent," put in Mrs. White, "and could spare us an hour or two in the middle of the day."

He answered, "I shall have much pleasure in joining you."

He was interested in Sibyl, and thought he would like to know what were the conditions of her life at home.

And shortly after, for the evening was drawing in, the little party separated, the young people with many a fervent aspiration for fine weather on the following day; hopes which were happily destined to fulfilment.

The morning rose, fair and bright, and was welcomed with more than ordinary eagerness by two or three of those we know. James Darrent, Sibyl, and Sir Walter Harcourt had all found it unusually difficult to sleep that night.

The vision, whose outline we have given, pursued the traveller through the dark hours, inducing a despairing hopelessness of good, such as he had not experienced since first he attempted to look at life from the philosopher's standpoint. And this vision was strangely blent with some words of his niece, which were the last he had heard before going to his room.

He loved music, and Maggie was always ready to indulge his taste.

When Sibyl and her mother had gone away that evening, he called Maggie into the dining-room, only lit by the moonlight which streamed in through the open window, and asked her to play to him. She said—

"I have been longing to play. I will play you what has been running in my brain all the evening. Afterwards you shall guess—and if you cannot, I will tell you—what I always think about now when I play it."

"It has acquired a new meaning then, lately?" he

"Yes, a new meaning. Now listen; never mind about candles. I love playing in the dark."

Such was Maggie's prelude to the piece she played, a lovely melody of Mozart's, with variations, which seemed to draw out now lingeringly, and now abruptly, now indistinctly, and now with crystal clearness, all its entangled sweetness.

When she had ended, she went to her uncle's side. He stood by the open window,

"Did you think of anything while I was playing?" she asked.

Half-absently he answered, "Yes, I had a dream a little time ago in the desert. I was quite alone then. I had it again to-night."

"And the dream?" asked Maggie.

"Was of a face which I saw twice—twice only." Maggie said, thoughtfully—

"It is strange. My new meaning is also a face-

"You are to see it to-morrow," then bade him good-night,

Now these were the words which, blending with James Darrent's dream, prevented him from sleeping,



"The little party were gathered together under the cedar."-p. 167.

not a dream-face, but a real face, the most beautiful face and the saddest I ever saw."

Smiling at her enthusiasm, her uncle turned, and rested his hand upon her shoulder.

"And this real face, where is it to be seen?" he asked.

She answered, quite seriously-

and made him glad, with unusual gladness, to hail the morning light.

Sir Walter Harcourt's excitement it is easier to gauge, though it also was composed of varied elements. He had been foolish enough to enter into a discussion with his aunt, and had naturally been worsted, for she was quick and clever, while he, though not wanting in intelligence, was slow in thought and expression.

Their new neighbour was the subject of discussion. Miss Harcourt returned home that afternoon full of annoyance. It was not so much the circumstance of Mrs. White having called at Fairfield House that displeased her, as the suspicion that this independent action would be the forerunner of others. She was afraid, in fact, of losing her influence over the mother of the eligible young heiress.

But when she began to pour out her annoyance to Sir Walter, he electrified her by urging that she herself should at once call upon Mrs. Rosebay, and using certain expressions which informed her of his growing admiration for the mysterious lady. Of course she crushed him at once. In presence of her correct reasoning, backed by quiet satire, the young

baronet felt himself to be a fool.

Miss Harcourt was fully aware, however, of the temporary nature of her triumph. Mrs. Rosebay, in spite of her, was being taken up by everybody. Sir Walter would meet her everywhere. Once real emotion was aroused in him, both reason and satire would fail of their effect.

One chance there was, and one only, of escape. If Mrs. Rosebay could be forced to leave Melbury, this emotion, whose power she feared, might never gain sufficient force to be subversive. Fortunately his mind worked slowly. Hers did not, and that very afternoon she went to town to see her solicitor, and set him to find out who and what Mrs. Rosebay was.

This, however (though the discussion caused him a slight annoyance), would not certainly have interfered persistently with Walter Harcourt's sleep. It was the knowledge that on the following day he was to meet face to face the lady of his dreams, to be introduced—introduced by Sibyl, who was already sufficiently intimate to call her by her Christian name, which caused him to toss to and fro upon his bed, wishing for day.

As for Sibyl—well! she was wakeful, too; wakeful, and yet happy. She saw visions. The incidents of the day, the looks, the words, the tones of voice of those who had mingled in them, returned to her with evervarying constructions; and this word, and that look, would form the germ of some dream, upon which, heedlessly, her spirit floated away, up to the point where definiteness came in—there must always be such a point—and there she would break the dream short, and frown at herself in the darkness.

"An exquisitest touch," says a great poet, "bides in the birth of things," with which "no plenitude of

passion" may bear comparison.

To this young creature, standing on life's threshold, it was yet only "the birth of things." Yet birth there was—of new longings, new pains, new joys, and they made her restless.

However, with the morning light her spirit of fun returned. After a short sleep in the grey dawning she started wide awake, and there was a smile upon her lips. "Now for Sir Walter and Jeannette," she said to herself.

(To be continued.)



"FORGIVE AND FORGET."

But though you can't forget, forgive.

If you are wronged, you will outlive
The wrong, and you'll be righted yet.
The man that's wise his passion rules,
But anger resteth in the hearts of fools.

Forgive; and if you can, still love
Him who has wronged you, as before:
To cherish anger evermore
Your soul disquiets. God above,
Brother, forgives your sins and mine.
"To err is human, to forgive divine."

In your own innocence secure,
Your soul in patience still possess.
Has not Christ said, "Your enemies bless?"
So wait in peace. The time, be sure,
Will come hereafter, if not here,
To make your righteousness as noon-day clear.

"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay,"
Saith God the merciful and just.
Let not frail man, that is but dust,
Usurp God's right, but meekly pray,
Christ-taught, "Our Father that's in heaven,
As we forgive, so let us be forgiven."

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.



POEMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

II.-THE SONG OF ZACHARIAS (St. Luke i. 67-80).

N the opening portion of St. Luke's Gospel, there is a definiteness of time, place, and circumstance, which makes us feel that we are not breathing in the air or looking through the deceptive light of legend.

We are not travelling in dreamland, for we can measure distances. The objections which have been made in modern times to this statement are derived from two elements in the narrative—(1) from the account of various angelic appearances; (2) from the recorded bursts of ecstatic or prophetic song.

1. As to the angelic appearance in these

opening chapters.

Unquestionably here, as elsewhere, throughout, and to its very close, St. Luke's is the Gospel of the holy angels. The evangelist of the Gentiles, who addresses himself so much to men of Hellenic race and culture, opens up a new world of beauty, peopled with radiant shapes, to compensate for the disenchantment which had been wrought by the stern touch of truth. And the existence of angels cannot be proved by separate testimony, or rather not by such testimony as the world is ready to receive. For indeed, there is the testimony of elect souls. The existence of angels rests upon the same witness as the whole supernatural life. There must be something of fitness in the times of their manifestation, and in the persons to whom they make themselves known. In a material age they cease to appear. There must be a certain saintly second-sight-a something angelic in the angel seen. With us they are conveniently put out of remembrance. almost speak with the Sadducees, who believed in no angel or spirit. Their name is used to fill up the syllables of a line, or to round off a fantastic compliment. Their figures appear above a We think of beings more column or a spire. than half fabulous, draped and winged, the griffins and wyverns of the heraldry of a gentle mythology. How few meditate, with holy Hooker, upon their nature, order, and blessed obedience to God's will! We may believe, if we will, that mechanical law is all in all; that man, sprung from the ascidian through the ape, is the highest point of the pyramid of conscious life. If it be so, there is no unseen world, and, therefore, no veil to hang between it and us. Then the accounts of St. Luke—that there appeared unto Zacharias an angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense; that the angel of the Lord was sent from God into Nazareth; that suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the

heavenly host—are simply so many fairy tales. The poet's lines embody a pretty but puerile legend—

God's state
Is kingly. Thousands at His hid behest
Post over land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait.

-Wordsworth was a fanatic when he cried-

Myriads of spiritual beings walk the earth Both when we sleep and wake.

But if there are beings higher than man, if the Church is a new creation, and the Incarnation of Jesus Christ the beginning of that new creation, then these higher beings must have taken an interest in a design so wonderful. Paulus has explained the appearance to Zacharias by an intensity of emotional excitement, which made of the incense-smoke, when its dense folds were irradiated by the lamps of the sanctuary, a floating image of a winged spectre. All depends upon the initial point of view. From ours it is not incredible, but rather probable, that Gabriel should have come to Zacharias and Mary; that songs of acclamation should have rung out over Bethlehem. We are come to an innumerable company of angels. Well, too, may we be impressed by the gravity and reserve of the scriptural account of angelic appearances. Man receives no random invitation to a heedless intimacy on the one hand; to a Socinian heresy of angel cultus on the other. Of all the countless hosts of heaven, Scripture condescends to make but two known to us by name-Gabriel and Michael.

2. But, in reference to these opening scenes of St. Luke's Gospel, it has further been objected, that these sacred songs, these bursts of Hebraic poetry, are unmistakably like art, or legend; that the critic is irresistibly impelled to see them in a piece of fancy work, like the songs in Tennyson's "Queen Mary." There are a few considerations which remove this obstinate prejudice of modern criticism.

If labour and genius are the only possible creators of any form of literature, these songs, of course, can searcely be genuine. But if, as a matter of fact, prophecy exists; if Jesus Christ be its chief and central subject, it is only natural that, after an interval of 400 years, it should awaken again, just as He was about to visit the earth; that the father of God's chosen servant who was to go as a messenger before Messiah's face, should be filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesy.

Again, as to the literary form of these pieces. If we were told that an English hymn, running on to some twenty-five lines, was extemporised, we might entertain considerable doubts as to the truth of the allegation. Coleridge's declaration as to the mode in which his exquisitely musical piece, "A Maiden with a Dulcimer," was produced, has provoked no little incredulity. But the difficulty in this case is indefinitely lessened by two considerations. (1) The Benedictus was, no doubt, formed in the heart of Zacharias during the long months of enforced muteness, when he was dumb, and not able to speak. After nine months of silence it came streaming out like the molten metal when issue is given to it. (2) The pious Hebrew would have no such material difficulties as those which have been suggested above. For Hebrew poetry was not fettered by the laws of an inexorable prosody. It did not exact the exquisite and severe modulation of classical scansion.

Psalm-like strains rushed spontaneously to the lips of those who lived in the circle of the Old Testament writings, and spake its language.

Moreover—and this is most important of all the whole substance and tenor of the Benedictus shows that it was not moulded by art; that it does not bear the same relation to the Gospel history as the speeches of Pericles or Hannibal to the narratives of Thucydides and Livy.

From what point of view must Zacharias have spoken? The sight of Christ which he enjoyed was far beyond that of any of the psalmists in clearness. Yet the picture which he drew must have been painted in Hebrew colours, and set in a Jewish framework. A later writer, in an age pre-eminently without critical tact and subtlety. would never have contented himself with putting these oracular utterances into the lips of

Zacharias.

No doubt the Christian Church has, almost from the beginning, used these songs in daily worship. By doing so she interprets them of Jesus. the question is not, in the slightest degree, how the Christian Church understands this and the other songs, when they have been permanently committed to writing. The question is whether, after the cross and resurrection, after all things were fulfilled, she could, by any conceivable selfrestraint, have managed to write them in such a strain? These songs would rather have been like the Apocalyptic strains, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."† The mind which wrote the Benedictus, under the condition of a full historical knowledge of the Gospel, must either have been an earnest or a deceptive mind. For an earnest mind, such reserve upon the subjects which were in the front rank of its affections, would have been unnatural; for a deceptive mind it would have been, ex hypothesi, impossible.

Thus, the Benedictus is impossible at a date either earlier or later than that to which it is assigned by the third evangelist. Such visions of the light just dawning, such a conception of the general character of the approaching redemption, with such reserve-rather such silence-as to the mode in which it was to be carried out in detail; such silver brightness on the edge of the mist, such dimness in its heart; such strange eloquence and reserve-could only have come from one who stood on the thin border-line between the two dispensations—on the infinitesimal space between the two vast ranges before and behind. A little more, and the song would have been purely Christian; a little less, and it would have been purely Jewish.

II.—We proceed to draw some lessons from the

song itself.

1. It is well to remember who and what Zacharias was. "There was in the days of Herod, the king of Judæa, a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia: and his wife was of the daughters of Aaron, and her name was And they were both righteous before Elisabeth. God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Zacharias, then, was a holy and religious priest. We have a type and specimen of his priestly work. "While he executed the priest's office before God in the order of his course, according to the custom of the priest's office, his lot was to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord." A most beautiful and significant symbolism! There are here two totally distinct sorts of prayer. One is within the vail, the ideal and perfect prayer; the other, that of the mass of men, with their daily struggles, sorrows, and temptations, is indeed soiled and imperfect, but still true and real, and was, in a sense, needful to the other. The first purified and won pardon for the second by its sanctify; the second penetrated the first with its life and stir.* The employment of Zacharias, then, was that of a minister of a divinely-ordained ritual. Now true revelation does not deal with the spirit of man mechanically. The thought and utterance take the mould and colour of the mind, which the spirit freely uses. The form of the revelation is adapted to the natural tendencies and whole condition of him who is the Holy Ghost's voice or pen. The prophet-priest Ezekiel views the Church under the image which would naturally occur to one who had been trained in such an elementthe image of a temple. + The priest-prophet Zacharias views the life of all the emancipated children of God as one continuous worship, one endless priestly service-

That we, fearlessly, having been once for all delivered from hand of enemies, should continually do Him worship. In holiness and righteousness before Him all the days

^{*} Cf. Acts iv. 21. † Rev. v. 12.

^{*} See M. Godet. * Ezekiel xl., xlviii. ‡ Luke i 71, 75.

This is the essence and use of all the true Ritualism of God. One word summed up the whole meaning and purpose of the priestly life of Zacharias-to do God service, to be worshipping Him. This word, this Ich Dien of the faithful priesthood, he makes the Ich Dien of every child of God. The one true priest, whose coming is so near, shall enable all the redeemed people to perform the true service of priests, to celebrate God's worship in the long festivity of a perpetual free-The motto of Christ's kingdom of priests comes fitly from the lips of an inspired priest. The meaning of the Old Testament ritual is given, as best became the fitness of things, by one who was "of the order of Abia." These words are sung in hundreds of churches. It is well that singers should be taught to sing "gracefully," as well as heartily, to the Lord. But both choirs and congregations should keep the words of Zacharias ever before them, "Without fear to do Him the worship and service of a life."

2. The place which is occupied by the Benedictus in the reformed Prayer Book is significant and interesting. It is placed immediately after the second lesson at morning service, which is always from one of the Gospels, Epistles, or the Apocalypse. Zacharias was the first New Testament prophet; and this is almost the first Gospel hymn. The voice and song of such a one may fitly be heard immediately after our first reading from the New Testament.* It does not, perhaps, seem a mere fancy to see in the contents of the Benedictus a reference to the work of the Christian ministry, Zacharias was a father as well as a priest. He turns, with a burst of joy, which was not merely natural, to his babe, and places him among the goodly company of the prophets-

And thou too, child, shalt be called prophet of the Highest.

For onward thou shalt go, on, in front of the Lord, to prepare His ways;

To give knowledge of salvation to His people. †

But what was to be done by the child of Zacharias is to be done by Christ's ministers, who "prepare and make ready a people for His second coming." And the simple reading of the simple Gospel in the second lesson is a specimen, as it were, and epitome of all this work. But, if this seems fanciful, it is certain that the Benedictus brings before us, with marvellous power and fulness, the great Gospel doctrine of salvation—

Thou shalt go on, on in front of the Lord,

To prepare His ways,

For the end of giving to His people knowledge of salvation, consisting in remission of their sins.

It is evident, from the words of Zacharias, that

• See Dean Comber, "Temple." † St. Luke i. 76, 77.

a knowledge of the true nature of the salvation was deeply needed. It was so, and for this A false notion of the character of this divine salvation was spread abroad in Israel. A carnal patriotism was fed by a teaching which corresponded to the miserable politics of the pulpit among ourselves.* The distant prospect of political deliverance was substituted for the blessed certainty of spiritual salvation. Therefore, Zacharias, in his prophecy, gives the true and sufficient account of the essential character of salvation. To show that the worst slavery is that to evil, and that sin is the darkest "badge of conquest;" to cry out with a prophet's thrilling voice that salvation consists in sins forgiven, and its blessed consequences. This is to prepare "ways of the Lord" in the souls of men.

This utterance of Zacharias, then, is something more than a song or poem. It is a treatise on

salvation.

1. Its Author-

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, For He hath raised up a strong salvation for us. †

2. Its cause--

On account of the tender mercy of our Go

3. Its essence-

Salvation, consisting in remission of sins. :

4. Its blessedness and privileges -

Being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, to serve Him without fear.

5. Its consequence-

In holiness and righteousness before Him all our days. |

All who have ever understood the Psalmist's deeply pathetic cry, "Make the reproach which I am afraid of to pass over," will also understand

the preciousness of the privilege.

We conclude by citing the image with which the song concludes. It is derived from a caravan which has lost its way, when the wayfarers "sit down," in the darkness, which is like the shadow of death, to perish in their helplessness. Then, in the high heavens, a glorious star makes its Epiphany. So often as we sing this Hymn with true spiritual worship, with hearts full of the sense of that salvation which consists in remission of sins, the old song may be as full of life and joy as any new hymn. The Hymn of Zacharias is the strain of the "Pilgrims of the Night."

^{*} The "drum ecclesiastic." † vv. 69-71. ‡ v. 77. § v. 74. || v. 75.

More literal than "turn away" (A.V.).-Ps. cxix. 39.

While Shepherds Matched their flocks by Hight.



OLD MISS BROWNE,



FTERNOON service was over, and the worshippers came out in little groups of two or three into the wintry air. The sun had just set, and it was as clear and cold as January, though it was now the beginning of March. The last to come out

of the Cathedral was an elderly maiden lady. short, and thin, and upright, in an old-fashioned dress of black silk, and a good bonnet, old-fashioned like her dress. She was, as I have said, elderly, not old, but she was known to all St. Cuthbert's as "old Miss Browne," She was the daughter of one of the resident clergy of the town, and while her father lived (that was many years ago), she had stayed with him in a small house in the Close. Since his death she had lived alone in a cottage near the cathedral, so near that the wall of the Cathedral square formed her garden-wall on one side of the garden. Miss Browne walked smartly along till she reached the gate leading into the street, or rather lane, of tall decorous houses; then she turned and went along inside the railings, and walked round the square. This square was really a large paved court, probably once part of the churchyard, and as it was sheltered from the east winds by the cathedral on one side, and formed a kind of terrace on the west where the ground sloped suddenly downwards, affording a view over a good stretch of country, it was a favourite promenade for the families living in the Close.

Miss Browne went thrice round the square; then, feeling rather breathless, she sat down for a moment on a bench beneath the church walls. No one was in the square but two little girls with their hoops, racing and laughing. Miss Browne was alone, as she usually was-as she had been nearly all her life. Her mother had died before she could remember, and the time since her father had died, and she had gone to live at the cottage, was thirtythree years; for Miss Browne was fifty-five years old. And that afternoon her life seemed to go past before her eyes, and there was one feeling in her mind-"What is the use of it all? What have I lived for?" No lover had come to Miss Browne, nor had she desired any. She had no near relations whose children she could spoil. There were hardly any poor folks in or near St. Cuthbert's, and when any were found they were well cared for—too well, some people said. All the little ones she knew had too much petting and too many presents for her to find much to do in that direction. She was not rich enough to begin a new charity, nor to make her money the stepping-stone to a vocation; for at her father's death she had bought an annuity with what he left her, and on that she lived. She had not energy enough, nor enough knowledge of the world, to push her little bark out

upon the ocean in quest of a carcer. Her life was lived, and what had she done? She had been a dutiful and loving daughter; she had been neighbourly and friendly with all, high and low; she had been no slanderer, or evil-doer, or evil-wisher in any way; she had taken her share in Sunday-school and clothing society when she was younger-and that was all. She had neither had great sins, nor great good deeds, nor great opportunities, nor great gifts; her life had been as colourless as the light from a winter sun. The old lady sat on the bench under the shelter of the church, and looked across the square, just sprinkled with snow, and across the leafless hedgerows and solitary fallows which seemed far off in the light, shining grey and cold in the west. Sitting there, she asked herself again, "What have I lived for? Have I been worth the nourishment and warmth I have taken from my fellow-men? Would it not all have been just the same if I had never been born ?"

Just then a withered ivy-leaf came rolling along before the wind, turning over and over on the cold pavement, and a bitter thought came into Miss Browne's head. She thought, "I am exactly like that ivy-leaf, pale and withered, without any strength or beauty, of no use to any living thing, with no one to care very much what becomes of either of us. Why did God let me be born? What have I done in the world to make it worth while for me to have lived all these years?"

As these thoughts passed through Miss Browne's mind, her eyes wandered a little farther along the pavement to a corner from which the ivy-leaf had been earried by the wind, and she saw that it must have been detached from a fragment of a wreath wrought in evergreens, a little bit of which was still lying there. This wreath she remembered perfectly well, for she had made it herself for the Christmas decorations. From her bedroom window she could see the Cathedral square, and she had noticed throughout the early months of winter a very fine piece of ivy growing on the wall between her garden and the square. It had brightened the landscape for her every morning for some weeks, and she gathered some of it and used it in making the wreath which was hung in a corner of the Cathedral on Christmas eve. She remembered all this in a moment, and she remembered, too, how bright the wreath looked in the quiet corner where it hung, not in the east end, but on a pillar in the west end of the nave, where the poorer part of the congregation at the Cathedral usually sat. The old lady looked down at the ivy-leaf with greater interest now, and she noticed how the wonderful delicate network underlay the ashy-grey colour to which the glossy green had changed, what care and pains (so to say) had gone to the making of this poor withered thing. And again she thought, "Why did God take the trouble to make it so curiously, with this delicate framework of bones, as it were, under its outside beauty?" The answer came readily to her mind now. "It has made a part of what I like to look at every morning; I should miss the ivy from the wall, if it were torn down. It is enough; the ivy-leaf was made that it might serve God in the place where He needed its service; and it has fulfilled its mission, and it has not grown in vain. It might be happy if it knew all. But as for me—"

But here Miss Browne's thoughts stood still, and her murmurings were silenced. God had thought it worth His while to fashion her, body and soul; to feed and clothe her all these years; He had given her her place, and she had filled it. She had brightened her father's life a little, no doubt, while he had lived; she had been permitted to praise God constantly in His house, and others had been pleased to see her there, and had given her a kindly smile or a friendly word in the porch. In her small way, she had tried to do her duty by all men, and she had not been called to any larger life, any more than the ivy-leaf had been. God knew best what place was fitted for her; it was enough.

That very evening in New Zealand was warm and bright as an English August, and as the sun went down he shone on a scene as fair as any the earth can show—on a farm-house standing on the slope of a rising ground in a small orchard, surrounded by corn-fields and pastures. A few flowers grew around the door, and there were seated there the farmer and his wife, both pleasant happy-looking people, with half a dozen children playing in a field

front of the house, and his wife was talking to him while she sewed.

"I never told you, Tom, how nearly all went wrong once, but I will tell you now. It was about six months after you came to St. Cuthbert's, when I was old Miss Browne's housemaid, that Ben the blacksmith came back again. I had known him long ago—all my life, in fact, and I liked him well enough; but for the last two years he had been away in London, and all sorts of places, they said. He dressed better than he used to do, and always had plenty of money, and he was good-looking; but for all that my mother never liked him, and when he came courting me before he went away—"

"You never told me that!" broke in Tom.

"Oh yes, he did, though," said Jennie, with a little blush, "and I was very fond of him in those old days, but my mother couldn't bear him, she said he was lazy and kept bad company, and never went near church, and got tipsy sometimes. Well, it all came to nothing, and he went away to London, and I can't tell you all the places he went to, but he came back in two years.

"He soon came after me again, and I think he was fond of me, and so I was of him; that is, I liked him and I didn't like him. Before he went away, ke always looked bold and open and free, if he was lazy, and had bad companions. When he came back he was as bold as ever, but not so free or pleasant-looking, and he had a way of ordering you instead of asking you to do anything he wanted that I could not put up with. Still I liked him, and let him come after me, though my conscience often gave me a



"A withered ivy leaf came rolling along before the wind,"-p. 175.

before them. As far as the eye could reach the yellow light fell on fields, green, or covered with corn, on small groups of trees and scattered homesteads, on all the signs of peaceful industry and wholesome happy life. The farmer was resting on a bench in

prick, and I asked myself what my mother would have said if she had been alive then to see me keeping company with a man that nobody had a good word for, except maybe the publicans. Indeed, I often thought she would have liked him less than

ever, for he never seemed to be in regular work, and—web, there's no use saying more, but he wasn't a man for a decent girl to be seen with. he went to St. Cuthbert's, but he had had no idea what a serious thing it had been, or how near someone else had come to winning the cheerful loving



"'And did you ever tell Miss Browne !'"-p. 178.

"One Sunday in summer-time, it was my Sunday out. That was just about the time I first saw you, Tom. Don't you remember you came to Farmer Moreton's that spring? That Sunday Ben persuaded me to go and take a walk with him in the evening, and we went a long walk—all the way to Carriton."

Here Jane paused, and she seemed to be looking beyond the meadows at her feet, to the grassy English lanes through which she had gone that Sunday afternoon. "I think I must have been mad that day," she said to herself, with an inward shudder. Then she went on—

"Ben pressed me to be his wife, but I hung back; and then he told me he was not a common blacksmith now, and if I would marry him I should have a servant of my own, and all sorts of dresses and brooches and things, I wanted him to tell me how he could get all the money, and he only laughed, and said he had a good shop up in London. Still, I could give him no answer but 'No,' for in my heart I didn't care enough for him, and I seemed to know I would grieve my dead mother if I married him. He kept me so long on the way home from Carriton, that the chimes struck eleven before we reached the cathedral, and I should have been home by ten. I was almost afraid to go in at all. Then Ben told me he must leave for London by the five o'clock train next morning, and he would not be back in St. Cuthbert's perhaps for years, perhaps never; and then he begged me to go off in that train with him, and he said we would be married in London that very day, and I would be at an old woman's beck and call no longer."

By this time Tom Harvey had grown very deeply interested in what his wife was telling him. He knew that Ben Arnold had been courting her before

woman who had been at his side for fourteen years. He did not care to speak, only he gripped his knees harder, and knitted his brows, longing for his wife to go on and finish her story.

"I said to him I didn't love him, and I couldn't and wouldn't go to London in the morning with him; but all the while my heart said I could if I liked, and maybe I would do it yet. I gave him no promise, and I left him at the gate, and ran up the path, and round the cottage, and knocked low at the kitchen door. Miss Browne herself had sat up for me, and she opened the door.

"'Why, Jane, dear me! where have you been?' she said.

"'I've been to Carriton, ma'am, with Ben Arnold,' said I, for I scorned to tell her a lic.

"'Well, Jane, I'm sorry to hear that, but that'll do for to-night; you'd better go to bed now.' With that she gave me her candle, and said, 'Good-night.' I hardly knew what to say or what I wanted, but I went up-stairs quietly enough. I am certain that if Miss Browne had scolded me just then (not that I didn't deserve it, but I was in no mood to bear it, and that I think she saw), or if she had broken out against Ben Arnold, I would never have slept in her house again, and I would have run off with Ben that instant. As it was, I went to bed, but I could not rest, all the night through; as the hours struck, one after another, it was, 'Shall I go?' 'I will; ' 'No, I won't; ' 'I must go; ' 'I can't; ' backwards and forwards. About three it was light, and I actually thought I made up my mind to go. It was a tempting prospect for a poor girl, and Ben was a fine manly fellow, and I thought I cared for him far more than I really did. I did think that if he were

honest, and wanted to marry me, he could come back for me and marry me publicly among my own friends, but again the feeling would come back so strong that I could not fight against it-I might miss the train, and never see Ben again; I must be in time-I must catch it. Well, as I said, I made up my mind to go, and I actually got my clothes on, and got some things into my large carpet-bag, when the thought came to me, 'What would Miss Browne think of me for running away like that, without a word to thank her for all her kindness to my mother as well as to me? I remembered how her father, the clergyman, and she used to speak to us as they passed, every day almost, from the time I was a little girl, and bring little comforts for my mother in her illness, though we never needed help, for we never were poor-and when my mother died, and I went to be a servant at the Cottage, how kind Miss Browne was to me, almost like my own mother, though it was all in such trifling little things I could hardly tell you of them. All this was in my head as I came down the staircase, and as I passed her door I thought I would just peep in and look at her, instead of bidding her good-bye; and so I did, and when I looked at her kind, quiet face, I thought how I would grieve her, and how she would never be able to speak of me except as 'Jane, that ran away from me;' so my heart rose to my mouth, and I turned and shut the door, and went straight up to my own room, and straight back to hed

"Afterwards—not long afterwards—we heard that Ben was tried and found guilty of making bad coins; it must have been that that brought him in so much money."

Jane's husband took a long breath of relief, and drawing his wife towards him, pressed her for a moment to his side.

"Did Miss Browne give you your scolding in the morning?" he asked, after a minute.

"She began to tell me how wrong it was to stay out so late, and to go to Carriton alone with any one, but I told her I believed Ben Arnold had left the town that morning, so she said very little more."

"And did you ever tell Miss Browne how nearly you——"

"No; I never could bring myself to do it, I felt so ashamed; and it was not exactly a duty, for I did not really do her any wrong. Still I often wish I had told her all about it, and I'm glad I've found a tongue to tell it to you, Tom, for though I am ashamed of it, you ought to know it, and——"

"And I can tell you this, girl," said her husband, "I respect you none the less, and I love you none the less for what you've told me."

Miss Browne rose from her bench in the corner of the church wall, and went home to her cottage, humble and contented; but she never knew—at least, in this life—that God had used her to do anything for Him greater or more noticeable than such service as had been rendered by the withered leaf of ivy.

M. L.

THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD

THE SANDALS.

BY THE REV. J. A. FAITHFULL, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, LEICESTER.



YHE legs of the Roman soldier were protected by heavy metal leggings called "greaves." Below these there were the "war sandals," called It is not clear whether these caligae covered the upper part of the feet, or were simply heavily-nailed sandals fastened on by straps. The question scarcely affects our interpretation of the passage. Suffice it that the Apostle has this

piece of armour in mind. He compares it to a very important quality in the moral equipment of the Christian man: "Having your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."

In order properly to understand what St. Paul

intends to teach, it is necessary to free the mind from all preconceived notions as to what "the preparation of peace" means. There can be no immediate reference to the preaching of the Gospel; although, of course, that is a necessary consequence where the quality of which the Apostle speaks is present, since the preaching of the Gospel is the result of moral qualities rather than itself a moral quality—a result which is more properly included under the figure of the "helmet of salvation, which is the word of God."

The meaning of the expression "Gospel of peace" is obvious; it is the message of reconciliation, revealed in Christ Jesus, and preached by His apostles and ministers—the glad tidings of "peace on earth" and God's goodwill towards humanity otherwise estranged by sin. The word "preparation" is not quite accurately rendered. It should rather be translated "preparedness," and seems to refer to that readiness to do God's will which every child of God ought to display.

This readiness is an effect of the "Gospel of peace"—"and your feet shod with that prepared-

ness which the Gospel of peace gives."

The unready warrior is likely to suffer loss at the enemies' hands scarcely less than the man who is only half-hearted in the cause. Unreadiness subjects a man to attack when he is at a disadvantage. Every warrior in time of war, be he commander or common soldier, is expected ever to be ready-ready to march, to fight, to suffer, to do at the shortest possible notice. And just so preparedness is a very important quality in the Christian man's outfit. When a man has once received the Gospel, when he has admitted Christ into his heart, when he has recognised that God, against whom he has rebelled, has made peace with him, then he is ever on the watch, or he ought to be. He knows he is engaged in a mighty conflict, that he has a sleepless adversary always seeking to destroy him, always desirous of doing injury to the cause for which he is fighting, always opposing the King to whose service he has joined himself. Knowing this, he is ever prepared for deadly conflict.

Such is the attitude of the true soldier of Christ. Being at peace with God, through having received the Gospel, he stands firmly like a man, clad from head to foot in the armour which the Captain gives him, prepared for any contingency.

I shall now endeavour briefly to expand the notion of Christian preparedness. (1) He is prepared to obey. (2) He is prepared to advance. (3) He is prepared to fight. (4) He is prepared to suffer. (5) He is prepared to die. (6) He is

prepared to meet his great Captain.

1. He is prepared to obey. We can never forget that charming poem which we learnt in our childhood of the boy who went down with the ship because he had not received orders from the captain to leave his post. Has not the reciting of it made our whole being thrill with sympathy and admiration? Nothing more fitly represents the preparedness which ought to belong to every Christian man and woman. How ready we are to fulfil the behests of those whom we respect and love, and yet how slow to do the will of God! What is it that made the Man Christ Jesus acceptable to the Father? Surely, the fact that He was prepared to do His will. What entitled Him to the place He now occupies at the right hand of God? Simply His perfect obedience. Surely then, His disciples' joy ought to be to walk in His steps. Ought we to find it hard to do His will when He made every sacrifice for our sakes? Alas, alas! how often do we shrink from responsibility, consulting our own ease first, and what is right next? how little do we know of perfect obedience. Let us, therefore, sincerely confess our shortcomings in the past, and having done so, make up our minds, with the grace of God preventing us, that for the future it

shall be different. Obedience is a matter of practice for which every one of us is responsible

to our great Commander.

2. The Christian is prepared to advance. We saw, when we discussed the breast-plate of righteousness, how sanctification was essential in soul-life. We have here the same thought in another form. The army which is stationary, which cannot advance, is but little better off as regards the final issue than the army which retreats. Every now and then it is advisable to wait and hold a position, but only if one has reason to believe the enemy is strong enough to attack. How was it lately with our troops in Africa? After the disaster at Isandlana they stopped advancing. Why? simply because they felt they were weak; but the moment relief arrived they advanced further into the enemy's country. The army on the road to victory ever marches forward from one position to another. Just so with the Christian; he must ever move on. Position after position is to be occupied, fort after fort is to be captured. He must know what progress means, or the enemy will get the better of him. Final victory is only secured after a series of minor advances. Eternal peace is only obtained after much growth in divine life.

Let us, therefore, ask ourselves whether we are ready to be made holier; whether we are not holding back when God says this or that must be abandoned, whether we are not too easily satisfied with present attainment; whether we are not refusing to take some steps which God bids us take. Are we not afraid of being thought too strict, of being too decided for Christ, of being different from our neighbours? All this is the converse of progress. If we are at last to gain the day, we must advance. This old association must be broken off, this old habit abandoned, this new act of self-denial practised, this new work be entered upon. Every time we hold back, or decline to do what God tells us we are to do, we are weakening our position, we are giving the enemy vantage-ground which may result in a serious, and for all we know, final reverse. The service of the soldier who is unready to advance cannot be a whole-hearted service. Nay, he is

but a step removed from being a traitor.

3. The child of God must be prepared to fight. A non-fighting soldier is an anomaly. As there are in nature certain properties that are always in antagonism to each other, and can be induced by no scientific process to mingle, so in the Christian life there must ever be opposition between "the old and new man." Every Christian is by the terms of his enrolment bound to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. All religion, however orthodox in doctrine, or correct in form, which results not in this conflict, is a counterfeit of Satan's, by which he seeks to ruin man's immortal soul. The world and the flesh

are opposed to God, and this being the case, the child of God must, in so far as he is partaker of His Father's nature, be an enemy to the world and the flesh. And when we speak of the world and the flesh, we do not mean thereby that utterly superficial definition which makes the world consist of balls and parties, races and theatres, and the flesh of gross immoralities (of course the spiritually-minded man has no taste for these things), but something far more subtle in its operation, and far more dangerous in its consequences. We mean that kind of worldliness which consists in being absorbed in matters that are lawful so long as they are in their proper place; and that kind of fleshliness which is attached even to the highest and best affections of man's fallen nature: the duties, the responsibilities, the cares, the friendships, the loves of this life. These are the worst rivals that God has in the heart. The mother may be putting her dear little child in God's place, the wife her husband, the husband his wife, or his sons, or his business, or his reputation. All these tendencies have to be fought against every day. The Christian must ever be prepared to oppose their overgrowth, and to keep them subordinate

4. He must also be prepared to suffer. As the true soldier of Her Majesty shuns not hardship and privation, so the true Christian must expect trials. The weariness of the toilsome march, the sickness that proceeds from the weakness of his body of death, the pain caused by many wounds, the anxiety of incessant watchfulness, the sympathy awakened by the trials of others; all these are to be undergone by the soldier of Christ. Victory is gained only through a path of suffering.

5. He must be prepared to die. This is the universal consequence of sin and suffering, except in the case of those children of God whose privilege it will be to be living when Christ comes. We cannot tell, of course, but what the privilege will be ours; but for all that we must be prepared to die. The soldier who goes to

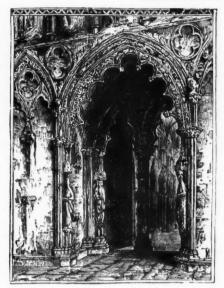
battle runs a risk; death is familiar to him, and he knows well enough his turn may come at any moment. So with the soldier of Christ. He ought ever to live as liable to die. Not that the thought of death should have a gloomy effect upon him, but that he should live every day as one who is an heir of immortal life. Ah! my brethren, if only our life was what it ought to be, we should look at death as the happiest moment of the Christian life on earth, for it is the moment that he is being released from all that has marred his happiness. And this brings us to the last point.

6. The Christian is prepared to meet his Great Captain. We read not long ago in one of the daily newspapers a most thrilling account of the enthusiasm with which a victorious army met their emperor after the declaration of peace, at the conclusion of a terrible war. It was a gala day, ever to be remembered by that victorious host. In the moment of realising how much their nation had gained they forgot all that they had suffered—their wounds, the comrades who had fallen, the reverses they had suffered; their one idea was success and glory. This scene but faintly represents the final meeting between the Church of Christ with her great Captain. How great will be the enthusiasm when the halls of heaven ring with the hallelujahs of the hosts of the redeemed! Then will be forgotten all the weariness of the way, the suffering caused by many a wound, the shame by many a reverse, the fear, the fighting, and the failure will be removed for ever and ever. Why should we not by faith anticipate that day? Let us think of it a little more, and seek to realise the intense joy which the absence of sin and sorrow will produce. Let us see to it, that our feet are ever shod with this blessed preparedness; let us ever be ready to obey, to advance, to fight, to suffer, and to die, and so shall we be ready to meet the great Captain when He comes to finish the campaign, and enjoy with His soldiers the benefits of victory.



HOMES AND HAUNTS OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.

ROBERT GLOVER AND JOICE LEWIS.



The Western Doorway at Lichfield Cathedral.

↑S the Trent Valley Railway pursues its course from Rugby to Stafford, it crosses the ancient Watling Street of the Romans at a small town called Atherstone, which, in the days of Offa, King of Mercia, was known as Ardeston-the town in Arden. The scenery around is among the loveliest in Warwickshire, the land fertile and well watered on the left bank of the river Anker; the Derbyshire hills are seen northward in the distance, Charnwood Forest is on the east, and southward stretch the wooded fields and parks for which the county is famous. About a mile to the north-east is the mother parish of Mancetter, known to antiquaries as the Roman Manduessedum, where a camp six acres in extent may still be traced, in which sundry "auld nick-nackets" have been unearthed by the curious in such matters who have dug and delved for them.

Here, embosomed among the trees, is an old manor house dating as far back as 1135, the last year of King Henry I., when it was built by Walter de Mancettre. The central baronial hall is still there, though modified and divided to meet the wants of later generations, and added to by wings in which the black framework of wood, filled in with white stucco or plaster, is clearly visible. The rooms and passages are panelled with old oak; massive carved beams run across the low ceilings; there are arched windows and doorways; a dark oaken staircase leads to the upper rooms, and a flight of well-worn stone steps descends to the antiquated garden.

This was the birthplace and ancestral home of John, Robert, and William Glover, the second of whom was burned at the stake during Queen Mary's reign; while his two brothers were harassed and persecuted in a manner which shortened their days so that neither of them survived him more than three years. Robert was born in 1515, and being a boy of promising abilities and not heir to the family proproperty, was marked out for a professional and scholastic career. With this end in view, he became, as soon as old enough, a foundationer at Eton-and as time went on, he was fortunate enough to be elected to a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge. Here the young man evidently made fairly good use of his time and opportunities, for in 1536 he became a Fellow, and took his Bachelor's degree a year later. His fellowship was soon left open for another candidate, for he managed to fall in love with a niece of good Bishop Latimer, quitted the University, and married. Mancetter Manor House was the home of their wedded life, for John Glover, the elder brother, had built a dwelling for himself at Baxterley, two or three miles off, with a deep moat round it and the arms and badges of his family carved on the timbers. Here he lived with his wife Agnes, and here he often entertained Bishop Latimer, with his faithful Swiss friend and servant Austin Bernher.

They had neighbours, too, at Mancetter with whom they lived on terms of affectionate intimacy, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis; the former of whom seems to have been a man who was willing to go with the times, and would fain have persuaded his wife to do the same. She was the only daughter of Sir Thomas Curzon, of Croxall, in Staffordshire, and grew up in her father's mansion a handsome cherished girl, full of lighthearted gaiety, and as fond of dress and pleasure as any other young lady whose lines had fallen to her in pleasant places, and who moved in the best society in her own and the neighbouring counties. She was married young to Sir George Appleby, of Appleby, the spot where the four shires of Derby, Stafford, Warwick, and Leicester, join, but was early left a widow with two sons, her husband being killed in the battle of Pinkie, near Musselburgh, whither he had marched in 1547, under Lord Protector Somerset, who invaded Scotland in the first year of Edward VI. Mr. Lewis, of Mancetter, was her second spouse, and it was her constant intercourse with the Glovers, coupled with the heart-stirring report of the martyrdom at Coventry of Laurence Saunders, the rector of Church Langton, in Leicestershire, that aroused the conscientious scruples in her mind which ended in her being burned at Lichfield for the faith she would neither relinquish nor deny.

Queen Mary's fierce desire to bring all England back into the fold of Rome made such bishops as desired her favour amazingly zealous in scenting heretics and

summoning them to give account of themselves. Radulph Bayne then held the see of Coventry and Lichfield: and the former place being only twelve miles or so from Mancetter, the Glovers and their opinions were well known there. So the prelate bade the Mayor and his officers go over with a warrant and apprehend the head of the family, who was just then staying on a visit with his brother Robert, perhaps to help in nursing him, as he was a great Invalid. But Thomas Riley, the Mayor, having a kindness for one of whom he had never heard anything but good, contrived to send Mr. John Glover an intimation that he had better be out of the way when he came, and consequently he and his younger brother William either hid themselves or departed. There was a closet in the upper story of the Manor House with a skilfully-concealed trap-door in the roof by means of which a fugitive could be drawn up, and lie there in the shadow of the great chimney stacks until the coast was sufficiently clear for him to descend and make off in whatever direction seemed best to him; and it was probably through this opening that John and William escaped just before the searchers rushed in below. Robert being ill in bed remained where he was, and besides, the warrant was not for him. But the officers had come in quest of a heretic, and so long as they seized one it mattered little to them whether he were the right man or no. So in spite of sickness and the lamentations of his wife, they compelled him to dress and go with them. Down the oak staircase he went for the last time. and along the pleasant garden paths to the gate, where he was obliged to mount and ride with his captors to Coventry. They brought him before the other sheriff, Mr. Hopkins, who pointing out that the prisoner was not the man they sought, would have set him free but for the insolent zeal of the officers, who insisted that Robert Glover must be kept in prison till the arrival of the bishop. So in the common gaol the invalid gentleman was kept for ten or eleven days, refusing the offer of the kind sheriff and persuasion of friends to be released on his own bond. At last the bishop came, and after catechising the unfortunate man and endeavouring to make him acknowledge his own episcopal infallibility, ordered him back to prison for that night, and the next day commanded that he and other captives should be sent to Lichfield and there delivered to one Jephcot, a myrmidon of the chancellor of the diocese. It was four o'clock ere they reached that city and dismounted at the Swan Inn, where they were courteously entreated by "mine host," and were told that they might rest themselves and sup there. The present Swan, one of the principal Lichfield hotels, is said to be built exactly on the site of the old one.

Supper being ended, Jephcot arrived, and was requested by all the prisoners to allow them upon bail or sureties to sleep that one night at the inn, that in the morning they might provide themselves with a little necessary furniture to make their cells bearable. But after parleying till a considerable

crowd was gathered, and it was too late for any purchases to be made, they were dragged off, and it was Robert Glover's fate to be incarcerated in a narrow thick-walled dungeon, very cold, and almost dark, with a bundle of straw for a bed, and no other accommodation of any kind. Here he was examined by the chancellor, and eight days later by the bishop, and though refused the use of pen, ink, and paper at first, ultimately obtained them, and wrote a journal-letter of what befell him to his "entirely beloved wife, Mary Glover," which unfortunately was not carried on to the end, because the writ authorising his committal to the flames arrived so soon after his final condemnation, and he was forthwith taken back to Coventry to suffer.

About two hundred years before, Richard II. had made a grant to the corporation of Coventry authorising them to quarry stone in his great park wherewith to complete the walls of their city, and build two of its gates. The spot thus excavated came to be called the "Hollows" in after times, and it was there "without the gate," like the scene of another shameful death, that the stake was set up. The steep banks around formed a species of amphitheatre, and were covered with spectators, and two martyrs, Robert Glover and Cornelius Bungay, another country gentleman, were led forth there to Human friendship accompanied them to the very last, for Augustine Bernher, braving all personal danger, stood by as the flames rose, giving and receiving words of high courage and heavenly consolation. Victorious over all the pains of death, Robert Glover seemed to see his Master in person, and clapped his thin hands for joy, crying out, "Austin, He is come! He is come!" And when all was over, the faithful friend took his weary way to the widow and little ones at Mancetter, that he might tell them how their husband and father had comported himself in the fiery chariot, and give them his last farewell letter, full of inexpressible love and tenderness.

Another blow fell on them a month later, when Mrs. Glover's venerable uncle, Bishop Latimer, was burnt at Oxford; and then there was a season of comparative peace, broken only by the haunting fear that John Glover would sooner or later be apprehended and martyred like his brother, especially as he was the spiritual instructor and father in Christ to whom Mrs. Lewis looked for the confirmation of her faith, both before and after her citation.

She was one of those whose awakened intellect and judgment refused to believe the doctrines involved in the Mass, but was persuaded by her husband to accompany him sometimes to its celebration in the hope that so much of outward conformity might avert the fate which he knew was only too surely in store for her if she persisted in absenting herself. But instead of a conciliatory attitude, she publicly turned her back on the consecrated wafer, and showed such contempt of the holy water sprinkled on the worshippers, that she was forthwith accused to the bishop as a despiser of the sacraments.

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"She told him that she had neither offended God nor broken His laws."

No time was lost in sending a citation for her instant appearance before the irate prelate, and the missive was delivered into the hands of her husband, who was so wroth that he first bade the officer take it back, and on his absolute refusal planted a dagger at the man's breast, and compelled him to eat every morsel of the document, then made him drink to it, and finally sent him about his business. The consequence of this proceeding was that they were both summoned to Lichfield, where Mr. Lewis apologised, and was forgiven by the bishop, who, however, added as a rider to his pardon the condition that Mrs. Lewis must submit also. But she told him that in refusing the holy water she had neither offended God nor broken His laws, and therefore had nothing to retract. It was only to be expected that the bishop would be doubly offended by her plain speaking and common-sense view of the point of difference, but he gave her a month's respite, and bound her husband over in a sum of one hundred pounds to bring her to him again at the expiration of that period. When she reached home, she gave herself to constant prayer, and took much counsel with Mr. Glover, her neighbour, who tried hard to persuade Mr. Lewis not to take her again to the Bishop, but to provide means of escape for her, and forfeit his hundred pounds rather than give up his wife to the fiendish cruelty of her persecutors. He must, however, have been a mean-spirited man, untouched by any power of love, for he replied that "he would not lose nor forfeit anything for her," and so took her at the month's end to Lichfield, where being found steadfast to the principles she had embraced, she was thrown into so filthy a prison that the maid who attended her fainted when she first entered it from the foul air and bad smell. Over and over again was Mrs. Lewis examined, and at length condemned to death for denying the doctrine of the Real Presence. But the sheriff, willing to gain time for her, maintained that having been appointed since her trial, he could not be compelled to put her to death during his term of office, an offence for which he had to answer, and narrowly escaped with his life, some time after her martyrdom. At length, however, after she had spent more than a year in captivity, the day was fixed on which she was to suffer, and on the previous evening two of the cathedral clergy sent a message asking that she would confess to them, and receive absolution at their hands. This she refused to do, and they went away feeling sure that courage would fail her on the morrow. But at eight o'clock in the morning the sheriff told her she had only one more hour to live, and received the cheerful answer, "Mr. Sheriff, your message is welcome to me, and I thank my God that He will make me worthy to adventure my life in His cause."

A little later he came again and gave her friends, Augustine Bernher and Michael Reniger, permission to go with her on her passage to the stake; and escorted by a number of men-at-arms, and a thronging, jeering rabble, they moved slowly forward, and were once compelled to stop on account of the faintness of the victim. Some wine having been procured for her, she stood by the stake and drank, saying—

"I drink to all them that unfeignedly love the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and wish for the abolishment of Popery."

Then her friends drank also, and many women of the company, while numbers, including even the sheriff, cried, "Amen." Death released her from suffering sooner than it did many of the martyrs, as materials for a strong fire had been provided, which speedily burned up the frail body and set the spirit free. Search was soon afterwards made at Baxterley for Mr. John Glover, who was alone in his chamber when the officers came. He held the latch of the door down, and one man had the string in his hand ready to pull it-when another came up and told him to come away, as they had been in there before. They found Mrs. Glover in another room, and took her to Lichfield, where after a while she recanted. Her husband's anxiety on her account undermined his health, and as he knew not when the searchers would return, he hid himself in the woods, where he caught cold, which terminated in ague, whereof he died, and being an excommunicate person, was buried in Mancetter churchyard without any service being read over his body. The chancellor of the diocese called the vicar to account for allowing the heretic to be buried in consecrated ground. The poor priest excused himself on the plea of illness, and was ordered to read a curse on the dead man's soul from the pulpit, and have the body exhumed and cast over the wall in a year's time, after which the grave was to be re-hallowed.

William Glover died about the same time at Wem, in Staffordshire, where his corpse being refused admission into the churchyard, was after a delay of some days dragged by a horse into a field and there interred.

Nearly ten miles from Warwick there is a small town called Southam, consisting of only two streets, and situated on the little river Stowe. There are several mineral springs in the vicinity, one of which, called the Holy Well, was much resorted to in the Middle Ages. This became the retreat of Augustine Bernher, who, after comforting and sustaining the souls of so many of his martyred friends, entered the ministry, married, and became rector of Southam, where he edited the sermons of his old master Bishop Latimer in 1562, and was noted as a popular preacher as late as 1570. He was one of the eye-witnesses who furnished Foxe with many of the details for his "Acts and Monuments," and probably owed his own life to the fact that, being a Swiss and not an English subject, the ecclesiastics were unable to touch him.

ELIZA CLARKE.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 5. ABSALOM'S REBELLION.

Chapter to be read-2 Sam. xv. NTRODUCTION. In last lesson read about David's sin and his punishment. Who went and rebuked him? Remind of what Nathan said about his punishment. Where would some of his troubles come from ? (2 Sam. ii. 11). Sad when any one's family turn against him; sad when a father's sin is an example to sons. Yet so it was

with David. Some of his sons' sins too shameful for children to read about. Shall to-day read about his

favourite son Absalom.

I. ABSALOM'S CONSPIRACY. (Read 1-12.) Let children turn back to xiv. 25, 26, for description of Absalom. Remind how David, his father, was beautiful before him. Absalom inherited it, but not his father's goodness. Was banished from his father's court for two years because of his crimes. At last reconciled through Joab's means (xiv. 33), and peace once more between him and the king. But how did he behave? What did he begin to prepare? David had multiplied horses, which were forbidden in the law (Deut. xvii. 16), and now his son copies his father, and will soon use them against him; another instance of the effect of bad example. Where did Absalom go and see the people? Remind how often this sitting in the gate-i,e., by entrance to cityreferred to. Thus Boaz sat there to judge (Ruth iv. 1). Absalom tried to make it appear that there was no judge appointed; perhaps this was true, David, having sinned so grievously himself, might have neglected to appoint those who should judge others. What else did Absalom do? Natural to most men to be pleased by attentions from those above them. No wonder people were easily drawn to the young and handsome prince. So their hearts were stolen away from the king. Now what else did Absalom do? Why did he profess to want to go to Hebron? A lie is always bad, but to lie about sacred things still worse. Why did he choose this excuse? Because he knew it would please his father, who now sent him away in peace. Whom did Absalom send for? What was Ahithophel? Why had he turned against David? Because of Bathsheba, who was his grand-daughter. So David's sin found him out in another way. His own peculiar friend rebelled against him (Ps. xli, 9). Ahithophel joining him made the conspiracy increase greatly. So this son conspired against his father, and David's punishments were coming thick upon him.

II. DAVID'S FLIGHT. (Read 13-31.) What a sad sight! David had been king more than twenty years, and now has to flee from his own capital! Picture the scene: the sudden alarm; the news spreading through the palace; the women weeping; children running about full of excitement; the hasty

packing; the lading of the camels; the farewells to the women left behind; the last look at the old home. Shall they all ever see it again? Let us see who went with the king. First, the servants. Are they willing to go? What do they say? David has evidently been a kind and good master, and they will follow him wherever he leads. But who else is this with David? What was Ittai? An exile from the Philistines of Gath, who, with 600 men, had joined David. What does David say to him? There is no compelling him to come; all who join the king in his flight must do so willingly, of their own accord. What did Ittai answer? He had shared the prosperity; would now share the adversity; like Ruth to Naomi, he would follow for death or life. What a noble answer! What a true friend. How it must have comforted David! Now, which way did they go? Down the slope of the hill; over the brook Kidron (or Cedron), up the slope of the Mount of Olives; on towards Jerusalem. But who are these in their priestly robes, and what are they bearing? Yes; it is the Levites, carrying the Ark. David knew it was God's will be should leave Jerusalem; so bears his punishment with God's blessing upon it. But what does the king tell the priest to do? The Ark must return; the wilderness is no place for it; the seer also (or prophet) must remain, and teach the people, and offer up sacrifices. So the Ark returns. The king and his followers watch it out of sight, and then turn, and begin the ascent. And now, as if with one impulse, all burst into weeping. So sad; all the consequences of sin. David saw now the misery caused by his past conduct. His own favourite child a rebel; himself an exile; the city without its king. No wonder he wept!

III. THE LESSONS. (1) Sin's punishment. Let no one think lightly of sin. If follow David in sin, be prepared to receive his punishment. (2) The value of true friendship, Ahithophel deserted David; Ittai cleaved to him. It was adversity which brought out Ittai's true feelings. He was a friend who loved at all times (Prov. xvii. 17). (3) David a type of Christ. This may be seen in this chapter in many ways. David was rejected by his own people as Christ was by the chief priest and Scribes in his own city (John i. 11: Luke xiii. 34). Christ also was deserted and betrayed by his own Apostle, Judas, as David was by Ahithophel. Christ crossed the same brook Cedron (John xviii. 1). He, too, wept over the city (Luke xix. 41), was joined by a stranger who bore His cross (Mark xv. 21), and would one day return in triumph. So David, prophet and king, typified the Son of David. But there was one great difference-Whose sins was David bearing? and whose sins was Christ bearing? Ours-mine. See what a sad thing sin is. Lord have mercy on us!

Questions to be answered.

- 1. How did Absalom begin his conspiracy?
- 2. What excuse did he make for leaving Jerusalem?
- 3. What friend of David's joined him, and why?
- 4. Describe the king's flight. Who went with him?
 - 5. What lessons may we learn?
 - 6. How is David a type of Christ?

No. 6. DEATH OF ABSALOM.

Chapter to be read-2 Sam. xviii.

Introduction.—In the last lesson saw how David the king was obliged to leave Jerusalem. Do you remember why he had to flee? Whose rebellion was it? What a wandering life David's was. As a lad with the sheep among rocky hills of Judæa; then hunted about by king Saul; now again in similar places an exile.

When a person is in misfortune, time to pity them and to act kindly to them. But all do not do so. (Read xvi. 5—8). Who is this man? Of same tribe as Saul; perhaps an old adherent of Saul. What does he do to David? and what does he call him? Had David acted cruelly to Saul? So Shimei was cowardly in behaving thus to David at such a time; insulting in his bad words and deeds to the king who had done him no harm, and false in his charges. How did David requite him? He was meek in suffering the taunts patiently, and forgiving in not letting Abishai go and kill him.

Now we must turn to Absalom,

I. THE BATTLE. (Read xviii, 1-8.) David waited some time in Mahanaim collecting his forces to crush the rebellion; at last the time came to take up arms. What a sad thing to be obliged to fight his own favourite son, but his first duty of course to his kingdom. How did he divide the army? Who were the generals? and who was to be captain over all? But was David allowed to command? Why not? Had thought it his duty to lead army out to war, but yields to their entreaties. How glad he must have been to have been spared heading the attack against his son. But what charge does he give to the captains? Shows how certain he felt of the result, for the battle was the Lord's-it was a battle for the right, so David sure God would give him victory. Notice, therefore, David's conduct again; he was (a) prudent in his ordering of the battle, (b) pious in waiting faithfully upon God, (c) merciful in his orders towards his rebel son; and his people dissuading him from battle, and their kind words, show how much he was beloved by

II. ABSALOM'S END. (Read 9—18.) And what became of Absalom? The battle had been mainly in a wood, and his mule, frightened by shouts and cries, ran away; Absalom's head (N.B., not his hair)

caught in a forked branch of a tree, and thus he was left hanging in the air; can picture his cries and struggles; but no help comes. Who was the first to be told of it? Had not Joab been charged by the king? but does not care for that. What does he do? So Absalom died. What a cruel end, Joab and his two young men beating him with swords; then digging a large hole; slinging him in; piling up heaps of stones, and all is over. Was this the burialplace Absalom expected to have? What had he prepared for himself in his lifetime? This was to be a memorial pillar over his grave. Common custom then, as now, to erect such pillars. He built his for himself. Is this usual? Another example of his pride. All like to remember those dear to us when dead; visit their grave; put flowers over it; but what do we like to remember them for? their kindness, or love, or good deeds; e.g., Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, But was Absalom remembered for such reasons? No; people would remember his rebellion, and pride, and vanity. Poor things to remember. Let us ask, For what shall we be remembered? Are we doing any good to any one? There is One only who forgets past, who blots out sin (Ps. xxxii. 1).

III. THE NEWS HEARD. (Read 24—33.) Where was the king? What was he doing? Very anxious for news; keeps sending watchman up to look. Who comes first? The very man who wanted to kill Shimei. What does he say? Perhaps did not know, or perhaps not like to tell of Absalom's death. Who came next? What does he say? Who gave the victory? But now comes the question about Absalom. See how he tries to soften the answer; puts his news as tenderly as he can for the king. How does the king take it? What, grieved over the death of this rebel! Yes; but is his own son; dearly loved; cut off in prime of life; without showing repentance; without father's forgiveness.

PRACTICAL.—Two great lessons to be taught by Absalom's life. (1) Duty to purents. Want of this Absalom's great sin; must be his own master; this very common still; but remember fifth commandment; "honour" includes respect, love, help, obedience. Are we giving these to our parents? (2) Duty to God. We have wronged God our Father far more than Absalom did David. Sin is rebellion. He yearns over us; wishes not death of sinner; yet unless we repent we shall perish; death of soul far worse than that of body. How is it, then, with us? Are we obedient children or rebels? Let us "kiss the Son," i.e. make peace, lest we perish (Ps. ii. 12).

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Who were David's friends in his exile?
- 2. Who insulted him, and how did David behave?
- 3. What was David's conduct in the battle?
- 4. Describe Absalom's end.
- 5. Did he have the memorial he expected?
- 6. What lessons may we learn from his life?

DELPHINE; OR, "ONLY A LITTLE FAULT."



COMEWHERE in Normandy, not very far from an oldfashioned town. with high houses and narrow streets, there is an old château where the family of the De Bersacs had lived ever since Delphine.

who was eldest of the four children, could remember. It was a pleasant place; the old grey stone walls of the house being covered in many parts by ivy, while over the portico, where the De Bersac arms were emblazoned, there twined a splendid wisteria and gloire de Dijon rose-tree. The grounds were extensive; and about half a mile from the gates were a few cottages, where some peasants lived peacefully

and happily.

Delphine was just eleven years old; then came Mathilde, then Victor, and lastly, Eugénie-the latter a most winning child of five years old. Delphine was a very pretty attractive child, with a singularly happy nature, and very winning ways. When Madame de Bersac thought over her children's characters and dispositions, she often felt how sweet and lovable Delphine was. She was frank and open, docile and submissive to those in authority over her, gentle and unselfish; in short, her mother could think but of one fault which was very prominent in Delphine's character. Sometimes in the twilight, when the younger children were in bed, and Delphine came and had a quiet talk with her mother, the latter used to speak to her of this defect in her, and Delphine as often as not used to answer-

"But it is only a little fault, mamma, really a very little fault, if, as you say, I am so careless.'

"It may appear that to you, now, my dear child, her mother often replied, "but, if you do not try and cure yourself of it, it will grow to be so strong that it will be hard for you to blind yourself to the fact of its sinfulness."

"Sinfulness, mamma?" asked Delphine one day; "how can that be-such a little thing cannot be a sin?"

"It may grow into one, or lead you into one," said Madame de Bersac; "and when I said you should cure yourself of it, remember I did not mean that you could do that by yourself. God will help you, if you faithfully watch against your fault, and try not

But the days and weeks passed on, and Delphine remained ever the same. Sometimes she took a fit of trying to be careful, but it did not last long, and she needed to learn that she must not trust in herself or her own efforts unaided by God, if she wanted to persevere and to conquer.

That afternoon, when Delphine joined her mother in the summer-house, the latter asked her if she had finished arranging the flowers.

"What flowers, mamma?" asked Delphine.

"Why, the red roses that your papa brought from - last night, that Monsieur Farville had given him. I saw him give them to you, and you said you would just put them in a basin of water for the night, and arrange them in the vases this morning."

As Madame de Bersac spoke, the colour mounted

to Delphine's cheeks.

"Oh, mamma, I am very sorry, but I was in a hurry last night, and just threw the roses on the schoolroom table. I will run and see if they are faded;" and without waiting for any more, Delphine ran off, and soon returned holding a bunch of faded

"Do you think they will revive, mamma?" she asked sadly, reading her mother's reproachful look lightly.

" No, dear, they are quite faded. In this heat you might have known that being the whole night out of water would fade them. It was very careless of you, Delphine, not to look after them."

Delphine hung her head.

"Yes," continued her mother, "and I am particularly sorry, as you know we have no roses this year in the rosery, and I wanted to take a few of these to the poor little Claude, who is so fond of flowers, and especially of red roses. However, it is useless grieving over that," said Madame de Bersac, as she saw Delphine's eyes fill with tears. Claude was a lame child, a great protégé of the family, and Delphine was real! sorry to think of how her carelessness had deprived him of this pleasure.

"I wish I was not so careless, mamma," said Delphine, laying the faded roses down on the rustic table that stood in the centre of the summer-house.

"I hope you will do more than wish," said her mother, "and that you will pray that you may be watchful."

Delphine did resolve to watch, and for a few days she was really so very careful and attentive to all said to her that she had rarely to be reproved for carelessness. Her books were all put in their proper places, her flowers watered, her birds attended to, and when she went into town one day with Nanette, the old nurse, and was entrusted with some commissions, she actually tried to remember all the instructions, and executed them to her mother's satisfaction.

Madame de Bersac at length began to see such a marked change, that she trusted Delphine more than she had formerly been able to do; and so one day gave permission that Delphine should take Eugénie out to join Nanette, who had gone with Mathilde about a mile distant from the château gates, Delphine walked, and Eugénie rode her donkey—a sleek well-kept animal, who looked as if he had much kind treatment and no blows.

Eugénie chattered and laughed, and enjoyed her ride thoroughly; for the road was a pleasant one, and on each side were high trees, which made it quite shady on that hot afternoon.

Delphine walked by the side of the donkey, and as she did so, she thought how lovely Eugénie looked, her long hair falling beneath her large white hat, round which was a long white feather, and her cheeks slightly flushed by the exertion of riding.

"We are to have bread and honey, are we not, at a farm-house?" asked Eugénie, presently.

"Yes, and new milk; and if the apricots are ripe, mamma said we were to have some."

"How much further is it, Fifine?" asked Eugénie, who always called her sister by that, a pet name of her own making.

"Not far. See there to the left, a farm-house. It is there where we are to have our supper. And, O Eugénie, we must not forget mamma's message!"

"What is it?" asked Eugénie.

"It is to take this parcel to a cottage near the church. Mamma explained it to me."

But when they reached the farm-house and had left the donkey there, and Delphine set out with Eugénie to the cottage, she remembered that when her mother had explained which it was, she had not paid much attention.

However, thinking it did not matter, she set off with Eugénie to find it.

CHAPTER II.

The De Bersacs were well known in all the country round, and were large landowners. All the land about the farm-house belonged to Delphine's father, and going from the château to the village was just like going about their own grounds. Had it been otherwise, Delphine and Eugénie would not have been allowed to wander about in this fashion without a bonne with them.

"I wish I had remembered where mamma said it was," she remarked to Eugénie as they came near the church.

"Why?" asked the child.

But Delphine did not answer. Her conscience was reproaching her for her carelessness in not having paid attention when her mother was speaking to her.

Of course, in that tiny village it would be easy to find the cottage. It was not that that Delphine minded at all. It was that she felt she had been careless, and had not been watchful as usual.

"But, after all," she consoled herself by thinking, "it really does not much matter. Mamma talks so much about carelessness, and it really is only a little fault."

Thus thinking, she knocked with her parasol at the door of the cottage next the church.

No one replied, and, as the door was ajar, Delphine pushed the door open, and Eugénie, who was holding her hand, followed her.

The kitchen, with its stone floor and dresser, on which was a row of old china plates, was empty, but the door opening into the bedroom was open.

As Delphine entered, she caught her foot in a small woollen shawl which lay on the floor, and, taking it up, she placed it on a chair near. At this moment an old woman came in from the bedroom, and Delphine asked her if she was Madame Berville.

The old woman looked very much alarmed, and saying no, she begged Delphine to go away at once.

"For," she said, "there is small-pox in the house. My son has been ill, and yesterday the doctor declared——"

But Delphine waited not to hear anything more. Dragging Eugénie after her, she ran out of the room, and made her way to Nanette as soon as possible.

Eugénie had not noticed what the woman had said, and Delphine did not explain.

Nanette looked very grave when she was told of it; and the supper at the farm-house was not a very merry one.

Delphine sent the parcel by a messenger; and then, when the sun was setting, the whole party made their way home.

Madame de Bersac said little when Delphine confessed that the result of her carelessness had been that, by mistake, she had gone into the wrong house, as she feared that Delphine would perhaps be ill if she dwelt too much upon it, and that might lead to serious consequences. However, without dwelling on it much, Delphine did get ill; and when the doctor came, he declared she must have caught the small-pox from touching the shawl, which the sick man had very likely had on him.

Those were sad days at the château, for the day after Delphine was ill, Eugénie began to sicken, and the doctor pronounced it useless sending her from home. Delphine had it very slightly; and one day, when she was getting better, and sitting up in her room, her mother came in and drew her chair near hor.

"You are better to-day, my child, are you not?"

"Oh, yes, mamma—much better; and now I am beginning to remember all that has happened. It seemed like a dream before! O mamma! how sorry I am that by my carelessness I should have given you all this trouble," and Delphine burst into tears.

Madame de Bersac tried to soothe her.

"O mamma! it is no use. I know if I had been careful in listening to your words that I should not have gone into that house, and—and—O mamma, do tell me——"

"What is it, dear child—what do you wish to know?" asked her mother gently, laying her cool hand on Delphine's forehead, and noticing how completely untouched and unscathed she had passed through that illness. Not a mark remained on her face, and, beyond general weakness, there was nothing to be anxious about at present.

"Mamma, have any of the others got it?" she asked at length.

Madame de Bersac paused. She had been dreading this question, and yet she had felt when Delphine began about it that it was best to answer her.

"Eugénie, dearest. No one else."
"And how is she?"

"Much better, dear. She will be well, it is to be hoped, soon," said Madame de Bersac; "but, Delphine, her eyes are very bad."

"Bad, mamma-how?" and Delphine looked sharply at her mother. "What do you mean?"

"My child, I must tell you the truth. Our precious Eugénie's life has been spared, thank God, and so has yours, but the terrible illness, which she has had more severely than you have, has not left her as it found her. She is blind."

Madame de Bersac had braved herself to tell Delphine, and now it was almost more than she could bear to see the child's passionate sorrow.

At first Delphine would not be comforted, but at length she listened when her mother spoke to her, and tried to be resigned to the severe punishment

"only a little fault" had been the means of bringing

In a few days Delphine saw Eugénie.

It was in the evening, when the sun was setting, and the child's lovely brown hair, which was now cut short, seemed to have caught a golden tinge. Her face was very white, and her eyes looked lovely, but Delphine could see at once that the light had gone out of them for ever.

Years passed away.

Delphine devoted herself to Eugénie, and was her companion and friend as well as her sister, and Eugénie, who grew up into a sweet woman, without a particle of ill-feeling towards her who had by her carelessness caused her this blindness, loved her dearly.

The sight of Eugénie bearing about her this lifelong sorrow, was a continual reminder to Delphine of all that had happened.

Every day Delphine tried hard to be watchful against carelessness and all other temptations; every day she saw more and more the need of being faithful in that which is least; every day she learned more and more that it must be in a higher strength than her own that she must learn the lesson of watchfulness; and she never forgot the bitter lesson that "only a little fault," yielded to, had taught her,



"'How much further is it, Fifine?' asked Eugénie."-p. 187.

SHORT ARROWS.



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

IERE can searcely be any more fitting memorial of those who have rendered good service to humanity by deed or donation, service or song, than some practical method of meeting the genuine needs of living men and women. We hall with real satisfaction, therefore, the Havergal Memorial Fund, which, in the

hands of the Church Missionary Society, will be expended in the training and employment of native Bible-women in India, and in circulating in the vernacular suitable selected portions from the writings of that gifted sweet singer of Israel. Of Miss Havergal's songs and lyrics there is little occasion to speak: they have become "familiar in men's ears as household words," and have won for the pious poetess name and fame which a grateful Church will not willingly let die. We do not hesitate to say that several of her choicest productions are worthy to rank amongst the foremost poetic productions of the day. They will become classic, and for many a generation will serve to give comfort and cheer to Christian pilgrims. Miss Havergal manifested an interest in missions that was almost a passion, selling her jewels for the evangelisation of the heathen, and in many similar ways exhibiting remarkable self-denial for the well-being of her human sisterhood who live in darkness and the shadow of death. Nothing could more fitly perpetuate her name than such a memorial. Nothing could have been devised which would have won a warmer approval from herself; and we sincerely trust, as indeed there seems little doubt, that the movement will be vigorously and liberally carried out. Memorials of a practical character are rapidly taking the place of monumental marbles and ornamented sepulchres, and we cannot but rejoice when honour to the worthy dead is thus made an instrumentality in furthering the best interests of the living, and in lessening human need.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.—Dr. Bonar.

A MISSIONARY CANOE.

The Rev. C. R. Fairey, having a taste for canoeing, and probably emboldened and excited by the adventures and successes of "Rob Roy" Mac Gregor, and having withal an earnest desire to proclaim the Gospel of which he is a minister to those who seldom hear it, resolved upon a solitary voyage in his canoe Evangelist around the coasts and up

the rivers of New Zealand. Three hundred miles of coast-line were traversed in this way; the towns and villages and lonely homesteads were visited; the Gospel was preached, now to individuals and now to crowds; religious books, tracts, and leaflets were freely distributed; and the solitary voyager was invariably sped on his mission with the thanks and prayers of the people. The light and well-fitted little craft-which was built under the immediate inspection of Mr. Mac Gregor. and which only weighs eighty pounds, sails, masts, and everything else included-proved itself thoroughly equal to the venture; and Mr. Fairey is intending to take another cruise up the Murrimbidgee and the Murray rivers on the same godly errand. readers, we are quite sure, will wish for the Evangelist and its owner both safety and success,

CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SERVICES.

It is highly encouraging to find that the Christian Church is at last thoroughly awake to the importance of definite, diligent, and sustained effort to bring the children of the land under powerful religious influences. Alike in the interest of Christianity, the Church, and the nation, as well as of the children themselves, this line of action is eminently desirable; and wherever it has been followed with skill and perseverance, the most gratifying results have followed-results which abide, and, in turn, produce effects still more pleasing over a still wider area. The leaven cannot possibly be hid in better or more productive material than in the hearts and intellects of England's youth. The report of the Children's Service Mission, just issued, is a document of much interest, and can scarcely fail to secure the hearty sympathy of those who peruse it. This Institution has now completed the twelfth year of its existence, and but few contemporaneous associations for godly purposes can witness to greater prosperity or more satisfactory achievements. Services for children only are conducted by willing helpers, thoroughly adapted to this somewhat difficult work, all over the kingdom, and especially in the metropolis; and thousands upon thousands of these young people are thus taught and trained for life and godliness, in winsome fashion, and with lasting fruit. During the holiday season the various wateringplaces receive special attention; and at Llandudno, Eastbourne, Hfracombe, and other seaside towns, much good work has been done. At Ilfracombe we learn that the children's service was held on the parade in a spacious recess in the rocks, which came to be known as "Hfracombe Cathedral." As the evenings lengthened, the services in the "cathedral" were conducted by lamplight, many of the youthful visitors bringing little lamps with them to read by. Much good resulted from these novel services; and the effect on those who took part in them is not likely soon to pass away. One impressive incident connected with these services may here be mentioned. An aged clergyman, who, for more than thirty years, had sought to act the part of a good shepherd to the lambs in his own village, gave an address, which thrilled the soul of every hearer, and on returning to his lodgings, he quietly lay down, and in a few moments passed away in perfect peace. It would be difficult to estimate the moral value of this good work in making the "babes and sucklings" themselves the messengers of peace to relatives and friends. Not content with carrying on the good work in England and Scotland, the conductors of the mission are making their influence felt upon the Continent, and more than half a million publications in various languages, and all of a definitely religious though attractive character, have been distributed abroad. It is worthy of remark that the enormous sum of 6,000,000 illustrated papers, tracts, and leaflets has been distributed during the past ten years. We sincerely trust that the good work will go on and prosper under the benediction of the Children's Friend, whose command to the churches is "Feed My lambs,"

If you succeed well and act well, and be convinced what is God's interest, and prosecute it, you will find that you act for a very great many who are God's own,—Oliver Cromwell.

PURE LITERATURE.

At a special meeting, held in Westminster Palace Hotel, it was stated by Mr. John Mac Gregor that £44,000 had been expended from one source alone in the dissemination of healthy literature among all classes of the community and in all parts of the world; 5,300 grants of books have been distributed, and a multitude of carefully-selected periodicals have been forwarded to many scores of magazine associations, as well as to a large number of persons who subscribe directly to the funds. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of good resulting from the spread of so much good and salutary printed matter, none of which is permitted to pass into circulation through this channel until it has undergone a thorough scrutiny, and has been unanimously approved.

There are many persons whom a contemptible or vicious book disgusts, notwithstanding the fascinations which it may contain. This disgust is the result of education in a large sense; and some portion of this disgust and of the discrimination which results from it, may be induced into the mind of a boy by having made him familiar with superior productions. He who is accustomed to good society feels little temptation to join in the vociferations of an alehouse.—

Jonathan Dymond,

A COFFEE PALACE IN THE NEW CUT.

This thoroughly practical outcome of the temperance movement continues to make headway at an even surprising rate, and bids fair at no distant date to make the coffee palaces to vie with the gin palaces in number, and, as we sincerely hope, in patronage besides. Mr. William Hill has just opened one of these establishments in the New Cut, which has not hitherto been so favoured, That it is a boon to the working classes has been evidenced from the first by the numbers who flock to it night and day. The other night a man who had spent his evening there offered his hand to Mr. Hill, saying, "I am one of the biggest blackguards about here, and this is the first Saturday that I've gone home sober for many a day. Will you shake hands with me ? "

Be useful where thou livest, that they may Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still. Kindness, good parts, great places are the way

To compass this. Find out men's wants and will, And meet them there. All worldly joys go less To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

George Herbert.

THE GOSPEL IN BRITTANY.

One of the most remarkable facts elicited by Dr. Somerville's visits to the towns and villages of France is the eagerness with which the population listen to, and the willingness with which they receive, the Gospel message. We should scarcely have expected this in Brittany; and yet Dr. Somerville, whose errand was to the English residents, had in the town of St. Servan to hold a French service by request, and two hundred and fifty willing hearers assembled. "To-morrow," says the missionary right naïvely, "we shall order more chairs and hymn-books." Afterwards the congregation grew to upwards of four hundred, among whom a score of soldiers were seen. "There is a perfect rush for tracts. These had to be given outside to-night, but so great was the scramble to get them that the two gendarmes had to be called to keep the people quiet." To wind up the pleasant though surprising story, we are told that "at the Bureau of the Police to-day we were informed by the heads of the police force that the meetings were 'good things, and they would like them to continue." Nothing is more encouraging, and few things are more remarkable, than the strange eagerness with which all over France the people are receiving the truth simply and lovingly told.

He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own; and he who profits of a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with —Edmund Burke.

GOOD WORK AT NINE ELMS.

Among the manifold works of a Christian and philanthropic character which are being carried on in England's great metropolis, there are few in connection with which the workers need more of sympathetic cheer and kindly aid than mission labours in the poorest and most squalid quarters. In these districts the worker has but little to encourage him, and very much to depress and daunt him as he goes to and fro upon his Master's business. All the more pleasant is it to sympathetic lookers on to say a helpful word and do a helpful thing on behalf of those who bravely do their duty when the duty is not always or generally a pleasant thing to do. In the region of Nine Elms, where the South Western Railway has its huge station for heavy traffic, and near the scene of the sad tragedy still known as the Nine Elms murder, a Gospel mission is being carried on under the auspices of the Rechester Diocesan Society. A large brick building, formerly used as a school, has been fitted up as a church, and of the very poor and struggling inhabitants of that poor region a goodly number are statedly got together for religious worship. Sunday-school of between two and three hundred children, who but for this Sabbath refuge would make the streets their haunts, has been formed; mothers' meetings, classes for girls, a library, provident club, and bank, have all found root in this hitherto sterile ground, and the missionary clergyman, toiling almost single-handed, must be congratulated on the success so far achieved. It is a wide and needy field of toil. His faith, and hope, and courage see in the near distance a temperance society, a girls' friendly society, a crêche, a provident dispensary or a medical club, and other valuable developments: but his great and earnest cry is that of the man of Macedonia, "Come over and help us." The great want is the personal labour of carnest, self-sacrificing, and loving Christians, who will join him and work with him in this hitherto untilled but capable corner of the vineyard of the Master. We are not without hope that this call may in some measure be answered by some who read these pages. In the regions round about the spot we have indicated, as well as within its borders, there are, we are glad to know, many to whom THE QUIVER comes as a welcome guest. Let those who are not already actively engaged in good work become prompt and willing volunteers. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.

WOMAN'S WORK.

We notice that an institution has just been formed which seeks to benefit the women of the metropolis, especially that large proportion of them who are dependent on their own exertions for a livelihood. The principal points aimed at in this new organisation are, First, to promote the higher organisation of female labour in all departments. Second, to

afford suitable machinery for the disposal of the products of female skill and labour. Third, to provide a sound and economical benefit society for women. It is impossible to look otherwise than with favour on a movement of this kind, which is calculated to meet a very great necessity. Enquiries may be made at 14, York Street, Covent Garden, London.

A SHELTER FOR THE STRANGER.

In suitable premises, situated in Limehouse, a "Home" is conducted for the shelter and assistance of friendless Asiatics, Africans, and South Sea Islanders who are stranded by adverse circumstances on the bleak shores of London life. Dusky sailors, servants, ayahs, etc., all find here counsellors and comfort. During the last year no less than 514 have been so cared for, preserved on their arrival from becoming the prey of crimps and landsharks, provided with employment, and sent back to their far-off homes. It is pleasing to find that many of the grateful recipients of these timely favours have sent repayment according to their ability, with candid acknowledgments of their great indebtedness,

The fear of God makes no man do anything mean or dishonourable, but the fear of men does lead to all sorts of weakness and baseness,—Dr. Arnold.

THE PREVENTION OF STREET ACCIDENTS.

The dangers of London streets, through reckless driving, congested traffic, unsafe paving, lack of protected crossing-places, etc., have become proverbial. Many a sanguinary conflict on the battle-field has resulted in fewer fatalities than occur annually in our huge metropolis from these and kindred causes. The new "Street Accident and Dangerous Driving Prevention Society " has therefore a more than sufficient raison d'être, and deserves the support of the public, in whose interest it has been formed. At a meeting of the members of the Society recently held, it was stated by one speaker that, having witnessed a street accident in Fleet Street on the previous evening, he went to Charing Cross Hospital, and was there informed that no less than seven severe cases of accident from vehicular traffic had been admitted that day; and doubtless other hospitals could tell a similar tale. It was deemed desirable to obtain full information as to the nature and origin of street accidents, to prosecute where parties are blameworthy, and in many other ways to seek to put a check upon the growing number of calamities arising from these causes. It was resolved, too, that communication should be opened up with Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, with a view to legislative action for the protection of pedestrians, and the restraint of those who make the London streets a constant source of danger, either from unskilfulness

or want of care. There is little doubt that both in London and the provinces the advent of this Society will be very heartily welcomed, and that sufficient funds will be forthcoming, so that it may carry on its beneficent mission for the protection of such of Her Majesty's subjects as are compelled to make their town journeys under constant peril of life or limb.

Those who are resolved to excel must go to their work willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night; they will find it to be no play, but very hard labour.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE BIBLE IN SWITZERLAND.

Bâle, the city on the Rhine, has lately been the scene of an important national gathering. The great Federal Prize Contest for shooting, which only occurs triennially, came off amid much excitement and festivity. Swiss, Germans, and French flocked to-

gether to take part in the proceedings. In spite of opposition, warning, and derision, a bold colporteur determined to plant a Bible stand in the very centre of the fray; and, as is often the case, boldness for the truth received success for its reward. Some fifty Bibles, two hundred Testaments, and one thousand five hundred portions of Scripture were disposed of, and were carried away east, north, west, and south, to do God's work in many a heart and home. Every tireur engaging in the contest received a portion of Scripture as a memento of the day. It is simply marvellous how the ubiquitous press is spreading the word of God in these latter days.

Why should a religious remark be anywhere unsuitable? Because of the miserable habit men have of associating religion with gloom. For the best of all reasons, Solomon does not say, "There is a time for religion," because religion is for all times, all places, all seasons,—Dr. Guthrie.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

36. What is said to be like "trusting to a broken tooth"?

 Quote a passage which shows how much more valuable is man's spiritual existence than his bodily.

38. What is often spoken of in the Bible as an emblem of joy?

39. What words spoken to Abraham show the esteem and reverence in which he was held by the people amongst whom he dwelt?

40. What city is spoken of as "the limit of the border of the Canaanites?"

41. On what occasions were the lives of many persons saved at the entreaty of one?

42. What is known of Gallio, the Deputy of Achaia?

43. What person is mentioned as having a "school" at Ephesus?

44. On what occasion was a large army put to flight by hearing a noise, illustrating the proverb, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth"?

45. What person first acknowledged Christ's kingdom to be a spiritual one?

46. How was the brazen serpent in the wilderness the means of saving the lives of those who had been bitten by serpents?

47. What man by his avarice caused an army to be defeated?

48. What is the meaning of the word "Abba"?

49. What youth, afterwards eminent in the Church, probably witnessed the stoning of St. Paul at Lystra?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 128.

20. A city without walls (Prov. xxv. 28).

 The waters of the well at Bethlehem, for years after he ceased to live there (2 Sam. xxiii. 15).

22. When He went to anoint David as the future king of Israel (1 Sam. xvi. 4—13).

23. For its twelve wells and three score and ten palm trees, nigh to which the Israelites encamped (Exod. xv. 27).

24. The words God spake to Moses when Israel had, sinned in order that Moses might not intercede to avert their punishment—" Let Me alone, that I may destroy them" (Deut. ix. 14, 20).

25. By Jehoshaphat in his prayer to God for help against Moab, and by God Himself speaking through the prophet Isaiah (2 Chron. xx. 7; Isa. xli. 8).

26. They were not permitted to seek for manna on the Sabbath day (Exod. xvi. 25).

27. The centurion at Capernaum and the woman of Syrophoenicia (Matt. viii. 10; xv. 28).

28. Matt. x. 29, 30.

29. They were used in the ceremony of cleansing the leper. The "two birds" then used being two sparrows (Lev. xiv. 4).

30. Matt. xviii. 10.

31. Prov. xi. 22.

32. Prov. xxvi. 17.

33. Jerusalem and Bethlehem (1 Chron. xi. 7, and Luke ii, 4).

34. Job xxxviii. 7.

35. "Let me die with the Philistines" (Judges xvi. 30).

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

JOHN THE BAPTIST: THE SPIRIT AND PRINCIPLES OF TRUE REFORMATION.



F all the characters to whom we are introduced in Gospel history, there is scarcely one who stands out more distinctly before us. or who makes a more powerful appeal to our imagination, than John the Baptist, whom our Lord describes as the greatest

prophet born of woman, and who occupies a place which is peculiarly his own, as the herald and immediate forerunner of our divine Redeemer Himself.

Like Christ, whose advent he came to announce, and whose way he had to prepare, the appearance of John the Baptist was predicted by the prophets. By Isaiah he is described as "a voice of one crying in the wilderness," and by Malachi as "the messenger of the Lord," and "Elijah the prophet."

The circumstances of his birth were not only peculiar, but miraculous. He was the son of Zacharias and Elisabeth, who was a cousin of Mary, the mother of Jesus. He was thus born into a family belonging to the priestly order, and enjoyed the advantage of the careful training of conscientious and devout parents, who from the moment of his birth were looking forward to the distinguished position their son was ultimately to occupy as the "Prophet of the Highest." The circumstances of his birth, which are of great interest and significance, are set forth at considerable length, and with much minuteness, in the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, from which we learn that Zacharias, while engaged in discharging the duties of his priestly office, was informed by the angel Gabriel that, in answer to prayer, his wife should bear a son, and that he was to call his name John; the angel moreover stated very plainly in what way he was to be brought up, and what was to be the character of his ministry. We need scarcely wonder, taking into account all the circumstances of the case, that

Zacharias should have received this announcement with some degree of incredulity, and have desired a sign which should be for the confirmation of his faith. In answer to his request, a sign was given, which served at once to rebuke his incredulity and strengthen his faith; the old man was stricken dumb, and when he came out he could not speak unto the people, "and they perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple: for he beckoned unto them and remained speechless."

Six months after this the same angel Gabriel was sent to the Virgin Mary to announce unto her the fact that she was to bring forth a son, whose name was to be called Jesus, and at the same time informing her that her cousin Elisabeth had conceived a son in her old age. Whereupon Mary at once arose, and paid a visit to her cousin, and Elisabeth, on being thus saluted, gave utterance to that remarkable congratulation in which she addressed Mary as the mother of her Lord. At the appointed time Elisabeth brought forth a son, whom her neighbours and cousins would have had her name Zacharias, after his father, but she said, "Not so; he shall be called John," and they, objecting because none of her kindred was called by that name, made signs to his father how he would have him called, and he asked for a writing-table, and wrote, saying, "His name is John," and they marvelled all. And Zacharias at once has restored to him the power of speech, which he employs in uttering a prophecy concerning the coming Saviour, and in which he predicts the career of his own son as the herald of the Lord, and the last and greatest of the prophets. And we are told of this child, the circumstances of whose birth were so remarkable, that he "grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts until the day of his showing unto Israel." For thirty years John lived the life of a recluse. He was a Nazarite from his birth; his raiment was the cloth of camel's hair. girt about his loins with a leathern girdle, while his food was locusts and wild honey. He was thus trained, in the solitude of the wilderness, for his work among men. How he spent those thirty years we have no means of determining, and have no need to be informed. It is enough to know that he stepped forth upon the arena of public life, fully, because divinely, equipped for

that great and arduous work to which he was called.

John the Baptist appeared at a very critical time—it would be, perhaps, more correct to say that his appearance constituted a very important national crisis; and to understand that appearance, and the way in which it was regarded, we must remember what was the position of the Jewish people at that time. Their condition was a very sad and miserable one. Since the days of Malachi—that is, for some four hundred years no inspired man had been seen in Israel; through all those long years the voice of God had not been heard speaking through any living prophet. The nation had almost forgotten those stern strong men who had appeared as God's messengers unto their fathers, who, with divinelyexcited enthusiasm, with uncourtly raiment, and still more uncourtly manner, had taken their stand in the presence-chamber of royalty, and with words of burning reproof had startled the monarch on his throne; or who, emerging from desert or mountain retreat, appeared before the trembling people as they circled the altars of Baal or Ashtaroth, and vindicated the cause of the living God by evoking the responsive fire. Such things had not been seen for centuries. And during this period of silence on God's part, the evils which had long existed in the Jewish nation had grown to a terrible height. There lay that once highly-favoured people, corrupt, almost dead, retaining under the iron Roman rule little of nationality other than the name. God is about to send to them one other prophet, address to them one other warning; and, then, if they heed not that, the Romans are to take away their place and nation, burn up their city, and drive them forth to wander through all countries and long generations—a by-word and a reproach.

Thus situated was this singular nation at the time to which we refer. Fallen, and how low! Feeling all the more acutely their present degradation because they could not entirely forget their past glory. They had little left now but a pride which was ridiculous, and a hope which was corrupt. They were proud of that which constituted their shame, and ignorant of that which should have been their highest distinction. Yet with all this depression there was a feeling of intense excitement; they were clinging with almost the tenacity of despair to promises and prophecies which, to a large extent, they were misinterpreting, and they were looking, with an anxiety with which we can but faintly sympathise, for the appearance of that King who was to sit on David's throne, and make Jerusalem a praise

in all the earth.

Well, while things were in this state, while the people were in this expectant attitude, the whole nation was startled by the announcement that a prophet had actually appeared, that one named John the Baptist was witnessing for God in the wilderness of Judæa.

We can only very faintly imagine how that announcement was received. Every tongue would repeat the name, every heart would be full of the thought, the whole excited populace would be anxious to learn all that could be learned concerning the newly-arrived messenger of God. The least sanguine would regard this as an indication of the return of the Divine favour, the first break in the overhanging clouds which had been so long casting over their nation a shadow like that of death. And we can picture to ourselves the flocking forth of aged and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, priests and people, to see, and, if may be, to listen to the man of God.

We need not wonder at the excitement of the people, as we look at the huge, fluctuating, strangely composed multitude, swayed to and fro by the spirit of one man, or rather by God's Spirit breathing through one man. For four hundred years a like sight had not been seen in Israel. There stood the greatest prophet born of woman, clad with raiment of camel's hair, girt with a leathern girdle; and forth from his lips came upon the ears of the listening people the constant unvarying cry, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Bring forth fruit meet for repentance." Such was the advent, such the burden of the cry of this the last and His one uncompromising greatest prophet. demand was for repentance—reformation. His was the cry, which, like a trumpet blast, rang among the Judæan hills, and aroused to listening, if not to repentance, the long-slumbering people.

From the lips of the prophet proceeded no soft words of flattery, but rather much stern reproof and terrible threatening; and yet they listened-"And there went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptised of him in Jordan, confessing their sins." There stood the Pharisee, with his flowing robe and broad phylactery, the hard and astute-looking Sadducee, the ascetic Essene, the courtly Herodian, the rough and stern soldier of Rome, and there too were publicans and sinners not a few; and the strange cry of the prophet went home to the hearts of these sinful and world-hardened men and women, stirring some of the deepest feelings of their natures, and eliciting the responsive cry, "What must we do to be saved?" And to that urgent imploring appeal there came back the same stern command, "Repent ye; bring forth fruit meet for repentance." A practical and genuine, and not a merely formal and pretended, turning away from evil was that which he invariably demanded.

Here, then, stands before us a man who is

a faithful servant of God; who is at once a national reformer and a herald of Christ. He occupies an intermediate position between the old and new—he is a connecting-link between the two economies; the clasp—as some of the fathers said—of the Old Testament and the New, combining, in his one person, the offices of prophet

and evangelist.

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John stands before us as a strong and somewhat stern man, who fulfilled in a bold and uncompromising way the mission which was entrusted to him. A timid, vacillating, half-hearted man would have spoken and acted very differently in the desert, or rather would not have been found in the desert at all. Christ declared this of John in those self-answering questions He proposed to the people-"But what went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" a fickle, variable, uncertain man, yielding like a reed to every wind which blows, every shifting current of opinion? It were strange to meet with such a one alone anywhere, and especially alone in the desert. Did ye go out to see a man clothed with soft raiment—luxurious, effeminate? If you sought such, you would search among the courtiers of the palace, and not go forth into the You went out to see John the desert waste. Baptist-a prophet, and more than a prophet; a true, brave, honest-hearted man.

And the whole history of John the Baptist bears this out, shows him to have been worthy of this eulogy pronounced by the Lord. As a strong-minded and divinely inspired man, he saw what was evil, he saw where and how the people had gone and were still going wrong, he saw through the vain show of things far down into the very heart of society, he saw the hollowness, the pretence, the insincerity, which everywhere prevailed. And what does he do? He tells them who gather about him what he thinks; standing there face to face with them, and one to many, he tells them what he thinks, and he does this in words which must have greatly astonished those rigid Pharisees, with their complacent faces, and

their hypocritical pretence.

Another feature which distinguishes this remarkable man-and it is a feature which distinguishes all truly great men—is his humility. It is the little man who is fussy and obtrusive, at once self-conscious and self-asserting-who can never forget himself, and who is supremely anxious that others should not forget him. John the Baptist was humble; he forgot himself as he looked forward to Him that was to come, and whose advent he was to announce. As a messenger, a herald, he forgot himself in his message. He of whom kings were afraid, whom the people followed and reverenced, who attracted to the desert, Jerusalem and all the district round about, was never carried away by his success, never forgot that he was a messenger sent on to prepare the way for that Greater One whose shoe's latchet he was unworthy to unloose. He was in his own esteem nothing more than the "voice of one crying in the wilderness,"

Having thus glanced at the character and position of John the Baptist, let us consider somewhat more particularly what was the burden of his ministry—the substance of his message. We find that the ministry of John began, where every true ministry must begin, with an uncompromising demand for repentance. There must be repentance towards God before there can be faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. John in his ministry recognised this fact. And we cannot but observe that this demand for repentance was urged not merely upon the outcasts of Israel-publicans, sinners, and harlots, but upon the proud and reputable Pharisees, upon those who never dreamed that in their case there was any need of repentance, or indeed anything to repent of. To these men, who, as the seed of Abraham, and the most distinguished portion of Jewish society, thought that they had a peculiar and inalienable interest in the kingdom of heaven, to these proud and self-sufficient men, John says, Boast not of your theocratic descent, your past history, your national glory, your attention to the outward ceremonies of your religion-all these things combined cannot save you from the coming wrath. You must repent, you must have the religion of the heart, you must bring forth fruits meet for repentance; for every tree—it matters not by what name it may be known, or in what garden it may be planted—every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Now this plain dealing with the sins of men, and the necessity for repentance, must ever precede, and is designed to prepare the way for the preaching of the Gospel. Men must be convinced of sin before they can have any sense of their need of a Saviour; they must realise the misery and danger of their condition before they can desire deliverance; they must feel the weight of their fetters ere they can long to be free; they must know that they are suffering from a severe and even deadly disease, ere they will have recourse to the balm of Gilead, or the Physician there. When, then, we see John the Baptist begin with this demand for repentance, we see him but observe that divine and irreversible order in which we have repentance placed before faith.

But the preaching of repentance must be ever an incomplete preaching, if there be nothing more, and John's ministry would have been incomplete and comparatively ineffective, had he done nothing more than denounce those sins which were prevailing around him, and urge this demand for repentance upon his fellow-countrymen. He knew very well, and was the first to acknowledge that his work was but a preliminary, a preparatory work; in all that John had to say

about the sins of men, and the wrath of God, and the coming kingdom, and the need for repentance, he was but making straight the way of the Lord, and preparing men to welcome and receive Him. And so we find him pointing on to One greater than himself. John felt that he owed all his importance to Christ, derived all his glory from Christ, and that his work would only have real and enduring worth in so far as it proved preparatory to the greater work of the Divine Saviour: and so the cry in which John's ministry culminated, in which it found its completion, was that cry which he raised as he saw Jesus walking by the banks of the Jordan, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away-and which taketh away by bearing it-the sin of the world. Now that He has come, look away from me to Him. I have told you of your sins, and of your need of repentance; look now to Him who can save you from your sins—the Lamb of God, the sin-bearer. I have baptised you with water, you must now look to Him whose baptism is the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost."

We cannot, of course, determine the degree of clearness which marked John's insight into the character and work of the Messiah when he uttered these words. He evidently uttered them as words which were expressive of an idea which was not only familiar to himself, but familiar also to those whom he addressed. He seems to take it for granted that those to whom he appeals will know at once what he means when he says, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Those whom John addressed on this occasion were men who stood within the innermost circle of his disciples. And while in his general communications to the multitudes which gathered about him in the desert, he made frequent allusions to One who was to come after him, and whose way he was commissioned to prepare, we may be sure that the advent of the Messiah was a subject of more frequent and common conversation with those of his disciples who were more closely related to himself. And we may suppose that John had been gradually preparing his disciples to recognise and welcome the Lord when He should be manifested unto Israel. And it would appear from this brief narrative, that he and at least some of his disciples were at that very time looking for the Messiah as the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

When John the Baptist thus exclaimed, there can be no doubt that he saw in the coming Messiah the fulfilment of Old Testament types and prophecies with which he had long been familiar. He would think of the lamb offered in the morning and evening sacrifice, and of the paschal lamb, the slaying of which was the divinely-appointed means of commemorating Israel's redemption from Egypt, and of prefiguring

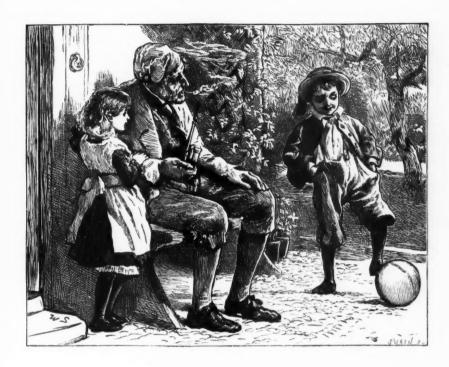
that greater work of redemption in the blessings and benefits of which it is our privilege to rejoice; and he was thinking perhaps especially of those wonderful utterances in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and thus he would see in the Messiah-whose way he had been making straight. and for whose higher ministry he had been preparing-that true Lamb of God who taketh away.

by bearing it, the sin of the world.

And under this striking similitude is our Divine Redeemer ever presented to our believing and admiring regard. Before His manifestation, He was known as the slain Lamb. This was His name from the beginning. He is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world: slain potentially in the purpose of God; slain figuratively, typically in all the sacrifices which were offered under the Old Testament dispensation. He is called by the same name as soon as the time arrives for His manifestation unto Israel. As we see here, when standing upon the very threshold of His public ministry, attention is directed to Him by the cry of John-"Behold the Lamb of God!" In His submission to death, He is represented as a lamb slain-He is "led as a lamb to the slaughter;" and, as we are reminded by the Apostle Peter, "we are redeemed, not with corruptible treasure, such as silver or gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." And as we look upon Christ in His exalted and glorified state, we see Him still as the slain Lamb. The designation by which He was distinguished on earth is that which He retains in heaven; and the cry, "Behold the Lamb!" which was heard by the banks of the Jordan and in the wilderness of Judæa, is a cry which will throughout eternity express the rapture and admiration of those whose felicity it will be to gaze upon Him who as the slain Lamb shines forth from the midst of the throne. And this exclamation-in which, as we have said, the ministry of John the Baptist culminated and found its completion-presents us with that which is the burden and the glory of the Gospel ministry in every age. What more can be said to the sinful and suffering children of men than, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world"?

But we must hasten on to the close of this remarkable life. His ministry, powerfully influential, was brief. "He was a burning and a shining light," but the light was suddenly and rudely extinguished. Denouncing the sins which prevailed around him in so stern and uncompromising a manner, he could scarcely fail of awakening opposition, and of becoming the object of angry and malicious resentment; and daring to rebuke a tyrant's licentiousness, we see him called to suffer the consequences of his intrepid faithfulness: first, in his imprisonment in the fortress of Machærus, and finally in his decapitation within its walls. It seems sad that such a life should come to such an end; but so it was. The prophet and reformer, the herald and evangelist, "fulfilled his course;" and having borne

faithful testimony to the truth in life, he passed on, through the brief agony of martyrdom, to receive that crown of life which the Master vhom he served ever gives to those who are faithful unto death.



COMPANIONS.

When the sun reddens through the trees,
The children love to sport and play;
And, watching them where'er they stray,
Grandfather sits in restful ease.

Then, tired of play, when fades the light,
Before the porch the children stand;
And Tom will tell of schoolboy might,
Of prowess in some mimic fight,
While May holds tight the old man's hand.

Companions very dear, these three,
Knowing full well each other's worth;
Loving each other, it may be,
With half-unconscious sympathy—
They have none else to love on earth.

For only one short year ago—
The memory of it still is green—
Their heads were bowed in deepest woe,
And none but they can ever know
The bitterness of what had been.

Daughter and son had passed away

For ever from the old man's sight;

And the young children's summer day,

With parents dear to cheer the way,

In one sad hour had changed to night.

But now for all the sky grows clear—
The children, for they've youth and love;
The old man, for the time is near
When he the Father's voice will hear
Bidding him meet his bairns above.
W.

A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.



WENT to the station to meet Ernest and Lizzie. There she was, my darling Liz, as bright as a sunbeam, darting along the platform to meet me, her pretty grey travellingdress showing her light and graceful figure. And yet, with all her eagerness of movement, how mo-

dest she looked. One or two of the young men looked after her with evident admiration, and I could pardon them; though really some of the young men here are unpardonably rude. I suppose they would feel very much aggrieved if one refused to call them gentlemen; but they have not the merest rudiments of courtesy, the first essential to that title. They are mostly merchants' and bankers' clerks-and is not Edwin one of them? But fancy Edwin pushing into a carriage when a woman had her hand on the handle of the door! fancy him puffing cigar-smoke into a girl's face! fancy him treating with disrespect the weak and the aged! No; it is not mere class prejudice that keeps the ranks of Englishmen so far apart; it is really that it takes a great deal of training, domestic and social, to make men gentlemen-excepting always the few whom Nature turns out ready-made, who are the true gentlemen, after all, and may be what they please, and do what they please, for they could not be rough and overbearing, or do a mean and unkind thing if they tried.

I had just come to this in the thoughts my few minutes of waiting had furnished, when Lizzie appeared. After her came Ernest, more leisurely. He came up and kissed me quietly, and then went off to look after their luggage. Yet even the little look I had at him was enough. How well I knew that look! It has been his from his very babyhood—not habitually, of course, but whenever he was vexed and disappointed—a slightly increased pallor (and Ernest has less colour than any of us), a droop about the meuth, a far-away look in the eyes—meaning there is nothing in the world of the slightest consequence.

"Lizzie," I whispered, "Ernest is not looking well. He is unhappy about something."

"Don't say anything about it, dear," pleaded Lizzie, in an answering whisper. "Take no notice, and I will tell you all about it when we get home."

"Then there is something?" I returned, anxiously.
"It is really nothing," answered Lizzie, "and you need not look so alarmed, Una darling; only, I could not tell you here. See, there he is coming back to us. They have got our luggage on the platform already."

"We can walk home, and the porter will bring up the boxes," I said.

"Better have a cab," put in Ernest,

"Cabs are not always to be had here, Ernest, you know."

"It's a wretched hole of a place," he replied.

"Really, Ernest," I was beginning, but Lizzie interposed.

"It pleases you to say so, I know, but the walk with Una will do us good after our journey," and she led the way out of the station.

We spoke to the porter about the boxes, and started for home.

"I cannot see," began Ernest, whose grumbling was not to be repressed—"I cannot see why you should have chosen to come here, of all places, out of the way of everybody and everything."

"The air is very good," said Lizzie, sniffing it. "It smells of home."

"We don't live on air," said Ernest, with the ghost of a smile. "Besides, the air is just as good—rather better, I should say—at Kensington, or Hampstead, or some place like that."

"It's dearer," said Lizzie, sententiously.

"What's dearer, the air?"
"Everything, houses especially."

"Always this wretched poverty," he murmured.

We wisely took no notice of his speech.

"It is very convenient for Edwin, who has to go to the City every day."

"What a life for him!" said Ernest, and walked on in gloomy silence.

I was feeling deeply hurt and somewhat indignant. I could not pass it over like Lizzie, or charm him into a better mood, though I knew as well as she that under this unhappy temper lay the most generous of hearts.

"If you have been anything like this, Ernest, you cannot have been a very pleasant inmate at Aunt Robert's."

"I dare say not," was his reply.

I made a last effort. It would be quite dreadful if he should appear in this fashion before Aunt Monica.

"Ernest," I said, wistfully, "don't let us be unhappy among ourselves. We are all trying to put as brave a face on circumstances as we can. Think how much Aunt Monica is sacrificing for us."

"That is the worst of it," he said. "I am sacrificing nothing."

I did not quite understand the ring of mockery in his tone.

"And there is Edwin," I went on. "He has been working hard all through this hot summer without a murmur, and he hasn't had a single holiday."

"And I have done nothing, and have had plenty of holidays."

It was useless to go on. He was in one of his most unreasonable moods, and I could do nothing. I could only hope that he would, in deference to Aunt Mona, keep it to himself as much as possible.

No sooner had I got Lizzie alone in our room than I began about Ernest, asking if he had had anything particular to vex him.

"Well, I don't know why it should vex him so much. He has said nothing about it to me; it is only from Aunt Robert that I know anything; at least, it was Aunt Robert who made me see it."

"How delightfully clear it is." I laughed, and Lizzie laughed too, but she blushed also, which was not a usual thing with Lizzie. Embarrassment of any kind was something quite new in her. "Well," she explained, "you know I told you the Winfields were there, and they went away, only Edith came back again on my account, Aunt Robert said, and we three used to go out together walking and riding, and of course I liked being with Ernest, and would never have found out that they liked better to be by themselves if Aunt Robert had not made me see it."

"How did she make you see it?"

"She only said that I made a better chaperone than she did—that I never left them for a moment, and I asked if they wanted to be left by themselves, and she said, laughing, that she supposed they did; and it was quite true. I easily found it out, and I took care to leave them enough then." There was a little wounded pride, as well as hurt affection in Lizzie's tone, and I was conscious of several new sensations which were not wholly pleasurable.

"After I found it out," Lizzie went on, "I did not ride any more; I preferred to be with Aunt Robert, and go out with her in the pony-carriage; and they were fond of walking in the rose-garden, which is behind a thick screen of laurel, and I have often seen Ernest pluck a rose and give it to Edith, and she always wore it in the evening in her dress, or in her hair. I would not care if I liked her very, very much," said Lizzie; "but I do not see why he should be so unhappy about it, for I think she is quite as fond of him as he is of her. He has been getting worse and worse ever since she went away, a week ago. Perhaps he expected her to write to him, and she has not done it. Do you think that is it?"

"No, I don't suppose so; but I think I understand."

I could hardly answer, for I was thrilling with her tidings; sympathy with my darling brother, mingled with a dread of this new power, so potent to change all things, which had drawn near to us with unknown consequences, and again an undefined shrinking from the cause of it.

"You have not told me why you think he is so unhappy," said Lizzie, who liked to know things definitely.

"Why, my darling? Because he is so poor he cannot ask Edith to marry him."

"Oh, he can't want to be married just yet." Lizzie's idea was that to be married was the winding up of all that was interesting and agreeable. It might be a solemn duty, or a disagreeable necessity. She could not fancy that it was in any way desirable.

"He may not," I replied, "but he has no prospect for many years, if ever."

"But she is rich."

"So much the worse for him."

"I do not see that at all."

"Don't you see that it would be dreadful for a man without a penny of his own, to presume upon the wealth of the woman he asked to marry him? Don't you see it would be like asking for her money?"

"But if they love each other?"

"My dear, love will not furnish the house. Is he to say, 'I will order all these things, and pay for them when I get your money?' Would not the disinterestedness of such love be open to question?"

"Oh yes, it would be dreadful; but they could wait," persisted Lizzie.

"It is impossible for a man in Ernest's position to ask a young lady in society to wait for him an indefinite period. She may have better offers, you know."

"And you are the dearest old humbug, and I have found you out. You are only talking Smithsonese, and you know as little about it as I do. All that I know is that I would find a way out of it."

"I do believe you would; but many never do find the way out of unhappiness in this world."

"Now what have you been doing to yourself, you dear doleful old darling?" cried Lizzie, when she had released me; for my sentence had suffered death by suffocation. "Have you been falling in love with Mr. Claude Carrol, about whom you have been writing so much?"

"Don't, dear. And you have never told me anything about Mr. Temple," I said.

Lizzie was all eager animation once more.

"Oh, when he came, it was quite another thing. I enjoyed myself then. I had a companion of my own, and got as much walking and riding as I wanted."

Lizzie always delighted in physical exertion—far more than I did.

"There never was anybody so nice as Mr. Temple," went on Lizzie. "He is so unselfish. I don't know if Ernest has told him anything, but he devoted himself to me.

"And oh, Una!" she cried, "I have seen Highwood, papa's old home. It is lovely, all surrounded

by woods. Aunt Robert drove me over, without telling me where we were going. She wanted me to get down and go over the grounds, but when I knew where I was I would not."

"Quite right. It was wrong of her to ask you; it would have been like stealing into the place. But what are we thinking about? Dinner will be on the table before we have so much as washed our hands. Don't let us speak another word."

Our neighbours considerately left us to ourselves that evening, and Ernest, putting constraint upon himself, was quite pleasant. He tells us that Mr. Temple is in London, and that he had intended to take lodgings near us, in order that they might do a few weeks' reading together.

"But I don't know that I ought not to warn him against this out-of-the-way place." That was his

one discontented speech.

Mr. Temple, however, did not wait to be warned. He came down next day, and found no fault with the place at all, but, on the contrary, expressed the strongest desire to take up his temporary abode in it. Lizzie was delighted, and offered to help him to find a lodging; and, accordingly, off she sallied with him and Ernest. She had seen something about apartments to let in the window of a fancy goods repository, and she was to take them there. She pleaded hard for me to go, but I declined, though Mr. Temple backed her request. He is much more deferential to me than to Lizzie; but, then, I feel conscious of shrinking into myself. It is always Lizzie who wins love, and who deserves to win it. What transparent purity of motive is in all she does! What bright, breezy, healthful freedom, without a touch

Aunt Mona and I were sitting in our little garden where Mrs. Carrol and Clara had joined us, taking advantage of the warm afternoons to sit out-of-doors and in the shade, when our little party returned triumphant. The apartments were over the shop itself, but Mr. Temple was quite satisfied. He did not think the proximity of the Berlin wool and worked slippers would affect him in any way.

He was introduced by Aunt Mona to Clara and her mother, and when Claude came to carry them off, to him also. Shortly after, he took his leave, hoping that Aunt Mona would not find him in the way, with his comings and goings.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAMILIAR THINGS.

ERNEST rises very early in the morning, and does three or four hours' reading before any one is up. Mr. Temple is doing the same. After breakfast they meet to compare notes, and go on again together in Mr. Temple's lodging. He has arranged it so. Then Ernest comes home to lunch, and later in the afternoon Mr. Temple comes in, and we all go out together. "Whenever the weather is fine," was the

arrangement, and the weather is persistently so—the loveliest autumn weather, we one and all declare.

Aunt Mona and Mrs. Carrol are well contented to be left together while we roam about, for Clara and Claude generally join our little party. A rather formidable party we appear with our increased numbers; but there is one thing we cannot do, and that is increase our outlets into the world at large. We must go past the cemetery or through the rows of houses, or out into the fields; and we invariably prefer the latter. So that already we know every inch of the way to and about our one country walk.

I generally lead the way with Claude Carrol, and Lizzie follows with Mr. Temple, while Ernest and Clara bring up the rear. But sometimes we change partners on the way, or get into a group and talk all together, especially when we reach the stile which is the usual limit of our walk. There is a great elm lying felled there, with moss on its trunk and tiny green sprouts of branchlets of this summer's growth, and we sometimes sit on the trunk while the gentlemen lean on the stile, or assume less elegant and more easy attitudes, as it pleases them. Ernest had adopted one of these—in fact, was sitting astride the stile one evening, when a silence seemed to fall upon our merry chatter. A laugh from him seemed to break it harshly.

It is in a slight hollow, this favourite resting-place of ours, so that it quite shuts out all view of houses beyond, and might be miles away in the heart of the green country, instead of merely on the fringe of the great Babel. Four fields meet there, their tall hedgerows dotted with weird-looking pollard elms; but here and there, perhaps at the corner of a field, a cluster of trees have been left to themselves and Nature, and have made the best use of their freedom, and formed themselves into lovely groups. little path runs up a little, a very little, hill; another, on the other side of the stile, across a wide field on to another dusty highway, terminating, like the one we have quitted, in long rows of houses. We were all standing except Clara, who had just sat down on our tree-trunk, when Ernest broke the silence by that laugh-

"How often," he said, "shall we come here, and find everything the same? Five times have I sat on this stile gazing on the impressive scene. This fence, these turnips, that field over which the ploughshare has passed."

He spoke in mock heroics, but no one seconded him, only Mr. Temple said, gently, "The same, yet

not the same. Never the same."

"Isn't it perfect?" said Lizzie. She was standing looking westward, looking at the serenely lovely sunset which had hushed us all unconsciously. Claude and I were standing in the shadow. The glow from the sky, of tenderest rose and gold, was falling full on Lizzie, and lighting her face into angelic beauty. It was lighted from within, too, with the first fine careless rapture of youth. The glow of health, too, was on her cheek, its shine in her eyes.

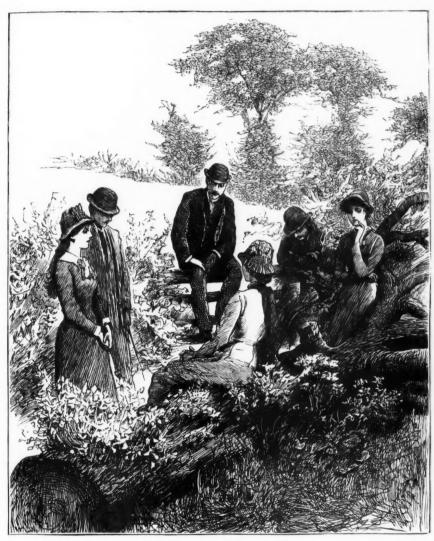
"Look at that smoke going up from the ground," she said. "It is like the smoke from a heathen altar."

"Burning bricks!" ejaculated Ernest, but still no one responded.

—with looks that said, plainly enough, "Isn't she perfect?"

"One could never tire of this," said Lizzie, presently.

"Speak for yourself, Liz," said Ernest, leaping from



"'Isn't it perfect?' said Lizzie."-p. 200.

Mr. Temple and Claude had both been looking at Lizzie, and for a moment they glanced at the smoke forming a golden haze as it rose and spread on the near horizon, but they both turned their eyes again to the unconscious child—after all, she is little more

his seat. "I am tired enough of it," he was about to say, but politeness prevailed. "Come, Miss Carrol, we will be more enterprising," he said. "Let us climb the hill here, and look out upon a wider scene."

Clara rose, nodded to him and smiled to us, and the two set off up the gentle slope, full in the light of the setting sun, with their figures relieved against the tall hedgerow.

Even in that light, and there is always a kind of glamour in it, there was no mistaking these two for lovers. They take a certain amount of pleasure in each other's society. They even venture on differences of opinion, but on the whole agree wonderfully. Clara's estimate of life is nearer to Ernest's than that of any of us. She is less of an optimist, and feels the vanity of human things more deeply.

We who were left began to compare notes on the love of change. It was Claude who said the most in praise of familiar things. He was quite eloquent in favour of never tiring of anything, of seeing new beauties in the things we saw every day, not only in a scene like this, of which the peculiar homely loveliness was so attractive, but in all the objects of one's daily life. "One gets to know them better and to see more beauty in them, as a child always thinks its mother's face is beautiful, however homely she may be," he said.

Mr. Temple's contribution to the discussion was in far fewer words, but we all felt them deeply—

"How sad life grows without familiar faces, only one can know who has neither father nor mother, sister nor brother."

When we saw Ernest and Clara coming down the slope again, we started slowly forward; Claude and Lizzie first, then Mr. Temple and I, and very little more was said among us until we reached home and parted at its threshold.

Tacitly we agreed among ourselves to take our last walk for the season to this spot, which was becoming a charmed spot to more than one of us. The end of our season coincided with Ernest's and Mr. Temple's departure for Cambridge in October and the falling of the autumn rains, which rendered our field paths well nigh impassable.

We were specially merry that day. Toodles, kneeling on a chair in the bay-window by the side of his mother and the baby, kissed his hand gallantly to us as we went by, and followed us with wistful looks.

We knew it was to be a day of parting, and on that account we may have been rather determinedly gay; but after all we were no sad-hearted sentimentalists, but a bevy of healthy hearty young people, who could not help being gay except with good reason to the contrary, and there was no such reason pressing on any of us, or at least immediately pressing, whatever shadows might make up the background of our lives. We had the joy of healthful life, of happy companionship, of freedom in the present and of hope for the future.

But for all that, we carefully avoided the subject of our breaking up. I walked out with Claude, but as usual lately, Lizzie and I changed partners on the way home, and Mr. Temple returned with me. He was unusually silent, but I did not expect him to say anything about the breaking up of our party, as we called it, for he was by far the most reticent of our three gentlemen in matters of feeling. Ernest, even, had forborne to turn it into jest, which was his way of retaliating on emotion; and Claude, who had far more freedom of speech, though it was not gush, was silent!

But after walking side by side in silence, a silence which at any rate betokened our increase of intimacy—a few weeks ago we should have mutually striven to fill it up with the merest nothings—he began by saying, "I hope I shall see our favourite spot again before long. In spite of the beauty of the autumn sunsets, I think it must look its very loveliest in the spring-time."

"Yes," I answered, "and I think it may even look beautiful in winter, etched out in black and white."

"I regret I shall not be there to see," he returned.
"My Christmas holidays are—at least, they almost always have been—divided between my uncle, and my guardian who lives in London. It may seem an imputation on my modesty to say so, but I believe I should inflict severe disappointment by breaking through the use and wont of it. Last Christmas I could not go to Dorset Square as usual, because of illness in my guardian's family, so this Christmas I am doubly due there."

Another silence, which I tried in vain to break. Then he said, in a voice almost tremulous, "These days have been among the happiest of my life, Miss Lancaster; so you will not wonder that I regret to have them come to an end."

He was looking to me for some response, but I could make none, though my inability to do so pressed upon me like a nightmare.

It was a relief to hear him speak again, though this time there was the modification of tone, which told of an effort to control emotion and return to commonplace.

"You have all been so kind to me," he continued.
"Your aunt and your sister have treated me as if I had been a near relative. You do not know how grateful I am for their kindness—for all your kindness."

His voice fell again. We were once more at home. Claude and Lizzie had already entered. We waited for the other two, and then bade one another goodbye.

It was only for an hour or two, for we were to meet again in the evening. Our friends were coming in to tea, and to spend the evening.

We had a very pleasant time of it, with plenty of music; for Claude Carrol and his sister both played and sang, and they had beautiful voices, as also had Lizzie and Edwin. Edwin was with us, for a wonder. He got home early—a thing which was becoming quite unusual with him—and we all made much of him—too much, he seemed to think, for he shrank from the praise bestowed upon his diligence in business, with the nearest approach to irritation I had ever seen in him.

Lizzie, always fonder of Edwin, or at least always more demonstrative of fondness towards him than any of us, ran to the door when she heard his knock, and dragged him in amongst us before he had time to go up-stairs.

"It does seem a shame that you should be hard at work while we are enjoying ourselves; and we always

used to call you the lazy one, too,"

"I fancy I am the lazy one still," he said. "But let me go now and make myself presentable."

He had greeted everybody by this time, and was leaving the room.

"Lazy!" repeated Lizzie, indignantly, "and you working like a slave, and often kept so late that you can't eat anything when you come home."

A wave of colour spread over Edwin's face, which was beginning to assume a kind of paleness, the paleness which leaves the rose-colour more prominent on the check.

"My work is not so very hard, Lizzie, that you should make such a fuss about it," he said, irritably. "I have lots of idle time," and he left the room, returning, however, his own placid sweet-natured self, to join in the singing, and accept Lizzie's supreme devotion in the matters of tea and cakes.

In the course of the evening the little room got very hot. It was quite warm that last evening in September, and the moon was at the full. Having discovered all these important facts, Ernest, with his accustomed restlessness, proposed to Mr. Temple to adjourn to the garden. Edwin was playing accompaniments to Lizzie and Claude, and Clara and I were prepared to remain as listeners, but Mr. Temple turned back in a hesitating way, saying, "Won't you come, Miss Lancaster?" and then Clara rose, saying, "I'll come too, if you please."

So we procured two soft shawls—Clara her mother's, and I Aunt Mona's—and wrapping our heads in them, Spanish fashion, went out at the little back door into the garden.

The two gentlemen were already marching up and down the narrow gravel walk, and we stood still on the railed landing which served the purpose of a balcony.

What is it the moonlight will not beautify and solemnise? The square formal gardens with their shrubs, the little summer-house with its lattice-work and Virginian creeper, were changed, as if by magic, from their common daylight looks to one of far-off mystery and loveliness. The gentlemen took one or two turns on the gravel, and then came and stood at the foot of our balcony.

"Why don't you come down to us?" said Ernest.

"Miss Lancaster declines," said Clara. "She thinks the crunching noise in that lovely light something quite unlawful."

Mr. Temple did not move again; Ernest began lighting a eigar.

"I did not know you smoked, Mr. Lancaster," said Clara.

"It is quite a new accomplishment," I said.
"Ernest did not smoke a few months ago, and we were quite proud of it."

"I don't do much of it now," he replied, "only it is said to be soothing."

"You don't smoke, Mr. Temple?" said Clara.

"No; I do not. I gave it up."

"He gave it up," said Ernest, "because it is a useless expense, and altogether inconsistent with his theory of life."

"What is your theory of life, Mr. Temple, may I ask?" said Clara.

"A very simple one," he answered; "only to be of as much use as I can in the world."

"A very hard one, I should say," remarked Ernest.

"A very happy one," I murmured.

"I agree with Mr. Lancaster in this game of definitions," said Clara. "It is the hardest thing to find out when you are of use and when you are not. Often when you think you have been of use, you have been doing positive harm."

"I do not think Mr. Temple meant easy, only

obvious," I ventured to remark.

"Then that is just what I deny to it," said Ernest, "especially as he explains it. It means," he went on, addressing Clara and me, "devoting yourself to the service of everybody, giving up everything that is not of use to you in being of use to them; that is, to other people who are of no use whatever. Now, if you call that obvious, it is more than I can do."

Of course we all laughed.

"Have I given a fair definition of your views, Temple, or not?"

"Tolerably fair, except the latter clause, and in that lies the whole matter."

"My favourite heresy, that the many exist for the sake of the few!"

"Yes, only I add to it, the few also exist for the sake of the many. The service is reciprocal."

"I must go in and see after mamma," said Clara.
"It exhausts her to stay up even a few minutes beyond her usual time."

"And we ought to be up early, Lancaster, to go by that early train."

"Very well—I will walk down with you; but can't you stay a little?" said Ernest.

They came up the steps.

"What a lovely night it is!" said Mr. Temple.
"I would like to say good-bye here," and he held out his hand to Clara.

"He is conscious that we can't stand the light of common night," said Ernest.

"Good-bye, Mr. Temple," said Clara, heartily. "We won't bring your theory into anything so trying as gas-light."

We stood outside while Ernest and Mr. Temple went in, and the latter said good-bye to the others. He seemed in a great hurry at the last, for we were still standing where he left us, and Clara had a second good-bye before he turned to me.

"We must discuss my theory another time," he said. "It has hardly had justice done to it; and in the meantime good-bye. I have made my adieux to your aunt and your sister."

His face looked pale and, I thought, a little agitated in the moonlight. Was it bidding dear unconscious Lizzie so brief a farewell, that he felt so

much?

would not hear of it. She would come and join us as soon as Edwin was released. "I shall be glad to be left with him," she added. "Perhaps he will open his heart to me."

"Then you think there is something the matter with him—that he is not quite happy?"

"Yes, I do think he is suffering in some way. If he is not happy where he is, we might make some



"A little later we four were left in the lighted rooms alone."-p. 207.

CHAPTER XV.

HIGH IDEALS.

Nothing would satisfy Aunt Robert but our going in a body to stay with her for the Christmas holidays. "She was going to stop in London," she said; but I believe it was on our account, for, as a rule, she went out of town. Ernest was to come up from Cambridge on the sixteenth, and go straight to her, and Lizzie and I were to follow a week later, while Aunt Mona stayed at home to look after Edwin. I begged to be allowed to stay with her, but she

effort, some sacrifice, to get him into a more congenial sphere of labour."

Aunt Mona said we, but there was nothing any of us could do; and she meant she herself would make some new sacrifice. It must not be. And was it true we could do nothing, Lizzie and I? No, not Lizzie; but I? Could I not turn my education, and what talents I had, to account as Clara had done?

In the meantime I had to visit Aunt Robert, and even I could hardly grudge it when I saw how happy it made her. And yet I could not help seeing that it was not the pure happiness of doing good, like Aunt

Monica's, not "the great joy of doing kindnesses" which Aunt Robert felt. Along with these there was quite another motive, and that was antagonism to our Uncle Henry. She allowed me to see it very plainly. We were to be introduced wholesale, and wherever he would be sure to hear of us.

And now we are in quite a whirl of society. Aunt Robert is an only child herself. "That's how I come to be so rich, my dear," she said. "That's the advantage of being an only child. You don't think much of it, I see. Well, perhaps you are right. I used to like to hear people say I was to be envied the position, when I was quite a child; but I'm not so sure about it now, especially as I 've no children of my own. When I'm old I'll have to put up with a companion, paid to be miserable in my company."

But if Aunt Robert had no nearer kindred, she had plenty of cousins; they could be counted by the dozen or by the score. They were young and old and middle-aged, rich and poor, handsome and ugly, interesting and uninteresting; and we had to be introduced to them all.

On Christmas Eve, when Aunt Mona and Edwin had joined us, there was a great gathering of the cousins. Some, the cousins proper, elderly ladies and gentlemen for the most part, came to dinner-a rather ponderous affair, at which we were the only young people. Then in the evening came a whole host of the younger generation-quite a clan they were; and though they appeared to be in the habit of meeting one another every week of their lives, they had not, seemingly, tired of one another's company. I felt rather lonely among them, and could see that we all did; for they knew one another so well, calling one another by their Christian names, and making all sorts of allusions to circumstances and events-past, present, and future-about which we knew nothing, that it was impossible for us to do otherwise. And yet they are a pleasant, kindly race of young people, fairly gifted with good looks and good sense, and good things of all sorts; and it was a wholesome, enviable life they seemed to lead, with plenty of interest and variety in it, because plenty of life and movement. When I ceased to think about myself I soon became an interested spectator, and I fancy Lizzie never had thought about herself, for she was speedily making friends all round. And Lizzie carried Edwin in her wake; but Ernest ended in establishing himself by me every now and then, and indulging in a running fire of cynical criticism, which vexed me, in spite of its wit and vivacity. He had been picking up scraps of information, which Aunt Robert had supplemented, about almost everybody in the room.

"We are strong in medicine," he said, sauntering up to me, and asking me to come and have refreshment.

"What do you mean, Ernest?" I asked.

"Not that you are to have a dose of rhubarb, only that there are here present three members of the medical profession. I'll point them out to you."

"You'll do no such thing, Ernest."

"Oh, I can do it without attracting the attention you dread. It will improve my descriptive powers. There is one, that tall young fellow with the stoop. He is married. I can't tell you which is his wife yet, but she's somewhere about. She was his cousin. He took her into partnership, and her father took him. Father also a doctor with good practice. Not able to be here to-night, attending a patient who won't have the young one."

"Do be quiet, Ernest, and look after some one else. I shall do well enough here by myself," I

urged.

"There's another," he went on, unheeding, "that poetical-looking fellow, with the hair like great black feathers thrown back from his white forehead. He's talking to that round bluff-faced young man, who is one of the two clergymen present. Now he's going up to that young lady, whom he didn't bring down. I dare say she is another cousin, with lots of money."

Just then Aunt Robert came and sat down beside us, a little heated with her exertions in seeing to her guests, and Ernest immediately began to question her.

"Who is that young lady whom Dr. White is speaking to? Is she a cousin?"

"Oh, no. Laura is not his cousin. He is engaged to her though."

"She is rather handsome?"

"Yes, she's a fine girl."

It was said in a qualified tone which did not satisfy Ernest, or rather did satisfy him that there was something more to come. He looked questioning.

"She has a good deal of money."

Ernest gave an imperceptible nod, which meant, "I told you so."

"Gerald must marry, you know, if he is to get on in his profession. His father can set him up, can give him a thousand a year to get along with, but, for the sake of his practice, he must have a wife."

"Not for his own sake?" said Ernest mischievously.

"Oh, for that matter, they are very fond of each other. It is a very suitable match every way. Laura is not very demonstrative—a little cold, perhaps; but she is a prudent girl, and will make an excellent wife."

And then Aunt Robert left the theme. The two prudent and prosperous young people evidently did not interest her greatly. "There," she said, in an undertone, "do you see that pretty little creature in white and crimson, with a young man standing before her with a very large red beard."

"Yes, I do," said Ernest. "She is the prettiest little thing in the room—large dark eyes, gentle and yet vivacious, and a charming expression, the expression of an affectionate child; and he, did you ever see such a scowl? He looks at her quite fiercely, as if he was going to eat her."

Aunt Robert laughed.

"Well, he has just come back from the land of

caunibals," she said. "He is a great traveller; and we should be so glad if he would take to her."

"What! eat her?" said Ernest, comically.

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Robert, laughing. is a sweet little thing, as nice as she is bonnie, and her mother is a widow. They have hardly enough to live upon in the poorest way; and he-he has several thousands a year, and nothing to do but go about and enjoy himself."

"Which he doesn't look as if he did," said Ernest.

"No, indeed," I could not help saying. "He looks

labouring under some great misfortune."

"So he is," said Aunt Robert; and we both looked interested. "He is the shyest of men, and I believe he likes her."

"But does she like him?" I ventured to ask, for I was full of sympathy for the pretty little thing, and her companion seemed to me almost repulsive.

"Oh, Florence would be very glad to marry him."

"Without liking him?"

"No; of course she would like him." .

"Una means something more romantic," put in Ernest-"something which would lead her to follow him into cannibal-land, and live in a hut, on water and a crust, or-"

"Love," said Aunt Robert,

"Precisely," nodded Ernest.

"Well, that would come in time, if they suited each other. Any good girl likes the man who makes her a good disinterested offer. Why shouldn't she? Love begets love, and he has taken the best way of proving his love by wanting to marry her. The just wanting her is enough for many a girl who doesn't know what to do with herself, and who gets to love the one who wants her quite as much as she ought

"Not a very high ideal of marriage," said Ernest.

"Oh, high ideals are nonsense," said Aunt Robert. "Your high ideals don't work half as well as a good practical common-sense view of things. High ideals are given to quarrelling and flying off at all sorts of tangents; want of companionship, unity of soul, and all that sort of thing."

"Now, Aunt," Ernest went on gravely, at least to outward appearance, "I think your little Florence would like the tall poetical-looking doctor. Could you not manage to make them exchange partners."

"It would do just as well, or would have done, at least," returned aunt, quite seriously-as if it was a matter to be considered. "No, it is better as it is. Gerald is so stiff and solemn. He will get on better with Laura."

"Your little Florence is too tender and playfully affectionate," said Ernest. "She would suffer."

"Yes; I fancy she would suffer from the slightest coldness or rebuke."

"Oh, Aunt Robert," I said, "he is joking, and making you say anything he pleases."

"He may be joking. I believe he is," she replied; "but I mean what I say."

Aunt Robert was a little nettled, not with Ernest,

but with me. The coarse hard grain in her nature showed itself in her next speech.

"Girls must marry," she said, "especially girls who have nothing. What else can they do? They are a burden on their friends, that's all, and discontented with their lot; and they can't pick and choose like a man. They must wait for an offer, and it's not every girl who has more chances than one, They can't afford to throw away a good one."

I was glad that here the conversation came to an end, and Aunt Robert left us to digest what she had said. It was no more palatable to Ernest than it was to me, but Ernest could not feel the sting of it as I did. No; I shall never get to love Aunt Robert. It is just as Aunt Mona says. She is generous, and has fine qualities, but I would rather be indebted for everything to Aunt Mona than for the least thing to

Does she think of me and of Lizzie as two penniless girls, to be set out as attractions, and to be married to the first man we attract, so that we may not be a burden to our families? It made my cheeks burn and my temples throb.

Ernest had relapsed into silence, and I could see that he too was sad at heart in the midst of the scene of gaiety.

"You don't seem to enjoy it much, Una," he whispered.

" Nor you either."

"I wish you would enter into it as Edwin does, or

"Why don't you wish it for yourself, then?"

" I can't."

" I don't."

"It is part of these people's lives, that is why they are happy in it. It is no part of mine."

"What is yours, Ernest?" I said, earnestly.

"Ambition, I suppose you would call it."

"Ambition of what?"

"Well, of position, I suppose, of power, and wealth, and social distinction."

"These would not yield happiness."

"I don't suppose they would. Sometimes I think every object of ambition alike worthless, just as I used to think the old school prizes worthless.'

"And so they were, and the real prize lay in the work done to gain them; and so the real prize may lie in the work of life and what it makes of us, and not in the gain of it."

"I've tried it that way too, Una, but it only comes to this, that you do everything you do with still greater regard to yourself, as what you are is nearer to you than merely what you have. There doesn't seem much more satisfaction in that."

"But if we lived for others?" I ventured.

"For another," he rejoined, "that would alter the case." It altered the whole expression of his face and figure-the very thought, whoever was at the bottom of it. In a moment he was alert, eager, with eyes full of hope and lips that no longer wore a languid sneer. He looked as if he saw into a glorious vista of life and promise. And I could only envy him. "My future," I thought; "according to Aunt Robert I have no future, unless some one is kind enough to offer me one, or a share of one." But the next moment I had flung away the poor unworthy thought. "For another," that, too, was my thought, but such another! Was there not a vista of life and promise for any human soul who accepted the words, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren"?

I cannot tell why the words should have come to me then and there, but they did, and changed for me at the moment the whole aspect of life. Hitherto I had been speculating sympathisingly; now I seemed to experience what it would be to take His yoke upon me. I felt at once that it lightened every burden, satisfied every longing, left no room for doubt or care or self, substituted love and service, service and love, where all was emptiness. It was like anointing one's eyes and ears with some fabulous salve. Even the scene before me seemed to change, all its tender human interests came into view, all its ground.

A little later we four, Lizzie and I and the boys, were left in the lighted rooms alone. All the guests were gone. Aunt Mona had retired, a little wornout and fatigued, and Aunt Robert was somewhere about the house. We formed a little group on the drawing-room hearthrug. Ernest was stretching back his arms for a yawn, and Edwin was leaning an elbow on the mantel-shelf, with a strange look of withered weariness on his face, which I had noticed there before.

"I never saw the like of you girls," said Ernest. "You both look ready to go through it all over again. You, Lizzie, especially."

"And I never saw the like of you boys," said Lizzic. "You both look as doleful as possible. There is nothing I should like better than a good skip now. And you, Una," she added, turning to me, "you look quite rested and refreshed."

"Do I, darling?" was all that I could say, but both Edwin and Ernest looked at me, and Aunt Robert coming into the room, we kissed one another, said, "Good night," and separated.

CHAPTER XVI.

A THEORY OF LIFE.

We have lost sight of Mr. Bothwell again, and it has given me such a feeling of the terribleness of this great city we live in. On the day before Christmas I got Edwin to go with me to the place where he lived. Ernest and Lizzie would have gone too, for our brothers never grudged going anywhere with us. Only Lizzie and Ernest stayed behind with Aunt Robert. I had a dread of Aunt Robert knowing about Mr. Bothwell. She would have wanted to go to him; she would have wanted to

give him money, and to do all sorts of things for him and with him; she would have what she calls interested people in him. I had seen him before we left the neighbourhood of Oxford Street, and though he accepted help from us for one of his poor neighbours, he would not accept it for himself. But it was certainly not from churlishness that he refused, and so we went laden with such little Christmas gifts from each of us as we would naturally give or send to an old friend.

What was our disappointment on entering the little court to find that its inhabitants were entirely swept away, the front by which we entered it alone standing. All that was left was a huge rubbishheap, out of which rose, opposite the entrance, an end wall, with bits of dirty paper-hangings where once were dwelling-rooms, and blackened patches where once were hearths. Some workshop on the other side had swallowed up the court to make an extension of its premises, and this was the first result.

In vain Ernest and I inquired in the neighbour-hood; the neighbours had all gone "to pig in somewhere," as we were politely and graphically informed. Only in one poor little eating-house could we gain any tidings of our friend. They knew him by our description, knew him well; many a time he had brought in a fainting woman, or a hungry child to be fed there, the woman told us; but he had quite gone away from there.

"You see," she said, "there's not a hole to be had hereabout. It is a shame to pull down poor people's houses and leave them without a roof to cover them. You should have seen the trouble there was when they got notice to quit up the court there; some of them had only a week's notice, though it was known the place was coming down, but them as owned the lease kep' it to their selves to the last. The women were fit to break their hearts, and some that had sick children too, and bedridden old folks."

To think of human hearts well-nigh breaking to leave such a place as that was!

We came away sorrowfully enough, and I, full of compunction that we had not been careful to send Mr. Bothwell our address, so that he might be able to find us.

"I'll tell you who could help us," said Ernest, "and that's Temple. He knows a lot of fellows who go among the poor. He's coming up the day after to-morrow to stay with an old guardian of his in Russell Square, and I'll get Aunt Robert to ask him to dinner."

"Don't you think we are quite enough for Aunt Robert without getting her to ask anybody to dinner?" I said.

"Well, perhaps; then I won't, but I must see him, and I think he'll find Mr. Bothwell for us, even in London."

We did have Mr. Temple to dinner after all, and to more than one dinner, and to Aunt Robert's favourite afternoon tea almost as many times as it was possible in the course of a fortnight. We met him first at the house of one of the cousins; he was there with his guardian, and the guardian's fifth daughter, Miss Maude Bennett. I could not help wondering that we should meet him there, and thinking that it might be owing to some scheme of Aunt Robert's; but after all it was natural enough. He was Ernest's friend, and Aunt Robert knew him already, and knew some one else who knew Mr. Bennett enough to ask him, and his daughter and guest.

And no sooner had Mr. Temple entered the room than his eager gaze fell on Lizzie's face; and I, watching her, saw her turn under the look as under a magnet, so it seemed, and stand up to welcome him, looking as radiant as Lizzie can look. And yet how frank and unembarrassed their greeting, for he at once hastened up to her, and found a seat beside her.

"There's Temple, I declare," said Ernest. "Aunt Robert knows everybody, or somebody else who does."

"I was just thinking so," I answered.

"I feel sure," he went on, "that on due investigation it would be found that Aunt Robert's cousins are a connecting-link with the best part of the inhabitants of the globe, at least with the Anglo-Saxon portion of them. Come, and let us go over to Liz and him."

"Do you go," I said. "I would rather not cross the crowded room."

"Oh, come along. You won't be noticed. You won't care for sitting here by yourself; and, as usual, we know nobody here."

But Lizzie had turned her head in our direction, and saying a few words to Mr. Temple, they rose, and came to us instead. He greeted us warmly, and asked the simple but comprehensive question, "What have you been doing since I saw you last?" in which he seemed to include me as well as Ernest.

Ernest laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked his friend.

"I expected you to begin exactly where you left off."

"Where was that?" he asked.

"You don't mean that you've forgotten?" said Ernest.

"No, I cannot say that I have. Do you remember, Miss Lancaster?" he asked, abruptly.

I believe I answered "Yes," for indeed I remembered all that was said that evening with great vividness.

"But your brother greatly overrates the powers of my memory on ordinary occasions," he added, still addressing me, "when he says I always begin where I left off."

From embarrassed silence I generally rush into rapid speech. "It might be accounted for without reference to memory," I said. "If the mind runs strongly in one channel it will be pursuing the same

train of thought, as a river carries the same stream through its many windings."

"Bravo, philosopher!" said Ernest, gaily.

Happily, Ernest began to give an account of our disappointment in finding the old court in which Mr. Bothwell lived entirely swept away, and in losing sight of our old friend.

Mr. Temple was greatly interested in our account of him. "I will do all I can to find him for you," he

said.

"You won't find him through any charitable agency, I fear," said Ernest. "He seems to have an objection to anything of the nature of charity."

"That is extremely likely. The best of those who suffer poverty hold aloof from it, and suffer in silence. The poor know more about it than we do, both as to how it is given and how it is received."

"Is it the charity that is in fault?" I ventured to say. "Is it that charity is too great a thing, too spiritual a thing to be represented by the doles which

the rich give to the poor?"

"It is indeed often nothing more than a gratification to kindly feeling to give of our superfluous wealth, and things given thus to the helpless and the weak are not to be despised; but I think with you that charity is a great spiritual affection productive of far nobler sacrifices, calling for the devotion of a life, not the mere overflowings of its unused riches. The charity of the poor to the poor is infinitely more than They give of their actual necessities. A poor woman will give health and strength, already sorely tasked for her own household, to nurse a sick neighbour, risk the life that is doubly valuable, because of those dependent on her, in braving infection from which most of us would fly. They will share the meal that is not too sufficient with the starving, as we, I think, would do if we felt them to be our neighbours.'

"And if the West End gives of its riches to the starving East, is not this feeling at the bottom of

it?" I said.

"No doubt there is the germ of true neighbourliness, but it will not flourish. It is nipped in the bud. The germ will not grow except in the soil of sympathy. Self-preservation in the preservation of social order, self-pleasing in the benevolent to rid themselves of the pain of hearing of unalleviated suffering takes the place of sympathy. Imposture flourishes and comes between the true giver and the rightful receiver, hardening the heart of the one and closing the lips of the other. There are thousands in the east of London in dire necessity, who would keep their doors closed even if the west came bodily, as it has done to my knowledge, with its hands full of help. And there are thousands in the West End with hearts full of true charity, who are actually suffering because of the need which it has created in them meeting with no outlet save the handing of their money over to some organisation or other."

"How, then, would you meet the difficulty," I

asked.

"He does not meet it," said Ernest. "He gets out of it, I think."

"That is not quite fair," he said. "I do say that we must accept things as they are, and help existing organisations when they are good and useful, such as hospitals and orphanages, as far as we are able; but what I contend for is a life of devoted usefulness."

I did not enter into his meaning at once. "As an almoner of some kind?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "because that would not stand the test of universality—would be, indeed, of very limited application. I mean of devoted usefulness in any calling which may happen to be ours."

"Yes, now I understand," I answered. "It is the ideal life, alike of the statesman and the schoolmaster, of the doctor and of the lawyer."

"Of the trader as well as the professional man," he added—"of the least as well as of the greatest. 'A servant with this clause——'"

He did not finish the quotation. "That's very well for the useful people, but there are plenty of people with no profession except idleness," said Ernest.

"I am afraid my theory, comprehensive as it is, will not fit them. They must simply find something to do. We have found enough to do hitherto in preparing for the business of life."

"I only hope I shall find plenty to do when I begin it," said Ernest, his face clouding over. "Your theory won't find work for a fellow who can't afford to wait for it."

"It will go a good way towards it to be well equipped for work."

"It depends upon the kind of work."

"Of course the special preparation does,"

"How would you choose?" I asked.

"He doesn't believe in choice."

"Oh, yes, I do, in special cases of special aptitude; but I would yield to circumstances. Young people ought to be guided by the wishes of parents and guardians, or any divinely appointed authority."

"How are you to know it is divinely appointed?"

"Because it exists. I ought to have said divinely-appointed circumstance, which is stronger."

"I can't understand going into anything in that way," said Ernest. "I am going into the law because I think it will suit me, and is the best thing going; and you, because your uncle and guardian have advised it—you have studied enough of it to take the B.C.L."

"Believing also," added Mr. Temple, "that I shall find work in it to which I can be usefully devoted."

"Anything else would have done just as well, though," said Ernest; "just as in Aunt Robert's theory of marriage."

"What is that?"

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"Why, that any one husband or one wife is just as good as another."

Mr. Temple looked at me. "You do not accept it?" he said.

"And there is Aunt Robert bearing down upon us," said Ernest,

And indeed it was, "I never saw such young people as you are," she said. "You have been sitting in that corner all the evening, looking as solemn as if you were on a committee, and as eager as if you had a fortune at stake. We want a little music from you, Una."

"Come, Miss Lancaster," said Mr. Temple; "we certainly have not been putting our theories in practice. For the present at least we must devote ourselves to the amusement of our friends." He said this in an undertone as he led me to the piano.

My aunt's circle, to which she was so persistently introducing us, was that of the serious portion of the cultivated middle class. Their training was evidently most thorough and complete. They showed it in their talk and in their music. It pervaded their manners, neither frivolous nor feebly refined. They evidently sufficed for themselves, and were no hangers on of aristocracy. They were a kind of aristocracy themselves, and they knew it. There was a tendency to strong-mindedness in the cleverer girls, but the weak had been well protected, and were not despicable.

I could see Mr. Temple dividing his attentions between Lizzie and Miss Maude Bennett. That young lady was evidently not of the set. Her very dress proclaimed it. Not unfashionable in the least, the dress of the daughters of the house, and their friends was restrained by good taste and personal appropriateness; but Miss Maude was extravagant and unsuitable in the extreme. She was an airified young lady, with a rather picturesque face, and very beautiful and abundant hair, worn in a knot of rich curls at the back of her head, the most becoming thing about her.

I met her a few evenings later at her father's house, and did not like her at all, nor her sisters either. Their father stood high in his profession, and was a man of sense and probity; but his wife was not his equal; she was certainly his inferior in both. He was a busy man, whose life was not in his home, and who tolerated the follies of his wife and daughters as something excusable in, if not necessary to women.

These ladies seemed to have nothing whatever to do except to dress and gossip. They, poor things, were neither serious nor self-sufficing. On the contrary, they seemed to snatch at every foolish pleasure as relief from themselves. The elder was melancholy and depressed; the four intermediates, including Miss Maude, who was the liveliest and prettiest, were pert and snappish, underbred and silly; and the youngest, with more brains than any of the others, a mere school-girl, was a rough hoyden, who went in

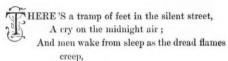
the family circle by the endearing name of "Little Bear."

No wonder that Mr. Temple was a good deal thrown on his own resources, if these were his friends. They made far too much of us, especially of Ernest and Edwin; and when they were alone with us, were too familiar for good breeding, one of them putting her arm round Lizzie, and asking if Mr. Temple was not a darling?

To which Lizzie gravely replied, "He is a very nice gentleman;" and I had a shrewd suspicion that Lizzie was tempted to be quizzical.

(To be continued.)

TIMES OF REVEALING.



And strange steps are on the stair;

And the miser old grasps his store of gold,
The maiden her lover's scroll;
And the mother flies where her baby lies,
Though the flames around her roll.

And the loves men mean on their brows are seen
In that sudden, awful light,

All written plain out, without blot or doubt, As they are in God's searching sight.

And does not life bring on its wondrous wing
To each soul some wild surprise,
When the lurking fact beneath thought and act
Walks out to our shrinking eyes?

And the shame or pride, which the truth would hide,

Are startled off from their post;
And what each holds best is made manifest,
Whether angel, fiend, or ghost.

'T is in such surprise that God's furnace tries The dross that is in the gold; And the loss or gain that in years have lain

And the loss or gain that in years have lain In one hour is manifold,

And the only way to stand fast that day,
Is to tread firm, hour by hour
('T is the winter snow, and the springtide glow,
That ripen the summer flower).

God's heroes must march through the lowly arch
Of duty, reared sure and strong;
Let us build to-day, and swift as we may,
For our trial shall come ere long.

I. F. M.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.

ANNE ASKEW.



HE little river Ancholme. which bears a useful and important part in draining the eastern part of that division of Lincolnshire known as the parts of Lindsey, is fed by various tributaries, and flows by many a thorpe and

hamlet in the winding course by which it at length reaches and discharges itself into the Humber.

Among the parishes through which it runs is that of South Kelsey, which boasts of two churches—St. Nicholas and St. Mary, the latter being now a mere ruin, while the former has been rescued from a similar fate by having its crumbling body pulled down and rebuilt. The ancient tower has, nevertheless, been preserved; and the brass of a knight, bearing the date of 1430, may still be seen in the chancel, over which that "verye yonge, dayntye, and tender gentylwoman," Anne Askew, may probably have trodden on many a Sunday and Saint'sday in her attendance at the services of the parish church of the village where she was born and spent the infancy and girlhood of her short and troubled



"And the mother flies where her baby lies."

life. The spelling of family names was not then fixed as it is now, and we find that hers was frequently written Ascue, while there is little doubt that it was originally Ayscough, and that she belonged to the same family as Bishop Ayscough, the confessor of King Henry VI., who had also been born at South Kelsey, two or three generations before.

She was the second daughter of Sir William Askew, and received an education which went considerably beyond the spinning, sewing, pickling, and preserving which in those days so frequently composed the whole duty of woman, being far more akin to that of such intellectual maidens as Lady Jane Grey and the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, both of whom were good Latin scholars, as well as being acquainted with more modern tongues. The more Anne read and studied, the less ready was she to place implicit faith in the dogmas of the Church in which she had been brought up; and even the excitement and change of married life failed to divert her mind from the theological questions of which the very air was full.

Perhaps, however, it would have been different had her heart been satisfied in her home, and had she married a man of her own choice. matter was on this wise : her elder sister was engaged to a Mr. Kyme, the representative of a good old family in the division of Lincolnshire called Kesteven, who had been barons by tenure and writ as long ago as when King Stephen reigned. His patrimony was situated in the village of South Kyme, where he had what Leland calls "a goodly house and park," to which he hoped to take home his bride. The girl, however, sickened and died, and her father, who seems to have highly approved of the Kyme connection, urged his daughter Anne to accept the offer made her by the dead sister's lover. Though very young, she knew her own mind, and that was, not to marry him; but at length she yielded with great reluctance, and became in due time the mother of two children. Only one tower of the ancient mansion in which they lived is still standing, but the church, which was formerly part of an old priory, is probably the same as it was then in its general aspect, though smaller, as it was found necessary to take a portion of it down in the year 1805.

Both by tradition and practice the Kymes had always been pillars of the Church in their own parish, for the priory had been founded by one of their ancestors in the time of Henry II., and it was not likely that the head of the family could be unmoved when, at the dissolution of the smaller religious houses, it fell into the king's hands. The income was valued at £138 4s. 9d., and its new owner bestowed it on the complacent Sir George Talbois, whose lady was the monarch's favourite. When, therefore, his young wife openly espoused the new doctrines, Mr. Kyme's anger knew no bounds; and, finding her immovable, he went the length of turning her out of doors. Thus bereft of the shelter of her

husband's roof, she betook her to Lincoln, and as the cathedral was daily open for all who sought retirement to go in there and select a quiet corner for private prayer and meditation, she wended her way thither in her grief and desolation, and studied the Bible on her knees. It is a beautiful cathedral, standing on the summit of a single hill that dominates the level country for many miles around, and built in the form of a double cross, with a central tower at the intersection of the transept with the nave and choir, and two smaller but still lofty ones flanking the west front on either side. Over the central western door are statues of eleven kings of England in canopied niches; and the great Galilee porch in the southern transept is a beautiful specimen of early English architecture. There are quaint old cloisters and many chapels in different parts of the edifice; and we can imagine Mistress Kyme, little more than a girl, desolate and alone, stealing into one or other of them in the dim light and nallowed stillness to seek that comfort from the Father in Heaven which was denied her in the home where she ought to have been loved and cherished for her children's sake as well as her own. Some of the minster clergy seeing her there questioned and talked with her, and it was not long before she determined to go to London and there sue for a divorce from the husband for whom she had no love, and who treated her so harshly.

Henry VIII. was by this time married to his last wife, the good Catharine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer, a cultivated and liberal-minded woman, inclined towards the Reformed faith, and a patroness of the New Learning. It was at her wish and at her expense that the commentary of Erasmus was translated into English, and she persuaded her royal and capricious husband to have it set up in churches as well as the Bible. She was also the author of a religious treatise called "The Lamentation of a Sinner," which was printed in 1548, and the state of female education under her auspices was such that a good and learned man wrote, "It is now no strange thing to hear gentlewomen, instead of most vain communication about the moon shining in the water, to use grave and substantial talk in Latin and Greek with their husbands of godly matters, and for young damsels in noble houses and in the courts of princes. instead of cards and other instruments of vain trifling, to have continually in their hands either psalms, homilies, and other devout meditations, or else St. Paul's Epistles or other book of holy Scripture; and as familiarly to read or reason thereof in Greek, Latin, French, or Italian, as in English." Such a description sounds somewhat formidable, but we must not forget that religion was the one vital question of the day; that the majestic poetry and prose of the Bible fell with irresistible charm on the ears of those who heard it for the first time, and that the study of the Scriptures bore with it all the prestige of intellect as well as the practical meaning that would serve men in every emergency of daily life.

It was not surprising that when a young lady of such good family and with such connections as Anne's came to town she was taken into Queen Catharine's household, of which she became not only an ornament, but also the object of keen interest, on account of her youth, her culture, and her mis-But the strange thing was that under such protection, and in the court of a king who not only favoured learning, but was at open war with the pretensions of the Church of Rome, she was not safe from attacks on her religious opinions. No doubt she was made a handle of by Bishop Gardiner and his party, who, instead of being thankful at seeing their royal master mated with a good woman, tried every means in their power to hurl her from her position into the abyss of misery and degradation which had received at least two of her less staid and virtuous predecessors. The cry of heresy was a mere watchword for the accomplishment of their ends.

Yet for a little space the atmosphere was comparatively clear, and Anne, under the escort of John Lascelles, a member of the king's household, and in the company of the Duke of Norfolk, repaired openly to the crypt under old St. Paul's, where what was called the "Great Bible," revised by Coverdale from Tyndal's translation, and printed at Paris, was chained to a pillar and read aloud by any man present who had a far-reaching and sonorous voice, and possessed what is even now the rare gift of being able to read so as to be "understanded of the people." Such a one was Master Porter, to whom so many

came to listen that he was brought before Bishop Bonner and accused of making tumults. The truth seems to have been that his readings were sometimes carried on in the crypt during the progress of divine service in the nave, so that the continual passing and repassing of the auditors who listened while it pleased them, and came away when they were tired, disturbed the congregation worshipping at stated times after the old method. The obvious mode of putting an end to this nuisance was to stop the mouth of the reader, so he was sent to Newgate, and as there he continued to teach the poor souls around him the truths he had learned in holy Scripture, he was thrust down to the lowest dungeon of all, fastened by his neck to the wall, and so heavily chained that in eight days' time those whose duty it was to take him food found that his free spirit had escaped, and left only the bound corpse behind.

When Mistress Kyme first came to London to endeavour to get a legal separation from her husband, she resumed her maiden name, under which her pathetic story has been handed down to posterity. The first time that danger threatened her after taking these steps was in March, 1545, when she was arrested and brought to Sadlers' Hall, in Cheapside, before a tribunal called "The Quest," which was a body of persons appointed to hold inquisition for heresy under the Act of the Six Articles. She was a spirited woman, and gave them answers so smart as to increase their irritation against her, and they handed her over to the custody of the Lord Mayor, who showed more zeal in the cause of transubstantia-



In Lincoln Cathedral.-p. 211.



"All being ready, Shaxton began to preach."-p. 214.

tion than did honour to his wisdom. Not content with examining her as to whether she herself believed in the doctrine of the real presence, he asked the silly question, "What if a mouse eat it [the wafer] after consecration, what shall become of the mouse? What sayest thou, thou foolish woman?" But Anne, preferring to hear the chief magistrate's opinion on so abstruse a point to risking any answer of her own, posed him by innocently asking—

"What say you shall become of her, my lord?"

"I say that that mouse is damned," was the uncompromising and absurd reply, whereupon the bishop's chancellor, perceiving an inclination to titter at my Lord Mayor's divinity on the countenances of those around, took the victim in hand himself, and rebuked her for speaking or quoting the Scriptures, but seems to have had little more to say to her, and she was removed to the Compter, the irate mayor refusing to accept bail. There she remained for eleven days, none of her friends being admitted to see her, though a priest was sent by Bishop Bonner to examine and give her good advice. He appears to have treated her courteously, to have expressed pity for her situation, and, after asking her such questions as he was bound to put, to have departed with kind words.

On the 23rd of March a relative described by Anne as her "cousin Brittayne" visited and offered to be bail for her if the authorities would accept him in that capacity. He went next to the Lord Mayor, who, having by that time recovered both his temper

and dignity, said he should be happy to do so provided the assent of a spiritual officer could be obtained, and referred him to the bishop's chancellor. This official professed his readiness in the matter if Bonner had no objection, and spoke to him about it, the result of which was that Anne was appointed to appear before him a day or two after, in the presence of four gentlemen who were her friends, and for whom she had expressed respect and affection. Then, while the bishop conferred with some one in another room, his archdeacon reasoned with her and asked her why she was brought there. She told him she did not know, and advised him to ask her accusers. He took a book out of her hand, and told her it was the perusal of such works that had brought her into this evil case. But she showed him that it was not the volume he thought, and he had the grace to acknowledge his mistake and say that he could find no fault with it. At length the bishop returned, and after a long examination prepared a form of recantation in which the point of transubstantiation was not very prominently brought forward, and advised her to sign it, observing that she might thank others rather than herself for his favour, as she had good friends, and came of a worshipful stock. Anne, however, added a rider to her signature in the shape of a clause declaring that her faith was according to that of the Catholic Church. The bishop was not pleased with these words, but her friends Brittayne and Spilman finally prevailed on him to let them pass, and accept them as her sureties, and in a day or two, after a little more preamble, she was set free.

As one reads all that was said and done in this case, it is impossible not to see that Bonner shrank a little from pushing Anne to extremes, either on account of her connections, or perhaps because he felt that the religious question was not in reality the main reason why she had been arrested, and it is almost the only instance in which any softening can be detected on his part with regard to a "heretic."

Anne's martyrdom was only deferred for a while by the exertions of her friends, and a year later she was summoned before the king's council at Greenwich, and examined by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and others, who pressed her especially to acknowledge the corporal presence, which she refused to do, and was ordered forthwith to Newgate. She was attacked at this juncture with violent illness, and thinking that death was coming to her release in a less terrible guise than that of the stake and fire, begged to be allowed to see Latimer, who was then in prison; but this favour was refused, and while still in extreme pain and danger she was removed to Newgate, where she recovered, and described herself as "one that neither wish death, nor yet fear his might, and as merry as one that is bound towards heaven." But the most shameful part of her treatment was yet to come, for she was sent to the Tower, and after being straitly questioned as to who were her friends, and who among the ladies of the court shared her opinions and supplied her with money, she was placed on the rack and there stretched and tormented, in the hope that in her extremity she would name some one, and even implicate the queen herself. Let us hear her own account of this horrible cruelty. The wonder is that she was able to hold a pen and sit up and write after it.

They did put me on the rack, because I confessed no ladies nor gentlewomen to be of my opinion, and thereon they kept me a long time; and because I lay still and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead. Then the Lieutenant caused me to be loosed from the rack. Incontinently I swooned, and then they recovered me again. After that I sat two long hours reasoning with my Lord Chancellor upon the bare floor, where he, with many flattering words, persuaded me to leave my opinion. But my Lord God (I thank His everlasting goodness) gave me grace to persevere, and will do I hope to the very end. Then I was brought to a house and laid in a bed, with as weary and painful bones as ever had patient Job; I thank my Lord God therefore. Then my Lord Chancellor sent me word, if I would leave my opinion, I should want

nothing; if I would not, I should forthwith to Newgate, and so be burned. I sent him again word that I would rather die than break my faith.

The merciful Lieutenant, who would have loosed the delicate woman from the rack, and even refused to strain her again, was Sir Anthony Knevett, and when the Chancellor and Master Rich, despite his remonstrances, threw off their gowns and racked her themselves till her joints were almost plucked asunder, and she was carried away in a chair, he must have wondered whether his compassion would not prove to be his own ruin. However, as soon as his superiors had ridden away, he took boat to Greenwich, and there explained his conduct to the king, who was displeased at hearing that Anne had been so roughly handled, pardoned the Lieutenant, and sent him back to his charge.

Nothing now remained but to put the poor tortured frame out of its misery, and as Anne could neither stand nor walk, she was carried through the streets till opposite the great western gate of St. Bartholomew's, and there bound by a chain to the stake, with her face towards the east. Three other martyrsher friend, John Lascelles, Nicholas Belenian, a priest, and John Adams, a tailor, were also secured to their stakes, and all being ready, Shaxton, who was himself a recusant, began to preach. The open space of Smithfield was crowded, and on a raised seat under St. Bartholomew's, sat the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor, and one or two nobles, some of whom fearing death on their own account, expressed a little nervousness about the bags of gunpowder which were laid round the bodies of the victims in order to shorten their agonies. These qualms of terror being allayed, the king's pardon was offered first to Anne and then to her fellow-sufferers if they would recant, but on their utter refusal, the Lord Mayor cried, "Fiat justitia," and the fires were kindled. It was nearly dark on a sultry June evening, and at that moment a sudden clap of thunder was heard, and a few great drops of rain fell, increasing the gloom of the terrible tragedy, and suggesting to some of those who stood by, the opening of heaven to receive the faithful souls then passing through the gate of death to their everlasting inheritance. Anne Askew was only twenty-two years old, and her fate made a deep impression on the public mind. It was the last of the horrors perpetrated in Henry's reign, and on his death, a few months later, better days dawned for a while, and the Reformers enjoyed a brief period of sunshine.

ELIZA CLARKE.



WORKERS FOR GOD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BALLYMONEY, CO. ANTRIM.



ARTHA worked for Christ, and Mary worked with Christ." So said to me one day a distinguished preacher, while we talked upon the work of God and its varying success. And I have

often thought that this distinction might explain many cases of failure. It is hard to sail into the teeth of the tempest. The sailor makes his voyage by interpreting the laws of the wind. Man is the minister and interpreter of nature. There is a study of nature in the wants of the soul, as true and needful as such a study in the wants of the body. There is a science of the soul as well as of the mind and of the material world. Hereafter we hope to attain to the science of the Deity too, for we shall be like Him; and whosoever hopes to make this world like God-to bring men's souls into harmony with His, and to save them from the death of discord and separationmust needs sail down the stream with Him, content and fully satisfied if he is able to go no faster than it. We must work with Him if we are to work for Him.

Sometimes great and magnanimous conceptions and plans are impossible. Amid the hurtling changes of the world it is often more than difficult to catch one lineament of the Divine image. At other periods a dead calm is sleeping over men's souls, and a thick fog is enshrouding them; and all one can hear is the knolling bell from some rock or bank, which tells of danger, and of danger only. We cannot sweep away the mist, nor like another Christ bid the billows of passion and of human agonies be still. We can only tarry the Lord's patience, and wait for Him.

And mighty men in the soul's work must be few. One kingly people alone designed the pyramids. But one Moses sustained for forty years the drooping faith of a nation in the desert. Only he who can assert that he is one with the Father may dare to hope that he will achieve his heart's desire. Even lesser minds are few. Henry Martyn has redeemed a whole generation of Christians from the charge of baseness; but who will emulate the seraph's fire that burned in his soul, or adopt the saintly motto of Brainerd—"To believe, to love, and to suffer"?

And yet there never was an age in the Church when so many pressed into the front ranks of Christ's soldiery. The more arduous the battle, the more revolting the work, the more and the nobler are seeking it. Now, beyond all comparison, the Kingdom is suffering violence. The sheep are not wanting shepherds now. The lanes, the highways, the hedges are crowded with the messengers of the Master. And this spiritual cn-

thusiasm reaches to every recess of man's nature and want. It aims, far off, at the soul's ultimate beatitude; but, like Jesus Himself, it stoops to wash a weary disciple's feet before it leads him to the presence of the higher mysteries. It buys a close in the roaring city, that man may have a healthful and comfortable home. It wanders where the wicked are, that the sinner may be rescued. It forces its way into the prison cells, that the guilty may be led to repentance and faith. It faces the infection of hospitals, that a gentle hand may wipe a fevered brow and a tender heart may speak with consolation to the dying. It is met in the house of the poor; it invades with faithful care the mansions of the rich. It seizes the printingoffice and the press, and scatters to every land the thoughts, the zeal, and the affection of the bravest and the best. It stands in ten thousand pulpits to speak boldly of a God that still walks in the midst of His garden, and to call men from sorrow and disappointment and death to a life of noble deeds and a home of immortal joy.

God indeed fulfils Himself in many ways; and it is our purpose now to speak of some of these, and to tell somewhat of that varied ministry by which He tends His own. First, then, we take

THE PASTOR.

THE young soldier entering upon his first campaign has excited scarcely half as much romance as the poor pastor striving in an every-day world to keep and to feed his flock. Successful literature, the truest test of a country's feeling, has celebrated him in novel and in poem. A ribald generation thrus; him upon the stage; and history has at times been as deeply concerned with him as it has with parliaments and kings. If he were consulted upon his own character, he would own that he has neither deserved the jest, nor altogether merited the praise: and if he were wise, he would learn from both that he is regarded rather in the ideal of what he ought to be, than the reality of what he is. He would perceive, moreover, the influence he possesses over men's minds, the vantage-ground he holds, and the opportunity he enjoys of working for their good. For the popular conception is far removed from the common truth. When we speak of the Pastor, we fancy at once an English village half-hid among the chestnuts and sycamores, and a little parish around it filled with honest swains or sturdy yeomanry. At one end of the village is a gate, and thence stretches an avenue, over-arched with limes, and winding to a cosy parsonage, ablaze with climbing roses and bright with an ever-clinging sunshine. And the clergyman is always a man of middle years; his bair has just turned grey, or is

silvering into venerable white, though he has not lost as yet the vigour and the energy of youth. He is not given, however, to violent exercise. His steps, if sometimes quick, ought not to be often so. He is never seen to leap a fence: and if he rides, he ought not, like Butler, to be always going fast, but at a pace both slow and solemn. He knows every one; he loves every one; he talks to every one; every one meets him with a smile and a touch of the hat. If he chides, it is with affection: if he warns, it is with gentlest accents. He is the universal adviser. He is supposed to be familiar with every point of law, and to be omniscient in discovering employment and in making openings for young and old. In times of trouble he is sought the first. In sickness he is sent for as soon as the doctor: and his presence presents comfort to the mourner, hope to the despondent, and heaven to the dying. Such is he to us, as was to the imagination of Goldsmith the meek and holy minister of Auburn.

Put alongside of this the weary soul-sick pastor of the city, or the facts-hard and stern-of a pastor's life in the country. Take the warmhearted youth who leaves the halls of his college to minister among miners, or even amongst the tillers of the sunny fields. "I would not ask a better test of a preacher," said an excellent critic, "than the power of keeping awake on a Sunday afternoon a congregation of farm labourers." And the drowsiness at four o'clock on Sunday is but the index to habitual sleep of soul throughout the week. Where mind only touches mind to fly away again, where thought never cuts into thought, where books are few and seldom read, where life is a routine, and work but an operation of the hands, it is hard to rouse the spirit to contemplate the fatefulness of the future, or to resolve for a strong and resolute fight against present sin. The people are not very bad; they have not sunk into the gross iniquity of the town; their failings often present some show of virtue, and the pastor often cries out, in desperate echoes of his Master's voice, "I would you were either cold or hot." It happens sometimes indeed that a dull vice becomes the master of a There is no natural excitement, and a craving arises for artificial excitement. The mind longs for some ecstasy; and, trying to create it, gradually sinks into a net of habits from which no human power can drag it. And the pastor, noting this, feels like Ezekiel standing amid the whitened skeletons of the valley, or like Jeremiah calling aloud to men who refuse to hear.

Golden hopes come to him now and then. God seems to step in to vindicate his servant. Calamity, loss, sickness, death visit the house. Are they not messengers, angels, from the Holy One? The man of God is there, confirming their message, and I have seen the strong tremble and blanch with fear at the thought of meeting the Judge. Loud

and bitter then is the penitence, loud and earnest and strong the promises of reformation and a holy life, and the pastor goes home to thank his Father that one soul is on the narrow way. Then, as the angel with naked sword was commanded to stay his flight over the devoted city, so the silent-stepping angel of death is forbidden to strike the dying. God, it seems, is about to raise him up and make him a mark and monument of grace. What an argument he would be for the minister, what active help in leading others to Christ!

Ay, but the sorrow's crown of sorrow falls, for temptation comes again. Quoting Scripture, perhaps, as his wont is, the devil opens a new attack. Like the fabled bird of the East which with its wings fans the resting traveller asleep, in order to prey upon his heart, the adversary whispers peace and safety, only to allure to carelessness and sin. And the saddest disappointment of all is a soul that was just entering into

life and then turns and flees.

Or take the city parson. Follow Dr. Guthrie into the garrets of Edinburgh, and listen as he talks to the Irish exile upon the way to cook potatoes, and finds thus a way to his heart. Go with the chivalrous Irving up the weary stairs of Glasgow, and hear the rude repulse he meets with from the cobbler, and see the skill with which he seeks an opening for better things by discussing the qualities and the preparation of various kinds of leather. The country parson always meets with a welcome, the city parson may often look for insults. Yet I have met with as true courtesy amongst the haunts of thieves as I have in any house of wealth and culture; and one feels that if the door is shut in his face at No. 4, a pleasant smile awaits him at No. 5. After all, the poetry and romance of the pastor's life are to be met with in the large cities. Nearly every rural parish contains some eccentric individual, but eccentricity of all kinds seems to be crystallised, and even produced in our towns. Human life assumes there very distinct individuality. Ingenuity does its utmost to make ends meet, to hide poverty, to escape detection of crime, or to make life happy with as little labour as may be. To-day, perhaps, you meet a father weeping for a dead daughter, and begging for five shillings to help him to bury her; and if you ask his address and go to it, you find that no such person ever lived there, and no one there has been sick or is dead. Next day you find a whole family of children lying in bed till their clothes are washed; or a pair of brothers with one suit between them, and one stays in bed while the other gets his turn at making matches or selling newspapers. You discover a wonderful fitness of the means to the end in a blind man living in a room without a window; or a proof of the "compressibility" of our nature in a whole family

of eight or nine existing in one room that measures but as many feet square. Some time ago a school-master wrote an account of his recreation and amusements when he stumbled upon an unintended joke or humorous blunder in the work of his boys; and the toiler up long and broken flights of stairs, pressing from room to room through grim and filthy courts and lanes, meets the humorous side of his work in cases such as these.

But above all such he has a better reward. It is often in the unexpected and unlikely places that the purest piety lingers. Turn down this close with me. Here in this corner house, back in this hindmost room, upon that bed, cold and comfortless this drizzling November night, lies a woman dying. Look at her arms: bone and a bag of skin; for two days ago she lay down after her day's work in the mill. She had worked till her feet would support her no longer; and she had none to help her and no friend to comfort her. Her brothers are dead, her last sister died three years ago, and she —worn out and jaded into death—is dying too. But she does not complain, and she speaks of death with a smile, as if she loved the prospect of going. Jesus Christ, she says, is very dear to her, and she loves to think that she will see Him soon. She is in pain, but He suffered more; she is in want, but He had not where to lay His head; she has no friends, but His friends all forsook Him; and so she waits in peace and contentment and joy until the Master calls.

It is impossible, indeed, to do much in a crowded city parish or district. The popula-tion is always a flitting one. Many of the people have a knack of taking a house by the week, paying nothing at the end of the first week, receiving notice to quit at the end of the second, and then removing to another street at some distance, and doing the same. Thus they escape the paying of rent through a great portion of the year. But, even if all were stationary, what could one man do-or two, or three-among ten thousand souls? The visit of to-day cannot be repeated for nearly a twelvemonth, and then the effect of it has gone. Indeed, the common theory of pastoral work is untrue. We need ten times as many workers, be they ministers or laymen. Every half-dozen alleys or streets ought to have a pair of visitors for themselves. Here is one of woman's fittest fields; and noble-minded ladies may here discover the amplest means of exercising the truest love and the most ingenious

But what shall the pastor do if his parish is filled with the fashionable and wealthy? One of our great modern preachers has written a sermon upon work amongst our equals. How shall we be faithful to those with whom we come into daily contact in the common affairs of life? Some have thought that we ought to leave off from pastoral work among the upper classes. They think it

is either sorry waste of time, or a most unwelcome intrusion into the homes of Englishmen. The fact is, however, that in such districts the pastor's help is as much looked for as it is in poor ones; and if he has but the courage to be true, his efforts will be far more telling. A poor man's soul is as precious to God as a rich man's; but a rich man has more influence than a poor man. Sorrow to the poor man seems to be his destiny; but it comes to the rich man with terrible sharpness. When the pastor speaks to the poor man, it is often thought that he can talk easily, because he has never experienced the power of evil; or be easily good, because he has never been tempted; but when he speaks to the rich man it is known that a common lot is fallen to both, in doubts and temptations, in struggles of passion, and sorrow of soul. Some say, indeed, that they cannot always act the clergyman; but they say this only because they act him at all. Let them be true—true first to themselves and to their God, and little energy will be needed to reprove, rebuke, exhort, where piety is luxurious, and where vice supports itself with pride.

After all, what is the meaning of this pastor's calling? Can we turn men into Christians by knocking at their houses, and talking to them? Can we move them from sins that are dear because they are deadly, or awake them from sleep which is heavy because it has been prolonged? Count up a dozen years of work, and number on your fingers the souls that have been converted under such a ministry. Yes, but even in your corn-fields do you not sow ten grains for every one that bears? Does not every ash-tree shed in the autumn ten thousand seeds, and where are their buddings in the spring? We know all this. And is there not in the trees and the very earth a ministry of God? Does not the soulless earth nourish and protect the seed, and the growing ears? Does not the bee carry with it the pollen from one flower to drop it on another, and create a new growth in the world? Does not the dying foramen lay itself on the bed of the ocean, and, as the centuries pass, build out of their myriads the rocks that will bear another continent? There is a universal ministry in nature, and man refuses to be idle while the cold clay is kind, and the tongueless denizen of the sea is speaking so loud. God has put it in his heart to work-by that mysterious power of tongue, and that greater power of love; and he counts not, for he cannot know, the number he has turned to the Lord, but trusts that the Omnipotent will work the work where he has tried and failed.

And so, weary and with bleeding heart, he turns to his city home, or to the rural parsonage among his sycamores, happy that he is honoured to work with the Lord, and content to leave the issues to Him.

LUCY AND JOHN HUTCHINSON:

A STUDY.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "THE HUGUENOT FAMILY IN THE ENGLISH
VILLAGE," "PAPERS FOR THOUGHTFUL GIRLS," ETC.

PART IV.-IN THE TOWER AND IN SANDOWN CASTLE.



N the godly exercises of a devout life. and the beneficent pursuits of a true philanthropist, which neither outward alarms nor private sorrows could shake to their foundation. another summer and winter passed. Then, while

the signs of the times were becoming always more ominous for such a man with such a charge hanging over him, Lucy records that her husband dreamt one night that he was in a boat on the Thames with certain men, whose ineffectual attempts to land filled him with anger. At last he himself lay down in the boat and pushed it with his breast till it ran quietly ashore at Southwark, where he landed and walked in the loveliest, most sunshiny green fields he had ever beheld, till he met his father, who gave him leaves of laurel with words written on them. Lucy says her husband was never "superstitious of dreams," but this one stuck somewhat in his mind, and then measuring it with the events which happened soon afterwards, she begins, in the quaint mixture of credulity and matter-of-factness together with the hankering after individual experiences approaching to visions, which distinguished the generation, to question whether the dream might not have been inspired. She suggests an interpretation in which the boat figures as the State, the incapable rowers as the several factions who, without either heavenly or worldly wisdom, strove in vain to guide its concerns to a prosperous issue, and John Hutchinson converting his own breast into an oar, "the advancement of the cause, by the patient suffering of the martyrs," among which his own was to be conspicuous; while the other side of the river, with the walks of everlasting pleasure in which he found himself, foreshadowed the eternal shore he was fast approaching. And the laurel-leaves, with the unintelligible characters inscribed on them, given to him by the earthly father he had honoured, indicated those triumphs which he could not read in his mortal estate, but which were kept in store for him by his Heavenly Father.

On the Lord's Day, 11th October, 1663, when Colonel Hutchinson had just finished the expounding of the Epistle to the Romans to his household, and the servants had gone out of the parlour, one of them returned to tell his master that soldiers were come. The news was not very unusual; but in this case it heralded the arrest of Colonel Hutchinson, by an order from the Duke of Buckingham, on suspicion of the old Parliamentary officer's having been accessory to a recent plot. He was carried to Newark before he could ascertain the accusation against him, and he was subjected to such unworthy treatment from his old enemies, and unfounded distrust from his former friends, and to such petty insults from his guard, hard for a gentleman to bear, that he was provoked on one occasion into taking the law into his own hands, snatching up a candlestick, and "laying on" his insolent gaoler Tomson "over the chaps" with it, till the Deputy-Lieutenant, who was in the house, hearing the disturbance, came to ascertain the cause; and, seeing that his prisoner would not brook the treatment he received, showed to him thenceforth a little more consideration and respect. This incident is one of several such scattered through the book. They are indications not merely of the rough manners and ready recourse to blows even on the part of the gentlemen of the time, but of the fact that John Hutchinson, with all his virtues, was a man of hot and hasty temper. I wish to refer to the circumstance here in order to show how simply and frankly Lucy Hutchinson deals with the details which came under her observation. It seems to me, too, the truth that John Hutchinson was naturally a high-spirited sensitive man, indignant at any base advantage taken of him, and impatient of undeserved wrong-brings out in bolder relief his patience and cheerfulness in his captivity.

In the end Colonel Hutchinson was removed to London. He was allowed to travel in his own coach, accompanied by his wife and eldest son and daughter, after he had been permitted to pass a day at Owthorpe while the coach was repairing, and thus he had the opportunity of taking leave of the place he loved so well, of his tenants, and labourers, and weeping younger children. His family consisted then of four sons and four daughters; the elder children were grown up, the younger were mere children—one must have been a baby in its nurse's arms. Lucy says he conforted them, and smiled, and "without any regret went away." When she alludes briefly

to her own exceeding sadness at starting on the woful journey which had been so long foreseen, but was not on that account robbed of its bitterness, it is for the purpose of telling how he encouraged and kindly chid her out of her grief, representing that it would blemish his innocence for her to appear afflicted, assuring her that if she had but patience to wait the end, she would see it all for the best, bidding her be thankful for the mercy that she was permitted the comfort to accompany him in the journey, and "with divers excellent exhortations" he "cheered her who was not wholly abandoned to sorrow while he was with her. He even made himself sport with his guards to deceive [beguile] the way."

Lucy supplies some homely particulars of the clumsy good-nature or guile with which one of the captors sought to make amends for the undue severity and malice which had been shown in the manner of Colonel Hutchinson's arrest and detention. He sent a pot of marmalade, which must have been a luxury in these days, for the Colonel to eat in the coach. The same munificent benefactor, who had condescended to act as a spy on the Owthorpe family, when the prisoner passed his door, came out with refreshments, "and would fain have brought him (Colonel Hutchinson) into the house to eat oysters." But the prisoner only drank the stirrup-cup which common courtesy demanded of him, and bade his would-be entertainer a friendly farewell. "He went on," Lucy adds, with gentle pride, " not guarded as a prisoner, but waited on by his neighbours."

What a contrast between past and present was that return of Lucy Hutchinson-in the character of a careworn wife visiting her imprisoned husband-to those gloomy precincts which had not been able to cast an abiding shadow over her sheltered happy childhood! Did she think to see Patrick Ruthven's wan face, or Raleigh's grey beard, or Sir John Elliot's hollow eyes at their old windows? With what a thrill she must have recognised the significance of the special quarters assigned to Colonel Hutchinson. "His chamber was a room where 't is said the two young princes, King Edward V. and his brother, were murdered in former days, and the room that led to it was a dark great room, that had no window in it, where the portcullis to one of the inward Tower gates was drawn up, and let down, under which there sat every night a court of guard. There is a tradition, that in this room the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey; from which murder, this room and that adjoining it, where Mr. Hutchinson lay, was called the Bloody Tower."

Colonel Hutchinson was not brought to trial; he was kept a close prisoner, under more or less vague charges of conspiracy, which owed their sole importance to his politics and former acts, for which he had years before been voted an exemption from further punishment. He was allowed no means of refuting the idle accusations which were professedly the charge against him. When he had lain in the Tower from November till Candlemas, throughout a

sharp winter season, when his wife could only come to him with toil and inconvenience, while his health—always delicate—was imperilled by his place of imprisonment, and his only exercise-ground being on the high cold leads above his chamber, he sent Lucy to Sir Harry Bennett, Secretary of State, to desire that such persons as had private business with him might have admittance to his presence, complaining with reason of his incapacity to defend himself, and of the injury which was done to his family and his estates so long as lawyers and persons in whom he had trust were strictly prohibited all intercourse with him.

Bennett gave the interested envoy no satisfaction. He dwelt on the misfortunes of Colonel Hutchinson in connection with what he called his crimes. But the Secretary was still more interested in endeavouring to ascertain what reason Lucy had for judging him the chief authority in the case. At last he turned the tables upon her, probably to awe her into submission by the fear that she, too, was in his power. "But," said he, "Mrs. Hutchinson, I have some papers of yours which I would show, not to examine you, but to see whether you will inform me anything of them." She admitted that she had curiosity enough to see anything which passed under her name. He called to his man to bring forth a great bundle of papers called "Examinations taken at Grantham of passages between Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Vane." Then he first bewildered her by showing her writing, which contained the names in cipher of many of her neighbours in Nottinghamshire, besides those of other gentlemen and ladies with whom she was not personally acquainted. She told him she understood nothing at all of that paper, Then he turned down the rest, and showed her a letter beginning, "My dear Amaranta," which she told him she knew not at all. "But," said he "you will not deny your own hand," and at last confounded her a little with what appeared to be a copy of the letter which, in an evil hour, she had written in her husband's name to the Speaker of the House of Commons. She could not comprehend how it had come into Sir Harry Bennett's possession. She told him that she could not absolutely say that was her writing, but it had some resemblance. In the sequel it proved that the only authentic paper had been mixed up with a correspondence between one of Sir Harry Vane's unmarried daughters and another Mrs. Hutchinson, a young gentlewoman, and which had been full of such frivolous intelligence as young people were wont to write to their confidants. Lucy Hutchinson adds indignantly of the silly girlish letters that they were "such as any wise statesman would have believed himself affronted to have brought to him, and not made such politic inquiries, and imprisoned those with whom they were found about so unnecessary matters." Thus ended the characteristic interview between the deeply-injured grave Puritak matron and the plausible light-minded Secretary of State of the Restoration.

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The public feeling stirred up by the Church orators now looked for a judgment on the country on account of the late king's execution, and saw only one means of propitiating an offended God, and turning aside the threatened judgment. Evelyn has this entry in his diary for January 15, 1662 :- "There was a general fast through the whole nation, and now celebrated in London, to avert God's heavy judgments on the land. Great rain had fallen, without any frost or seasonable cold, not only in England, but in Sweden, and the most northern parts; being here was as warm as at midsummer in some years. This solemn fast was held for the House of Commons at St. Margaret's. Dr. Rams, Dean of Windsor, preached on Joshua vii. 12, showing how the neglect of exacting justice on offenders (by which he insinuated such of the old king's murderers as were vet reprieved or in the Tower), was a main cause of God's punishing the land. He brought in that of the Gideonites, as well as Achan and others." Therefore all the time that Colonel Hutchinson lay in the Tower, his friends were haunted by the justifiable apprehension that at any moment, without further investigation or warning, he might be shipped off to some distant plantation or island, from which there could be little hope of his release.

Information reached the family that the Isle of Man-then comparatively remote and desolate-was the destination intended for Colonel Hutchinson; and only Sir Allen Apsley's strenuous efforts, for which his brother-in-law was not altogether grateful, as he desired to stand or fall on his own innocence, prevented the carrying out of the intention. In the meantime the Governor of the Tower, Sir John Robinson, was a different man from Lucy's father, Sir Allen Apsley. He was guilty of brutal abuse of his power. The law formerly required from those in durance the sums necessary for their maintenance, unless the prisoners were in absolute poverty, when some provision was made for their wants. This law, especially in unscrupulous hands, formed a great addition to a prisoner's misfortunes. If he happened to be a man of means, he was often as effectually despoiled of his goods as if they had already been confiscated. If he chanced to be poor, he might be subjected to shameful neglect and privation, even though the king granted him an allowance from his privy purse, or public charity interposed in the prisoner's behalf, from the misappropriation of funds, the selfish inhumanity of the Lieutenant of the Tower, or with the deliberate intention of thus working on the feelings of the prisoner's friends, to induce them to do something for his relief. Sir John Robinson let his poorer prisoners sink into a state of starvation, in which their cries for bread were heard beyond the walls of their chambers. He attempted, through his head gaoler, to extract from men of good rank and estate, like Colonel Hutchinson, express fees for every small favour granted to them; and if the fees were refused, he treated the prisoners with all the rigour in his power, so as to render their hard lines still harder.

John Hutchinson, as might have been expected, resisted this corruption in a Crown official with more gallantry than worldly prudence. He threatened to expose the Lieutenant's misdemeanours, at the risk of making him his mortal enemy. Indeed, the brave gentleman took heart of grace, and believed himself indemnified for his unjust imprisonment by the consideration that it released him from the obligation to remain silent and passive, which a continuance of the indulgence with which he had at first been treated might have laid upon him; and Lucy, "remembering," as she says, "how much she had displeased him in saving him before, submitted now to suffer with him according to his own will."

Lucy was even tempted, when all was over, to suspect that Robinson might have been guilty of practising on the life of his dauntless prisoner, who fell ill to a greater extent than usual about this date. The horrible suspicion—bred on small grounds, in so just and reasonable a woman, doubtless owed its existence largely to the anguish of recalling her hus-

band's wrongs and sufferings.

At last, after nine o'clock one night in the early summer, the gaoler brought Colonel Hutchinson a warrant that he must by the next morning's tide go down to Sandown Castle in Kent. Lucy mentions that the suddenness of the order did not surprise him, "because it was the barbarous custom of the place to send away the prisoners when they had no knowledge nor time to accommodate themselves for the journey"—only the hardship pressed particularly on a sick man.

However, when Sir Henry Wroth, who came with a party of horse to receive the prisoner from the Lieutenant, found Colonel Hutchinson so sick that he could not well ride in the heat of the day, he civilly made a change in the arrangements, and let him remain till the evening, and go by water to Gravesend with a guard of soldiers, in boats hired at his own charge, to meet the horse-guard on the shore. He was thus enabled to inform his friends, and take leave of those of his family who were in town.

The Lieutenant's leave-taking was characteristic. Colonel Hutchinson had one companion in his journey, a fellow-prisoner of humble rank, and of no great desert, who turned round on the drawbridge as they were starting, and told the Lieutenant he would have esteemed it a greater merey if the king had commanded him to be shot to death rather than send him to a distant place to be starved; when the Lieutenant replied, scornfully, "that he went with a charitable man, who would not suffer him to be starved."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the party sailed from the Tower stairs. Lucy and her children had got a boat which followed the other to Gravesend, so also did the poorer prisoner's wife and kinsmen. It must have been a doleful little procession on that Thames which has carried very different human freights on its watery way. But John

Hutchinson, quick to respond to all natural influences, fancied himself the better for the refreshment of the evening air—pure and sweet after the atmosphere of the Tower—and was inclined to welcome the removal from Sir John Robinson's keeping, the stir of life around him, the small taste of freedom. Like the liberal gentleman he was, he made all the company and the guards sup at his charge, before they prepared to lie that night at Gravesend. Early in the morning he and his fellow-prisoner were hurried away on horseback. Sir Allen Apsley had

the only sounds which echo through its crannies. What remains of the castle is in the vicinity of the quaint red town of Deal, where some of the narrow streets show bulging roofs and canopied doorways of considerable antiquity. Even in 1662 Sandown was in a ruinous state, though it was still fortified, and formed one of the chain of castles guarding the chalk cliffs of Kent from foreign invasion. The Deal of that day was of strong Cavalier proclivities, so that Lucy, in the sense of repulsion which the place aroused in her, calls it "the cut-throat town of



"He told her he would read nothing there but his Bible."-p. 222,

secured to Colonel Hutchinson the comfort of his servant's attendance; and young Thomas Hutchinson was allowed to accompany his father still further, to see the eastle to which he was sent; while Lucy returned to town with the rest of the children, to stay there and provide her husband with such necessaries as she should hear he stood in need of.

The Castle of Sandown, which years ago was reduced to its crumbling outer walls, has now sunk well nigh to its foundation-stones. Its site is on the bleak sea-coast of Kent, with drifting sand and coarse sea grass surrounding it, and rough blue bugloss growing on the untrodden threshold. The dreary sough of the east wind and the monotonous beat of the restless waves of the German Ocean, are

Deal." It stood then almost a mile away from the castle. When Colonel Hutchinson was brought to his quarters, he found them totally out of repair, and not even weather-tight. He was forced to hire beds from an inn in Deal, and to have his room glazed. This room, in which Lucy, when she came down to Kent, spent much of her time during these summer months, was a thoroughfare, and had five doors to it. "One of these opened on a platform that had nothing but the bleak air of the sea, which, every tide, washed the foot of the castle walls; which air made the chamber so unwholesome and damp that even in the summer-time the Colonel's hat-case, trunks, and everything of leather would be every day all covered over with mould—wipe them as clean as you could

one morning, by the next they would be mouldy again; and though the walls were four yards thick, yet it rained in through cracks in them, and then one might sweep a peck of saltpetre off them every day, which stood in perpetual sweat upon them." But in this rude lodging, hardly fit for a human tenant, and badly suited to a man of John Hutchinson's delicate constitution, he was fain to be content, and make light of his hardships. The greatest infliction he suffered was from his compulsory association with the man Gregory, "who," Lucy says, with simple greatness of nature, "being a fellow-prisoner, and poor, and the Colonel having no particular retreat, he could not wholly decline his company." At the same time this man was "without any fear of God, or any good, but rather scandalous conversation:" and the Hutchinsons had reason to suspect that he was scantily honest.

Lucy strove by all the interest she could command to procure liberty to be in the castle with her husband. When that was denied, she and her son and cldest daughter repaired to Deal, and took a lodging there, walking every day to the castle to dinner, and back again to Deal at night, "with horrible toil and inconvenience," their diet, or board according to our present mode of speech, being inadequately enough supplied (of course, at the Colonel's charge) by the wife of the captain of the soldiers on guard.

With all its trials, this period of the Hutchinsons' life had many compensations which Lucy had a mournful pleasure in looking back upon. She and her husband and daughter were much together, and formed sufficient society for each other. The Colonel was very cheerful—never more pleasant and contented in his life. "His business and continual study was the Scripture, which the more he conversed in the more it delighted him, insomuch that his wife having brought down some books to entertain him in his solitude, he thanked her, and told her that if he should continue, as long as he lived in prison he would read nothing there but his Bible."

But he was too wise a man to despise the simplest innocent recreation within his reach. "He diverted himself with sorting and shadowing cockle-shells—which his wife and daughter gathered for him—with as much delight as he used to take in the richest agates and onyxes he could compass, with the most artificial engravings, which were things, when he recreated himself from more serious studies, he as much delighted in as any piece of art. But his fancy showed itself so excellent in sorting and dressing those shells that none of us could imitate it, and the cockles began to be admired by several persons that saw them." Poor Lucy! what a sad, fond task must have been the gathering of those cockle-shells for him

whom she judged-and not without some reason-fit to govern a kingdom, and with what tender gravity she insists on his superiority in this trifling accomplishment as in all noble enterprises! "She bore all her own trials joyfully enough for the love of him," she herself states, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would even sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befell him; he would also bid her consider what reason she had to rejoice that the Lord supported him, and how much more intolerable it would have been if the Lord had suffered his spirit to have sunk, or his patience to have been lost under this. One day, when she was weeping, after he had said many things to comfort her, he gave her reasons why she should hope and be assured that this cause would revive, because the interest of God was so much involved in it that he was entitled to it. She told him she did not doubt but the cause would revive, but, said she, "notwithstanding all your resolution, I know this will conquer the weakness of your constitution, and you will die in prison." He replied, "I think I shall not; but if I do, my blood will be so innocent I shall advance the cause more by my death, hasting the vengeance of God upon my unjust enemies, than I could do by all the actions of my life." Another time, when she was telling him she feared they had placed him on the sea-shore but in order to transport him to Tangier, he told her, if they should, God was the same God at Tangier as in Owthorpe. "Prithee," said he, "trust God with me. If He carry me away, He will bring me back again."

When Lucy found that she could not get permanent lodging in the castle, she hired a house in Deal, and prepared to go to Owthorpe to fetch her children. But before she set out, George Hutchinson came down to take her place for the time, and he brought with him an order-obtained by the combined efforts of Sir Allen and Lady Apsley-that Colonel Hutchinson might have leave to walk by the sea-shore, which was so great a satisfaction to him that he thought not his prison now insupportable. It was under the faint gleam of this little comfort that Lucy Hutchinson went away. Yet it was an addition to her anxieties that Sandown Castle was by the sea, since she could not rid herself of the idea that Colonel Hutchinson had been conveyed there in preparation for a longer journey. He did, indeed, take a journey, but it was not that which she had dreaded.

As usual, he cheered her, and though on the morning she left he said, "Now I myself begin to loathe to part with thee," yet he encouraged himself and her, sending his son to escort her, while his brother and daughter remained at Deal. He appeared very well in health, and was either so hopeful of his eventual return to Owthorpe, or so desirous of imparting to her that hope, "that he gave her directions in a paper for planting trees,

^{*}Walking was not one of the exercises which even country ladies of the seventeenth century patronised. When Lucy refers to walking under compulsion, it is always with a strong reference to its difficulty and fatigue. As another instance of the change in habits and opinions, I have only to mention Lucy's extreme aversion to, and dread of the sea air, just recorded.

and many other things belonging to the house and gardens." "You give me," said she, "these orders as if you were to see that place again." "If I do not," said he, "I thank God I can cheerfully forego it; but I will not distrust that God will bring me back again, and therefore I will take care to keep it while I have it." And so the couple who had been so loving and loyal, who had shared so many public triumphs and trials, and home joys and sorrows, parted, without knowing it, on this side of time.

It was on the 3rd of September, a Saturday, that Colonel Hutchinson came back from a walk by the sea-side, shivering with what looked like a touch of ague. He continued more or less ill for some days, but no danger was apprehended, and he was able to pursue his usual studies with his ordinary serenity and hopefulness. He had appointed his wife, when she went away, to send him the Dutch Annotations on the Bible, and she had sent it down with some other things; which he presently caused to be brought him, though he was in bed, and some places in the Epistle to the Romans read, which having heard, "These Annotations," said he, "are short," and then looking over some notes upon that Epistle, which his wife had left in a book she had gathered from him, "I have," said he, "discovered much more of the mystery of truth in that Epistle, and when my wife returns I will make her set it down. For," said he, "I will no more observe their cross humours, but when her children are near, I will have her in my chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms; and then in the winter nights she shall collect several observations I have made of the Epistle since I came into prison."

As his illness increased, a country doctor, settled at Deal, was sent for, and towards the end of the week he apprised George Hutchinson of the growing seriousness of the case, and his distrust of his skill to cope with it, advising him to send for an eminent physician from Canterbury. This second physician, as he came along to Sandown, "inquired of the messenger that fetched him, what kind of person the Colonel was, and how he had lived and been accustomed, and which chamber of the castle he was now lodged in." Which when the man had told him, "he said his journey would be to no purpose, for that chamber had killed him." He also warned George Hutchinson of what might be the end of the illness, while he applied remedies, and sought to procure the sleep which had forsaken the patient.

Of course in those days it was impossible either to summon the absent wife from Nottinghamshire, or even to apprise her in time that her husband lay on his death-bed. Colonel Hutchinson himself, when told of what he already suspected—that his end was approaching—did not think of attempting to do more than send a kind message to his wife. "Let her," he said, "as she is above other women, show herself on this occasion a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women "—in reference to his desire that she

would refrain from excessive mourning for her loss, He had already entrusted the ordering of his place of interment to his wife, though, "so far as his own wishes went, he would lie at Owthorpe." He commanded his daughter to tell the rest of the family that he would have them all guided by their mother's counsels; and he left with his brother the same message to his eldest son. "As for his death, he was ready; the will of the Lord be done. The ground of his hope was Christ, in whom he had unspeakable joy, more than he could express; yet he would have uttered more had not the soreness of his mouth made it difficult for him to speak," He lay all day very sensible and cheerful, filling his old office of comforter to his weeping daughter. "Fie, Bab!" said he, "do you mourn for me as for one without hope? There is hope." He sent a brotherly message to Sir Allen Apsley. At the very last, some spark of his natural liveliness of temperament emitted a momentary flash in a manner not very unusual in the circumstances. He sat up in bed, and told his doctor he would fain know why he fancied him dying, since he felt nothing in himself; his head was well, his heart was well, and he had no pain or sickness anywhere.

The perplexed doctor said he would be glad to find himself deceived, and told George Hutchinson he was surprised, and knew not what to think, to see the dying man so cheerful and undisturbed when his pulse was gone. The doctor even began to speculate on what he cautiously called "some strange working of the spleen," if it were not death, and to counsel sending again for the Canterbury doctor. But as the fresh summons was about to be despatched, another messenger, not to be denied, crossed the threshold. John Hutchinson spoke again, with a different meaning-"It is as I would have it, and is where I would have it," when his mouth became convulsed. Still he retained his consciousness; for on some one mentioning his wife, and adding, "Alas! how will she be surprised!" he fetched a deep sigh, and within a little while departed.

Lucy takes solemn note, "It was observable that the same hour, and the same day of the month, and the same day of the week, that the wicked soldiers fetched him out of his own rest and quiet condition at home, eleven months before, the Lord of Hosts sent His holy angels to fetch him out of their cruel hands up to his everlasting and blessed rest above; this being the Lord's Day, about seven o'clock at night, the eleventh day of September, 1664; that, the same day and hour, the eleventh of October, 1663." At the time of Colonel Hutchinson's death, he was in his forty-ninth and Lucy in her forty-fifth year.

The memoirs end with a brief account of John Hutchinson's funeral. As he had wished, so Lucy ordered it—that, at whatever expense and trouble, he should lie where she might hope to be laid by his side, in the vault at Owthorpe, and that, though he had died a prisoner, he should be buried with the

state becoming his rank and public services. The body was embalmed. The two elder sons and all Colonel Hutchinson's household servants travelled down into Kent with a hearse "tricked with escutcheons, and six horses in mourning, and a mourning-coach and six horses to wait on it." Although the sons had an order for the body from the Secretary of State, the captain at the castle refused to deliver it up to any other person than Mrs. Hutchinson, and the whole cortège was forced to remain, at much cost, in Deal—where Barbara Hutchinson, in her

so cleared the way. But in London itself, though the funeral "passed through Southwark, over the bridge, and through the whole heart of the City, to their lodging in Holborn, in the day-time," not a railing word was said, not an indignity offered; on the contrary, several people were much moved at the spectacle. Little wonder. Not so many years had passed since the battles of Naseby, Marston Moor, and Worcester were fought and won by the brothers-in-arms of the dead prisoner. The old Parliamentary soldier was no longer in the ascendant; but many a



"'Fie, Bab!' said he; 'do you mourn for me as for one without hope?'"-p. 223.

grief for her father, had a dangerous illness—till another order was procured from the Secretary. Lucy is careful to tell that no further slight or insult was offered to the dead throughout the whole course of the long sorrowful journey. Only once (and the incident is very characteristic of the manners of the times), in passing through a town where a fair was being held, in the ribald jesting which was sure to prevail there, the priest of the place came out with his clerk, "in his fool's coat," and professed to offer his services to the mourners. The jesters stopped the hearse, laying hold of the horses. The escort shook off the assailants. The rabble rout of the fair took part with their townsmen, and set upon the strange horsemen, who, in their turn, broke a few heads, and

stout veteran, bearing glorious sears, survived to gaze his fill ruefully at the funeral of Colonel Hutchinson of Nottingham Castle.

Somewhat as the corpse of a prince might have been borne through the land, the mortal remains of John Hutchinson were taken northwards, "very seriously bewailed all the way he came along, by all those who had been better acquainted with his worth than the strangers among whom he died." He was brought home with honour by his own people to his own house of Owthorpe, and to her to whom his very dust was dear, that he might sleep in the grave of his fathers.

All clear record of Lucy Hutchinson perishes with her husband, so that her own tender devoted words

are in a measure fulfilled. "All that she was, was in him while he was here; and all that she is now, at last, but his pale shadow." We do know that she obeyed what she judged was his "command, not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women," but sought to assuage her sorrow, "and, if it were possible, to augment her love," by raising to his memory one of the noblest monuments that the love of woman ever accomplished for her mate. She fulfilled her task. She preserved John Hutchinson's example for his children's use, and handed it down as a grand heritage to the latest generation of his countrymen. But this is very nearly all that we know of the widow. In the comparative poverty in which she found herself, she and her eldest son were compelled to sell the estate of Owthorpe to Colonel Hutchinson's half-brother Charles, who having forsaken the politics of his family and allied himself with powerful Royalists, was now on the winning side socially, and in prosperous circumstances.

Of Luey's four sons, only the youngest, a little child at the date of his father's death, left children. These were sons, who, in the destitution into which the family had fallen, were indebted to the friendly assistance of their cousin Julius, son of Charles Hutchinson of Owthorpe, for the means to emigrate.*

One of these last male descendants of John Hutchin-

* The family of George Hutchinson had died out in the second generation.

son sailed for the West Indies or America, where he settled, and had sons and daughters. In them the direct male line of Colonel Hutchinson was understood to survive, and these far-away great-grandchildren were said to cherish much veneration for the memory of their ancestor. According to another tradition, the remaining grandson of John Hutchinson was less fortunate in his enterprise. He went out in command of a ship of war, given by Queen Anne to the Czar Peter, and was lost at sea.

It is not even recorded whether Lucy is buried near her husband or elsewhere. It seems almost certain that she continued poor in worldly estate, both from the difficulties in which her grandsons were placed, and from some words in the dedication of her book to her daughter—in which, with the formal and dignified humility in keeping with the style of the day, and with the nature of the woman, she asks her daughter not to despise her advice though she sees her in adversity. The sentence may point two ways, and infer at once the poverty of Lucy and the greater prosperity of her daughter.

John and Lucy Hutchinson, with their children after them, suffered for the cause which they held to be that of God and man. Yet better than houses, or lands, or the founding of a powerful family, was the Christian and patriotic fame which they left, not to sons and daughters alone, but to their country and to the world.

POEMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

III.-"NUNC DIMITTIS" (St. Luke ii. 28-32).



HE Third Evangelist supplies us with a beautiful historical framework for this song of the New Testament. "When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, His name was called Jesus." The circumcision is followed by a rite which

brought together two things—the child's ransom and the mother's humble sacrifice.

The little group is advancing to the Temple. "And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon." * His character is described in a few pregnant words. As regards his relation to the spirit of the law, he was "just." In relation to God, he possessed that careful reverential spirit which is ever cautious not to offend. His heart was not wanting in that attitude of sweet expectation—that flower-like unfolding to the dews of promise—characteristic of true holiness under the elder dispensation; he waited in hushed expectancy for the "consolation of Israel." And

that consolution implies a Consoler. Such influence of the Spirit was upon him as was yet vouchsafed under the first covenant. There appears to be no good reason for the inveterate tradition that Simeon was a priest. In degenerate churches, which have lost their first love, whose dogmas become petrified, whose ritual is of cast iron, and its theology a metallic scholasticism, the spirit of life leaves these things, and seeks a heart of flesh. It works outside the official ministry. So may it have been with Simeon. To this man God's will stood revealed in a way which St. Luke describes with a sweet and subtle antithesis. "It was revealed unto him that he should not see death before he had seen the Anointed of the Lord.* Just as the Virgin and child were comingup, Simeon "came in the Spirit into the Temple-courts." God directs the path of His faithful servants, that good may meet them upon the way. We go here and there, and, at times, seem to ourselves as if we were floating half at random. But there is a guiding purpose. David's words, if in them there is something of a royal or dynastic truth, are also

* St. Luke ii. 25.

* St. Luke ii. 26.

true for all God's servants—" My times are in Thy hand." Then the Evangelist tells us, with simple emphasis, "and he himself also received Him into his arms."

Those who have read the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus will remember the glorious beauty of its opening. A sentinel is placed to watch, year after year, for the beacon-blaze, the appointed signal to announce the taking of Troy. At last it is lighted up; on many a hill the withered heath flares up to pass on the tidings; from many a promontory the fire rises in a pillar, and is reflected tremulously upon the broad backs of the ridging waves. At last it is lighted upon the near mountains, and recognised as "the genuine offspring of the Idean flame." And then the weary sentinel may be relieved. Even so is it with Simeon. He is a sentinel whom God has set to watch for the Light. He has seen it, and feels that he may and must soon go home. His sentinel-song rises—

Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart, O Master, According to Thy word, in peace.*

II. The Nunc Dimittis may supply us with useful lessons.

1. Its position in the service of our Reformed Church is an indication of honour paid to the written word. The New Testament is exalted by the appointment of the Song of Simeon to be used after the second lesson from Scripture at

evening service.

The New Testament is full of Jesus. The Church has been rent with disputes about the nature of His presence in the sacrament of His love. Every Christian knows that there is a presence also in the Word of His truth. More especially, the thought, the breath, the very heart of Christ may be felt in the Gospels. When we read or hear them, we embrace Him as Simeon did. We cease to be critics when, with the aged saint, we hold Him in our arms. And this is true also of the Epistles. As it has been said, quaintly and profoundly, "the Gospels supply the wool, the Epistles spin the cloth." † When the single voice of the reader ceases with the close of the lesson from the New Testament, the people burst out into the joyful strain in which they proclaim, each one, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

2. More broadly, the *Nunc Dimittis* is also a *Missionary* strain. It is fittingly recorded by St. Luke, the *Pauline* Evangelist, who was as truly the Evangelist, as St. Paul was the Apostle,

of the Gentiles.

Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation,

Which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people;
A light for unveiling of Gentiles and glory of Thy people
Israel.":

The second line of this triplet is followed by a third, which is a fine specimen of one form of the Hebraistic "thought-rhyme"—the "accessional parallelism,"* as scholars have termed it. Instead of intricate and intervolved rings of rhythmic syllabic quantity or sound, we have analogous rings of rhythmic thought. Thus—

Line 2— Which Thou hast (1) prepared."

Before the face of all people (2).

But in line 3-

A light for unveiling (1 a) of Gentiles (2 a), and glory (1 b) of Thy people (2 b) Israel.

It will be seen that we have here, for the "preparation before the face," in the first line (1), "a light for unveiling" (1a) in the third line, which is an advance upon it; and "glory" (1b), which is a yet further advance. So "all people," in the same line (2) becomes "Gentiles" (2a), and "Thy people, Israel" (2b). It will be seen that the form of articulating "all the people," gives emphasis to their division into two classes †-to the long "dualism" of history and prophecy, from Genesis to the Apocalypse. This, it may be, was typified in one incident of Gideon's life, t in that narrative which "ennobles and beautifies" all it touches. Ancient Christian writers delighted to read in this a type of the great dualism of history. Dew is the fixed Scriptural symbol of God's favour and benediction. Of this Israel was full when all was dry; but the dew which at first fell exclusively on the fleece, afterwards fell exclusively on the floor.§ In Simeon's song we have the history of the ages in one short sentence, in three pregnant clauses, at once original, concise, and oracular. To

* Parallelismus cum accessione.

(1) Which Thou hast prepared before the face (2) Of all people that on earth do dwell; (1) A revelation bringing light, and grace (2) To the Gentiles o'er the sea's far swell, (1) A glory and a grandeur to the race (2) Of Thy chosen people Israel.

‡ Judges vi. 36-40.

 $^{^{\}ast}$ These words are, in the original, strikingly reserved for the close (v. 29).

 $[\]dagger$ Substituting our sound-rhymc for the Hebraic thought-rhyme, this may be more clearly shown by the following arrangement :—

[§] So Augustine. He, and other fathers elsewhere, sec in this beautiful incident a lesson about Scripture. The Old Testament is full of grace and spiritual blessing. Christ and His Spirit are in the fleece of the Old Testament. These are the dews which the believer's hand is to wring out of the Hebrew fleece. To how many is their Bible a dry fleece!—Ewald supposes that the incident, in its primary intention, was a lesson to Gideon, in that symbolical shape which Eastern imagination interprets so subtly. A true leader of men should be full of concentrated enthusiasm when all around are languid and discouraged—calm and cool, on the contrary, when the masses by whom he is surrounded are steeped and saturated with the spirit of daring. (Ewald, "History of Israel," vol. iv.)

the Gentiles, Messiah is ever giving "light;" to the Jews, He is ever bringing "glory."

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3. This canticle has a tone which is peculiarly suitable to the evening, and may profitably be applied in this spirit by believers of every There is one day which has been more fully chronicled than any other in the Bible, the day when David halted, after Shimei's curses, and the king and all the people rested, weary and heart-sick. The next morning "David arose, and all the people that were with him: by the morning light there lacked not one of them that was not gone over Jordan." To that night, in all probability, belongs the 4th, to that morning "I will both lay me down in the 3rd Psalm. peace and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." The Nunc Dimittis almost bears the same relation to the New Testament as the 4th Psalm bears to the Old Testament. It is as if it were written for the evening. It is a soothing voice which sings for those who have had a long day's work. It fits into the golden melancholy of the sunset time, or the later hours, when the lamps are lighted in the sanc-It is as a prayer with which a mother taught us to lie down in our beds,

4. The Nunc Dimittis has always seemed suitable as a prayer for a holy death. In some of the old services there was a touching way of referring Simeon's song to our departure, and to the thought of those who rest in peace. When it was sung in "Holy Week," just at its close the choir burst out into the funeral anthem-"In the midst of life we are in death." Old writers have loved to show reasons why this canticle is placed in the evening service. It is placed there, they tell us, to warn all of us, and especially those who are peculiarly bound to repeat the words, to think of death, and "live each day as if the last." This thought is capable of a broader, less ecclesiastical, and more spiritual ap-The Song of Simeon, thought over with prayer, may lead us to exclaim with Paul, "I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ." Simeon's holy soul can find no home and rest on the water-floods of life; it desires to return into the ark with the olive-branch of peace. any wish to depart in peace like Simeon, let him come in the guidance of the Spirit to the Temple. Let him expect Christ. Let him receive his Saviour into his arms of faith, and cradle Him upon a heart of love. Then he shall depart from earth, so as to receive the fulness of the promise, "If a man keep My saying, he shall never see death." *-never, for he shall have seen Him who is the Life. †

The Nunc Dimittis has its sequel. Who can

tell what far-off shadows of the cross and thorny crown, what presages of anguish, passed, for Simeon's gifted eye, over the infant's gentle face and form? "And his father and mother were ever wondering, with a wonder which reposed upon the things which were being spoken of Him. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary His mother, Behold, this child is set for a fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign ever being spoken against. Ay, and of thy very self, a sharp-edged sword shall run through thy soul, that the thoughts issuing out of many hearts may be unveiled." (St. Luke ii. 34, 35.)

But let us close with one blessed thought, one meditation upon the *Nunc Dimittis*. The Old Testament often takes a dark view of death. The writer shudders as he writes. The last words of the great Italian poet, Leopardi, were, "I cannot see you any longer," with a deep sigh. The last words of the sceptical Hamlet are—"the rest is silence." The only Psalm which, in a like spirit, ends as it began, with gloom, is the 88th—

Lover and friend hast Thou removed from me; My intimates are—Darkness.*

In such passages as these death is viewed as it is for us all, naturally. But Simeon seems to stand for a gentle picture of the Law—wearied with life-long effort, worn out with age, ready to embrace the Gospel, and so "depart in peace." It is of profound and soothing significance that one, who may be almost termed "the last Old Testament saint," finds death sweet. For him the promise of the Psalmist is fulfilled.

This God is our God for ever and ever;
He is our guide, gently leading us over death.

For narrow though the bridge seems to be that spans the chasm, it is yet broad and strong for those who are thus guided. That bridge is the Cross of Christ.

 Let us remember, however, that there is one interspace of light between the two tracts of darkness in the 88th Psalm—

For the dead wilt Thou work any wonder?

Shall those great awful shadows of old
Rise and praise Thee? To those who are under
The grave shall Thy mercy be told?
Thy truth, which is strong to confide on,
Is it known where the dead waste away?
Is Thy wonder of wonders relied on,
In the darkness for ever and aye?
Is Thy righteousness known in the land
Of forgetfulness?—I unto Thee
Have cried, O my Lord! and in love
My prayer shall go forward to meet Thee
When the music is breaking above.

Psalm lxxxviii. 10-13,
See "Witness of the Psalms," p. 115.

† Al-mooth-up to and over death (Ps. xlviii, 14).

^{*} St. John viii. 51. † See Dean Comber-" The Temple."

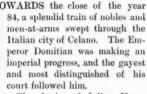
@ God, our Bely.



The small notes at the end of each of the first three lines are for the accompaniment.

VARUS THE PATRICIAN.

BY CRONA TEMPLE, AUTHOR OF "ROYAL CAPTIVES," ETC.



The chariot of Julius Varus lingered in the market-place behind the rest; a part of the gilded harness had given way, and a leather-cutter had been called from his work-shop to repair the damage. The charioteer, a young German slave, stood sulkily at the horses' heads; his master had reproved him sharply, as though it had been fault of his that the plunging of the mettlesome steeds had snapped the strap. The German bitterly but silently resented the injustice of the rebuke—silence is the first lesson of slavery.

Varus himself sat idly watching the crowds that had gathered to see the Emperor pass. He scanned the people with a haughty indifferent air, for were they not plebeians, common peasant-folk, and was he not of the noblest blood in Rome? A handsome man he was, not yet thirty, with flashing black eyes, and an air of commanding dignity and grace. The horses drawing his chariot were of the innest and fleetest Eastern breed; the shawl that was crushed beneath his elbow was woven cunningly with gold and silver threads; the raiment of his very slave was costly enough for a prince's wear. It was easy to see that Varus was high amongst the great ones of the earth.

Presently his eye fell upon a group standing close to the door of the market-hall—slaves they were, evidently, brought there for sale, and for the while forgotten as the Emperor went by. There were four of them—an old man, with long grey locks and saddened haggard eyes; two women, mere girls seemingly, whose faces were turned away, half hidden in the tangle of their hair; and a young man, tall, and straight, and strong, who stood with head thrown back, and a soft waiting look upon his face, a mingling of firmness with sorrow, of courage with gentleness, which was wonderful to see.

That look struck Varus, and he beckened with his hand for the young man to be brought to him.

He noticed the heavy chain which linked his wrists, and looking down he saw that there were also irons upon his ankles. "Is he a runaway, then?" he asked.

"Noble Varus," said the soldier in charge of the captives, "he is but just condemned to be sold, and he is strong, as one may see, and young blood is warm, and——"

"And so you thought to put him beyond the temptation of trying to escape, eh?" laughed the patrician. "But tell me," he said, turning to the captive, "what is thy name, and what thy crime that this fate has overtaken thee?"

The careless tone brought a flush to the young man's brow—evidently he was not used to be treated with such contemptuous indifference—but his voice was mild as he answered, "My name is Marcus, and I am a Christian."

Varus raised himself from his cushions, and looked eagerly at the calm face before him; his indifference was gone now.

"Ha! I have heard of you Christians, followers of the Jewish God, who feed upon children's flesh in your nightly worship, and call yourselves by the name of one who was executed for sedition and riotous behaviour. Why do ye persist in your guilty impiety? Our Emperor Domitian is as determined to root you from the land as was Nero."

"Nero threw Christians to the beasts in the shows," said the captive, in low dreamy tones; "he wrapped them in cloths dipped in pitch, and set their burning bodies to give light to his palace gardens."

"Man, how canst thou name these things!" cried Varus, in surprise; "dost thou not remember that what has been done under one Emperor may be done under another? that thou and thy friends may in turn feel these pains of which thou speakest so calmily?"

"Yes, I remember; but I can bear these," and he touched his chains, "I can bear these, and I know that my Master will help me to bear worse things—if worse there be."

"Thy master?" and Varus glanced around to see if any one was standing near who might have been the purchaser of this strong-limbed Christian.

"Yes!" said Marcus, and his voice was no longer dreamy, but clear as a bell; "my Master, whose steps I follow, although they lead to the valley of the shadow of death."

"Who is he?" Varus asked, wondering at the glow and energy marking words which sounded strange in his ears—" who is he?"

The captive glanced to the blue sky stretching its stainless glory above them, then his eye met that of Varus as he answered, "He is Christ, whom the Jews crucified." Varus sank back in his chariot with an exclamation of impatience. "You fellows are all mad. I had heard it often, I see it now. A curious choice, to make a God out of a common criminal! a curious master, whose service has such wages as these chains!"

He turned impatiently to the workmen, who had nearly completed their mending of the leathern strap. He felt vexed at himself for having wasted thought and words over people as senseless as these.

The captive stepped away, and the soldier's grasp tightened on his shoulder, but the next instant he had turned again, and held out his manacled hands

towards Varus, pleadingly.

"Sir," he cried, "would you turn back from following your Emperor because a hilly road, robbers, and untold dangers lay between you and yon glittering company? And shall I cease to step in my Lord's footsteps because life is bitter and death is hard?"

Had Varus heard him?

Seemingly not, for the proud head was not lifted, and the cold face gave no responsive sign. The soldier led the captive back to the sorrowful group at the threshold of the market - hall, the leathercutters finished their work, and presently the horses were bearing their owner swiftly away after the Emperor. The glisten of the spears, and the tossing of the imperial standards made brave show amongst the vines upon the hill-side; and Varus could see the gleam of the gilded helmets worn by the guard surrounding Domitian. In half an hour at most Varus would have overtaken his friends. dangers could lie between him and that green hillside? That wrong-headed lad had made a bad comparison when he talked of following the Emperor and of following the crucified Jew, dead and buried full fifty years since.

But foolish as Varus deemed the words, they rang in his ears in spite of himself; and long after he had joined his gay companions he found his thoughts dwelling upon the changing face and the simple

speech of Marcus the Christian.

Varus was like most of the Roman nobility of that day. His education had taught him that the stories of Jupiter and Juno, of Vulcan and Hercules, and all the other gods and goddesses of the Pagan worship of his forefathers, were mere fables—something worse than folly. But what was there in the place of this tissue of impure lies?

Nothing, if it were not a dim notion of virtue, a notion too vague and unreal to win back an erring man, and too hard and exacting for an honest man to fulfil. Therefore, as a natural consequence, Varus, and many such as he, were living to eat and to drink and to obtain what their souls desired—living to enjoy what good they might before death came to sweep them into the unknown.

"Without God in the world." Surely they are the saddest, gloomiest words in all the Scripture.

Julius Varus, the admired, the envied friend of the Emperor, became strangely restless from about the time of that journey through Celano. His companions noticed it, and laughed at him, asking if he had found his fate in the dark eyes of some scornful beauty? or if his creditors were beginning to demand payment for all the fine things which he bought so recklessly? Varus laughed too, and tried to shake off the gloom which oppressed him; but the question which was ever present to his mind would not be thrust aside. It was this, "If there be life after death, what will become of me?"

For him there were no footsteps to follow. His gods existed only in the poetry of days gone by; no man could do as they did, nor should wish to follow them. Great men who had chosen the paths of wisdom and virtue had yet left sad records behind them of unsatisfied longings and unexplained mysteries; Varus could not be as they had been. Mighty men of war had found glory but not happiness; even Cæsar himself had died with a pang at his heart, as wretched as a murdered slave, although he was the lord of Rome.

Around him he could see none whose lot he should choose. Life was disappointment. Death was a thought full of such terrible chances that he shrank from it with a dread which annoyed him to feel. Was he becoming like a silly woman or a child?

That slave lad at Celano—he could think, and could feel too; he was no untaught clod without brains or heart. Well did Varus remember the deep thoughtful eye, and the changing colour of the tremulous yet glorious face. Marcus "the Christian" was formed to taste life's best joys, yet he had chosen slavery and probable death for the sake of his "Master," and that Master one whom he had never

"I must learn more of this Christ of Jerusalem," said Varus to himself. "He must have been a strange being for his name to have such power still, now that more than two-score years have passed since he was crucified. And that lad spoke as though he were living yet, and could actually help him to bear those chains. It is wonderful."

Now and then, whenever he could find opportunity, Varus inquired about the Jews and their mystic religion, and about Christ, the great Leader and Teacher, who had made such a noise in the world. He was not long in discovering that the Jews themselves were the bitterest enemies of the Christians: this Christ, they held, was an impostor, an unrighteous claimant of the kingdom of Palestine; a son of David truly, but not the great one whom they yet expected to come to establish again the throne of David with a splendour which should dazzle the earth.

"I am a fool to trouble myself about these people and their quarrels," he said, bitterly, when he had heard hard things spoken by Jewish lips of Christ and the Christians. "Why should I care? Why cannot I enjoy to-day and be content?"

But again the unwelcome question came, "And afterwards? What is before me if there is a life beyond death?"

He was walking one evening in the fading twilight, thinking deeply. He was upon the Pincian Hill, and around him lay the beauty and glory of Rome. Tall temples reared their marble heads, graceful columns threw deep shadows—the splash of water could be heard from Nero's fountain close by, and the hum of the great city sounded like seas breaking upon the shore. The hour was very fair, and the peaceful influence of the scene made itself felt in the soul of Varus.

Presently he turned. The sound of an angry voice broke the spell, and the next moment he could perceive two men advancing hastily. One wore the flowing robe of a Roman noble, the other the scanty raiment of a slave. The nobleman seemed hoarse with passion; he was driving the slave before him, urging him on with violent words and sharp blows from the cane he carried. Varus moved away; he felt vexed to have his reverie broken in upon thus rudely. He cast one contemptuous glance at the pair, and walked in another direction.

But the noise ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The Patrician stumbled, tottered, and fell heavily to the ground, with a groan which made Varus turn again and run to his aid.

The slave stood over him, and in the dim light Varus fancied that he must have struck his master down; but before the young Roman reached the spot he saw his mistake. The slave knelt now beside the prostrate man, raised his head, and chafed his hands; then he ran to the fountain for water, and dashed it over his temples with gentle care.

"He is often so," he muttered to Varus. "It is the falling sickness; he will be better presently."

"It was his anger, then, that overcome him?" said Varus.

"Yes. I had lost his tablets which he gave me to carry."

Something in the voice sounded familiar to Varus. He looked for the first time in the slave's face. It was Marcus.

"Is he a hard master to you?" he asked.

"Yes," was the simple answer; and Varus could see the dark marks beneath the clear brown skin which told plainly enough where those blows of the cane had fallen.

"And yet you tend him thus!"

Marcus did not reply; he poured more water into the hollow of his hand, and sprinkled the cooling drops over the insensible face. Varus stared at him curiously.

"I remember you," he said, at last. "You are the Christian of Celano. Have you repented yet that you chose to follow the Jewish malefactor?"

The words were hard and brutal, but it was not the habit of Roman noblemen to think of the feelings of a slave. Marcus raised his head, and looked at Varus with the frank glance of an equal, and said, simply"My Lord lived that He might teach men how to live; and—being God—He died to atone for the sins of men. You have heard but little of Him, or of His words."

"That last saying of yours is true at least," Varus answered, carrying on the conversation almost in spite of himself.

"And the rest is true, true, true as that star above us," said the slave, pointing to the throbbing point of light which hung in the depths of the purple sky. "Sir, you will know the truth one day!"

The energy of his words startled Varus. He looked down at the group—on the man lying there, distorted by the demon of epilepsy, and on the bending figure of the slave, with the speaking face upturned, and the strong hands succouring the master who had used him cruelly.

"Meet me here," he said, "to-morrow, if thou canst; here, and at this hour."

And then he strode away.

Not once, but many times, did Varus meet the Christian slave in the deep shadows of the Pincian Hill. He heard from his lips the story which was then new music to the world—love, truth, purity, self-forgetfulness—the Good News which the Saviour had lived and died to tell. Pardon for sins past, strength for coming trials, rest for the weary and heavy-laden, joy for the sick and sorrowful.

And Julius Varus heard, and believed. His unsatisfied heart had found its ideal at last—a goodness and a nobleness above that of men.

It came upon him slowly; for the pride of his old nature, the habits and prejudices of generations hung round him, and fought hard to keep out the Light. But it dawned upon him at last—a ray of that Light which was kindled to enlighten "every man."

"What has been done under one Emperor may yet be done beneath the rule of another," were his words when speaking of the persecutions of the Christians under Nero.

And those words came true.

Again, under Domitian the fierce fury of hate burst forth, and hundreds sealed their faith in Christ by enduring torture, shame, and death. Happy were they who earned their martyr-crown quickly, without having to endure the lingering pain which, all too often, came before.

We may marvel now, in these easy days of calm and peace, how it were possible for weak human flesh and frail women's strength to bear the agony of which we read, and we shudder as we close the page. Perhaps we do not enough remember that the echo of the Saviour's words had scarce died upon the world—"The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you... Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." And at the very time of Domitian's cruel work of blood and death, the aged St. John was writing his sweet words of loving hope. The faith

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of Christ was no faint opinion then, but a "well of water springing up into life eternal."

In the trampled sawdust of the arena, Marcus met his life-blood. But a few moments more and he

heard the shouting voices gloating over his pain, he scarcely felt the wild beasts' fangs that sought his life-blood. But a few moments more and he



"Sir, you will know the truth one day."-p. 231.

his fate, and by his side, beneath the sneering mocking eyes of former friends and comrades, stood Varus the Roman patrician.

His eyes were filled with eager light; he scarcely

should see the Master whom he had learned to love; he should behold Him whom he rejoiced to follow even through the dark valley of death. He had found the truth, and the truth had made him free!

TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

LAD walks out 'neath the June's blue dome

With a parched and feverous heart;

He longs to break from his quiet home,
And bear in the world his part;

For his soul is elate with a purpose great,
And his courage is strong and true;
And it seems so hard, so hard to wait

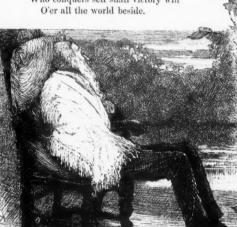
While the work is there to do.

In the hot forefront of the battle of life
He has sworn a crown to win—

Oh, when will the trumpet sound for strife,
And the fierce wild work begin?

Ah, boy, within must the fight begin,
Tame first thy restless pride;

Who conquers self shall victory win



man is pacing his room by night, A warrior stern and strong, Who has dared to fight for the down-trod right Against the purpled wrong. But the ancient lie sits throned high, And the truth is overborne; And the only meed his blood may buy Is hunger and hate and scorn; and the noble rage that his soul has stirred No longer will be dumb, And he cries, in the anguish of hope deferred, Oh, when will the triumph come?" Ah, man, within must the fight begin, Tame first thy restless pride; Who conquers self shall victory win O'er all the world beside.

In the last fierce flush of the western skies,
In the glare of the dying day,
An old man lies, with filmy eyes,
Breathing his soul away.

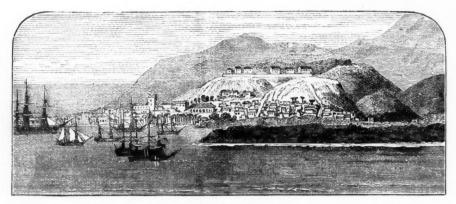
"Ah, blusterer, Death, you may shake my breath,
But you cannot shake God's will;
My body will turn to its earth," he saith,
"His work will onward still.

Across me dead must the victor tread
That carries the crowning height.
To another God gives the laurelled head—
He granted me to fight."
A green bay-bough for thy world-worn brow,

Calm heart, and deep, and tried!

In death thou liest triumphant now O'er self and all beside. FREDERICK LANGERIDGE, M.A.





View of Sierra Leone from the Sea.

CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE IN WESTERN AFRICA.

BY A LATE MISSIONARY.



Bishop Crowther.

CIERRA LEONE, "the white man's grave," as it was long called, has few attractions for Europeans even now, although cultivation. drainage, and other improvements have rendered the climate healthy compared with what it once was. But Sierra Leone, even in its worst condition, strongly attracted the interest and sympathies of earnest Christian and

philanthropic men seventy or eighty years ago.

When England first awoke to a sense of the iniquity of the slave trade, in which she, at one time, was as actively engaged as any other nation, her efforts were directed to stop the export of slaves from the western coast of Africa. It was made penal for any Englishman to engage in the slave trade; treaties were entered into with other countries to suppress it, and men-of-war were stationed to watch the coasts, capture slave ships, and liberate the slaves. It would, however, have been useless to land them on any part of the coast not under British rule, as they would only have been captured and enslaved again, and therefore the colony of Sierra Leone became the place of refuge for them.

Sierra Leone consists of a tract of country on the west coast of Africa, about thirty miles long by fifteen broad, running out, as a promontory, beyond the adjacent country, bounded on the north by the broad estuary of the Sierra Leone river, and on the south by a bay called Yawry Bay. It was acquired as a

British possession early in the present century, and the first settlers in it were a number of runaway slaves, from different countries, who had escaped from bondage, and were knocking about the streets of London and other large towns, much in the same destitute condition as those natives of the East who are now sometimes seen begging or sweeping crossings.

Some philanthropic people of that day collected a number of these poor waits and strays of slavery, and sent them out as settlers to Sierra Leone. The population was afterwards increased by freed negroes from the West Indies. The first settlers were, however, soon outnumbered by the hundreds of rescued slaves brought in by our cruisers from captured slave vessels, and by far the larger proportion of the inhabitants of the colony still consists of such liberated slaves or their descendants.

Men like William Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, Macaulay (father of the great historian), Sir F. Buxton, and others, who had brought about the abolition of slavery, and who took so much interest in the African people, were also among the chief promoters of the great missionary societies formed at the beginning of this century. It was greatly through their influence that one of the principal of those societies-the Church Missionary Society-directed its first efforts to the liberated slave population of Sierra Leone. The field was not an inviting one, but the very wretchedness of the people, together with the strong feeling entertained that England owed some amends to the sons and daughters of Africa for wrongs inflicted upon them by the slave trade, led to its being adopted.

The difficulties which had to be encountered in undertaking such a work were by no means light. Foremost among them was the deadly nature of the climate. So bad was it—in the earlier days of the miss.

sion-that during the first twenty years no less than fifty-three agents of the Church Missionary Society (missionaries and missionaries' wives) laid down their lives in the cause; while a very large number of others had to return to Europe in broken health. The unhealthiness of the climate, however, was not the only difficulty; the state of the people themselves was such as might well have led those who first went to labour among them to shrink back from the work they had undertaken as a hopeless task. The liberated slaves came from many different countries and tribes of the interior. Representatives of more than one hundred different nations were found amongst them, each speaking a different language or dialect, and all alike reduced by privations and illtreatment to the most abject state of wretchedness and misery, both of mind and body. How best to deal with such a diverse mass of uncivilised humanity must have been a perplexing problem. The men and women who undertook the work were not, however, such as would easily be turned from it. They were ready to lay down their lives, if needs be, for the sake of their Lord and Saviour; and actuated by the highest motive that can actuate men, the love of His name, no lesser difficulty was likely to stay their

To learn all the different languages spoken by the liberated slaves was utterly impossible; the first missionaries in Sierra Leone were therefore compelled to adopt English as the common language. Patiently they set to work to impart some knowledge of it to their unpromising charges, that so they might be able to instil a few Christian ideas into their dark minds. Adult classes were formed, schools established for the children, and so, by degrees, a really intelligent community was formed. The schools proved a special help towards this, as the children educated in them contributed not a little to the enlightenment of their elders. It was long, however, before any very marked effect was produced upon the mass of the people. As in all similar efforts, the sowing had to go before the growing and reaping time. Christian efforts were patiently and persistently carried on, year after year, and those efforts were nobly seconded by the Government of that day, which liberally aided the schools, gave land on which to settle the liberated slaves, and granted money towards their support, till they were able to maintain themselves by their own labour; but progress was gradual, and results had to be waited for; yet they came in due time.

After some years of persevering labour and effort the effects began to appear. Slowly but surely heathen notions were uprooted from the minds of the people, heathen practices abolished, Christian ideas implanted, and the habits of Christian life and worship introduced. Thus the colony of Sierra Leone, peopled at first chiefly by liberated slaves—heathen, ignorant, and uncivilised—has, in the course of the present century, been changed into a Christian country which will now compare favourably with any

part of our own land. The colony is divided into parishes or districts. In each parish or district there is a church, with schools, and, with the exception of two or three districts in Free Town itself, the capital of the colony and the seat of government, the ministers of the churches, and the masters and mistresses of the schools are all natives. Europeans, as has been shown, began the work, but native teachers have been prepared, and a native ministry raised up to take their places and carry it on. Sierra Leone. therefore, is no longer a field of missionary labour, but a settled Christian country, possessing its own self-governing, self-supporting, and self-extending Christian Church; and so presents a clear and distinct proof that Christian effort and enterprise are not labour in vain or strength spent for nought.

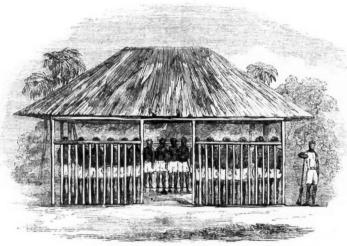
In the extension of Christianity to other parts of Africa, the native Church of Sierra Leone has had a large share, as most of the ministers, evangelists, and teachers have been drawn from its ranks, and many of the native Christians also have aided in the work. Liberated slaves, set free in Sierra Leone, and there christianised, civilised, and educated, have from time to time made their way back to their own lands, sometimes in considerable numbers. Where this has been the case, they have generally, after a short time, sent requests for missionaries and teachers to come and settle amongst them and their people, thus aiding the extension of Christianity, and the formation of native Churches in places far distant from the colony. It was in this way that the work in the Yoruba country-an extensive district, with a population estimated at about two millions, lying eleven or twelve hundred miles from Sierra Leone, to the south-east-was begun.

A number of Yorubans, who had been rescued from slave ships, and placed in Sierra Leone, returned, after some years, to their native land. Most of them had become Christians, and were anxious for the enjoyment, in their own country, of the Christian privileges and instruction to which they were now accustomed. They therefore sent requests to the missionaries in the colony that some ministers and teachers would come and settle among them in Abbeokuta,* the chief city, and other towns. These requests were complied with, missionaries and teachers sent, and Christian work begun-the work of ministoring to the little Christian community of about a hundred people who had returned from Sierra Leone, and of preaching to the heathen population of the great town of Abbeokuta and other places. The work was begun in 1846, and the result has been the establishment of a native Christian Church, numbering nearly four thousand people, who are ministered to, not by Europeans, but by thirteen ordained native clergymen. Another similar offshoot from the Sierra Leone Church has taken root along the banks of the river Niger, which, from the first, has been carried on entirely by native agency.

^{*} The town of Abbeokuta contains about 100,000 people,

No account of Christian enterprise in Western Africa would, however, be complete without some brief notice of one remarkable individual connected with it, whose history is as wonderful as that of any man now living-Samuel Adjai Crowther, the Negro Bishop of the Niger Territory. To realise this strange history fully, let the reader imagine that he had stood, some fifty years ago, on the western shore of Africa, not far from the port of Lagos, and watched the revolting, but then common practice of barracooning and shipping a cargo of slaves; let him imagine what would have been his surprise and incredulity, under such circumstances, if a bystander had pointed to one miserable lad among the slaves and said, "Do you see that boy there? He will one day be a Bishop of the Church of England!" Such a remark, had it been made, would have proved a true prophecy. The poor forlorn slave boy "Adjai" of fifty years ago, is now the Right Reverend Samuel Crowther, D.D., Anglican Bishop of the Niger Territory; a man whose praise is in all the Churches, and who is honoured and respected by all who know him. His history is a strange one. He was stolen from his native village as a lad by slavehunters and shipped off for South America; the vessel in which he was put was captured by an English man-of-war, and he, and his fellow-captives, rescued and taken to Sierra Leone. There he was received under the care of missionaries, and placed in one of the Church Missionary Society's schools. He became a Christian, and afterwards successively a school teacher, a catechist, and an ordained clergyman. In the latter capacity he went back with the first party of missionaries sent to the Yoruba country, his native land, in 1846, and was for some years engaged in the work there. During that time he found his mother, from whom he had been torn away many years before. After some years of labour as a native clergyman in the Yoruba country he was appointed Bishop of the Niger Territory, and consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral in 1864. Since that time he has been engaged in carrying on, with the help of native clergy and lay agents, a very successful mission on the banks of the Niger, which now extends over very nearly 300 miles, from Brass and Bonny, the two stations at two different mouths of the great river, to Lokoja, the farthest station in the interior.

From the foregoing paper it will be seen that Christian effort in Africa, commenced and carried on under so many difficulties, has produced great and permanent results. Not only has it led to the establishment of settled and self-supporting Christian churches in the colony of Sierra Leone, but has also issued in the extension of Christianity and the formation of similar churches in other and far distant parts of "the Dark Continent." While, therefore, Englishmen must ever remember with shame the wrongs that we, no less than other nations, once inflicted on the negro race by the slave trade, they may rejoice and thank God that so much has been done to make amends for those wrongs, by Christian enterprise in Western Africa.



A Slave Barracoon.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.



ITH the skill of a diplomatist Sibyl made her arrangements. To insure that Mrs. Rosebay and Jeannette should be in time, she drove over to fetch them.

They did not keep her long waiting. Both, to Sibyl's taste, were

exquisitely dressed, the Witch in a fantastic costume, which made her look like the heroine of a fairy tale; Adeline in the soft cashmere dress and heavily-plumed Rubens hat which she had worn on her first introduction to Mrs. Darrent's circle. The young girl was gratified to observe that there was a brighter expression in her friend's face than she had yet seen there.

This was explained presently. As she sat by Sibyl's side in the pony-carriage—the soft air, the sunshine, the pleasure of rapid movement, and the neighbourhood of this fair young girl, who so evidently liked and admired her, combined to make her more expansive than usual. Adeline said, "Life has certainly some red-letter days."

Sibyl answered, "I hope this will be one to you. Most people like the Park. I do so want you to enjoy your visit."

"If I enjoy it as much as I expect to do, you will be satisfied," said Adeline, with a smile. "But to-day began well, that makes me think it will go on well. I had such a pleasant letter this morning from a friend, who, I was beginning to think, had forgotten me."

"Does she live far away?" said Sibyl, who was not free from girlish curiosity about their new neighbour's past life.

"She is far away now," Adeline answered. "She wanders from place to place. I used to wander about with her."

"Oh! then you have travelled? Did you like it? Have you seen many places? I think travelling must be so delightful."

"Under certain circumstances, yes; I have no doubt it is. I was ill and unhappy, and could enjoy nothing."

A sadness, like the dropping shadow from dark days gone by, came into Adeline's face. Sibyl, who had cast upon her a sympathetic glance, observed it, and questioned no more.

And now Jeannette, impatient of this quiet talk, was making vigorous demands on their attention. Her hat was new, her frock was new, her shoes were new, and she insisted on Sibyl admiring them severally; every flower in the hedges, every cottage or house they passed by, every bird that flew across the road provoked an inquiry, and great was her delight when, having entered the Park gates, they drove through its glorious beech avenue, and by its soft stretches of lawn and meadow.

Mrs. White was in the drawing-room. Her conversation with Miss Harcourt haunted her unpleasantly, and she was inclined at first to be stiff in her manner.

Mrs. White was one of those weak-minded people who, when seized by what resembles an idea, cannot shake off its grip. It had dawned upon her that, in encouraging Mrs. Rosebay—this was the form in which she clothed her thoughts—she was doing mysterious injury to her beloved daughter. But vague thoughts and far-away sequences were not proof against Sibyl's enthusiasm, Jeannette's quaint remarks, and the fascination of Adeline Rosebay's manner and appearance.

The little lady began to thaw.

Sibyl now proposed a walk round the grounds. Her mother must join them, she said. Mrs. White, always flattered when Sibyl showed desire for her society, agreed; and they started together. Then, when the two ladies, at some distance from the house, were deep in conversation—when, that is, Mrs. White was well launched on a series of incidents illustrative of her late husband's and her daughter's characters—Sibyl took Jeannette by the hand. "Come back with me," she said, "and see some pictures." And the two returned to the house by another road.

They were scarcely in the drawing-room before Sir Walter Harcourt was shown in. He was faultlessly dressed; his face was a little paler than usual; his manner was agitated; his dark eyes were full of fire. Sibyl thought he looked almost interesting.

"How are you, to-day, Sibyl?" he said, advancing; but the sharp girl did not fail to note that he cast a searching glance round the room, which was vast enough to require examination before one could say for certain that it contained only those whom a first glance made visible. "I am early," he went on. "You are alone?"

"Is my visitor so very small?" she said, in mock reproach. "Jeannette, my dear, show your-self."

The tiny figure in the fantastic dress rose from its

tiny chair, and stood looking at Sir Walter, with the inquisitive boldness of a clever child.

"You asked me to introduce you," Sibyl proceeded, with the utmost gravity. "Jeannette—Sir Walter Harcourt. She is the heroine of the adventure in which you took so kind an interest. But will you not take a seat?"

The baronet looked first blank, then perplexed, and, lastly, angry. Anger had the effect upon him of a buckram lining to his coat. He stood very straight and stiff. Though there was nothing comical about his feelings, Sir Walter certainly looked comical at that moment.

It is curious, if we come to think of it, and the consideration, duly worked out, might help us to resist indulgence in those manifestations which are so dear to our self-feeling when anything outside of us has wounded it, that, under the influence of anger, so long as it does not become terrible by being mixed with passion, we are always irresistibly ludicrous.

As Sir Walter, too much displeased to take a chair, stood there stiff and straight, with his hat in his hand; as Jeannette, whom he puzzled by his silence, continued to gaze at him with unmoved gravity, Sibyl began to feel that the situation would soon become too much for her; but when the Witch, withdrawing her eyes for a moment from the inscrutable face, said, turning to Sibyl, with the air of one who had made a discovery, "He's like Thomas; Thomas stands like that," the young lady was fain to put her new young ladyhood in her pocket and rush headlong from the room, like a school-girl. Thomas was the head-footman at Melbury Hall. He had been hired on account of his dignified manners and fine proportions. But, naturally, the baronet did not see the joke. His face grew dark with passion, he hated practical jests; they were vulgar and detestable; he hated girls, they were always playing practical jokes upon fellows; he hated having made a fool of himself and put his secret at the mercy of a satirical girl like Sibyl; he felt inclined, in fact, for any rash measure.

But the Witch continued to gaze at him steadily.

"Can't you talk?" was her next question; and, since he did not at once answer, she suggested, with another reference to Thomas—who had, shortly before, declined to enter into conversation with her—that perhaps he was not allowed to talk in the drawing-room; whereupon, with the kind object, possibly, of setting him at his ease, she proceeded to give a detailed catalogue of her possessions, beginning with the long-haired terrier, and ending with the new frock, put on, she informed him confidentially, for the first time that day.

It now occurred to Sir Walter that a half-loaf is better than no bread, in that it is a stay for the moment, and often a promise of future provision. To be liked by a lady's pet is next best to being liked by herself, and may be a step to her good graces. He determined therefore to put his pride in his pocket, and, in place of rushing away, as he had

at first intended, to make an effort to conciliate the Witch.

But how was this to be done?

Like many another before, and since, Sir Walter fell into error by judging of a particular instance from a general theory. He remembered suddenly that children like to be caressed, and have a fancy for pulling about watches. Putting these two brilliant ideas together, he dropped into a chair, placed his hat on the ground, and said, with awkward timidity—

"Won't you come and sit on my knee, Jeannette? See. I have a watch."

But the baby, keeping her seat, informed him that she was a big girl, and that she had an indefinite number of watches at home, all of them superior to the one with which he presumed to tempt her.

What was to be done with such a child?

After a long and awkward pause, Sir Walter offered his pockets for inspection. Stoutly maintaining her belief that there was nothing good in them, the Witch yet showed she possessed some feminine curiosity by edging her chair nearer to Sir Walter, who felt himself growing hot and cold by turns.

There was actually nothing of interest in his pockets. Jeannette, who had begun by distrusting, would end by disliking him, and then—

But happily his hour of trial was over. At this critical moment there came from outside the sound of rapid footsteps. The drawing-room window was thrown open, and Mrs. White entered, looking flustered.

"Oh!" she cried o't, "I am so sorry, Sir Walter. I hope you did not think me rude. I only heard this moment that you were here. Pray sit down. Jeannette, I am afraid you have been teasing Sir Walter. Come to me, dear."

Behind Mrs. White appeared Sibyl, with smiling mouth and glistening eyes.

"Sir Walter is so fond of children," she said. "I was sure Jeannette would not tire him. Indeed," turning to the lady behind her, "when I told him about my little adventure, he particularly asked me to introduce him to Jeannette."

But a few moments before, Sir Walter had sternly determined never again to speak to Sibyl, except in the most formal manner. Under the influence of these few words, his determination melted away. For with an adorable smile the stately lady advanced.

"You are very kind," she said, "to take so much interest in my little Jeannette."

Gentle-natured women are generally attracted by men who are fond of children.

But meanwhile poor Mrs. White—she had not been informed of Sir Walter's proposed visit—was going through a series of painful agitations. The baronet had disapproved of her visit to Mrs. Rosebay. What would he say when he found that the unvisited lady was already on terms of intimacy at the Park?

"You have met before?" she hazarded, turning to Sir Walter. He did not look in the least terrible. On the contrary, his face was moved by those contortions which, from time immemorial, have been taken as indications of a desire to render one's self agreeable, if not fascinating.

"I have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Rosebay by sight," he said, "but I have not yet been presented

Tremblingly Mrs. White went through the form of introduction. His geniality might arise simply from politeness towards her guest. He might be really annoyed. There was certainly something unusual about his manner. Oh! if she had only not donned this garment of independence!

Happily, her thoughts were diverted by the arrival of other guests, for, at this moment, James Darrent and Maggie were announced.

She went in with Sibyl to meet them. Jeannette, always anxious to know what was going forward, followed. Sir Walter and Adeline were left standing together on the terrace.

What an opportunity! But a few hours before he would have given worlds for it; and, indeed, several times, in fancy, he had lived through such a scene, for he was determined not to be taken à l'imprévu. He had planned how he would open the conversation with general subjects, but subjects that could be made to bear particular meanings; how, gradually, with the utmost tact, he would work round to something more intimate; how he would indicate, rather than parade, his special interest, at the same time conveying a general impression that he was a man, sensible, dignified, and gifted with an eminent knowledge of men and manners. And the fancied interview would always end in the same way-in the beautiful and friendless woman being gratified by his interest, and struck with his judgment, in her asking his advice on some subject that had been troubling her, and so being laid the first paving-stones of friendship's golden path.

But now, this prudent forethought notwithstanding, Walter Harcourt found himself at a loss. He stood silent. The colour came and went in his face, as if he had been a boy, instead of a sensible dignified man of the world. Several forms of speech occurred to him; he set them aside. One was too commonplace; another not sufficiently natural; a third might bear misinterpretation. Where, where were those general subjects capable of bearing particular meanings, where the fine openings in half-enigmatical speech for indications of tender interest!

Little suspecting, meanwhile, the tunult of conflicting feelings which she had aroused in this neighbouring breast—so entire is the isolation in which human spirits live and move—Adeline Rosebay was looking out placidly on Sibyl's flowers.

"The late roses are particularly good this year," she said, presently. And he, thankful for any opening, replied in the affirmative; adding, that up in the North, where his home was, they had a grand show.

"I understood your home was here," said Adeline. She was not curious. She wished merely to make conversation. "Oh, no!" he answered, charmed by her interest.
"My aunt brought me up, educated me, and all that
kind of thing, and I pay her frequent visits; but my
own place is in the North—up in Lancashire."

"Oh!" she said, awakening to real interest, "Lancashire; do you know many people there?"

"I imagine I know everybody. Have you friends up there? If so, we may find out that we know something of one another."

Adeline shook her head. "It is not at all probable that you know anything of me. Lady Egerton, who has a place up there, is not a relative, only a friend."

"Lady Egerton: let me see, a little eccentric, is she not? Seldom at home. Does the Hester Stanhope business in the East?"

"She certainly likes to be different from other people," said Adeline, smiling; "but she is different, Have you ever met her?"

"I met her once. It was at the last elections, about a year ago, you know. She came over to help her son; he was contesting one of the small boroughs. By-the-bye, there was a story——"

He broke off abruptly. The red colour had flooded Adeline's face and neck. There followed an awkward pause; then, as if in answer to an inquiry, she said, turning towards the drawing-room window—

"Yes, it is certainly a little too sunny here. We had better go in."

At the same moment Maggie's face, radiant and smiling, appeared at the window.

"Oh, Mrs. Rosebay——" she cried; then, stopping herself, "How pale you look! But are you coming in? I was looking for you. Uncle James has come. I want you to meet him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Rosebay, in her ordinary quiet manner, "I am coming in; the sun was a little too much for me. Now," looking round with a smile, "where is this remarkable uncle?"

"He is not conscious of anything just now," said Maggie; "but come and see what he is doing."

Followed by Sir Walter, whose state of mind may be conceived by the male reader, but scarcely lends itself to description, Adeline and Maggie crossed the long room to where, with Jeannette already on intimate terms with him, on his knee, and Sibyl, in an attitude expressive of deep interest, by his side, James Darrent sat. He was busy adjusting on the stage of a small microscope the stamen and anther of a minute flower. As Maggie had intimated, he was conscious of nothing but his occupation.

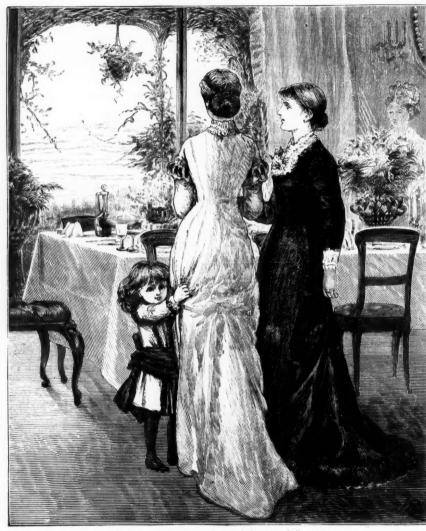
Adeline thus was able to observe him, and she did observe him for a few moments with a steadfastness so unusual in a stranger that Maggie was moved to whisper, smiling mischievously, "So you really think him remarkable!"

Then Adeline looked away; but she did not blush or tremble as now, when, in utter innocence, Sir Walter had been on the point of referring to one of the most uncomfortable incidents in the latter part of her life. For the consciousness of this presence

made her strong, not weak. There was help in it, and possible comfort.

But now at last the delicate task is accomplished. James Darrent rises from his chair, and, with certain

What does he see that the smile should die away upon his lips, and the half-extended hand should be withdrawn, not in repulsion—no, for there is nothing but sympathy and kindliness in his face—but because



"Sibyl now proposed a walk round the grounds."-p. 237.

directions, offers his place to Sibyl. Jeannette calls out that she wants to see, and Maggie seizes the opportunity of drawing her uncle's attention to her friend.

"Uncle James, this is Mrs. Rosebay, of whom I told you," says the young girl; and he looks up smilingly.

convulsive movements are natural to surprised feeling. What does he see?

He sees the face of his dreams, that first in girlish joy, which he, if it had been in his power, would have prolonged into womanhood's deeper joy, and afterwards in sorrow, terror, despair, that he had been unable to relieve, had haunted him for so many

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a long day. This, in fact, was no introduction; it was a recognition. Yet not even Maggie was aware of there being anything unusual. Uncle James was impressed, but that was natural. His love for music proved he was impressionable. That he should not respond even to an ordinary introduction after precisely the same manner as other people was also a thing natural and to be expected.

And Maggie was the only person looking on, for Mrs. White had just called Sir Walter away to give his opinion about the site for the new orchid-house. and Sibyl was deep in the wonders revealed by the microscope. When she looked up, breathless with delight, Mrs. Rosebay and James Darrent had already shaken hands quietly one with the other, and exchanged some few of the commonplaces which-the staple of our ordinary talk-are better than sedatives to over-excited nerves.

When James Darrent asked Mrs. Rosebay how she liked the neighbourhood, and was answered that she found it charming; when he made the standard remarks on the weather and the state of the crops, and was met by the same stereotyped replies, both of them felt quieter. It was as though they had shaken hands over a facit agreement that what they knew should remain their own, a something with which no stranger might intermeddle.

In the meantime Sibyl, who was unreasonably impatient of the commonplace, drew James Darrent's attention to the microscope again, and he was in the midst of a charming little exposition of the mechanical structure and chemical components of the little flower they had dissected, when the dignified Thomas threw open the drawing-room door, and informed the company generally that lunch was on the table.

CHAPTER VIII.

"So she is the heroine of that little romance," said Sir Walter Harcourt to himself, as, seated in his aunt's wagonette, he whipped up her horses, a serviceable though not handsome pair of greys. "I nearly put my foot in it! But how was a fellow to know? Lady Egerton's companion was poor, must have been, for she was wholly dependent upon her. Mrs. Rosebay is not poor-seems tolerably well off, in fact; but, after all, I may be running away with an idea. The Greek statue-woman Egerton raves about is possibly her friend; and yet why should she have blushed as she did, and turned the subject so sharply? If a friend, she had no reason to be anything but proud of her. Besides, Lady Egerton couldn't have two such acquaintances. It isn't in the nature of things."

This last consideration appeared to be conclusive, for, without any further effort at reasoning, Sir Walter Harcourt made up his mind that Mrs. Rosebay and the lady of whom he had lately heard as having created a sensation up in the North by her beauty, and as having acted with admirable tact and judgment when there was danger that this beauty would

interfere with the plans of her benefactress, were one and the same person.

But he was anxious for some further proof; for the fact of Mrs. Rosebay's present independence was, upon his theory, a puzzling one, which needed ex-

When his aunt and her parcels were comfortably settled in the wagonette, having first observed that there was more friendliness in her expression than when they parted, he said, with some carelessness, looking back at her-

"By-the-bye, Aunt Caroline, you know Lady

Egerton?"

There was full half a minute's pause, which betrayed to Sir Walter the displeasing fact that his uncomfortably gifted relation knew his question had been made with intention, before she answered-

"What in the world has put Lady Egerton into your head just now?

"Oh!" he answered, lightly, "nothing particulara little incident I heard the other day."

"You know she is a friend of Mrs. Rosebay's?" This kind of inquisition was irritating. Sir Walter answered, with some sharpness, "I know it now, at

least, upon your admission."

With perfect serenity Caroline Harcourt returned, "You may perhaps like to know a little more. Adeline Rosebay-I may tell you that she is living under a feigned name-was Lady Egerton's companion for some time after her widowhood. Her husband was notorious; there is no need to mention his name. She married him for his wealth, which was supposed to be prodigious. His death left her penniless-that is to say, the world believed that she was penniless. She ought to have been penniless; but you know what these people are. Something was saved out of the wreck. How? Well," shrugging her shoulders, "you must ask those who have experience in such matters. I am told there are a thousand ways of evading the law. None the less," she spoke with judicial severity, "it is dishonest; every unprejudiced person must call it so."

Sir Walter did not answer. He was busy removing with his long whip a colony of flies that had taken a fancy to the ears of one of the greys.

"You agree with me, Walter?" said Miss Harcourt. Her tone was that of one who intends to be answered.

He said, "Of course I agree with you. Every one must agree with such a truism. To live on other people's money is dishonest. That is what you said, is it not?"

"That is what I implied," she answered, with an increased geniality of manner. "And now, my dear

"Wait a bit," he interrupted. "General truths are very fine things in their way, Aunt Caroline, but before you can apply them to any particular instance you must look at it all round. I know I am not brilliant in expressing myself "-she had put on a politely bewildered expression-"but you must see what I mean.'

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She answered, "Yes, you are a little metaphysical. I am not sure," shaking her head, "that you are not Jesuitical, too."

"Now, in the name of all that is sensible, Aunt

"Will you kindly control yourself, Walter, and attend to your horses? You are on the wrong side of the road, and the coach will be on us at once."

Muttering an apology, he gave his attention to his

Presently they turned off the high road into a comparatively retired lane, overhung on both sides

Miss Harcourt touched her nephew on the arm.

"Drive slowly," she said. "It is pleasant here, and there is no hurry."

Not being able to find any pretext for refusal, he obeyed her wish, and, after they had driven some moments in silence, Miss Harcourt said, with her bland smile-

"Since there is no fear of coaches here, I can listen to what you wanted to say just now."

"Oh," he answered, "it was of no consequence."

"May I be allowed to be partly the judge of that? It is of consequence to me to know your state of feeling, Walter, and I can only hope to know it through your words."

"The fact is, I forget what I was going to say. It is no loss. Ten to one it was something foolish."

"Well, then," she said, "I must open our former subject again. I intend to be perfectly frank with you, and you, I hope, will take my frankness as a proof of my interest. There is a lady in this neighbourhood with whom I do not want you to become intimate. When she first came I distrusted her. That feeling was instinctive, but facts which came to my knowledge curiously, have confirmed it. I have reason to believe that, to begin with, she was a heartless coquette, who married for money and position; and that, when the position slipped from her, she was unprincipled enough to cling to some of her ill-gotten gains, and make a new effort, by dropping her old name, and surrounding herself with vulgar mystery, to force her way into society. If you think such a woman is to be admired, all I can say is, I am sorry for you."

So Caroline Harcourt spoke; but once again passion had led her astray. She had miscalculated. In her sweeping condemnation she had been too strong, and quite other feelings than those she had hoped to awaken were roused in her companion's mind.

He sat for a few moments, perfectly silent. She did not see his face. She believed she had convinced

"No young people like to acknowledge that they have been mistaken," she said to herself, stroking her lace trimmings, and feeling really benevolent towards his silence.

But he undeceived her presently. He turned his face towards her, and she saw that there was something new in it, which ennobled him. And, in very truth, indignation, sorrow, noble anger, and certain passionate yearnings, which he himself could not have explained, were busy in this young man's mind as he answered, with some seorn-

"And you think I can believe that the woman you describe is identical with the lady of whom Sir Henry Egerton and his mother speak with such frank enthusiasm, and with the Mrs. Rosebay I met to-day? Aunt Caroline, I am afraid you have a low opinion of my intelligence."

Miss Harcourt protested that she knew what she asserted to be true; she had certain proof; but she did not produce her proof, and her nephew thought her protestations feeble; and the fact was that Caroline had spoken a little untimely. Her chain of evidence was wanting in one link. Circumstantially it was so strong as to leave her no reasonable doubt that she had hit upon the truth; but she still wanted the evidence of eyes and ears. Even this, she believed, could be procured; but it would require some diplomacy to obtain it.

There was one person in Melbury, she was told, who had met Mrs. Cockburn, the dishonoured bankrupt's widow, shortly after her husband's death. That person would be able to tell if Mrs. Cockburn and Mrs. Rosebay were, as Miss Harcourt and her legal adviser believed them to be, one and the same.

Unfortunately, from Miss Harcourt's point of view, the person in question had certain enigmatical characteristics about him, which might render him difficult to deal with, if taken directly. She had heard that he was quixotic; she knew he was peculiar; but quixotic and peculiar people, in common with those who are neither the one nor the other, may be approached indirectly.

As, in silence, she and her nephew completed their drive, she determined to cultivate James Darrent.

This, however, was no such easy matter as she imagined, and the days slipped by, bringing her no further certitude, except that her carefully-laid plans were in danger of subversion. She was a strongnatured woman, and accustomed to dominion; her overpowering desire to rule the destinies of others was due rather to love of power and the passion for extended influence, for bringing her personal will to bear upon a wide area, than to benevolence. To things and persons that acknowledged her sway, Caroline Harcourt was always ready to be the smiling Providence; where she found resistance, she was stern and unpitving.

But hitherto she had found little resistance. In most of her encounters with her fellows, that quality which, for want of a better name, we call will, had proved itself stronger than the corresponding quality

in her opponent. It had conquered.

It was difficult, therefore, for her even to understand failure; and the independence which was beginning to be shown by those she had considered as her puppets and vassals-by Sir Walter, who took no more notice of her solemn warning than if it had been a gust of wind whistling in his ears-by Melbury, that, in spite of her covert hints and open example, took up the white lady of Fairfield House and by Sibyl and Mrs. White, who made Mrs. Rosebay their intimate friend—had a curious effect upon her.

One or two of her friends observed that a change had come over her. She was not so calm as formerly. She had fits of brooding. She looked, now and then, restless and uneasy. It was conjectured that she had been living beyond her means, and was faced by the disagreeable problem of where and how to begin to retrench.

But those who thus conjectured were wrong. The truth was that one feeling, which had crept into Caroline Harcourt's soul, was slowly, but surely, drawing to itself all her energies.

Most of us at some period of our life have known what passionate indignation means. It may be noble, as when the wrongs of others kindle in great souls a fire that, enduring through life, stirs them to lofty determination, and deeds of heroic daring. More often it is ignoble, as indeed must be the case when any tincture of self-feeling colours it. But, noble or ignoble, it is always disturbing.

Caroline's will was crossed; her grasp on things was being loosened; her well-laid schemes were proving unsubstantial as a vain girl's castles in the air; she was angry, but no one took notice of her anger; she felt, though not for worlds would she have confessed it, that she had miscalculated. Either she was smaller and weaker, or her world was larger and more unmanageable than she had imagined. Is there any wonder that the demoniac element, which lies hidden in so many natures of unsuspected urbanity, should spring up, hot and eager for the fray—that she should find a relief to her wounded self-feeling in bitterly hating the woman who, innocently, but none the less effectually, was crossing her at every point?

Such was the fact. Caroline had begun by a mild dislike; the dislike expanded into an active hatred; and, since in her darkened soul there were no houses of refuge—where, round any one object, tender feelings were wont to throng, and, with their dove-like glances and soft melodious voice, reprove the harsher passions—day by day this bitter hatred grew. She became malignant.

She was condemned, moreover, now to the penalty of meeting Mrs. Rosebay everywhere; for the little world of Melbury, when once they had ventured to call upon the mysterious white lady, found her, one and all, so charming that no social gathering was considered complete without her. To avoid meeting her, Caroline would have been compelled to shut herself out from society altogether.

There are mental complaints upon which a neighbour's perfection acts as an irritant.

Adeline's beauty, her faultless taste in dress, her amiability, the gentleness of her address, her tender devotion to the child she had adopted, only intensified Caroline's feeling towards her. In self-justification, she was compelled to put them down as subtle

devices to catch the unwary; and she made up her mind that, sooner or later, in her own trap the mysterious white lady should be caught.

As yet, however, she could do nothing but throw out hints, which, she noticed, were received with surprised incredulity. Her solicitor's theory that Mrs. Cockburn and Mrs. Rosebay were the same person was only a theory. He was endeavouring to work out the matter; but the dilatoriness of lawyers is proverbial, and Miss Harcourt was again and again foiled in her effort to meet James Darrent.

Thus the greater part of that month of August wore away. For the young people it was a halcyon period. The weather was superb-clear, bright, and tranquil; the fruit was ripening, the flowers were in their full beauty; Nature, one might have said, was pausing to review her work, before she dashed over it her storm-hand, marring its perfection. And they made the most of their time. There were luncheons at the Park, and afternoon meetings at Fairfield House. Mrs. Rosebay's popularity had grown so rapidly that she had ventured upon an "at home" of her own, which was numerously attended, for it was discovered that the white lady had a delightful musical talent, and a voice of much richness and power; but beyond and above these were the botanical expeditions to common and woods, of which James Darrent was leader. Glorious rambles, when, knee-deep in purple heather, or struggling manfully through bracken and furze, they toiled on, with the wide heavens overhead, and the lovely lands steeped in sunshine; meadows of vivid green, yellowing corn-fields, sun-crowned hills and "kneeling hamlets" around them; while under their feet were things quaint and beautiful, that, when discovered, and brought to the friend, who was fast becoming a master to one at least of these young hearts, were greeted with that quiet pleased smile which Sibyl said was like an order of merit, to be worn with pride and remembered with satisfaction.

She, like Miss Harcourt, was a person whom circumstances and natural disposition had rendered self-assertive; but the strong colouring of generous feeling which ran like a thread of gold through her nature, and her instant responsiveness to whatever in her surroundings was good and noble, prevented the tendency from being so dangerous.

During these August days it had its distinct effect. Sibyl appropriated James Darrent. She walked by his side through the woods, when the rest of the party were scattered; she waited upon him, at their improvised meals; she addressed most of her conversation to him, and, undesignedly, with the simple girlish desire to be pleasing, poured out volumes of vivacious observations, which waited humbly for correction by his larger intelligence. She knew that he had been ill, that his last spell of wandering had knocked him up, and she watched with the devotion and jealousy of a young mother, lest from long fasting or fatigue he should suffer any injury.

It was a pretty sight to watch this young girl, as

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yet perfectly unconscious of anything but her own hero-worship, which to her was the most natural thing in the world, opening out the treasures of her soul unreservedly. It was pathetic to see how, day When Maggie said, in her enthusiasm, "I do believe Uncle James is perfect!" Sibyl answered, with far more seriousness, "I am sure he is."

Now where was this man's secret?



"They were sitting by the spread table on the lawn."

by day, the adoration which was now a delight, which might presently be a bondage, increased.

For there was nothing to check it. During these days of close intercourse she never heard from his lips one word which was below the level of the idea she had formed with regard to him; she never saw him perform an ungracious or selfelt action.

As it happened, on the very day when these remarks were exchanged, John Darrent and his wife—they were sitting by the spread table on the lawn, in expectation of their young people's return from a day's excursion—discussed the same question.

"I want to speak to you, John," Eleanor Darrent began. "I am in some little perplexity."

Her husband turned his face towards her, and she went on, with unusual hesitation—

"It is about Sibyl. You will laugh at me, and I deserve to be laughed at; but the feeling remains. I am so afraid she is becoming too fond of James."

John Darrent did not laugh, neither did he appear very much surprised; he asked his wife what made her think so.

She answered-

"It would puzzle me to answer that question. In fact, the reasons for my fear are so intangible that it seems altogether a treason to the poor child to mention, or even to entertain it; however—"

"Yes," John Darrent filled up the pause, "it is well to be on our guard against all contingencies. If my brother James carried off the young heiress, there would be a nice outery, my dear, about our matchmaking qualities."

"An outcry that would affect me very little," said Eleanor Darrent, serenely. "I wonder, by-the-bye, if it has ever occurred to James that she is an heiress."

"Probably not. He lives with his head in the clouds."

There followed a pause, during which John Darrent looked out meditatively into the serene and solemn evening sky; then he said—

"I am afraid, in another quarter there is a tender

feeling for him. Did you notice Mrs. Rosebay's face yesterday at lunch?"

"When he was telling us about his encounter with the lion?"

" Yes."

"I remember; I was afraid for a moment that she was going to faint. She is peculiarly sensitive."

"That may be; but I am of opinion that she would not have been brought to the verge of fainting if I had been the hero of the narrative. However, it is useless to discuss these questions. Things must take their own course. Only I should like to know what James's secret is."

"I think I can tell you," said Eleanor Darrent;
"I am not sure," smilingly, "that it is not a family
failing, I see it in Maggie; I have seen it in some
who were born before Maggie—I mean absolute
unselfishness,"

"Perhaps you are right," said John Darrent, musingly. "If ever a human being could be said to live outside himself, it is my brother James."

"And," said his wife, "so many men are selfcentred, that in a man who is unselfish there is a peculiar charm. But who is that at the gate?"

"Wonderful to say, Caroline Harcourt herself," said John Darrent, in a low voice, and rising from his seat.

(To be continued.)

"VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS."

"The loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry," remarks Archbishop Trench, "has a king for its author." The history of his times presents no more beautiful character than Robert II., who filled the throne of France from 997 to 1031. Contemporary chroniclers speak of his excellent qualities both of body and mind in terms of high praise. Yet he knew many sorrows and great trials, both domestic and public, which he bore with a serene fortitude and the sweet and meek piety of one who had the support and consolation of that Spirit whom he supplicates in song. Of his sacred compositions, both in prose and in verse, he "Veni Sancte Spiritus" is the finest. It is full of a pathetic tenderness, and an exalted sanctity, expressed with an elegance and simplicity of classic diction that it is hopeless to attempt to fully reproduce in translation. It is hoped, however, that all these beauties have not entirely evaporated in the following free rendering.

OLY Spirit! Love Divine!
Come, and shed those rays of Thine,
From Thy heavenly home,
Father of the poor and lowly,
Giver of good gifts most holy,
Light of all hearts, come.

Comforter the best and meetest,
Dweller in our souls the sweetest,
Blest refresher Thou:
Thou that rest in trouble givest,
That vext hearts with calm relievest
Solace in our woe.

O light most blest, with thy abiding Fill each faithful heart confiding, Evermore in Thee; For without Thee, Holy Spirit, There is naught in man of merit, Naught of purity.

What is filthy cleanse and whiten,
What is parched bedew and lighten,
Every wound make whole;
Bend each rigid stubborn feeling,
Warm whate'er is cold and chilling,
Guide each wandering soul.

Unto those in faith abiding,
Those upon Thy power confiding,
Rest from Thee be given;
Given the crown of holy living,
And the death of God's saints giving—
Endless joys in heaven.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

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SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 7. DAVID'S RETURN.

Chapter to be read—2 Sam. xix (part of).

NTRODUCTION. What did we read about last? What had become of Absalom? By whom did he perish? How did the king hear the nxws? What became of the rebellion? all crushed at once by the death of the prince. Surely there will be great rejoicings everywhere. We shall see.

I. DAVID'S GRIEF. (Read 1-8.) Where has David gone? right into the house-to his own chamber: cannot bear to see any one. What is he doing? takes a good deal to make a man weep-he is quite prostrated with grief-was not Absalom his favourite son? Now cut off in flower of his age; unrepentant. Truly God's judgment for David's sin had begun. Whose house had he made desolate? So now his house desolate too. But what do all the people do? See them all creeping away quietly to their own homes. Do they look like men who have won a victory? No! Are all affected by David's grief. Have learned to weep with them that weep. But Joab thinks this will never do-the king must be roused; great victory won-rebellion put down. People will be discontented if king indulges too much in this personal grief. So what does he do? Can picture his going into king's house, hears the king's cries-what does David keep repeating over and over again? Goes up to the king-remonstrates with him-the king listens-yields; washes his face, goes out with Joab. Where does he go and sit? The gate being the usual place of public hearing, the news of his being there spreads, The people come out of their houses; salute the king-and there is goodly greeting between king and people once more. We may learn two lessons from this. (1) Sympathy. David's grief moved the whole people, because they loved him. So should children sympathise with parents, teachers, friends, companions, etc., in trouble. Remember how Christ had pity on widow who lost her son. So should bear one another's burdens. (2) Danger of selfishness in sorrow. David, absorbed in personal grief, forgot duties to nation. So children often neglect duties when in trouble. This wrong, because trouble intended to make us more earnest in our work (see 1 Cor. xv. 58).

II. DAVID'S RETURN TO JERUSALEM. (Read 9—24.) All this while the king been at Mahanaim (see xvii. 27). Now the people begin to think it time for him to return to Jerusalem. What do they talk about? He had been a mighty champion—whom had he routed? But who had caused him to flee from Jerusalem? Absalom being now dead he could return in safety. To whom did the king speak? Zadok and Abiathar had started with him with the ark, and then returned (xv. 29). Had evidently great influence. To whom are they to speak? What effect

did David's words have upon the men of Judah? Yes; they were bone of his bone, they would conduct him back in safety to the capital. So now there is a great meeting of the two tribes (which were they?) at the river-side. How the king's heart would be stirred at seeing the whole tribe of Judah and a thousand of Benjamin all come to welcome him once more. The river-side lined with faithful men. Now the ferry-boat is launched-the king and his servants step in-the luggage is safely placed on board, and the Jordan is crossed. But who is this waiting on the other side? Surely have seen him before-what was he doing when David went into exile? Is he cursing now? No. See, he kneels before the king-is first to do homage when David lands. What does he say? He has sinned, and is repentant! Will the king forgive him? He insulted him when he was in trouble. He pleads for mercy now that David is in power. What does Abishai advise? Shimei had cursed the Lord's anointed. He has blasphemed God in David's person-let him die. Is that David's spirit? What had he done twice to Saul, who had done him more harm than Shimei had? So Shimei shall be forgiven. The king's power shall be shown in mercy and forgiveness.

Remind how David in his exile was a type of Christ. So he is again now on his return. He forgave Shimei on his repentance; even so Christ is exalted, to give repentance and forgiveness of sins (Acts iii. 26).

Practical. Christ is our King. How have we treated Him? Have rebelled against Him; have treated Him with neglect, insult, coldness, hatred. How does He treat us? Willeth not the death of a sinner; forgives the penitent; receives back the prodigal son; loves the praying sinner. But we must go to Him, confess the past, ask for forgiveness, and then shall we be indeed blessed. Then we, like David, shall be kings unto God (St. Luke xii. 32), and be restored to a Kingdom prepared for us (St. Matt. xxv, 34).

Questions to be answered.

- What effect had David's grief upon the people?
 Who persuaded him to shake off his grief? and how?
 - 3. What lessons may we learn from that?
 - 4. Describe his return to Jerusalem.
- 5. Who met him at the ferry? and how was he reated?
- 6. How was David a type of Christ?

No. 8. NUMBERING THE PEOPLE.

Chapter to be read-2 Sam. xxiv.

Introduction. Are now coming to the end of David's life; has been a very troubled one; much persecution from Saul; much sorrow in his own

family; one great sin making part of reign very sad, Once again read of his displeasing God.

I. THE SIN. (Read 1-9.) Now six years since Absalom's death; country been at peace; all going on well; trade prospering; commerce increased; time of plenty. At such a time money plentiful; more people; nation increases. From whom do all these blessings come? So to God must all the glory be given. But time of prosperity sure to be a time of danger. Want special watchfulness and prayer, lest become proud. Now what did David do? Perhaps children can remember such a numbering (or census) in the year 1871-will be another in 1881; in England takes one day, done so quickly, because nearly all can read and write, fill up papers, etc. But David's census took nearly a year. Who took the numbers? Would give employment to soldiers while no war was going on. Picture them going all through the land, calling at every house; counting up the babies, adults, etc.; what a stir it would make in all the quiet country places. At last ended; return to Jerusalem; how many were there? a large number for so small a land. But was Joab willing to do this errand? (see ver. 3). This was a word of warning to David, but did he regard it? Whose persuasion was it to number the people? (see margin to ver. 1). Satan always on watch to lead into sin-he tempts David, and David yields. Perhaps think, what harm was there? No harm in the thing itself, but in the motive which led David to do it. What was that? Yes, pride, in counting over his subjects. He, once the shepherd-boy, now king over this great nation. Who knew his feelings? So God's anger was moved against him.

II. The Punishment. (Read 10—16.) What did David himself say? Saw his sin; at once confessed it; not as when took Bathsheba, only confessed after prophet had been to him; shows his conscience more tender now; sooner aroused. What does he say? Who comes to him with message from God? Allowed to choose his own punishment. Which did he choose, and why? He had feared God, knew God full of mercy, he will put himself into His hands. Now what a sad sight in the land, so lately so full of joy. Always sad when any pestilence breaks out; can perhaps remember scarlatina taking off some neighbours or relations very quickly; but here whole land poisoned; picture the alarm, the sudden sickness, the calling for doctors and nurses; the prostration of

friends; no medicines of any use; in first day (see ver. 15) 70,000 dead, and the king can only look on and do nothing, and well might David and his elders mourn in sackcloth (1 Chron. xxi. 16).

III. THE PARDON. (Read 16-25.) How long was the plague to last? but did it? Where was the destroying angel going on the second day? Jerusalem, called God's City, which He loves (Ps. xlviii, 1, 2), Now what does the angel suddenly do? Who told him to stop? God knew what was in David's mind; God heard his prayer; he submitted to the punishment; he knew he deserved it; he took it patiently, the loss of his fine soldiers and his loving people, but he prays for them; what have they done, may they be spared? was he heard? Who came to him now? What was he told to do? Why build an altar? Sacrifice for sin, without shedding of blood, no forgiveness. What does Araunah want to give him? Will David accept it? No; must not give God what cost him nothing. So pays for ground, builds altar, slays oxen, makes atonement, and the plague is stayed; once more health and peace in Israel.

IV. THE LESSONS. (1) Avoid pride. Very often are proud of possessions, books, pictures, ornaments, etc. "Not more than others we deserve." Who gave us all we possess? God gave and God can take away, so use all as His gift. (2) Confess sin. Must first see it and then confess it. Had David listened to Joab, would not have done this thing. Had he examined his own motives then, would not have given order for census. When did realise sin, at once eonfessed (Ps. xxxii, 5). (3) Bear punishment. How patiently David bore his punishment. No complaining that was too great, no desire to shorten its length; just took what God sent. This an example to all. (4) Look to Jesus Christ. What does David's sacrifice remind of? Christ made atonement for us; He, the sinless, bore our sins. Therefore we should

> Trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. What was David's sin, and who prompted it?
- 2. What was the number of the people?
- 3. What choice of punishment was allowed David?
- 4. Which punishment did he choose, and why?
- 5. How did God show that His mercies are great?
- 6. What lessons may we learn?



SILENT PREACHERS:

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

ILVER. The parable of the Lost Piece of Silver is one of the three parables contained in St. Luke xv., and which were spoken for the purpose of rebuking the Scribes and Pharisees, who in their self-righteousness misunderstanding the mission and work of our Lord, found fault with thim for "receiving singures and eating with

Him for "receiving sinners and eating with them" (ver. 2). In answer to their murmurs, either openly expressed or else known to Him from whom no secrets are hid, our Lord, instead of rebuking them directly, administered (as was His constant habit) His rebuke much more gently, and perhaps, also, much more forcibly, by speaking the parables of the Lost Sheep, the Lost Piece of Silver, and the Prodigal Son, in each of which the same lesson is conveyed, though in a different form, namely, that the special work of our Lord was not with those who were, or who fancied themselves to be, good enough already, but with sinners-with those who, being sinsick, had need of the help of the Great Physician, even though sometimes they might be altogether ignorant of their need.

It may be well for us to consider here whether there may not be some special teaching intended by the use of a different figure to represent the erring sinner in each of the three parables. Thus, in the first parable, by the reference to a lost sheep, may it not be intended that we should be more particularly reminded of the utter helplessness of the sinner in his separation from God? And even more than this, inasmuch as a lost sheep knows that he is lost, although he cannot find the way to return to the fold, may be not be the most fitting representative of the sinner conscious of his misery, looking earnestly for help to get back to God, but unable to find the way, till the mercy of his Good Shepherd, having sought him out, leads him back-nay, brings him back with joy?

And if the line of thought suggested here be not merely fanciful, then in the unconscious piece of money, as contrasted with the consciously helpless sheep, is it not possible that we are intended to see the type of that class of sinners (of whom there are too many even in a country like ours, which boasts of its Christianity) who, while lost indeed, and the object of loving interest to Him to whom of right they belong, are yet all ignorant of their condition of misery, and so are neither wishing nor looking for help or guidance? It is a thought of much comfort that those whom we are perhaps tempted to regard as hopeless outcasts, are regarded with tender compassion and anxious love by Him who knows best how to deal with them, and how to bring them to repentance and the reception of the truth.

And, thirdly, in the parable of the Prodigal Son there is no doubt that we have the picture of God's dealings with the sinner who, having once known the love of God, has departed from it of his own free will, but for whom that love is still strong, and to whom it promises a place of welcome when, having discovered the greatness of his fault, he seeks his Father's home again in humble sorrow and confession of his sin.

If this be the true key to our Lord's meaning in speaking these three parables, then we have in them a touching proof of His tender love, which would not allow any class of sinners even to seem to be excluded from His consideration, and which would assure the world that, however the sins of men are to be accounted for—by weakness, or by ignorance, or even by wilfulness—there is a place in His merey and a hope of forgiveness for all.

But in taking this general and comparative view of these three parables, it has been necessary to pass by for the moment the more special teaching of the parable of the Lost Piece of Silver, to which we must now return.

By the choice of a lost piece of money to represent a sinner in a state of separation from God, the thought is suggested that not only are we God's property, but that as long as we are not serving Him, we are useless property. It is one of the greatest privileges of Christians-it is, in fact, the glory of men, that they can be useful to God, that God works through them in the accomplishing of His purposes of good towards the world. But as long as the sinner is wandering in sin, he is not working with God, he is not allowing God to make use of him, he is of as little practical value as a lost piece of money to its owner; but when the Saviour's love has found him, and restored him to God and holiness, then his capabilities of good will be developed, and his life will be spent for the glory of God, and for the good of his fellow-men.

Lastly, while we hesitate to press too far the lesser details of the parables, or to put upon them meanings which there is no reason to suppose were present to the mind of our Lord, yet it is hard not to see in the lighting of the candle, mentioned in this parable, a reference to the description of our Lord as the "light of the world" (St. John viii. 12). A sinner in ignorance of Christ, and following the sins which his own evil nature or the temptation of the devil suggests to him, is indeed in a condition of darkness, which nothing but the light of Christ can brighten. But Christ's love will make the light to shine upon the darkened soul, and if it does not refuse to receive the light, will continue to enlighten it; but if, when the light has been given, men still choose to remain in darkness, they will bring themselves under the sentence which is contained in the words of our Lord, "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather

than light, because their deeds were evil" (St. John iii, 19).

SNARE. In the solemn prophecy of the end of the world, which is contained in the latter part of St. Luke xxi., our Lord reminds His hearers of the suddenness of the end in the words, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares; for as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth." The figure is used to express the absence of any definite sign of the second coming of the Lord, and the absence of expectation on the part of the inhabitants of the world. This is not inconsistent with what our Lord says as to the sions which shall be seen before the end; for what we are to infer from the teaching upon the subject is, that whereas those who are faithful and who are watching for Christ will be able to recognise that the end is drawing near, yet the day itself will not be known even to them-that is to say, that while their general attitude will be one of expectation, they will not be able to fix the precise time when their expectations will be fulfilled. The thoughts suggested by this warning, and by similar ones in the New Testament, are very solemn, and are not, perhaps, sufficiently kept in mind by Christians. But the subject need not be considered here at any length, as it has previously been treated under LIGHTNING, by reference to which, in St. Matthew xxiv. 27, our Lord even more strongly impresses upon us the suddenness of His return in glory to judge the quick and the dead.

SWINE. In the parable of the Prodigal Son (St. Luke xv.), the miserable condition to which the prodigal was reduced after having "wasted his substance with riotous living," is described in the words, "when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want, and he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine, And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him." In this description we are intended to see a picture of the state of degradation to which the man who is the servant of sin may be reduced. The prodigal, driven to extremities, is compelled to find occupation and means of living in a work from which he would have shrunk with horror in his father's home, not only because it was in itself a work which a son would not be called upon to perform for such a father, but also because it was a work which would be regarded with peculiar hatred by a Jew. Similar is the spiritual degradation of a man who forsakes the service of God and abandons himself to the service of the devil. Not all at once, indeed, does his moral nature become degraded, but gradually acts and words of which he would have been ashamed in early days become an acknowledged part of his life; places and companions by which, at one time, he would have thought himself

defiled, become as welcome as the purer friendships of his youth. It is not intended, of course, that we should understand this parable to teach that every sinner becomes openly degraded, so that all the world can witness his humiliation—this occurs only in some cases. But in every case, whatever the outward appearance may be, there is a moral degradation of the man, the affections are perverted, the heart is defiled, the son of God is employed in ways miserably unworthy of his true position, the heir of immortality becomes in a greater or less degree the slave of divers lusts and passions.

In such a condition it is a hopeful sign if the soul of the man begins to feel that it has not found, and cannot in its present state find that which will satisfy its wants. The prodigal in his misery "would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat," but they could not satisfy his hunger, they were not food for him; for a moment they might stop the craving for wholesome food, but they could not supply its place. And so too in things spiritual, the soul of man has longings deeper than can be satisfied by the world, wants which God only can supply. It is well for the sinner who comes to recognise this truth; it may be by God's mercy the first step on his return to his Father. The world cannot satisfy, though it may silence for a moment the yearnings after higher and nobler things, which the soul has, by virtue of its origin from God. The misery of man is that he should persuade himself that the world is able to give him everything that he needs. The greatness of man is that he should be able to see that apart from God he cannot have all his wants supplied, to recognise the insufficiency of the happiness of this world, and without undervaluing the pleasures and happiness which God allows and intends him to have while here, to live in this world looking to the reality beyond it; content to wait for the perfection of happiness and full satisfaction, for the time when neither physically nor spiritually shall he hunger any more or thirst any more, but, seeing God face to face, he shall be satisfied for ever.

SWORD. Our Lord's saying in St. Matt. x. 34, "Think not that I came to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword," is at first sight in striking contrast to the account of His mission given in the song of Zacharias, who announced the purpose of His coming to be, "To guide our feet into the way of peace." But it is not difficult to reconcile these apparently different accounts of our Lord's work in the world, or to see that if it be true that He came to give "peace on earth," it must at the same time be true, bearing in mind the only meaning which "peace" from Him can have, that He came not to send peace, but a sword. For the obvious meaning of the words which we are considering is that the establishment of peace on earth was not the first object of His coming, but the abolition of sin, and the promotion of holiness. Peace to the world and the individual could only come as the result of holiness; but

first, considering the state of the world at His advent, it was necessary that there should be conflict. For, in the first place, the work which Christ was to accomplish in the world brought Him into violent contact with the prejudices of the people among whom His earthly life was spent. The religion which was popular at the time was not such a religion as was pleasing to Him; it was more a religion of observances than of principles, and in this respect He intended to make a complete revolution. And besides this, our Lord intended that all the world should be brought within the blessings of the Gospel, and this was a purpose not to be accomplished without exciting the opposition of the Jewish people, who regarded themselves as entitled to a special share of the Divine blessings, and whose indignation was roused at once by the suggestion that the Gentiles should be henceforth allowed to occupy a position of equal privilege with the Jews.

On this account, therefore, first of all, this work of Christ must of necessity have excited a vigorous opposition against Him and His followers, an opposition which caused His words to find their first fulfilment in His own crucifixion upon Calvary and the martyrdom of many of the first preachers of His Gospel.

And not only in the case of those who were the first hearers of the Gospel was it thus necessary that the truths of the Gospel should be as a sword among them, but as the Gospel spread through the world and came into contact with the sin of man, it was unavoidable as long as the power of sin remained that the contest which had begun upon the occasion of our Lord's first preaching should continue to disturb the peace of the world, and in this way it is evident that His message to the world was not first of all a message of peace, but only of peace to be secured after contest, and perhaps never in this world to be secured perfectly.

And so too in the case of individuals, it is true that our Lord came "not to send peace, but a sword;" although it certainly was His intention also that, as the ultimate result, peace should be given to the soul of each faithful Christian. For the right to be called a true follower of Christ is for very few of us an easy acquisition. To bring the thoughts and desires of our nature into captivity to the power of the Gospel is not an easy thing to do. Oftentimes it is not done without a fierce struggle and a sharp piercing of the sword into the soul of man. And, moreover, each one of us has to meet not only opposition from within in endeavouring to submit ourselves to the will of God, but opposition in the world too. If we would not be cowardly in our Christianity. but make it, as Christ demands, a constant confession of Him before the world, we must undertake a work which is far from being a work of peace. It is so much easier to be conformed to the world, than to put one's self in opposition to it, that it requires a hard struggle with ourselves to be true to our Master. While, then, within us and without, the power of sin is contending with the power of God, it cannot but be that our lives should not be peaceful. Peace to the Christian comes not before the struggle, but after it, not till the wishes and desires of the soul have been subdued to submission to the will of God.

If, therefore, we are seeking for peace in our lives, we need not give up hope that, by God's mercy, it will come, even though it may at times seem very far away. Sooner or later we shall have that peace which the world cannot give, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, which comes in proportion as our trust in God grows firmer, and our anxiety to have our own way with ourselves becomes less, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose soul is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."



MERE ROSE'S DECISION.

CHAPTER I.



NE cold November day Mère Rose sat over the fire in her cottage, which was situated in a little out-of-the-way Normandy village. The kitchen was paved with stone; there was a large table in it, a clock in one corner, and a dresser, on which was crockery, surmounted by a row of shining copper saucepans which were the pride of Mère Rose's life. They were kept so bright by her that you really could

see your face in them. In the wide open hearth, with its narrow board on which some brass candlesticks stood, was a wood fire, burning well, and keeping the large

hanging kettle of water quite hot.

Mère Rose sat by the fire in her tall Normandy cap, short blue skirts, and orange handkerchief crossed over her chest, and as she knitted, she thought of old times, when her children had gathered round her-children who now were all gone to that eternal home where all Mère Rose's affections were set. She thought of them, and a sigh would escape her now and then! but soon a smile lit up her face with its fine features, and a happy look came into her dark eyes as she thought that the dear Lord had indeed not left her alone, for, besides His unceasing care of her, had He not left her Clothilde and Julie? Mère Rose was really their grandmother, but they followed the fashion of the whole village, who called Madame Savelle, Mère Rose. Old and young, the few rich, and the many poor, called her Mère Rose, and it suited her well. Besides her being so truly kind and tender, and like a mother to all who needed her, she really seemed to look at everything through rosecoloured glasses. Not that she had that lazy way of surveying the unhappiness of others that made her shut her eyes to what she need sympathise with-it was not that, but just that, believing in the guidance of a wise Father's hand, she looked for the good in all the workings of life, whether in her own or that of others. But I have digressed, and must return to Mère Rose as she sat over the fire. A minute or two after the clock had struck half-past three the sound of wheels was heard, and a carriage, that was dashing at full speed through the village, drew up suddenly at the cottage.

Mère Rose guessed who it was, and before the footman had time to knock, she had opened the door and saw her old friend Madame la Comtesse de Fillac, who was seated in the carriage.

Madame de Fillac had known Mère Rose for years, and, wide as the breach of earthly rank was between them, there was, however, some bond in common that seemed to unite them. Besides the fact that both were Christians in more than name, they both kept to the old Huguenot faith that by early associations and many memories they held very dear.

"Mère Rose, where are the children?" asked Madame de Fillac.

"They are out still; if madame wishes, I can send for them," answered Mère Rose.

"Ah, no; I have not time to wait. Only, Mère Rose, I will tell you my errand. I am going away for some months to-morrow—a long, long way for me, for I am no longer young—to England, to see relatives of my husband's, who are married there. Ah, Mère Rose, it is a shocking thought to cross the sea, which I have never done before, and to go to that land where there is perpetual fog! but I must not grumble. I wanted to give one of your children a present on Easter Day, but I have made a different plan. You are to watch which of them is the most generous, and to the most generous one give this on Easter Day." So saying, the old lady gave Mère Rose a small packet firmly sealed up.

"But, madame, who is to decide? surely madame does not leave it to me?" exclaimed Mère Rose, forgetting any thanks in her astonishment.

"Yes; I leave it to you. You know the children better than I do; you can watch them and do as I say. True generosity is very rare, Mère Rose," said Madame de Fillac, sadly; "and I want at least that your children should endeavour to gain that virtue. You are not to tell them of it until after you have given it, remember. You are to judge by the ordinary course of their lives, for I won't have them doing it as if to gain anything." And after a little more talk, Madame de Fillac said adieu, and Mère Rose returned to her knitting, after locking up the parcel in a large box where she kept her marriage certificate, some faded flowers, and relics of the husband and children who were gone.

Presently the children came bursting into the cottage, and Mère Rose tried not to look conscious of a "secret," as she listened to their eager words.

Clothilde, the eldest, who was fourteen, warmed her hands as she spoke; and Julie, who was a year younger, put in a word now and then. They were both happy -looking children, with affectionate natures and right principles, founded upon the one foundation—faith in their Lord, and a desire to live for Him.

"Oh, and, Mère Rose," said Julie, when Clothilde paused to take breath in her account of an accident that had taken place that morning, that they had just heard of, "part of the wall fell on the little Tots, who was playing in the garden, and his arm is so hurt!"

"It is indeed terrible, mes enfants," said Mère Rose, "How did the wall happen to fall?"

"You see, they had been repairing it, Mere Rose, and the workmen were away at dinner. Laure was knitting near, when the wall fell, hurting her very much. She was unconscious when they found her,

and the pauvre petit Tots has his little arm broken."

"Yes; and, Mère Rose," said Julie, "it is so sad for poor Laure, for she is quite thrown out of work. She is so ill, and she will not be able to wash for a long time." bird, thought that it would be very pleasant to be a dressmaker. Now they went to school, and having each a little allowance of money every week to spend as they pleased, in their home knew nothing of the cares of poverty.

They talked over the sad accident to their poor



"'It is so sad for poor Laure!"

"We must see what can be done," answered Mère Rose,

CHAPTER II.

THERE was no poverty in the simple home of Mère Rose. She had sufficient money to be able to live in comparative comfort, and to lay by a little dower for Clothilde and Julie, should they ever marry. For the present, Clothilde aspired to going out some day as lady's-maid, whilst Julie, who was more of a home

Laure and Tots as they sat at supper, eating their soup in their thick bowls with a good appetite, and having several slices from the large pain de ménage.

Presently down went the bowl, and Clothilde clapped her hands. "Mère Rose—Julie! I have just thought of something I will do for Laure."

"What is it?" asked Mère Rose.

"Don't you remember when Monsieur de Fillac's gardener was arranging his seeds in the autumn, that he gave me a quantity of seeds? I told him they were not of use to me, as we had no garden, but he said it did not matter, I could have them. I will sell them now, Mère Rose, and give the money to Laure. Is not that a good plan?"

"Very good," answered Mère Rose; and then, as she looked up, she caught sight of Julie's face, on which there was a sweet expression—sweeter even than usual. Julie thought her grandmother's look was a questioning one, and she said hastily—

"Mère Rose, I have not yet arranged what I can do for Laure; to-morrow I will decide."

"Bien," said Mère Rose; and soon after that the lights were put out, the house locked up, and all was quiet. Clothilde and Julie had each a tiny room to themselves, and that night they did not linger as they undressed, for it was very cold. Clothilde felt very pleased at having remembered the seeds. She had been excited at hearing all about the sad accident to the good Laure, and she had longed to do something for her. At first she had thought that she would spend her allowance of half a franc a week upon buying coffee and anything nice that Laure might fancy, but then, did she not want to save her money? And Clothilde thought of a certain little tin box in her armoire where she had been storing for the last three months her allowance, hoping soon to have enough to buy some wool of a particularly pretty shade of brown, with which to knit herself some stockings. No, she could not give that up, and now the plan of selling the seeds seemed such a good one. She was so pleased about it all, that she never asked Julie about her plans, and Mère Rose, deciding that it was best not to influence the children, helped Laure herself, but did not ask Clothilde or Julie any more questions.

All that winter Mère Rose's rheumatism was so bad that she hardly ever got out, and was not able to go and see poor Laure even once.

Spring came, and the country looked very lovely; the trees bursting into leaf, the hedges fragrant with primroses and violets, and the fields yellow with Lent lilies. Mère Rose felt rather troubled as Easter came nearer and nearer, and she remembered that on Easter Day she would have to decide which of her grandchildren was the most generous. "It was such a strange fancy of Madame de Fillac's," thought Mère Rose, "and very hard for one to have to decide, for both my grandchildren are unselfish and generous."

And later Mère Rose found it harder still to make up her mind. She thought of how, day by day, Julie and Clothilde had both denied themselves butter so as to give a better breakfast to a poor little boy who lived near them, of how Clothilde had sold her seeds and given all the money to Laure, and Julie had made her some clothes. However, when Easter Eve came, Mère Rose felt better, and she walked over to Laure and saw the old washerwoman, who had recovered from the injuries she had received sufficiently to enable her to go about her cottage. Tots was playing with a ball in the garden, and Mère Rose was soon seated before Laure's tiny fire.

Of course, she spoke a great deal of her illness, and then she spoke of Julie and Clothilde,

"Ah, those dear children!" exclaimed Laure, "how can I ever thank them for all their kindness? There was the little Clothilde who brought me her two-franc piece, and Julie, who, every week, brought me half a franc."

"DidJulie do that? I did not know," said Mère Rose.

"She said she did not wish me to speak of it, but I said I must tell you," said Laure; "and her time, too! every holiday has the dear child come to sit with me." And so on the old woman continued speaking of Julie's kindness.

"Yes," thought Mère Rose to herself, "the most generous is Julie, certainly, for she has denied herself in the things she has given, and Clothilde has but given of what she did not want. And about the little Henri's breakfast; now I come to think of it, Julie is fond of butter, so it must have been self-denial to her, whereas Clothilde dislikes it."

The next day Madame de Fillac's present was given, and in the box was found a little silver watch. Julie did not like taking it; she felt that it was very hard upon poor Clothilde. But Mère Rose could not do otherwise than give it to her.

"All that we do for others, especially for the poor, is done, or ought to be done, for God," said she, when she had told the children all about it, "and we should not offer to Him that which costs us nothing. It is well not to be niggardly with one's possessions, but true generosity is that which gives up what one likes."

Clothilde thought of the stockings, and was silent for a moment, then she said, gently—

"You are right, Mère Rose—Julie is the most generous. I am glad she has the watch. When I see her use it, it will remind me of Madame de Fillac's Easter gift, and of how Julie won it."

Clothilde did try for the future to beware of the generosity that only applies to giving of what involves no self-denial, and by her hearty pleasure at her sister's present, and her readiness to acknowledge that it had been justly awarded, Mère Rose could see that the spirit of true generosity was in Clothilde, and that the courage and unselfishness of Julie would be shared by her. And so it was the children never forgot Mère Rose's Decision.

LOUISA EMILY DOBREE,



SHORT ARROWS.



A HOPEFUL ANTICIPATION.

HE general survey of foreign missions is decidedly encouraging. The work going on in India and China, the anticipations of facilities for mission enterprise in Turkey and Zululand, joined to the public testimony of such men as Lord Lawrence, Sir Bartle Frere, and others, to the value of Christian missions, cannot but afford

the liveliest satisfaction to all right-minded people. The Bible is now being circulated amongst the Moslem population, and where the missionaries have established schools many women have learned to read. This is a very great advance, when it is remembered how ignorant and how secluded the Turkish women are as a rule. From an aintab in central Turkey comes the report that the good influence is spreading, but much remains to be done. Intoxication, though drinking is forbidden by the Koran, is much too common, and requires a firm hand to arrest its progress. But on the whole the number of converts has last year been larger than ever, 2,034 having been added in that period; and from India and China comes news equally cheering. In Japan the translation of the New Testament has been now completed, and Christian literature is widely appreciated. There is a most wonderful record from China, where the transformation of a heathen temple into a Christian church, by the Chinese authorities in the village, belongs, as has been truly said, to the "romance of mission work," and suggests a new solution of the question of church building. Such a survey as we have taken must add to our faith in the ever-increasing work of the Gospel, and the benefits we receive thereby.

Trusting in God's great love we tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, nobler joys remain
And peace is won through conquered pain.

PROTESTANTISM IN PARIS.

The Young Men's Christian Association founded in Paris a few years ago is rapidly making its influence felt in that city, and has become a blessing to many English-speaking young men. It has quarters in a central part, with a well-furnished reading-room, a good library, and rooms for games, conversation, and evening classes are also provided. A Bible class, which averages forty members, is held every Sunday afternoon. The president takes more than common interest in the success of the institution; and his Christian zeal, combined with his practical mode of

administration, has tended to increase the influence of the Association. Every month in the summer he organises an excursion to his own country seat, where, "far from the madding crowd," and with the pure voices of Nature whispering to the assembled friends, the Bible classes are held beneath the trees, thus turning the thoughts of those present to the Giver of all good. Such an example as this cannot fail to benefit the members of the Association, and we must all wish success to Mr. Shepper in his honest endeavours to de good with the riches committed to his charge. We commend the Paris Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association to all our friends visiting the French capital.

A little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—*Bacon*.

A REMARKABLE FACT.

In connection with the foregoing subject, and nearly allied to it, it will be most gratifying to all interested in the spread of Christian teaching to learn that the evangelical movement is rapidly spreading throughout France. At an assembly lately held in Paris, a French lawyer stated that he had been travelling throughout the country, and he was in a position to state that at no previous time could the Gospel be preached so freely as at present. The people hungered after the Word of God, and when any Biblical expositions were announced the attendance of devout listeners was very great. The Sunday schools established in all the large cities, and also in such places as Nismes, St. Servan, Valenciennes, Montargis, meet with great favour, which is becoming more and more marked, and the attendance is increasing. Surely here we have every reason to congratulate the earnest workers, and means, if necessary, could no doubt be found for increasing the blessed usefulness already so keenly felt by the people, anxious to hear and embrace the true faith.

Dr. Somerville's mission is also very successful, and crowds are daily unable to procure admission to his services. In spite of priestly influence, the movement is gaining ground. In Paris alone there are twenty-two missions, the weekly attendance being estimated at eight thousand.

We trample grass and prize the flowers of May; Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away. Southwell.

A STEP IN ADVANCE.

Amongst the means undertaken to improve our working population, none have been found so efficient as the provision of honest employment at home in leisure hours. Such an attempt has been made in St. Paneras parish, where a bazaar or exhibition of the skill of the wives, children, and friends of working men was lately held. Those of our readers who visited the place must have been delighted to see the many evidences of careful self-denying work exhibited. On all sides we perceive promises of increased self-respect and Christian brotherly feeling. The industry and taste developed, the skill so excellently brought to bear will not fail to impress the beholder, and imbue him with a spirit of thankfulness for the success achieved.

God hath so constituted our natures, that in the very flow and exercise of the good affections there shall be the oil of gladness.—Dr. Chalmers.

RESCUE-WORK.

Very few of our readers are aware of the depths of sin into which many of our fellow-creatures have descended. There are no people more deserving of our Christian sympathy than our East End population. The Rescue Mission at Poplar is accordingly directed to the improvement of the inhabitants of that and contiguous districts, and is already a success. Here shelter is given to women and girls, who are afterwards assisted to earn their own living honestly and religiously. In this good work even the poor assist most liberally; the widow's mite is cast in with the rich man's offering, "for Christ's sake." We understand that this rescue-work is to be shortly extended-a house in the country is to be taken, where, in a purer atmosphere, the residents may become strong in faith, and in virtue and godliness of

If God elevates anybody, it is that he may be a refuge and a resource for others.—Massillon.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN ALASKA.

"From Greenland's iey mountains and from India's coral strand," is no longer a figure of speech when applied to the spread of missionary enterprise. The first Protestant church has now been organised in the remote region of Alaska, for which the natives are indebted to Dr. Jackson, and an earnest lady worker, Mrs. M'Harland. In 1877 these missionaries, with friends, commenced their work in Alaska. In 1878 the mission was fortified by the appearance of the Rev. Mr. Young; and a month or two ago, this energetic divine, with some other clergymen, proceeded to organise the Church. Their efforts have been met with marked success. Twenty-three

members were received, eighteen of whom were Indians, several of the latter being chiefs. This beginning is already bearing important results, and the devotion and good-will of the mission will no doubt bear its fruit in an increasing congregation.

If it is for our good, our prayer will be granted, and if not granted, then let us be as a child that in his sorrow comes to his earthly father, and not getting his wish granted, is yet refreshed Ly mild words and kind reasoning, so that the sorrow is softened by tears, and the child's trouble lightened.—Hans Christian Anderson.

CHINESE TRACTS.

Surely it is a new thing under the sun to be able to chronicle the establishment of a Tract Society in the Chinese Empire. The first anniversary of such an institution has recently been held at Shanghai, and it gives promise of being the precursor of many others on a still larger scale. Five native Chinese pastors of Christian churches pleaded with pathetic eloquence and power for the rapid formation of auxiliary societies in connection with all the native churches, and for volunteer tract distributors, not afraid of toil or danger, who would thus bring the truth of the Gospel to the doors of the population. It is even more interesting to note that several of the Chinese tracts to be issued by the new society have been written by native writers, who, being themselves acquainted with the saving evangel, know best how to write so as to catch the attention and win the interest of their unenlightened countrymen.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.—Montesquieu.

THE DAY OF REST.

The day of rest is too often broken by people who see no harm in reading up for Monday's work, or in making up their books of the past week on Sunday. But an ingenious American has succeeded in making a time-lock, which, when wound up and set, keeps his safe-door locked after office hours on Saturday until Monday morning. The key will not unlock it. He must wait till the time comes for work, and then the safe will be open. We should all of us, whatever we may think of the American's amusing expedient, do well to lock up our household and business cares and worries on Saturday night, so that the Sunday may indeed be a day of rest, and prove the blessing to our souls and bodies which an All-wise and All-seeing Creator intended it should be when He appointed the Sabbath to be kept holy.

And the shepherds returned lauding and praising God, for all the things that they had heard and seen." They returned again to their business and to their occupation. Here we learn every man is to follow his occupation and vocation, and not to leave the same, except God call him from it to another, for God would have every man to live in that order that He hath ordained for him.—Bishop Latimer.

LADY MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

There has lately been an appeal made respecting the employment of women; but amid all the suggestions, we noticed none so excellent as the Christian work undertaken by some lady missionaries, who are about to proceed to India in the twofold capacity of healers of the body and of the soul. Such holy

work as this, undertaken from a true sense of Chris. tian duty-to rescue the poor women whom Eastern customs forbid to hear our male missionaries, cannot but evoke our warmest sympathies. It is most gratifying to be able to record that the pioneers of this good work have been cordially welcomed in homes where a few years ago their presence would not have been tolerated. To heal the broken heart, and bind up the bodily wounds of the stranger; to pour in the oil and balm of heavenly consolation, is surely as noble an object of attainment as Christian women can desire. Nor is this movement confined to England. Our American fellow-workers are doing likewise, and the ladies are now on their way to China and Japan to spread the glad tidings in many heathen homes. Surely we must all wish them heartily God-speed !

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

- 50. At what place was it that Moses struck the rock, to bring out water for the Israelites?
- 51. On what occasion was an angel sent as a messenger of the Gospel?
- 52. What people refused to allow Israel to pass through their country, and which circumstance is afterwards recorded in the book of Judges?
- 53. What person feigned madness in order to escape death?
- 54. Why did Absalom flee to Talmai king of Geshur?
- 55. Who is spoken of as the angel who "stands in the presence of God?"
- 56. Was Solomon married before he became king?
- 57. Who was it the Jews threatened to put to death after he had died?
- 58. How many miracles were performed by our blessed Lord at Cana of Galilee?
- 59. Mention some persons remarkable for their great moral courage.
- 60. Who are spoken of as "a weak people who inhabit strongholds?"
- Mention two instances in which the younger son obtained the blessing instead of the first-born.
- 62. Where is the passage to be found, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"
- 63. Name three persons who, with their wives, were all buried in the same grave.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 192.

- 36. Putting confidence in an unfaithful man (Prov. xxv. 19).
 - 37. "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain

- the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (St. Matt. xvi. 26).
- 38. Oil—which Isaiah calls the "oil of joy" (Is. Ixi, 3).
- "God is with thee in all that thou doest." (Gen. xxi. 22).
 - 40. The city of Sidon (Genesis x. 19).
- 41. On the occasion of Lot fleeing from Sodom when he prayed for the city of Zoar; and when the ship's crew and passengers were saved for St. Paul's sake (Gen. xix. 21; and Acts xxvii. 23—37).
- 42. His original name was Annaus Novatus, and he was the brother of Seneca the philosopher; St. Paul also was brought before him to be tried (Acts xviii. 12).
- 43. "Tyrannus," in whose school St. Paul disputed daily (Acts xix. 9).
- 44. The army of Syria when besieging Samaria heard a noise as of chariots and horsemen, and so fled away in great haste (2 Kings vii. 6).
- 45. The thief on the cross, when he said, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom" (St. Luke xxiii. 40—42).
- 46. It was placed upon a high pole, and whensoever any man who had been bitten *looked* upon it, he was healed (Numbers xxi. 9).
- 47. Achan, for whose theft the army of Israel was defeated (Joshua vii. 4—21).
- 48. It is a Syro-Chaldaic word, meaning Father, and is the actual word used by our blessed Lord in commencing the Lord's Prayer (St. Matt. vi. 9; St. Mark xiv. 36; and Gal. iv. 6).
- 49. Timothy (compare Acts xiv. 19-20, xvi. 1-2, with 2 Tim. iii. 10, 11).

RELIGION AND LIFE.

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART, STRETFORD, MANCHESTER.

L-WHAT IS RELIGION?

ELIGION is one of those words which may be thought to require no definition. It necessarily calls to mind a certain class of ideas related to our moral and spiritual life, which no man of ordinary intelligence can misapprehend. But no sooner do we pass beyond the merest generalities of the subject, than we

are startled to find that this familiar word is by no means so simple as we had thought it; that it has, in fact, received the most contradictory explanations, and that to the question, What is Religion? not one answer, but many have been returned. On no subject do there exist greater diversities of thought: in no field of investigation have these diversities appeared more hopelessly irreconcilable.

A calm and impartial examination of the question may, however, convince us that beneath these perplexing differences there exists a solid substratum of agreement. In the various explanations which have been advanced by theological writers, we may find something peculiar to the sect or party to which the writer belongs; something also which is shared by other sects and parties; and finally something which is common to all parties alike, piercing to a lower depth than their intellectual and speculative divergencies, and uniting them by a subtle and irresistible bond. In that something which is common to all, rightly understood, we have the essential idea of which we are in search.

The word religion is the English form of the Latin religio. And when a Roman used the word, he intended it to describe his reverence for the gods whom he had been taught to worship. It expressed his conviction of the existence of a being or beings mightier than himself, inaccessible to his senses, but conversant with all his actions, and able to reward or punish him according to his deserts. In a general sense, therefore, we may define religion as "the relation between man and the superhuman powers in which he believes," his sense of God; his belief, his affections, his conduct in relation to God. The derivation given of the word by Lactantius, from religere, to bind, may not be philologically correct, but it certainly expresses the popular conception of its meaning. Religion unquestionably implies, on the part of man, the recognition

of a bond which unites him to a supreme and invisible Lord. He cons over in his mind again and again all that pertains to the service of God, because he feels himself under obligation to do The thought of God is a presence which will not be put by. The elements of religion are bound up with the very texture of our manhood, and everywhere confront us. Faith in the unseen, conscious dependence on a Power greater than ourselves, the necessity of living in harmony with the requirements of this Power, and of securing its approval, are essential characteristics of human nature. "The statement," says Professor Tiele, "that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion, rests either on inaccurate observation or on a confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with destitute of belief in any higher beings: and travellers who asserted their existence have been afterwards refuted by the facts. It is legitimate, therefore, to call religion in its most general sense a universal phenomenon of humanity."

Between what are known as the objective and subjective senses of the word there is an evident and easily apprehended distinction. Objective religion may be defined as the truths regarding God and His relation to the world, by which our feelings of reverence, submission, and love are awakened, and the system of worship in which these feelings find appropriate expression. Subjectively, religion describes the feelings themselves as the regulating powers of the mind. We use the word in the first sense when we speak of natural and revealed religion; of the Jewish, the Christian, or the Mohammedan religion. We use it in the latter sense when we speak of the condition of a man's spiritual life as affected by the truths he professes to believe. In the one case, religion denotes the contents of a creed, or the regulations of a ceremonial; in the other, it is equivalent to godliness or piety.

In these papers we are concerned exclusively with the Christian religion, and of it, mainly, on its human or subjective side, as an internal principle controlling human thought and action. It will be no part of our business to attempt an exposition of the whole body of Christian truth, or even of its principal elements. The teaching of Jesus Christ, as setting forth the Fatherhood of God; the wisdom and love of His providential rule, His care for our temporal and spiritual welfare, His provision—through the death of His

Son, and the gift of His Spirit—for our eternal life, with the demands which Christ makes on our repentance, our faith, our consecration to Himself, we must, of course, keep distinctly in view; but it will be our main purpose to point out the effect which this objective revelation should have upon us as reasonable men, and its influence, when conscientiously accepted, on some of the more

important relations of our life.

Religion, viewed as an internal principle, necessarily lays hold of every element of human nature -intellectual, emotional, and moral. It claims to regulate our belief, our sentiment, and our practice, according to its first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." The old dispute as to whether it has as its basis knowledge, affection, or volition, is not, indeed, formally terminated, but in the conflicting theories there is so large a measure of agreement that it is, for our purpose, of small importance. Religion, to be worthy of its name, must embrace the whole man, and enter with regal power into every province of his nature. Thought, feeling, and action, may not perhaps occupy a place of equal prominence in all forms of religion. In different men, as well as in the same man at different times, they will possess different degrees of power. But their presence will, in the last resort, be detected in every phase of religious life. They are so inseparably united, that one cannot really exist without the others, nor can we even conceive of them as absolutely apart.

Take, for example, the position that the essential element in religion is knowledge, that it rests on a purely intellectual basis. It is evident that no man can love or serve a power of whom he is altogether ignorant, or whom he does not deem worthy of his love. All worship implies an acquaintance with its object. Whether it delights in silent and lofty contemplation, or in the observance of ceremonial; whether it urges its plea in the plaintive wail of the penitent, or reflects back to heaven the joy of a salvation already received; whether it finds its most appropriate expression in the strains of the Miserere, or in the Magnificat of saints; whether it glows with the radiance of Christian sanctity, or is degraded by the grotesque dance of dervishes, the wild orgies of the Bacchanal, or the tortures and atrocities of Thuggism, in all cases alike it is the outgrowth of a creed, and has its form and spirit determined by the intellectual conception of the

devotee.

And yet knowledge alone is not religion. A man of broad and accurate information and of exquisite mental culture, may be utterly devoid of reverence, gratitude, and love. He may have imprinted on his mind an image clear and distinct of the sapphire throne and its glorious

Occupant, and yet be devoid of all adoration for His perfections-may have no sympathy with His character, and no delight in His will. His accuracy of belief has engendered in him no generosity and nobleness of feeling, and been illustrated by no heroism of conduct. Knowledge is power, but not necessarily spiritual or regenerative power, It often co-exists with cool and calculating craft; with reckless self-indulgence, with hardened sensuality and vice. To be thoroughly acquainted with the nature and laws of the spiritual life, to be well versed in the truths of the Bible, to be conversant with articles of religion, creeds, and confessions of faith is not sufficient. A knowledge of the properties of meat will not feed the hungry. A scientific analysis of the water that flows from the crystal spring, an elaborate explanation of its constituent elements, will not quench the thirst from which we suffer on a hot and sultry day. The physician whose diagnosis is perfect, who can discourse fluently on the specific virtues of various medicines, will not cure the disease by which his own life may be endangered, unless he acts upon his knowledge, and practically applies his skill to his own needs. And precisely so it is in the sphere of religion. Knowledge is indeed essential, but it is simply as the first and initial step. It is the foundation, not the complete building; a discernment of the way of life, but not an actual walking

If, then, religion does not consist exclusively of knowledge, can we with greater justice say that it consists of feeling? Does it rest on a purely emotional basis, on our moral and spiritual affections? Is it, for example, a sense of dependence on God, a delight in His holiness and love, or a dread of His wrath? Without doubt we have here another essential element of religion, an element which necessarily enters into our very conception of its nature. The thought of God as the Author of life and the Fountain of good, as the Being from whom every excellence is derived, is, in itself, so powerful and sublime, that it must, when duly apprehended, shed over human life a new glory, and enchain the best affections of the heart. A thought which embraces all that is elevated in wisdom, majestic in power, and consoling in love, cannot be regarded with crass and passionless indifference. The great poet of Nature who watched with so reverent an eye the sights which careless observers had looked upon with unconcern, who taught us to see "a glory in the grass, a splendour in the flower," was not ashamed to own to an ecstasy of delight as he thus felt upon him what he describes as the "breath of God." The world was, in his view, filled with traces of "a Presence that disturbed him with the joy of elevated thoughts." And if he could acknowledge "a bliss ineffable, a transport high," much more may we feel a thrill of adoration when we contemplate, not the harmonies of Nature, but the glories of Him of whose thought Nature is but a transcript, and without whose word its magnificence had not been. The delight we have in God is moral as well as intellectual. In Him all the faculties of our nature find their full and proper object. In the deepest sense, we were made for Him, and we must, therefore, when brought into contact with Him, be conscious of an unwonted elevation and delight.

The men who have best exemplified the spirit of religion, and reaped most largely of its fruits, have served God not only because they have been bound to Him by a commanding sense of duty, but because they have found in His service full scope for the play of their most varied feelings, and a satisfaction which could by no other means be obtained. They have yearned for Him with irrepressible longings. Their souls have thirsted for God, it has been their supreme desire to see the beauty of the Lord. His favour has been to them as life, His loving-kindness better than life. Whatever may have been the toils and struggles arising from their own weakness and sin, the records of their communion with God abound in the notes of triumphant and often of rapturous joy.

The matchless grace of Jesus Christ, the union of greatness and self-sacrifice which men saw in Him, exerted over their hearts a resistless sway. The Apostles were led to forsake all that they had for Christ by the power of a strong enthusiasm. Their actions were not a finely-balanced calculation of profit and loss, but were prompted by a generous and impassioned instinct of devotion to One whom their souls deeply loved, and for whose sake they gladly counted all things as loss. The sneers with which in our day it is common to destroy all deep feeling, to keep emotion outside the precincts of religion, and to suppress every manifestation of zeal, are pitiably out of place. If indeed it be the tendency of the day to "tame goodness and greatness out of their splendid passion, and to stamp virtue itself into coinage of convenience," the tendency should be sternly

Feeling is certainly inseparable from religion.

But it does not cover its whole area. It must be based on knowledge and productive of action. How can we love God unless we know Him to be worthy of our love? how fear Him unless we see in Him that which reasonably excites our fear? A well-ordered mind will demand a correspondence between the feeling and its object, and will refuse even in the slightest degree to violate the laws of intellectual truth. Apart from accurate knowledge, we may worship some phantasm of our own thoughts, some creation of ignorance or error, a god whose gross and

resisted. The man who has seen for himself the

face of God, and contemplated the greatness of

His kingdom, cannot remain cold and unmoved.

misshapen image has been coined by superstition and fear.

To place the reins in the hands of emotion would be dangerous and suicidal, for we could have no guarantee that our course would be wise and beneficent.

Not only must feeling be controlled by knowledge, it must be transmuted into action. It necessarily demands expression, and can only fail to secure it when we place upon it an unnatural restraint. The capacity of feeling will, when resisted, be impaired and disordered; when allowed to take its proper course it will be strengthened. Emotion, indeed, is not itself religion, so much as the capacity for religion. Unless we are prepared to do the bidding of the feeling of which we boast, to exert and deny ourselves for its sake, it is, from the standpoint of religion, of little worth.

Can religion, then, be regarded as action, is it the proper regulation of our deeds, or, in other words, practical morality? Here, again, our answer is, It is this and something more. Morality cannot be divorced from piety, and they who have attempted to effect the divorce have found the attempt recoil upon themselves. That which the mind apprehends and the heart feels, the will must embrace. The affections should arouse the will to decision. To stop short of this point is to have a maimed religion, to deprive our life of fulness, harmony, and rest. A nature so complex as ours cannot be satisfied by the gratification afforded to any one of its elements, however important. Christ himself has reminded us of this-"Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father who is in heaven."

Yet even such conduct as is here demanded, is acceptable to God only as the outgrowth of knowledge, reverence, and love. Morality, though included in religion, is yet distinct from it. It is but a part, and not the whole. Personal and social virtues—chastity, truthfulness, courage, chivalry and honour—may be found in men who have no sense of responsibility to God, and no experience of the joys and sorrows, the struggles and triumphs of the spiritual life. These virtues may spring up independently of all belief in God, and be due to mere constitutional sweetness and integrity of nature. Beautiful and worthy of praise as they are, they are no more religious than is the graceful form of the lily or the delicious fragrance of the rose.

Morality is obedience to a law. Religion is obedience to Him of whose will the law is an expression. Morality is a dry and barren service, a formal routine, or at the most a profitable self-discipline. Religion is lighted up and inspired by love, the mightiest as well as the gentlest of all moral forces. Behind the apparent stermness of the law, we see the revered and venerated

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form of One who has overcome our hostility, harmonised our inclinations with His will, and veiled in His precepts and prohibitions the promise of an infinite good. The sense of servitude is effectually removed, and is followed by a sense of delight and liberty. The heart is enlarged and purified, and, under the glance of God's loving eye, and the clear shining upon us of His face, we can do and endure all that He requires. And that, in the true and highest sense of the word, is religion.

Thus, then, knowledge, feeling, and action are each indispensable: knowledge must determine our conceptions of God, and our beliefs concerning Him; feeling must give life to those beliefs; while our conduct must realise and exemplify them. Knowledge, fulfilling the functions we have assigned to it, is the body of religion. But

as the body without the spirit is dead, a mere skeleton of dry bones, so knowledge without feeling is dead. The living body, inspired by a living soul, will clothe itself with morality as its garment, and, arrayed in the beauty of holiness. will traverse the whole field of human life. In all this vast territory there is not the narrowest strip of land on which it may not set foot and claim allegiance. Its empire is universal, All other powers-whether intellectual, moral, or social-must acknowledge its sway; and by their submission fulfil their highest end. Religion has authority to enter every region of life, that righteousness and peace may abound. Its presence is everywhere seen, enlightening, controlling, comforting the hearts of all men, that it may enable them to reach the true perfection of their nature, and crown them with glory and honour.

A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

VAIN PURSUIT.



UR holiday is nearly at an end. To-morrow is to wind up with another great gathering at Aunt Robert's, the reason for which I cannot make out, as it has been got up quite in a hurry, and we would all have preferred a quiet evening.

Aunt Robert is frankly discontented with us for our want of enthusiasm for the society to which she has introduced us, though we all admit its attractions. She had calculated on our making an immediate impression of some kind, and is disappointed. She forgets that, with our ill-defined position and uncertain future, we could hardly lay ourselves out to please, even if that was natural to us.

Certainly, neither of our boys had seemed at home with Aunt Robert. Edwin, always good-natured and sociable, most enjoyed the evenings and the company. He had quite brightened up during the social hours, and appeared to forget himself, or, rather, to forget his cares, and be himself once more,

assisting at the musical performances, and even throwing himself heartily into them. But at other times he was dull and silent, looking, not as he used to do, idle and unoccupied, but preoccupied and absorbed. He was always like this in the morning, and we noticed that every day after Christmas there was a letter by his plate.

"I should like a letter too," said Lizzie, on the second day, drawing attention to it, taking it up, and looking at the post-mark with sisterly freedom. "I should like a letter."

"From whom?" asked Aunt Robert.

"Oh, from papa, perhaps."

"Only perhaps," said Aunt Robert.

"Well, from somebody. Papa's letters always come regularly."

We laughed at Lizzie; but I, who could read her face as one reads a book, saw there a look which said plainly, "I know from whom." Lizzie always knows her own mind.

But Aunt Robert went on, and, with rather clumsy playfulness, named a young gentleman who had been very polite to Lizzie, and had sent her a note about a piece of music.

Lizzie shook her head.

"No? He is an admirer of yours," said Aunt Robert.

"I hope not," said Lizzie.

"Why not?" pursued Aunt Robert.

"I should begin to dislike him," said Lizzie.

"Then you don't at present?"

"Oh, no," she answered lightly; "and I don't want to."

In the midst of the badinage, Edwin escaped for the time, and the letters remained unexplained. But next day Lizzie returned to the charge.

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"Here is another letter," she cried, holding it up.
"I know it is from your 'house,' as you call it; here is the 'E.C.' mark, and the writing is the same as the list you had made out by one of the clerks. Is anything wrong? Do they want you to return? Can't they let you enjoy your holiday in peace?"

All, however, brought forth no response, except a careless, "Oh, nothing is wrong; they don't want me. I wish he wouldn't send them!"

If there was any romantic attachment to Edwin on the part of this particular clerk, it was very onesided, seeing that Edwin could not bear him, and was extremely caustic on his twin propensities, which were beer and snuff-taking.

Our last evening with Aunt Robert has come and gone, and in the dark hours another day has already come. I wish I could sleep, but I know it is useless to try. Perfectly healthful as I am—for I have never known either sickness or pain—I cannot sleep when I have been moved at all deeply—nay, even a host of new impressions, such as one receives on a journey, will suffice to keep me throughout the night in utter wakefulness. I shall be glad to be at home again, to think. To-night that, too, is impossible.

The uncertainty of our future had begun to press upon me. Last night a new element was added to it. Aunt Robert told me in the morning that she expected Edith Winfield in the evening, but she forbade me to say anything to Ernest, and I, seeing no good it was likely to do, or harm either, said nothing accordingly.

And Edith came. How Ernest started when she entered the room! I never saw anything like the change which came over him in a moment. It was enough, without what followed, to reveal to me the whole. From a state of utter listlessness, he was roused into splendid animation. His very looks and tones were altered. And all this from merely fixing his eyes upon her.

And certainly she was looking lovely. What vivid roses her dark cheek had mounted! Her eyes looked larger than ever, and more star-like, with a look of distance in them which lent pathos to their brightness. She looked more ethereal, too, in contrast with the lightest and most graceful of Aunt Robert's solid and stately young friends, and about her lips played that smile which I knew, and which looked so keenly sweet, and was, I believed, so untender and inconstant.

My heart beat fast as I saw Ernest slowly move towards her as if fascinated, and from that moment I was absorbed in watching them. She received him very graciously, I thought, and my unreflecting sympathy was gladdened when I saw him look so happy. She had evidently asked for me, for he led her to where I sat, and we talked together pleasantly until our little trio was broken up by accession and dispersion.

Later in the evening came another act in the

drama, enacted for my eyes alone. I could see that she avoided Ernest. She slipped from him cleverly just when he thought he had her to himself, bestowing herself upon Edwin, Mr. Temple, anybody. I became so absorbed in watching them that I had eyes and ears for nothing else. I saw him, baffled by her adroitness, give up the pursuit, and retire from the attempt to get her to himself.

A little later he spoke to me, and though he was no longer listless, but in a fever of suppressed excitement, his voice sounded hoarse—so hoarse that Aunt Robert, who happened to be near us, hoped that he had not caught a chill.

He could not possibly be jealous of his friend Mr. Temple, who was dividing his attention between Edith and Lizzie. No, that was not possible, for the former disappeared, and Mr. Temple was perfectly unconcerned. But I could take no further interest in the scene, and was glad when the evening came to an end and it was over.

There was no opportunity for speaking to Ernest before. Perhaps he had purposely avoided it, but, when I went up to our room an hour ago, I loitered on the stair that I might listen for a moment at the door of his. He was up. I heard a groan, and called to him softly. He opened his door, and I went in and set down my light. Standing there, he told me all.

"I do not know what possessed me," he said, "but I determined to tell her that I loved her. By some instinct she seemed to know it, and avoided me. She looked frightened, Una—frightened! with eyes like a hunted fawn, and I only longed the more to tell her. I believe I was half mad. But she baffled me. I am sane now, and know that I have been a fool. Only she knows what I wanted to say, and knows also that I know this. It is cruel."

I comforted him with hope. I could not help but hope for him. Alas, my brother! it does not seem much to hope for—the love of Edith Winfield; it will bring more of sorrow than of joy, I feel sure.

Before I left him he had grown calmer, for he had begun to frame resolves. He will work hard, he says, and he will not remain at college after the close of the Easter term—that is in June. He can take his degree then, if he does not go in for honours; and Mr. Temple, who leaves at the same time, will share with him a set of chambers. He thinks Aunt Robert and even Mr. Bennett may be able to help him—that is, give him introductions to legal friends.

"Temple does not want money, you know; only work. I want both," he said.

He has still a week to get through before returning to Cambridge, and an invitation reached him to spend it in Bedford Square—to make Mr. Bennett's house his home for that period. I am happy to say he declined, out of deference to one of the primitive virtues in which we had been reared—respect for hospitality. Those whose hospitality we accepted, and those who accepted ours, we had been taught to hold in a degree sacred—sacred from our stern youthful judgment, our sharp youthful censure. He told

Mr. Temple that he could not accept. He was too much inclined to make fun of the Bennett girls. So we all went home together.

Mr. Temple came to tell us of his continued want of success in finding Mr. Bothwell.

Lizzie was out when he came. She was out doing some of the visiting work which Claude Carrol had put into Aunt Mona's hands; Aunt Mona, employing Lizzie as a sort of aide-de-camp, sending her simply to do a little reading to aged and sick people who wanted it.

There were many, aged and sick too, who did not—who wanted meat and drink and warmth, and knew no other good to crave for; but they received Aunt Mona and her substitute with a pleasure which they did not exhibit towards the young curate. He was getting sorely discouraged among his new people, many of whom belonged more to the country than to the town,

and were of a more stolid type.

Claude stumbled upon washing-days, when he was received in the front kitchen by the desperately untidy elder girl at home from school, and nursing the desperately dirty and chubby baby. The mother was called in from the wash-house, drying her wet red arms and apologising for the state of things or not, according to her temper and her respect for the clergy, but decidedly impatient to get back to her He stumbled upon cooking operations, and learnt that the good man refused to eat cold meat, and was "in a way" if his dinner wasn't served to the minute. He tried the afternoons, and interrupted the women in their gossip, finding them willing enough to talk about their household affairs, and still more willing to discuss the affairs of their neighbours, but as unimpressionable as the deaf to speech, when anything higher was mentioned. And as a last resource, and to get at the men, he tried the evening, and this was worst of all. The women could talk, and would talk about some things; the men could not be got to speak at all. Inarticulate growlings and mutterings were the most of which these human beings were capable. As a rule none of the men went to church, and the women seldom; but the children were frequently sent by the better class of mothers, to be out of the way. Bread was plentiful among them; he could see it in the waste that went on, a waste which would have been accounted sin and shame in his mother's house. In short, no set of educated epicureans ever carried out more thoroughly the maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," than did these labourers of an outlying London suburb.

The church, too, had neglected them; for, extending her boundaries in building up her edifices of stone, she had left aside these living stones, for lack of labourers, to lie in a kind of outside rubbish-heap. Claude was acutely alive to this, and, impatient to remedy it, he enlisted all the help he could in their service.

That very afternoon he had sent Lizzie and Clara out in different directions, and I had promised to go for Lizzie in the course of an hour. Why I did not go with her, or undertake any of this work myself, neither Aunt Mona nor Mr. Carrol himself had inquired. I had been allowed simply to decline. From the first, Lizzie's attitude towards religion had been other than mine. It seemed as if she had but to grow upwards to blossom and bear fruit in it, while I had to take root downward, and remain nursing a hidden life in the dark.

Mr. Temple had missed Ernest, who had gone into town by a previous train, and, rather than not see him, he had agreed to await his return, and he asked leave to accompany me. We accordingly set out together on the way past the brick-fields, to the cottage whither Lizzie had gone. It was that of an old woman who lived alone with her stepson, and who was slowly dying of dropsy, with no one to care for her except another old woman to whom she had given shelter, and who went out all day.

Mr. Temple walked by me almost in silence; with Lizzie he would have been talking eagerly and delightfully. What he did say was all in reference to her. And he is indeed worthy of her. No dreamer, but a man of the strongest practical wisdom, as well as the deepest enthusiasm for goodness and truth; he will love her well and nobly. They will make between them a noble life, unworldly, single-hearted,

pure.

We came upon the cottage before we were aware. I opened the latch and went in. Mr. Temple followed me. The door opened straight into a little room which seemed to be a kitchen, but was fireless and tenantless. The door into an inner room stood ajar, and we could hear Lizzie's voice as she began to sing a hymn. Mr. Temple made a sign to me, and we both stood listening. It was Keble's "Sun of my soul," she was singing, her fresh sweet voice sounding tremulous with emotion of some kind. Was it the night of death which was near to the soul to whom she ministered? I was seized with a kind of tremor, and had to sit down.

The hymn came to an end, and we started to hear a rough man's voice addressing some one.

"I should think you'd be as happy as if you was in 'eaven, to hear the young lady sing like that."

"Who says I ain't?" burst snappishly, but with a strange ring of hollowness, evidently from the dying woman. It was impossible to help smiling.

The man spoke again, in a drivelling voice.

"There," he said, "that's the first word she's spoke to me for many a day. Tell her to speak to me," he pleaded, "to speak somethin' kind like. Tell her to say 'Jack,' as she used to."

Something between a groan and a growl came from the woman, but no word was spoken.

"Speak to him," said Lizzie, gently. "He is

sorry. He wants you to forgive him."

"Ay, that I be, that I deu. I've been a bad Jack to you, but jest you say the word, an' I'll be good as gold."

"You've been drinkin'," groaned the woman.

"I know that," he said, candidly enough, "but won't you jest say, 'There, Jack, there, now don't you do it again,' an' I won't, at least more 'n a pot wi' my bread an' cheese. That's all I gets now you're laid up."

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We looked at each other. There was something infinitely touching in the need of this poor soul for the forgiveness of his earthly companion. Still, the woman seemed obdurate, and we were about to enter the room when we heard Lizzie say, gravely, "You must forgive him—indeed you must—even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you."

There was a strange silence after the solemn words, and then a softened voice said, "Well, Jack—there you are."

On this I tapped at the door, and Lizzie came out to us, but not before we had a glimpse of Jack sitting with a hand on each knee of his dirty old corduroy trousers, shaking his grey head; for Jack was quite an old man, nearly as old, indeed, as his step-mother; or there might have been about ten years between them, she having reached threescore and ten, and he having lived with her since he was a little lad, and she, his father's second wife, a mere girl herself.

We walked home together, Lizzie telling us what she knew of the strange pair, and the old woman whom they sheltered under their roof, and who still went out to work, although in her eightieth year. This led to talk about the poor, which lasted till we got home. Mr. Temple stayed to afternoon tea, and by the time Ernest returned, it was necessary for him to go. So we said good-bye. It was the last we were to see of him for several months,

CHAPTER XVIII.

EDWIN'S SECRET.

The spring has come upon us suddenly this year, after a late though mild winter. The snow came in the middle of January. It was snowing the day Ernest left us to join Mr. Temple in London, and go down, the day after, to Cambridge together; and it lay about all the rest of the month, not in a sheet, but here and there, on the fields, and by the hedgerows. Then it passed away; and during the whole of February we might have quoted with truth, "The rain it raineth every day." All our ways have become impossible and impassable, ankle-deep in miry clay. But this week there has been actual sunshine, clear and bright, and not "washed out," as Lizzie called the attempts the sun made to shine through the dismal days preceding.

Lizzie and I had a walk towards the fields to-day, and found even these beginning to dry. The March buds were peeping out on the hedges, and the ways were bordered by narrow strips of fresh springing green. The birds, too, were singing; but of flowers there were none. There are no spring flowers round London; they have been all gathered long ago,

appropriated, and so lost. We were glad to see a hawker the other day with a basket of primroses, brought from far-off fields, and Lizzie hastened to appropriate some of them, and to plant them, with the help of Toodles, in a shady corner of our little garden.

Toodles begins to come out with the spring flowers. We have not seen him for two whole months, except behind the window-panes; and his round face has grown somewhat paler with confinement. But there is no one to take Toodles out, and the garden has been damp and sloppy, and the road in front of the house submerged in mud. If we are spared here till another winter comes, Lizzie has promised to take the child out sometimes. Like our neighbours, we have been a good deal confined to the house. In the country, out-door pleasures are always possible; but here in the winter they are practically out of reach. Only there is some compensation in the intensity with which a lover of Nature welcomes once more the sight of her beautiful face. In the loveliest of scenes I never felt the delight, subdued and tender, with which I looked to-day upon a bit of blue sky; bare boughs against the blue, and the merest tint of green on the hedge beneath. A single thrush behind the hedge was singing madly. That glimpse of heaven, that gush of music, the living cordial of the air, seemed to revive our souls. My faith in the teaching of Nature awoke with a kind of resurrection. The great mysterious wonder-working life-giving power was here. And that other faith which I had been nursing-that revelation of the Son of God-would the morning of a new spring dawn on that? would it stir in my heart with a new life ?-- a life that would rise in prayer, and blossom into holiness? I felt that it must; that God would not give a waiting soul less than He gave to those trees of His. I felt that I had indeed been waiting-not living, but keeping alive; and yet what hours I have spent in learning how the noblest, nearest to our own day, as well as in the remote past, drew near to Him who is the way, the truth, the life. I have tried, as one has beautifully said, to lay fast hold of the shadowy hands, of which the nearest has only passed from among us; while the furthest lays hold of the hand of Christ, and is lost in the effulgence of God,

Does religion need more of outwardness?

I believe it does, for I can see dear Lizzie grow. I can see her accepting life and its duties with something more than her natural goodness, something of tenderness and humility grafted upon it. I believe she accepted the Kingdom of Heaven like a child, and keeps the divine childhood in her heart. Something in me hinders this. I seem to feel that there must be a separate divine revelation to every human soul, and I have not received it. I read in one of Aunt Mona's favourite books, "The love of God which gave Christ is the immense ocean of the water of life, and men's souls are as ponds dug upon the shore, connected each of them, in virtue of Christ's work, with that ocean by a sluice. Unbelief is the blocking up of

that sluice; belief is the allowing the water to flow in, so that the pond becomes one with the ocean, and man becomes partaker of the Divine nature, and has one life with the Father and the Son." love, and love goes forth again in life. Is this the divine root of all our eagerness to live? this, that we may lay ourselves open to every influence, so that rather than not live, many rush into vain pleasure,



"I was seized with a kind of tremor, and had to sit down."-p. 262.

Is it life, this actual living, that opens the channel, while thought, these brooding reflections, are but as the images of things in some pool, which move therein without progress and without change, or, rather, changing themselves, and yet themselves changing nothing? Life lays on us the necessity of

and some into fearful sin, till they wearily forsake the pleasure, and bitterly repent the sin, and so all, diminished and stained, flow back again; and that channel of repentance leads also into the ocean of love.

I have been offering to relieve Aunt Mona of the

burden of maintaining the whole of us, by going out as a governess myself. Lizzie would stay at home, and help her with the little household, which will be permanently increased when Ernest leaves college this summer. But I have not pressed the matter, as it seemed to give her pain.

"While I live, Una, I think we shall have enough," she said. "Your father has been able to find Ernest's college expenses, and we have made ends meet this year; therefore I think you should wait. You are not suffering from idleness," she added pleasantly. "With your work and your extensive reading you are never idle; indeed, I do not think you allow yourself sufficient recreation."

So I am waiting, and Aunt Mona leaves a great deal to me, purposely, I think, that I may feel myself necessary. She allows me to keep house for her almost entirely, and I am glad that I can, for she has not been accustomed to careful housekeeping, and I find we must be extremely careful. Only, Lizzie could have done it as well, and there would have been one less. Aunt Mona makes ends meet by wanting nothing for herself, but that cannot go on. Even her good and ample wardrobe will want renewing. Lizzie is in our confidence too, and she is much eleverer than either of us on a committee of ways and means.

We find that we must economise more severely in the matter of food. We must not order things haphazard, but only when they are cheap and plentiful, "and that is, happily," said Lizzie, "when they are best and most agrecable." Edwin has his own money, but he has to get his dinners, and pay his trains, and buy his own clothes; and he too, poor fellow, finds it difficult to make ends meet. Lizzie had to take him to task the other day for going too shabby, and found out that he had very little money left. He has not bought anything new for some time either, as Lizzie pointed out, and he never gives us little presents as he used to do. He will feel the inability to do that, for he used to delight in being generous to us. He is not looking well at all, and so much older-older than he ought to look. I can fancy that he feels the sordidness of this life more than we do. I can imagine it becoming very sordid, unless sustained by duty as well as love, and with some outlook beyond and above it.

Another day of spring sunshine. Old Jack's stepmother has lingered on till now. Clara was going there, and Claude has asked one of us to go and see a young Frenchman who is dying, and who wants a letter written to his friends in France. That was something I could do, so I volunteered for the little service; and as soon as the address, written on a slip of paper, was put into my hands, I felt sure that I was going to see the poor young man who was Edwin's predecessor. It was the same name, and he, too, was dying. There could be no doubt about it, though we had not known that he was in our neighbourhood.

I soon found the house in which they lived—one of a long row of rather pretty cottages, recently built, and very nicely kept, though small and cheap. I offered my card, and asked for Madame Rousset; and the young creature who opened the door told me that she was herself madame. I told her I had come from Mr. Carrol, and why I had come, and asked if it would be convenient for me to see her husband now, and perform the little service he wanted.

She was very cordial, but looked at me and my card with some bewilderment as she ushered me in. With her hand upon the door of the room, she detained me for a moment.

"You are Mr. Lancaster's sister, are you not?" she asked.

I bowed. I had forgotten that she too might recognise the name, but she had also recognised me.

"You are very like him," she said.

And then I recollected that they had seen Edwin, who had been made the bearer of more than one instalment of salary.

"He is very ill," she said, still detaining me. "He grew suddenly worse, and we had to come home." Here she broke down, and wept in silent anguish, which she strove to master before we entered the room. I had never seen such agony depicted on a human face. It could not be harder to die than to bear such, and, forgetting that she was a stranger, I put my arms round her and cried for company.

"Oh, hush," she said, presently, and raised her face, controlled and calm, though sad with a hopeless sadness; and then she ushered me straight into the presence of her dying husband, before whom the last trace of her trouble vanished in a tender smile. He was not in bed, or lying down at all, but sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, from which he half rose to greet me, with the grace of his nation. Everything about and around him was unusual in its simple elegance. The room was not encumbered with furniture, but the ornament was tasteful; pretty chalk drawings took the place of the inevitable prints, and daintily frilled muslin-over what I fancy was glazed cotton-the place of preposterous wool-work on the cushions arranged on his chair. A few spring flowers were arranged on the table before him, and a New Testament in French was laid on the bracket by the fireplace. All signs of illness were removed that could be removed, and the dying man was evidently treated as a being enshrined.

"She is so good to me—my little wife," he said, when she had explained to him who I was, and on what errand I had come, and had left the room. "So good," he repeated; "but I have not been good to her. I had not the health to marry, and now I must leave her a widow, and in poverty!"

He spoke with labouring breath.

Presently his wife came in again, and brought us writing materials, and left us to ourselves again. She had duties, doubtless, for I could hear little voices when the door was opened, but I think it was delicacy that kept her away. He evidently treated her with a tender politeness which would have made it difficult to dictate to me in his own language in her

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presence. The only sentence he spoke to me before her he translated immediately.

The letter was an appeal to his parents, still living and in good circumstances, on behalf of his wife and children. He told them that his married life had been the best of his brief career, and that it had turned his heart towards them, though he had unhappily delayed to acknowledge this. He begged their forgiveness for past folly and disobedience, and asked them to take his little ones to their hearts. only not to seek to separate them from their "adorable mother," whom he had determined to bring to their feet with him, if he had been spared in health. As it was, he bade them farewell for ever, their unhappy prodigal, whom yet they might meet in heaven, by the grace of their Lord and his.

It was all that I could do to write without showing the emotion I felt, and when the letter was finished, I made haste to go, for I could see he was exhausted. He tried to reach the bell, and could not, so I prevented him, and rang myself.

She came in an instant, to find him speechless, and, to all appearance, dying.

"Can I do anything?" I whispered; while she stood supporting the sinking head on her bosom, and fanning his forehead with her breath.

She shook her head, and the faintness seemed after a time to pass away; and then she told me where to find the medicine and glass, which I brought to her, and she gave him his medicine. Then she kissed him, and laid his head more easily, and left the room with me, closing the door softly. She took me into the kitchen, where her children were—a baby in the cradle, and two pretty, delicate-looking boys, playing very quietly at a small table.

"I am obliged to have them here," she said, "for I have no servant, and he cannot have them with him now, though he is so fond of them; for he often

faints away, and I think he is gone."

"Have you no one to help you?" I asked, pityingly.

"Sometimes I have a little help. There is a woman who washes for me, and who lives not far off. She will come to me at any time, and our neighbours on either side are kind and helpful, but I have no one of my own—only one or two friends, who were shoppirls like myself. My relations in the country never saw, and scarcely heard of me, and they are poor."

Then she told me how happy she had been with her Henri. He had always treated her as if she were the greatest lady of the land, and the same after they were married as before. And he, too, had been happy with her, and with his babies, whom he nursed and carried for her as no Englishman would; and with his flowers, which he tended like children, and loved so passionately that she said she would go without food rather than not get them for him.

As she ended her story, with tears, she hoped that my brother might be as happy in his foreign wife as she had been in her foreign husband.

Only the preoccupation of her sorrow prevented

her from seeing how astonished and perplexed I was. She saw something of it, however, and added, as if explanatory of her knowledge—

"She came with him a few evenings ago. She is very beautiful—a German lady. Oh, my poor

Henri!"

She rose to go to her husband again, and 1 rose and left her. My brother's wife! A German, and very beautiful! What could it mean? Fräulein Vasa could not have been with him, and been considered his engaged wife! It was the only solution I attempted as I hastened home to unbosom this new trouble to Aunt Mona and Lizzie.

CHAPTER XIX.

MADAME ROUSSET.

I FOUND Lizzie and Aunt Mona waiting for me, and ready to make the afternoon tea.

"You are tired, dear," said Aunt Mona, gently.

"Why, darling Una, you are perfectly knocked up!" cried Lizzie, in dismay. "Let me take your things up-stairs for you."

"Was it very trying?" asked auntie.

"It was sad enough, but it is not that;" and I recounted the parting words of Madame Rousset.

"It must be some mistake," said Lizzie, stoutly, and she ran up-stairs with my hat and jacket, coming back, however, with a face of extreme gravity, and saying, "I am afraid there is something in it."

She had been taking a rapid survey of the situation, and trifles light as air became confirmations.

"Do you remember the letters he got every day at Aunt Robert's, and how he provoked us by only looking at them, never reading them? Do you know I fancied one day that it was an enclosed letter much smaller than the envelope. Perhaps they were from her. Then you know how she stayed on when she knew we wanted her to go, and then found a situation in the neighbourhood; and I can understand how she used to go on when we were out together, only what I cannot understand is Edwin's caring for her."

"Do not take it all for granted, Lizzie," I said.
"It may be only Edwin's foolish good-nature, and Fräulein Vasa's forwardness. Let us wait and see."

And we did wait, in the deepest anxiety, for his return. He was later than usual, and we could see that something was wrong as soon as he entered the room. He threw himself wearily upon a chair, and cleared the thick locks off his forehead with both hands—a way he had—as if he was going to take a plunge into the sea.

There was a pause, and Aunt Mona was trembling

visibly. It was for me to speak.
"I have seen poor Mr. Rousset to-day, Edwin," I

"Have you?" he rejoined, almost testily. "What took you to him?"

"I went at Claude Carrol's request, to write a letter for him in French; and I heard of you there."

Not a word in reply, but his lips grew white and dry.

"I heard of you, and a lady, whom Madame Rousset spoke of as your intended wife."

"Well!" he muttered.

"Oh, Edwin, have we deserved such treatment?" I said. "We must hear it from your own lips before we can believe that you have been deceiving us all this time."

"Tell us all about it, Edwin dear," cried Lizzie, coming to his side. "It isn't all your fault, I am

His agitation was becoming extreme. He put his hand to his side as if in pain, and seemingly tried to speak, without being able.

"Do tell us, Edwin," said Lizzie. "Was the lady Fräulein Vasa?"

"Yes," he murmured.

"And are you engaged to her?" she asked once

"I am married."

There was another pause, and our looks must have expressed something like horror. He covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"Why did you not tell us?"

"Why did you not wait?"

"How could you be so cruel?" we said in chorus.

"You could not really have loved her," added Lizzie.

He raised his head with some remnant of dignity.

"If I had not, I need not have married her,
Lizzie," he replied.

"But she is not worthy of you!" cried Lizzie, impetuously.

"You must remember she is my wife," he said; "and, after all, I don't think I have shown myself very worthy of anything," he added. "I do not think she has got a great bargain."

"Depend upon it, she thinks so. She was always making bargains, and then wanting to exchange them," said Lizzie.

"She can't exchange this one," he said, bitterly.

Aunt Mona had not looked up; her face was hidden. I, too, was trembling, and in tears. Lizzie was flushed and indignant.

"Edwin, you never plotted to deceive us in this way?"

"I am to blame," he said, simply. "Let no more be said, Lizzie. I cannot listen to anything against her; it is a double treason."

Aunt Mona looked at him, and he stood up where he sat, as if he had been a stranger.

"You will let me remain here to-night?" he said. "To-morrow we shall look out for a lodging."

Here Lizzie burst into a fit of passionate grief, such as I had never seen her indulge, and did not know her capable of. She had always loved Edwin supremely.

His supper was standing untasted on the tray, but he made as if he would leave the room, without even saying good-night to us. But Aunt Mona rose, and went over to him, and held out her hands.

He took them in his, with a look as if his heart was utterly melted within him.

She said, in her sweet voice, broken with emotion, "'Whom God hath joined together, let no one put asunder;' and she included both Lizzie and me in one tender glance. "But, oh! I wish, dear boy, you had been open with us, and had waited at least till your father's return."

"You cannot wish it more than I do," he said, humbly. "I have been a fool, or, rather, I have been like one walking in a dream."

"Your hands are deadly cold," said Aunt Mona; and she drew him to the fire, and made him sit down. She wanted him to eat, but he could not, and she made me get him a little wine, which he drank eagerly.

Lizzie had fled out of the room, sobbing, and I went after her, and left Edwin alone with Aunt Mona; and after a time I coaxed Lizzie to appear again in a calmer mood.

It was getting very late when we bade one another a sorrowful good-night. He had told us his plans, or, rather, her plans, for they did not bear the impress of his mind at all. Fräulein Vasa was still in her situation. He had, it seemed, met her almost every evening, walking about with her, and even visiting the house of her employer as her engaged lover. Lizzie was quite right about the letters he had received being hers. She was afraid of being compromised (or pretended to be, Lizzie said afterwards), and that had hurried their marriage, which had taken place quite recently, at the office of the registrar. She knew exactly the extent of his means, and proposed that they should take apartments, which she could furnish out of her savings, while she taught music and German.

It was clear that she had planned it all, though he would not say so—would not blame her in the least, though I think he must be aware that she has intrigued over it, and that knowing this, we must regard her with aversion, at least with distaste. And what will our father and Ernest say? They must be written to at once; and Edwin entreated me to undertake the task.

It was settled that Aunt Mona was to write to our father, and I undertook the letter to Ernest. Ernest wrote to me, in reply, a letter of which I could make nothing, the tone was so light and mocking; but it was also kinder than I had expected, and refrained from any kind of bitterness toward either party. He is to be with us shortly, for the Easter recess, and Mr. Temple is to take up his quarters over the shop, as before

In the one or two letters that followed, Ernest never mentioned his brother's name at all, and we found that he had not written to him.

Edwin has settled in his rooms, and he has brought his wife with him to see us. Aunt Mona received her with grave kindness, but without cordiality; that she could not feel. It was equally impossible to Lizzie and to me, but we made up our minds not to upbraid her. Edwin was our brother still, and we did not want to separate ourselves from him by quarreling with his wife, and we would not have had him disloyal to her by holding to us while we openly contemned her.

Many and sad are the consultations we have about Edwin and his wife, and the glimpses we get, from time to time, of their way of life, are anything but reassuring. In spite of her beauty, Doretta looks less than ever like a lady in the gay attire which she has chosen to begin her new life in. It is too light for the season, and too suggestive of her condition as a bride. Aunt Mona will not allow us to condemn her on this score, as her want of taste may be set down to pure innocence and ignorance of usage in the matter; but then we hear of her dragging him almost every evening to theatres and third-rate concert-rooms, for which we know he does not care.

It is best, however, to pass over lightly the records of these days. Suffice it that Doretta's offences culminated just then in her coming to us one day, with exultation in her eyes, not ill concealed, not in the least attempted to be concealed, to tell us that poor Rousset was dead at last.

"At last," just as if she had been waiting impatiently for the event. I do not think we did her any injustice in believing that she had. Her playgoing habits, and other habits of hers with which we were acquainted, were expensive, and she showed no sign of beginning the private teaching which Edwin had assured us she was anxious to obtain.

Lizzie and I had called to inquire after Mons. Rousset every other day, and had taken him all the flowers we could coax out of our little garden—a few crocuses and snowdrops, and some which Aunt Robert had sent us, and Lizzie had brought his two little boys to spend the day with us, and play with Toodles, so that Doretta's way of announcing his death seemed particularly harsh. She had calculated upon the increase of salary it would bring to Edwin as a means of obtaining what she considered pleasures, and she coolly told us that now she should ask Edwin, when he had his Easter holidays, to take her to spend a day and dine at the Crystal Palace.

"How utterly childish she is!" said Lizzie, when she was gone.

And Aunt Mona replied-

"That is, my dear, her best excuse; only she is at present a very heartless child, which our poor boy is not."

I may as well set down here all we came in the end to know concerning Madame Rousset, in whom we were already greatly interested, and who at length impressed us, as she had evidently done her foreign husband, who was of a higher social grade, by the transparent loveliness of a character wholly unselfish and loving. Living and dying, her husband had been her first thought. In the time of his health, while secretly blaming herself for the neglect of every religious duty, she had devoted herself to him entirely, easily catching the secret of charming him by making everything about herself and her home tasteful and pure and gay. And in his illness, still seeking hope and joy for him, she had turned his attention to sacred things, and found that he too had been longing after the higher beauty and joy of a spiritual life.

Now that he was dead, and we saw her in her first overwhelming sorrow, her first thought was for her children—not for herself—and for them, it seemed, because they were his. We could see that she thought no drudgery too great, no privation too severe, if they were but cared for, and all their wants supplied. But the prospect before her was so dark, that, as she gathered them in her arms, she could not help crying, "Oh, Henri! I wish we could go to him now, just as we are!"

Before he died a letter had come from his mother, in answer to the one I had written for him. It was kind to a certain extent, and seemed to assure him of further kindness—he knew the writer best—but it promised nothing, and took but cold notice of wife or children. On the announcement of his death, which I also wrote, there came another. I had to read it. She brought it to me at home, and alas! it was hard to read. It was colder still; it asked their son's wife to bring her children to them. They were ready and willing to receive them, if they were given up to them entirely; they would relieve her wholly of the burden of their maintenance and education. That was all. She heard the letter in silence, and went away, asking time to consider.

But in a day or two she came back to announce her decision. We received her tenderly, for she looked quite heart-broken.

"I will take them," she said. "I would work for them rather. I am a first-rate needlewoman. I might take lodgers too, and keep up the home; but to do it I must work night and day, and neglect them. The work I would not mind, but I could not bear to see them look neglected, and then I might drop, and there would be nothing for them but the workhouse. I will go, and if his people are good and kind I will leave the children, and if not I can but take a room and struggle on."

Aunt Mona herself wrote to old Madame Rousset, and said all she could to prepossess her in favour of her daughter-in-law; so poor Madame Rousset sold off all her belongings and went away with her children.

From time to time she wrote to us; at first sadly. She had been received somewhat coldly, allowed to remain almost on sufferance, and that she might nurse the baby; but the home into which they had been received was a cultivated as well as comfortable one, and her husband's parents were to be respected if not loved. More than once she had made up her mind that the time had come to leave them, and always

she was requested to stay with some little increase of cordiality. They were teaching her their language, and as the children began to talk it she was learning it rapidly. Then she took to writing to us in her adopted tongue, and at length came the looked-for news that she was in her new home as a daughter. The old people had never had a daughter—only sons—all of whom were married, and gone out into the

CHAPTER XX.

UNCLE HENRY.

ERNEST and Mr. Temple are with us for a fortnight. They are both reading very hard for their examination, but we have our outdoor rambles still, though somewhat restricted to time, and the after-dinner hour of chat. When the tea comes in it is the signal



"He bade them farewell for ever."—p. 266.

world; and they had made the discovery, later than we could have imagined—for we English people never will give the French credit for their great prudence in domestic matters—they had made the discovery that she was a daughter to be won and loved. The children had taken rather severely a kind of fever, and the mother and grandmother had nursed them together, and become the tenderest of friends.

"Oh, if Edwin had only married such a one as Alice Rousset," Aunt Mona had said when first she knew her; and often and often we remembered her words in the after-days. for our students to be off to work again, and they drink a cup standing, and go back to the diningroom for the rest of the evening with their books.

We should be very happy but for Edwin's marriage. We all feel that he is lost to us already. This is partly, though by no means altogether, owing to the way in which Ernest and our father have taken it. We made Edwin write to both of them at once, as soon as we ourselves knew of it; but what the replies were, we none of us know.

For one thing, we never see Edwin alone. Doretta is always with him, and seems jealous of the slightest appropriation of his time or attention by us, and we do not like to ask him in her presence any question that might embarrass him. He would have told us voluntarily any pleasant news. All that we do know is that both the letters have been answered. We had letters of the same date from both. Our father says simply, "I have written to Edwin." That is all. No mention is made of his marriage, or of his wife.

And now we know what Ernest thinks of it. He cannot get over the fact of Edwin's concealing from him the great event of his life, and he will not go near them. Edwin, too, has avoided the house ever since Ernest came home. So they have not met as yet. We dread and yet desire a meeting for them. The old love might rise up and sweep away the offence. It would be best for both. Aunt Mona has even urged Ernest to go, pleading that it is harder for the offender than for the offended to seek reconciliation. But he made answer that he could not feel that he was wanted, that this was what he called a new departure, and that Edwin had wilfully broken the bond between them, had sent him adrift in the matter, and it was not for him to force him back into the old path of brotherly love.

"As for her," he said, "I would rather not see her—a coarse, unscrupulous woman. I would rather not say all I think about her. No, there is nothing for it but to drop her."

"That means dropping him, Ernest," I said. "He never goes anywhere without her."

"She will take good care that he does not," said

"It is hardly fair that he should," said Aunt Mona.

But Ernest kept silence, a silence which said plainly that he accepted the condition.

The day after this we dined alone, Mr. Temple having an engagement in Bedford Square, whither Ernest had refused to accompany him; and after dinner Ernest lingered in the drawing-room over the book he had brought from his room. It was a volume of Heine's. "There's a picture!" broke from him, as he threw down the volume with a bitter smile.

"What has moved you so deeply?" I asked.

He lifted the book again, sought and found the page, and handed it to me.

Lizzie came and looked over my shoulder; but seeing what book it was, turned away again with a vigorous expression of dislike.

The passage to which he drew my attention was the description of the parsonage, where the mother sits reading the Bible, while the son and daughters keep a dreary silence, which is broken at last by two of them making their deadly choice between poverty and sin. It sent a sensation of physical dread through me as I read. The mother starting up to fling the Bible in the face of her son, and her curse along with it, while in at the window looks the ghost of their father, who lies in the churchyard without the house,

"Terrible, but untrue," I said.

"True and terrible," he returned.

Lizzie was frankly impatient.

"How can you read that disgusting book, Ernest?" she said.

"A rather strong expression, Lizzie," he answered.
"I did not know that you were in the habit of using such words."

"No others are adequate," said Lizzie, smiling,

She was not in the least sentimental—nay, rather laughed at the expressions of sentiment, preferring it clothed in humour, or expressed in deeds; but she could not bear the cruel way in which Heine dealt with human emotion. The human nature he exposed was his own nature, after all; and he was, in Lizzie's estimation, like a beggar who shows his sores—like a criminal who tears the bandage from his wounds, to excite at once pity and horror.

Aunt Mona had taken the book, and read the

passage also.

"It is very powerful," she said; "a wonderful and awful picture of spiritual death and corruption."

"Do you know what it has suggested to me?" said Ernest.

We all looked a negative; it might suggest so many things. I shook my head.

"You give it up?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll tell you. I have been fancying that is the kind of home Edwin has got a wife out of."

"My dear boy!" said Aunt Mona, gravely.

Lizzie now wanted to see the poem, but Aunt Mona had given the volume back to Ernest, and he would not part with it to her. I gave her a sketch of its contents.

"Not a bit like the reality," cried Lizzic. "The only tragedy in Pastor Vasa's family was the killing of poor piggy. The sisters, instead of yawning idly—though certainly Doretta yawned a good deal—would have been in the kitchen, making potato salad or sugar-cake, or some other elaborate bit of cookery; the mother would have been knitting stockings; and the son would have announced his intention of slaughtering piggy that very night; and the ghost would have risen with delight, only to look in at the proceedings when they made him into sausage-meat and voorst."

Ernest laughed, in better humour, at this; but it showed us the bitter animus he felt towards his sister-in-law, and the small hope there was of his

reconciling himself to her.

Aunt Robert professed herself very little astonished. The wonder, in her mind, was evidently that we were not a great deal worse; that, brought up as we had

been, there was any good in us at all.

"Of course, he has done a very foolish thing," she said. "He will be in poverty to begin with, but it will grow worse and worse. He will likely have a large family, and live from hand to mouth, and in constant debt and difficulty. I know a case of the kind, and they are a perfect nuisance to all their

relations. You need not look at me in that way, I'ma."

For I had looked at her suddenly, and I know I felt resentment at her speech, and would gladly at the moment have rejected her friendship and favour on my own behalf, as it was to be withheld from Edwin. I felt thankful as it was that we had declined to go out of town with her just then.

Our young men are gone. Aunt Mona and I are more alone than ever. Lizzie is so much with Clara, and, young as she is, so actively engaged in every way. We see very little of Edwin and hear very little of Ernest. His letters are often gay and affectionate, but always brief, and tell us nothing but the merest circumstances of his life, nothing whatever about what he is thinking and feeling. And that is the great thing. Nothing else is of any value as knowledge of a human being. "Out of the heart are the issues of life," says the wonderful Book I am reading for the first time with the belief that it is indeed a revelation of the mind and will of God, And oh, how true are the words! His letters constantly contain little messages from Mr. Temple, generally to Aunt Mona or to Lizzie; but I seem to see Ernest and Mr. Temple beginning to drift asunder, and I said so to Aunt Mona.

"I do not think his friend will fail him, Una," she said. "I have seen such a friendship before, where all the comfort came from one side—all the efforts at harmony—while on the other there was nothing but discord and unrest. I don't mean that Ernest is nothing to his friend but as a recipient of good things. There is a great charm about him, in his truthfulness and purity, and capacity of loving—they are all reflected in his face. His ought to have been a harmonious and beautiful nature, and would attract such a man as Herbert Temple, by the very lack of that which hinders it of its harmony and beauty. Think what Ernest would be if he believed another Gospel than that of Heine."

"Ernest always had a way of mocking and pulling to pieces everything, before he knew anything of Heine," I said.

"Yes, he analyses everything, and will not be imposed upon; but he has no irreverence for realities,

such as a coarse mind or a hard heart will show, no irreverence for love, or sorrow, or death."

"But these are not religious things, Aunt Mona," I said.

"My dear, they are the most religious of all religious things. In a world where all things are appointed for our education and discipline, they are the chief instruments in our Father's hands."

"Oh, Aunt Mona, I cannot understand, I cannot believe it. You say we are in God's hands. He made us, it is true; He must have made us, and not we ourselves. But you say He placed us in the world just as was best for us. You say He rules all things, provides all things. You refer all your life to Him."

"And you cannot help thinking, 'What am I that God should so care for me?' But, my dear, I believe it for you as well as for me, and for all as well as for us."

Aunt Robert's carriage and pair flashed up to the door. The coachman seemed to have caught the spirit of his mistress, and to have come along in hot haste; for when Aunt Robert entered our little sitting-room, with its air of perfect peace, she was red and flurried, and even breathless, which, seeing that she had had nothing to do with her rate of progress, could only be accounted for by the state of her mind.

"You both look as quiet as if nothing had happened, or was ever likely to happen again," she burst forth.

We both laughed, which seemed to make her quite angry.

"You must tell us what it is before you can expect us to sympathise with you, Harriet," said Aunt

Then, seeing by her face that something was really wrong, I took the alarm, and almost gasped—

"My father! There is nothing wrong?"

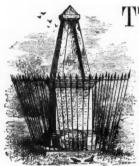
"No, no—not your father; it has nothing to do with your father. And yet it has everything to do with him," she went on, enigmatically. "Have you not heard? Of course you haven't! Henry is going to be married!"

(To be continued.)



HOMES AND HAUNTS OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.

DR. ROWLAND TAYLOR.



Taylor's Tomb.

THE river Coquet, as it winds along its forty miles of course between its birthplace among the Cheviot Hills and its mouth on the Northumbrian coast just below Alnmouth Bay, passes the little town of Rothbury or Routhbyrig, where its breadth is spanned by a stone bridge of four arches. The country round is

heathery moorland, and the soil rich with coal, iron, and other minerals, some of which are supposed to have been worked ever since Rothbury was a Roman station. In one part of the parish is a valley in the very heart of the hills, where flocks of goats feed, and invalids resort during the summer months to drink their milk. The church is an ancient cruciform structure, containing many monuments, and a stone font whereon is rudely carved an uncouth representation of Christ sitting in judgment; and on the southern bank of the Coquet stands Whitton Tower, the antique seat of the Umfravilles, whose arms still decorate the western front, which has long been turned into the parsonage.

Coincidences are strange things; and in this sequestered straggling northern town in the earliest years of the sixteenth century was born Rowland Taylor, the well-known divine and martyr, who was presented to the living of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, by Archbishop Cranmer, while, oddly enough, in 1796, Dr. Watson, the then rector of Hadleigh, exchanged to Rothbury, and the incumbent of the Northumbrian

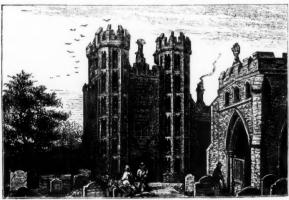
parish, Dr. Drummond, came to Hadleigh, where he proposed and carried out the erection of a monument to the man whose memories had thus curiously accompanied a great part of his life.

Taylor was by no means a poor man, for his family occupied a good position among the smaller gentry of Gloucestershire, and possessed an estate at Frampton-on-Severn, where they were neighbours of the Cliffords, who had been owners of the Manor for many generations, and whose descendants live on the ancestral acres even to the present day. How it came to pass that one of the Taylors should have been born in Northumberland, in days when few wandered

far from the roof-tree of their forefathers, does not seem to be known, and, is after all, a point of little consequence. As a youth he studied at Cambridge, probably at Gonville Hall, or at one of the small hostels afterwards absorbed into the larger foundation of Dr. Caius, who went up to Gonville from Norwich as a student in 1529, just a year after Rowland Taylor had been admitted exorcist and acolyte in that old East Anglian "city of orchards," as it is sometimes styled. He took his LL.B. degree in 1530, and in the next year became Principal of Borden Hostel, a well-nigh forgotten Cambridge house, which then stood on some part of the site now occupied by the present Gonville and Caius. It was probably this traditionary connection with the martyr that led his grandson, the learned Dr. Jeremy Taylor, when he went to Cambridge, to select it as his college; and it is noticeable that although the study of medicine has always been its avowed spécialité, it has also produced a considerable number of eminent divines.

In 1534 the Master of Borden took his Doctor's degree, and five years afterwards was admitted an Advocate, which qualified him for practice in the Arches and other ecclesiastical courts, and opened out to him a pathway likely to lead to promotion both in Church and State.

Legal studies had naturally engrossed a great deal of his time, yet he himself tells us that they had not hindered him from reading the Holy Scriptures "over and over again," nor from making himself thoroughly acquainted with the works of such Fathers of the Church as St. Augustine, Cyprian, Eusebius, Origen, and Gregory Nazianzen; while his letters and oral discussions prove him to have been familiar with the writings of Chrysostom and Ambrose. Perhaps it was the fame of his accurate knowledge of civil and ecclesiastical law, no less than his genial manliness,



Hadleigh Tower.

strength of character, and piety, that commended him to Archbishop Cranmer, whose chaplain he became, and with whom he lived in household at Lambeth Palace for some years. They had most likely been friends at Cambridge, when Cranmer was a Fellow of Jesus, where his portrait may still be seen, both in the Hall and on panel in the Master's lodge.

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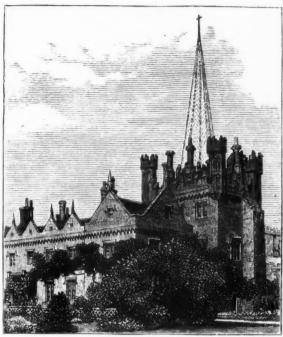
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The grey irregular pile of Lambeth Palace stood even then on the Surrey side of the Thames, over against Westminster, much as it does now. The Lollard's Tower, its most striking external feature, was, perhaps, whiter; for it was barely a hundred years since Archbishop Chicheley built it as a prison-then a frequent appendage to an episcopal residence. On either side of the chapel stood a cloister, one of which, skirting the garden, has long since disappeared; while the other, occupying the space between chapel and hall, is now converted into domestic offices. The chapel windows, too, were glorious with stained glass, which was dashed out of them during the short reign of Edward VI. Cranmer also had both wife and child in the early days of his residence at Lambeth, having espoused abroad-as successor to the girl-bride who died after a

few months of wedded life, before her husband left his alma mater—a niece of the foreign divine, Osiander. The law of the Six Articles parted him from her, and she was sent back heavy-hearted to her friends in Germany. Being of one mind with his patron, Taylor also married a foreigner, with whom he lived in tenderest love till he was called to ascend the fiery chariot, and bear the martyr's palm.

It was on only the third occasion of exercising his patronage that Cranmer presented his trusty chaplain to the living of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, about ten miles from Ipswich, a place whose inhabitants had roused themselves from the stupor of ages at the preaching of Thomas Bilney, a Norfolk man educated at Cambridge, who, after once abjuring Protestantism, embraced it again and preached up and down the eastern counties, exhorting the people against idolatry and superstition, and praying them to lead godly lives, give alms of what they possessed, and believe in Christ. So eagerly had his teaching been received, and so deeply had the townsfolk drunk at the fount of the New Learning. that they were said rather to resemble the members of a university than an assemblage of cloth-making or labouring people. Rowland Taylor, therefore, found himself in a congenial atmosphere when he took up his abode in the quaint deanery, with its square tower and many gables, which was originally built in the thirteenth century, over whose porch stands the date 1490, and some of whose rooms are substantially the same as he found them. The



Hadleigh Deanery.

martyr's study may still be seen, and is used by the present rector in a similar manner.

Personally he was a fine tall burly man, the happy and genial head of a Christian family of eight children, among whom he made room for an orphan girl, who shared the love, the joys and sorrows of her adopted parents as though she bad been their very own. He had, moreover, an inexhaustible fund of humour, or, to quote the words of Fuller, "the merriest and pleasantest wit of all the martyrs." And the same biographer has also left on record that "smiling constantly" was exhibited in "pleasant Taylor."

As a parish clergyman he was a true shepherd-knew every soul among them, and would ever and anon persuade some of the wealthy clothworkers of the town to accompany him in his visits to the sick and needy, thereby cultivating fellowfeeling and sympathy between the rich and poor. His sermons, preached in the ancient church where Guthrun the Dane lies buried, within a stone's throw of his home, were vigorous expositions of Gospel truth, flavoured with many a shrewd homethrust and shaft of wit, as well as pervaded by the learning and culture that add a grace and polish too often neglected by preachers of more modern days. Duty frequently called him away from Hadleigh, for in 1549 we find him placed on a commission to inquire into heretical pravity, while in May, 1551, King Edward VI. conferred on him

the Archdeaconry of Exeter, and made him one of the Six Preachers in Canterbury Cathedral. Canon's stall at Rochester was given him about the same time; he formed one of a commission for the reform of ecclesiastical law; and a few months afterwards was appointed, with a colleague, to exercise episcopal jurisdiction in the diocese of Worcester during a vacancy in that see. points he had to reach in the discharge of these various functions were so far apart that much valuable time must have been spent on horseback. but his journeyings to and fro brought him into contact with his kind, and made him far more widely known than if he had rested quietly at home or only exercised his talents in the metropolis.

It is also said that Dr. Taylor assisted Cranmer privately in preparing that revised edition of the Book of Common Prayer now known as "King Edward VI.'s Prayer Book," by which the archbishop strove to conciliate his opponents and still retain all the essential features of primitive faith and practice; and as the patron and his old chaplain had frequent opportunities of meeting, this work was likely to be a prominent subject of conversation between them. But in spite of all the calls on his time necessitated by so many spheres of action, Hadleigh seems to have been the home of its rector's heart, to which he turned as a sweet resting-place, and where he resided

as much as possible.

The death of the boy king, however, was the knell of many a useful and happy life, and, among others, of Dr. Taylor's. Like most other outspoken men, he had his enemies, two of whom, "Foster, an attorney, and Clark, a tradesman," as Foxe terms them, resolved that on the Monday before Easter, mass should be celebrated in the parish church of Hadleigh, whether the "parson" liked it or no, and invited John Averth, the priest of Aldham, a man of dissolute life, to come over and do it. Dr. Taylor was quietly reading in his study when the bells began to ring, and in utter astonishment he laid down his book, and went across to the church, followed by his wife, to know the reason why, The great doors were barred, and he could not open them, but going round to the chancel door, he lifted the latch and looked He was not altogether unprepared for disturbances, for the zeal of Foster and Clark had gone so far during the previous week as to lead them to have an altar erected in the chancel, which had been destroyed by such of their fellow-townsmen as held with the rector and opposed them, But the Popish party had built up another one with all speed, and by its side stood John Averth in his vestments, with a guard of men-at-arms to secure the service from interruption. The sight was enough to rouse any man's ire, and Dr. Taylor stood on his rights in his own chancel, and demanded what business the stranger priest had there without his knowledge and consent, and how he dared profane the temple of God with idolatry. Thereupon Foster insolently retorted, "Thou traitor, how darest thou to intercept the execution of the Queen's orders?" And a vio. lent altercation ensued, in which the Doctor would probably have had the best of it, as he took his stand on the authority of the canon law, which ordained that mass should only be said at a consecrated altar. Averth, somewhat intimidated, would have departed, had not Clark been quick-witted enough to remind him that he had a super ulture or consecrated stone with him, such as was used for saving mass in private houses. This settled the point: the good rector was hustled out of the church with his excited wife, who wrung her hands and cried to God for succour; stones were thrown at them by some among the assembled crowd, and they retired to the deanery, well knowing what was likely to follow.

The attorney lost no time in communicating with Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; and Dr. Taylor was forthwith summoned to give an account of himself. His friends felt that there was no hope for his life if he were once entangled in the meshes of the persecutors, and urged him to fly and go abroad, representing that he had protested sufficiently, and might well take refuge somewhere out of England till such troublous times were past. But he was immovable; and, leaving his parish in the charge of his curate, Richard Yeoman, summoned John Hull, his old servant, and set forth cheerily on his journey to London. On arriving there, he presented himself before Gardiner, who accosted him as traitor, heretic, and knave; and after a brisk alternation of accusations on one side, and defence on the other, he was ordered to the King's Bench prison, whereupon Taylor knelt, and said-

"Good Lord, I thank Thee! and from the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable errors, idolatries, and abominations, good Lord, deliver us! and God be praised for good King Edward!"

For two long years the Suffolk rector was straitly kept in the King's Bench, and in January, 1555, was called before the Court of Arches, in Bow Church, Cheapside, and there his characteristic humour seems to have had full play. After stoutly refusing to put on his canonicals, that Bonner might degrade him, his mood changed, and he bade some one else put them on him; and when thus arrayed, walked merrily up and down, saying-

"How say you, my lord? am I not a goodly fool? How say you, my masters? if I were in Cheapside, should I not have boys to laugh at these apish toys

and trumpery?"

Bonner was so enraged at this speech that he would fain have smitten Taylor a blow with his crozier had not his chaplain, eyeing with some trepidation the stalwart form before him, exclaimed-

"My Lord, strike him not; for he will certainly

strike again."

That night, after his degradation, Mrs. Taylor, her eldest boy, and the faithful servant, John Hull, were permitted to sup with him, and received such tender far-sighted counsel and comfort as is seldom given,

gave by those whose feet are on the brink of the dark river, and who do not blench before the chill of its current. As parting gifts, he gave his wife the prayer-book he had used in prison; and to his son a Latin book, containing sayings of the old martyrs, in a fly-leaf of which he had written his last will and testament. "I go to the rest of my children, Susan, George, Ellen, Robert, and Zachary," wrote the father, as he remembered the babes garnered by the Great Reaper in earlier days. But the heart of the faithful wife yearned for a few more parting words, and she would fain have kept him company to the very end; so opining that he would be removed that night, she kept watch, with her daughter Mary and the little adopted girl Elizabeth, in the porch of St. Botolph's Church, beyond Aldgate, an ancient building, which withstood the storms of many centuries till it became so unsafe that it was thought necessary to pull it down in 1720.

It was a dark, raw February morning when he started on his last journey down the old familiar road along Lombard Street to Aldgate, and through Stratford into the very heart of the eastern counties. But the cavalcade was only a little past Aldgate when a childish voice was heard—"Oh, my dear father! mother, mother, here is my father led away!"

"Rowland," said his wife, "where art thou?" for, even if her eyes had not been dim with weeping, it was dark as pitch.

"Dear wife, I am here," said the Doctor, stopping.

The attendants would have forced him on, but the sheriff remonstrated, "Stay a little, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife."

Then she came to him, and he took little Mary in his arms, and knelt with her and Elizabeth to say the Lord's Prayer. Then, kissing his wife, and pressing her hand tenderly, he bade her a loving farewell, blessed and kissed the children, and heard the brave words, "God be with thee, dear Rowland; I will, by God's grace, meet thee at Hadleigh."

The mother and children followed behind him to the Woolpack Inn, a little further on. This hostelry was on the Essex border, and a halt was made there till eleven o'clock, that the martyr might be handed over to the safe keeping of the sheriff of that county. Mrs. Taylor hoped for another interview here, but the sheriff, in no unkind spirit, forbade it, and had her escorted to her mother's house; but, on coming out of the inn, Dr. Taylor saw his son and servant once more. The child was lifted on to his father's horse, blessed and prayed over, and then Taylor delivered him to the man, whose hand he wrung, saying, "Farewell, John Hull, the most faithful servant that ever man had." The party rode on through Brentwood to Chelmsford, where they supped and slept, Dr. Taylor making sober merriment over the meal, that brought tears as well as laughter to the eyes of his companions. Then they reached Lavenham, and stayed there two days, while many a knight and squire prayed their friend in vain to recant. By and by they came to Hadleigh, where the streets were thronged with sad kindly faces, looking their last upon their pastor. When he reached the almshouses he inquired after a certain blind man and woman, and threw his glove, with all the money he had left, into the window to them. Presently the procession came to Aldham Common, where the stake was set up, and there he stripped to his shirt, and would fain have spoken to the people, had not the sheriff reminded him that he had promised not to do so. "Well, promise must be kept," said the faithful soul, stepping into a pitch-barrel and sending a message of thanks to his wife for a certain cap originally given to him by Miles Coverdale. None but the very worst among the rabble could be coerced into setting up the faggots, but one of them out-Heroded Herod by casting a billet of wood at Dr. Taylor's face, who meekly said, "Oh, friend, I have harm enough! what needed that?" Finally, a miscreant named Soyce struck him on the head so violently that his agonies suddenly ended, so that the blow was merciful, in whatever spirit it was aimed.

Perhaps none of the martyrs appeal so strongly to our sympathies as Rowland Taylor, principally because he was a large-minded man, in full possession of every human faculty, affection, and blessing. His memory still lives vividly in his old parish, for on Aldham Common there is a rough unhewn stone bearing this rude inscription:—

D. Tayler in defending that was good at this plas left his blood.

A clause in the lease of the land thereabout provides that "the ground be not ploughed within a rod of that spot," and close to it is a more modern monument, erected in 1818. In the church is a brass tablet with the following inscription in black letters:—

Gloria in altissimis Deo Of Rowland Taillor's fame I shewe An excellent Devyne, And Doctor of the Civill Lawe A precher rare and fine: Kinge Henrye and Kinge Edward dayes Preacher and Parson here That gave to God contynuall prayse And kept his flock in feare. And for the truthe condemnped to dye He was in flerye flame, Where he received pacyentlie The torment of the same. And stronglie suffred to thende, Wiche made the standers by Rejoyce in God to see theire frende And pastor so to dye. O, Taillor, were thie mightie fame Uprightly here inrolde, Thie deedes deserve that thie good name Were syphered here in golde. Obiit Anno dom. 1555,

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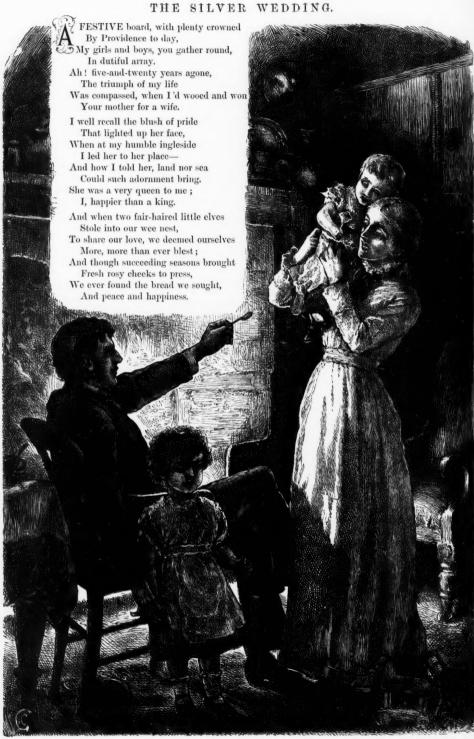
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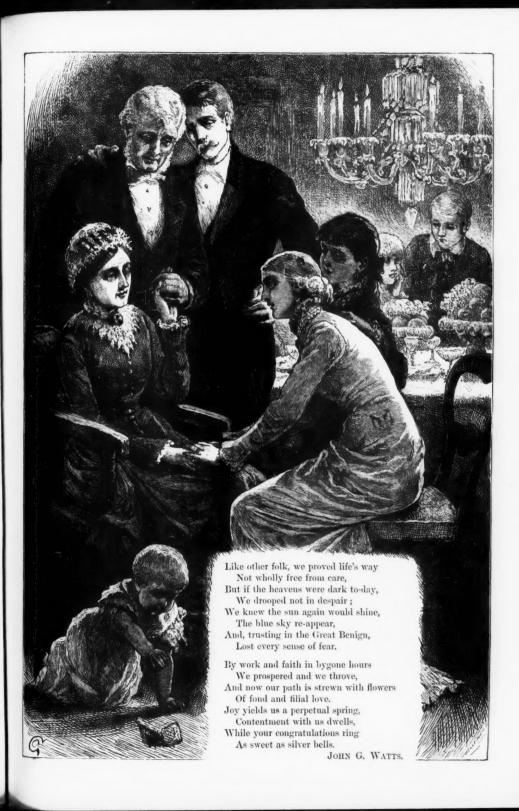
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POEMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

IV.-THE SONG OF THE ANGELS (St. Luke ii. 13, 14).



T has been urged by us in a previous paper, that *if* there are beings superior to man—and *if* the Incarnation is a new beginning, in which a new humanity was wrought by a new contact of the

creative Power with our race—there must have been joy in heaven when God's design was about to be carried into effect. St. Luke, whose Gospel is that of the holy angels, tells us that it was so.

It was a fine Eastern night, not cold like one of our Decembers, with frosts or nipping gales freezing through blood and marrow.* shepherds were abiding in the fields," i.e., making their bivouac in them. The Evangelist's style seems to quiver with the sudden surprise which came upon the shepherds. "And lo, an angel of the Lord came upon them, and glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they feared with sore fear. And that angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, t as being that which shall be to all the people of God." His message declares four things. The wondrous Child to be born is a Saviour, who comes in pity for a fallen race; Christ, who, as the Anointed One, has so long been expected; the Lord, who is divine as well as human; in David's city, to fulfil literally the oracle of Micah, and the anticipations which might have been awakened by the Psalm that speaks of a great Priest-king in connection with Bethlehem, and God's remembrance of David's life of affliction. "And this shall be a sign unto you; " § a sign, in its quiet but amazing contrast to all exhibitions of this world's royalty. "Ye shall find a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." | Among the angels of heaven there was silence until the point when that angel visitant to the shepherds had touched the lowest point in the abyss of the humiliation. The armies of earth raise a shout or song. The armies of heaven (the "heavenly soldiers," as it is grandly rendered in the old English version) have theirs—but it is a

song of peace. Much of that choral ode was, probably, unheard by mortal ears—lost in the heights above. One fragment alone of the song is preserved. It is a triplet—

1. Glory to God in the highest.

On earth peace.
 Good-will among men.

1. "Glory to God in the highest." The angels speak from the point of view of this earth. We may understand either "Let it be," or "It is." If the former, they pray that from the bosom of humanity glory may rise to God in the highest If we understand the latter, they affirm heaven. that it does, at that moment, actually ascend. There is a little poem, possibly more beautiful in idea than in execution, which tells of a child dying in a workhouse. As her simple hymn, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," ascends from the pallet-bed, it floats up and up, until the last faint ripple touches the foot of the Throne of Then, wakened by the faint sweet impulse, a new strain of adoration is taken up by angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven—a grander and a fuller "glory." Something in this way, in this passage, the angels seem to view the best adorations of this earth.

2. "On earth peace." The peace spoken of in Scripture as effected by the Incarnation, is four-fold—between God and man; between man and angels; between man and man; between man

and his own conscience.

It is, of course, too darkly true, that as regards one form of this peace—that between man and man—history seems a long cynical satire on the angels' words. The earth is soaking with blood at this moment, and families are in mourning for the slain in battle. Still, among Christian nations, and in the case of Christian soldiers, there are soft relentings, sweet gleams of human-or rather superhuman-love. Society, too, is full of prejudice and bitterness. In our homes there are tempers which drop vitriolic irritants into every little wound. "Husbands," writes an Apostle, "love your wives, and work not up yourselves to bitterness towards them." What sanctified common sense! How the word pierces! One with an unhappy knowledge of such things wrote, in a popular tale, of a husband, "He was given to those quips and taunts, in the wretched wars of home, which, to an outsider, are so-embarrassing, and which a man should be taught to cover in his soul as he would cover the nakedness of his body." It was a wholesome memory of the angels' song which led men to examine their souls at Christmas, and to seek for reconciliation with any be-

* The Church was troubled by angry controversy about the keeping of Easter. The 25th of December seems to have been received without dispute. See Hammond's argument in his "Practical Catechism."

† Mr. Keble's version of Psalm xl. 10 well brings out the delicate allusion here—

Thy righteousness aloud, Good tidings of great joy, I tell.

‡ Micah v. 2.

§ A careful reader, with this passage of St. Luke, and the LXX. translation of the 132nd Psalm before him, seems to catch anticipations of the Evangelist's narrative, and to hear broken snatches of *Venite adoremus* floating in the air.

| St. Luke ii. 8, 12.

tween whose souls and theirs stood the veil of quarrel or ill-will.

But there is something beyond this, which applies also to our Lord's beatitude-" Blessed are the peace-makers." If we ask what our Lord's first hearers understood by the words, no doubt they took them in the obvious and superficial sense of gentle, pacific. And even now there is force in that. What a quarrelsome world it is! What a bitter quarrelsome spirit is abroad in the Church! Would Heaven itself be a happy place for many if some of the throng could not accuse the harpers of ritualism, and if the harpers could not retaliate by some eccentric attitude of devotion upon the sea of glass? Still, this, important as it is, does not exhaust the meaning of the Great Teacher's word. It is not "Blessed are the peaceful." That would be exactly equivalent to "Blessed are the meek." It is "Blessed are the peace-makers." To understand this we must ask what He means, and what Scripture means, by peace. We have answered the question by anticipation. It means enmity done away, harmony restored, not only with one's fellow-man, but with oneself. The unholy man has no true feeling of friendship, no friendly relations with himself. In his misery he is sometimes ready to cry-

All that is within me doth condemn Itself for being there.*

Worst of all, man may be in a state of estrangement from God, from Christ, from His Church, from hope—hostile in his mind, which lies immersed, and has its very existence in those evil works of his. The peace of which the angels sing is the four-fold peace of which we have spoken. Those who, having it, spread it in the world, are the peace-makers whom Jesus pronounces blessed.

3. (For, understood) "Among men is good-will."

It is well known from Keble's beautiful lines,† and his note upon Pergolesi's setting of the Vulgate version, that some manuscripts read, "among men of good-will." This interpretation, though it may please the fancy at first, will scarcely be accepted by the maturer judgment. (1) It is not very concurrent with St. Luke's universal aim, and constant setting forth of the bold broad sympathy of the purpose of the Incarnation. God's love, at that moment, would not be viewed by the angels as restricted to the comparatively righteous. It was a work whose result was to be offered to all our fallen race through Him who is the son of Adam.‡ Men of good-

will, according to the Scripture use of the word, might be too high an attribute even for the elect people of God. The third line appears to give the cause and foundation of the two which precede it. The "Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes" is He who not only brings, but is personally the Truth, the Peace, the Righteousness, the Salvation, the Redemption. Just as He is the personal Peace, so is He the personal incarnate Good-will. There is glory to God in the highest. And there is peace upon earth, for God's Goodwill is amongst men. It is the equivalent of Emanuel—God with us.

The student of the 29th Psalm may find at its beginning and close a summary and anticipation of the first two lines of the angelic song. That song of the storm begins thus—

Give unto the Lord, O ye sons of God; Give unto the Lord glory and strength.

But it also ends with "peace" on earth. As we look back at the storm-tossed forest, and the tremulous lightning-flashes, and the dark water-flood, peace spans the landscape like a rainbow. "The Lord will bless His people with the Peace."

II. We may now, as in the case of the other New Testament poems, observe where the Angels' Hymn stands in the reformed liturgy. Roman missal it is found at the beginning of the office; with us it is taken up immediately after we communicate, just before the parting blessing. In that magnificent burst of praise, the "Angelic Hymn," or Gloria in Excelsis, is the basis of all that follows. "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." praise Thee" for Thy greatness. "We bless Thee" for Thy goodness, thus made known to us by the "We worship Thee" in our voice of angels. hearts, with beseeming outward reverence. "We glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty"—glorifying and giving thanks with the confession of the mouth. Then we address the sacrificed Son, the Lamb, who is also our God. "O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." It is thus indicated that He is the subject of the angelic song, that to Him there is glory in the highest, with the Father and the Hely Ghost. "Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father."

We worship with angels—in angels' words. We worship them not. Therefore into the texture of our eucharistic Gloria in Excelsis is woven a golden thread from another New Testament song—the poem of victory upon the sea of glass. A Psalmist had exclaimed, "They shall praise Thy

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^{*} Macbeth.

[†] Like circles widening round Upon a clear blue river, Orb after orb, the wondrous sound

Went ringing on for ever—
"Glory to God on high—on earth be peace—
Good-will to men of love, salvation, and release."

Luke iii. 38.

name, great and terrible; holy is it. Exalt ye Jehovah our God, and worship at the mountain of His holiness; for holy is the Lord our God."* The writer of the Apocalypse hears it applied to Jesus. And His believing Church incorporates this into her golden commentary of praise upon the Gloria in Excelsis. "Thou only art holy, O Christ." Only He is holy of Himself: of His holiness we have all received. To an ignorant and superstitious woman, now many years ago, a kindly visitor read the Gospels, with little but the most simple commentary, and without a single word of controversy. Adayor two before her death, the poor woman mentioned a dream which she had, valuable only because it appeared to be the reflection of her waking thoughts. She seemed to be in a vast and magnificent church, thronged with thousands upon thousands. High in the distance rose a glorious altar, with a living form towering above it-the Lamb as it had been slain; below, down to the rails which separated the altar from the body of the church, were orders of angels, stoled and vested priests, the Virgin-mother. Moved by some impulse, one after another came to the chancel-gate, and was either received inside with a burst of joy that filled the distance, or sorrowfully sent away. At last the dying woman presented herself in her turn. Sternly, yet not without a tone of regret, a priest put her back, and said, "You cannot pass." Sweetly, with tender sorrow, an angel whispered, "Alas! I cannot help you." With trembling voice, the mother of Jesus told her that "her prayers could not open those gates, nor open a way to the eternal presence of her Son." Then, with an exceedingly great and bitter cry, the woman was turning away, to wander she knew not where, when suddenly the form above the altar-not white, and wan, and stirless, like the crucifix, but living and glorious—stood by the guarded gate. And He opened it, and bade her come in and fear not; "For," said He, "those

* Psalm xcix. 3-9. Few persons, probably, suspect how full the Apocalypse is of the Psalter. The "Hallelujah" (Rev. xix. 1, 3, 4, 6) is a golden clasp, binding in with it the Hallelujahtic Psalms. Praise is the flower of devotion: and the great inspired manual of praises naturally finds a multiplicity of echoes in the book which reveals to us so much of the praises of heaven. The 119th Psalm has been spoken of by a most distinguished living rationalistic critic (Professor Reuss) as "not poetry at all, but simply a litany—a species of chaplet." Such does not seem to be the opinion of the angels of God, and of the redeemed spirits, whom that very poem supplies with the language of praise the paean of victory, "Just and true are Thy ways" (Rev. xv. 3); the cry of the angel of the waters, "Thou art righteous, O Lord!" (Rev. xvi. 5); the voice of much people in Heaven, "True and righteous are His judgments" (Rev. xix. 2); with the exclamation of him, whoever he may have been, who wrote the Psalm-"Righteous art Thou, O Lord, and upright are Thy judgments" (Psalm

who come unto Me I will not cast out." And a glorious music arose in the distance. In the same spirit, in this hymn, we pass by saints and angels, and raise our chant, "Thou only art holy." None holy, and therefore none tender as Christ.

In thanksgiving for angels' food we borrow angels' words. The song of angels is our communion song. May it not also be made our communicant's manual? For instance, let us take that single line, "on earth peace." That man who did something to insult or injure me-that, perhaps, very wretched woman, with her bitter tongue and cutting jeer-have I forgiven her for Christ's sake? This evil peevish temper, which embitters the fountains of family life, have I set about sweetening it? Am I trying to improve it? This dark hopelessness of God's forgiveness, this despair of the power of God's Spirit to help and sanctify, this unbelief in grace, as if an Apostle's pen had never written, "How much more shall the blood of Christ purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" * this unbelief in the power of the Cross, this faithlessness which turns the bread of the sacrament into a stone in our hands, and makes us too deaf to hear "for thee!" again and again—is this passing away? Am I ready to take Him at His own word? If not, I cannot really join in the Gloria in Excelsis. I have nothing to say to one line, at least of the blessed triplet-" On earth peace" and therefore the whole harmony is untuned for

The first Gloria in Excelsis died away over Bethlehem. What then? "It came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, then the men, even the shepherds, said one to another, let us now go even unto Bethlehem." The men, the "shepherds" (so the Evangelist seems to say) represent the whole race of men. Even so, the Church keeps unending Christmas, keeps a new Christmas with every communion. The shepherds did their simple work of announcement. "They made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this Child;" † while Mary, with her deeper and more reflective nature, "kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." # Then "the shepherds returned, glorifying God" for His greatness, and "praising Him" for His goodness, laying the foundation for their glorification and praise "upon all the things which they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." § The glory and music of angels did not tempt them from their work, but made them do it more gladly upon their return. There was more of heaven about it. So will it ever be with those who seek Him faithfully, and join truly in the Gloria in Excelsis.

^{*} Hebrews ix. 14.

[‡] St. Luke ii. 19.

[†] St. Luke ii. 17.

[§] St. Luke ii. 20,]

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SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 9. DAVID'S CHARGE TO SOLOMON.

Chapter to be read—1 Chron. xxviii.

NTRODUCTION. Once more peace in
Jerusalem; David's troubled reign coming
to an end. Had settled the nation—conquered his enemies—made peace at home.
King now preparing to die. Solemn time
to all—to know death soon coming; David
a godly man—will surely make some preparation for it—going to meet his God.

I. THE CHARGE. (Read 1-10.) A command goes forth to assemble at Jerusalem. Who are summoned? heads in the state who have charge of general welfare of nation; captains over soldiers; officers of king's household who have care of his substance and of education of his sons; also all the bravest, most honoured and best men in the nation. What a commotion in Jerusalem; inns soon full; what can all have come together for? Now old king stands up and addresses them. Let us listen. (1) Speaks of himself. What had he desired to do? had built himself a house-wished to do the same for God. Why was he not allowed? but why had these wars come? were part of his punishment for his great sin-the sword was never to depart from his house (2 Sam, xii, 10). Whose hand does he acknowledge in all? God had chosen his tribe, his family, himself. No proud boasting of his own deeds, God has given all; God shall be honoured. What then are they to do? (See verse 8.) They must seek God and His commandments, and they must serve God. Thus would they be blessed and enjoy the promised land. (2) Speaks of his son. Which son had God chosen? What was Solomon to do? Build God's house, Where had Israelites worshipped hitherto? but the Tabernacle only a tent; now a beautiful and permanent house to be built, worthy of this great God. But is Solomon worthy of this honour? Listen to his father's charge to him-he must know God-for he cannot serve an unknown God-therefore he must seek God in prayer-in reading His word-in the sacrifices and Temple worship-he must serve God-and how? Not merely with outward worship, but with a perfect heart, because God knows secrets of all hearts. What will be result if he forsakes God?

Practical. This solemn charge of David to young son as suitable to all young, as much now as then. Of great importance to begin well. Same two duties devolve on us still—(1) To seek God—early in the day in morning prayer—early in life by studying His word—listening to sermons—reading good books—being regular in worship. Such as seek shall find. (Ps. xxvii. 4, 8). (2) To Serve God—much easier if begun when young, as David and Timothy and King Josiah. How can we do so? By doing what is

right—choosing good—hating evil (1 Pet. iii. 11, 12)—walking in righteousness. Blessings similar to Solomon's promised us. Shall be blessed here and enjoy a better Canaan hereafter.

II. THE PATTERN. (Read 11-21.) David having finished his charge as to Solomon's personal character, now speaks of his great work-what was it? This the first church ever built for God's worship. Remind how Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob had built altars at each place-how Ark of Tabernacle had been moved about. Even taken by Philistines in battle. Now this new and beautiful Temple to be built. But where did David get the pattern? (Vers. 12 and 19.) Revealed in some way direct from God. So had Tabernacle been before (Heb. viii. 5)-shown to Moses during his forty days in the mount with God. Thus would be made according to God's appointment. Three things to be attended to-(1) The Building. Let children read Heb. ix. 2-7 for simplest description, and if possible, show a plan of Temple. Two main parts, the Holy Place for priests, and Holy of Holies entered by high priest once a year-then the court around-one for Jews, one for women; besides these the chambers for the priests, the treasury, etc. (2) The Vessels. The children may name some of these to show how every detail was thought of, even fleshhooks to hold the flesh of animals slain in sacrificegold for candlesticks, etc.—all must be of very best for service of God. (3) The Service. Who were to officiate in the Temple? Priests to offer sacrifice; Levites to assist—singers to chant psalms—all must be arranged, in order that everything may be complete. But Solomon's heart might fail him, in carrying out this great work, so how does David encourage him? God has ordered the Temple-God has given the pattern-it is His work, and He will not fail him; Solomon shall be able to finish it, because God will be with him.

Practical. The same encouragement for us in undertaking some work for God. If are really seeking to do God's work, He will help us. It is His glory we must seek, then His honour is concerned in carrying it out. Therefore let us "be strong and of a good courage."

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Why did David summon an assembly?
- 2. Who were present?
- 3. How does David acknowledge God?
- 4. What was the charge to Solomon?
- 5. How does a similar charge apply to us?
- 6. What three things were to be attended to in the Temple?
 - 7. What encouragement may we take?

No. 10. WILLING OFFERINGS.

Chapter to be read-1 Chron. xxix.

Introduction. Remind how David in last lesson had encouraged Solomon to build the Temple; no selfishness about him: was not allowed to build it himself, because of his sin, therefore was all the more anxious for his son to do the work. He did what he could—arranged the order of services, set many of the Psalms to music—and now left the building itself for Solomon.

I. THE PEOPLE'S OFFERINGS. (Read 1-9.) Now the king once more addresses the princes. He reminds them of what he has done to prepare for the Temple. What had he collected? and why had he done it? First, because Solomon was young; therefore would hardly have been able to do such a great work unaided. Secondly, because the work was so great. For Whom was the palace to be built? therefore everything must be of very best. Now David describes his own offerings. Why does he do so? Not to boast of them, but to stimulate others to copy his example. What does he then ask the people? Who will consecrate his service (i.e., dedicate his offerings) to the Lord? Notice how they offered. (1) Willingly. No one was obliged to give; each gave what he pleased, without compulsion. (2) Liberally. Might have given much or little. Which did they do? King set princes good example; they in turn set good example to others; thus all gave large gifts. (3) Gladly and cheerfully. Such giving is pleasing to God (2 Cor. ix. 7). The result of all this was general rejoicing: the people with the princes; the king with all his people. Much joy in Jerusalem. The Temple going to be built at last.

H. THE KING'S PRAYER. (Read 10-19.) The offerings have been pouring in-gold, silver, precious stones, jewels, carved woods. All congregation have been watching the sight. What does David do? He cannot refrain from praising God. What does he speak of? (1) God's greatness. Does not speak of his own might as gaining the kingdom; all is from God: power, might, riches, etc., all come from God; of His own have they given Him. (2) Man's littleness, They are all strangers; nothing abides; unlike God, who endures for ever. Will God therefore stablish the thing? keep Solomon's heart right before Him? keep the people also steadfast to continue and perfect this good work-both to keep God's statutes, and to build God's Temple. Let children see in this prayer a type of our Lord's Prayer-confession of sin; prayer for aid; and acknowledgment of God's glory. Such prayer pleasing to God,

HI. The People's Worship. (Read 20—30.) What does the king now tell the congregation? Picture the sight: the people all assembled; the king at head of princes; the nobles and priests together; the offerings all piled up in the midst. Suddenly the king's voice heard—"Praise the Lord." In a moment all fall on faces to ground, worship the Lord, and praise the king; perhaps sing one of king's own psalms. Then return home, and next day bring animals. What are they for? how many are sacrificed? But what else do they bring? Peace offerings include corn, and wine, and oil. So, the sacrifices being offered, there is a solemn feast before the Lord, and great rejoicings. So this happy day came to an end at last.

Now see what effect this had on the people. They at once followed up David's wishes. Whom did they anoint to be king? whom did they appoint to be high priest? Thus Solomon reigned instead of David. How was he received? He was obeyed and respected by all the people; and what did the Lord do to him? We shall see in another lesson why God made him so great. Must leave him now seated on the throne.

IV. PRACTICAL LESSONS. (1) The blessing of liberality. Ask once more how the people gave. Because of these willing gifts the Temple was soon built, and became great blessing to nation. Always more blessed to give than to receive (Acts xx. 351, Enforce this on children. Remind how all things come from God, who expects grateful return (Ps. exvi. 12). (2) Prayers accompany alms. Refer to Sermon on Mount, where prayer and almsgiving are connected (Matt. vi. 4, 5). Also story of Cornelius, whose prayers and alms ascended to God (Acts x. 4). Alms by themselves nothing (1 Cor. xiii. 3); but alms as result of love to God acceptable to Him. (3) Effect of good example. David's liberality stirred up that of princes; they incited the people, and ready offerings were given. No one is without influence. Even children can incite each other to good works; only take care that it is done not for show, but for glory

Questions to be answered.

- 1. How did David incite the people to offer willingly?
 - 2. How did the people offer?
- 3. What two points may be noticed in the king's prayer?
- 4. What did the people do next?
- 5. Who began to reign? and how was he blessed?
- 6. What lessons may be learned?



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A WAY OUT.

CHAPTER I.

Y life is blighted," he said, sadly; "the wish of my heart is frustrated; and I am told to be submissive, and to rest content."

He had only just come in-doors, but now he took his straw hat down from the peg again; his mother was in the garden, he supposed, and he strode away in the

direction of the

He looked like an old man, yet he was but twoand-twenty, such a weight of care and unrest had he allowed to accumulate upon his boyish shoulders. What a pity it is that we will take up so many burdens which God our Father never called upon us to hear!

It was a beautiful August morning, and the sun shone gloriously. Very soon Charlie had reached a lovely bank, richly clothed with wild flowers, and bounding one side of a ripening cornfield

He threw himself down among the poppies and thistles, and tall lavender flowers of which he did not know the name—

like big daisies they were—and he eyed in silence the busy bees, and fluttering "painted ladies," and a shower of pretty grey moths, hovering and hanging all over the thistles and sucking their sweets.

No one could see him now. He was hidden from every human eye in a lovely out-of-the-way nook of this lovely world. And there he lay, gazing at Nature's beauties, till presently he fell to murmuring again

"I can't believe it," he grumbled. "So long as I had set my heart upon going! Oxford! the very name has sounded like music to me for the last two

years, and now suddenly it has come to mean nothing!"

His frown grew deeper, and he irascibly frightened away half a dozen of the pretty soft grey moths as they would have settled upon him.

"It is all very well," he went on, "for successful people to talk about cancelling the word 'impossible,' and for *them* to declare that a man's life is pretty much what he chooses to make it, and so on.

But I should like to know what I could do to get my wish that I have not done! And then, just as it was within reach of my hand, I failed."

And what Charlie Stanfield said was true. His father had held the post of organist at the parish church. He was poor: but Charlie was his only son, and he had had great plans for him. And Charlie had had great plans for himself also, plans, moreover, which were identical with those of his father, which does not always happen. Charlie wished to go to Oxford, and to take his degree, and to rise in the world. Then he had it in his mind to offer himself. after a while, as a



"'You wish to rise,' continued the old squire."-p. 286,

missionary; but this last idea would depend upon circumstances for its fulfilment—that is, Charlie was not bent upon it yet. But Oxford must be the first step.

And by many contrivances, and by watching for every chance opportunity, and promptly making the most of it, as well as by carefully saving even spare pence, father and son, and mother as well, worked together to accomplish their object.

And in a few months Charlie would have entered Oxford, when all his bright hopes were dashed to the ground by the sudden death of his father.

Everything was changed now. He had succeeded his father as organist at the church, and his mother looked to him for support.

He had for some time given music lessons, but at present he had only one pupil, the squire's little son and heir.

Only a little while before, and so many doors had seemed to open out his future to him. But now they were all shut, and he must make a way out as he could.

He had had his reasons—the strongest a young man can have—for wishing for wealth and position,

etc.; and even now he believed in his own mind that if he would throw himself heart and soul into the pursuit of what he coveted, it would in due time, and in no very long time, be his, But Charlie was a Christian-not in name only, but in reality - and he did not like the idea of throwing his soul into mere money-making. He feared to lose it. What if, growing warm in the chase, he should forsake the Lord his God for riches? He could not say, with his ardent eager temperament, how far he might go if he once allowed himself to start.

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Do not laugh at him, reader; he knew his own danger, and it was wise of him not to

disregard it. Dearly and tenderly had he loved his father; but now the first shock of his great sorrow had passed away, the beloved dust was consigned to its last resting-place, there to wait until it should rise, a glorious spiritual body, to know weariness no more; and Charlie had resolutely to forget the past, and to look entirely new and unwelcome prospects bravely in the face. In a feeble desultory way he had more than once tried to think, wandering idly from one subject to another, but now he must concentrate his attention, think clearly, and decide as promptly as might be as to his future course.

"'There is no waste in the world so great as the waste of thought,'" he quoted. And then he straightway forgot the summer day, and the flowers and the butterflies, and with unseeing eyes he pondered in real earnest.

CHAPTER II.

AN old man was coming up the narrow path, between the corn-field and the luxuriant hedgerow, but Charlie did not as yet observe him.

The stranger walked with a stick, and rather feebly and slowly; his hair was snow-white, and his

face withered and colourless; yet it was a very happy peaceful face, whose kind eyes, keen and observant still, rested upon rejoicing nature all around him with ever new delight.

Now he stopped to inspect a cockchafer, unaccountably enjoying sunshine instead of twilight; now the top of a tall stinging-nettle, black with caterpillars, drew his attention. Then he watched the pretty fluttering moths, clinging with tiny feathered legs to the wild blossoms. Then he felt the heavy fast browning ears of corn, and gathered two or three of the blue cornflowers that grew between. And next he came upon Charlie.



"She greeted Charlie coldly, he thought."-p. 287.

And that young man started up from his supposed solitude in a sort of vexation and confusion mingled; for this was the squire of the parish, the father of his pupil, and also—though Charlie had confessed this latter fact to nobody—of the girl he loved. How idle and good-for-nothing he must appear, lying there in the hedge, without even a book or newspaper in his hand. Before any one else in the world almost Charlie would have been perfectly independent, and would have remembered that he was free to lie on a hedge-bank for the remainder of the day if he pleased; but before this particular person (a kind

old man as ever lived) he was altogether shy and foolish.

But only for a few moments, after all. The squire greeted him pleasantly, and even sat down beside him, and, possibly noticing the dull and perplexed look that his face wore, tried to draw him into conversation, and to lead him to disburden his mind, which Charlie by-and-by did.

The squire was silent. All this was not new to him, but he was thinking, and watching also some busy ants at work on the bank beside him. Presently

he said, quietly-

"How loving a God must have made this world and all things in it! Look at these mites of creatures, how happy and rejoicing they are. Does God care for them, and give them sunshine and gladness, and will He not much more care for us, into whom He has breathed the breath of immortal life? Would He let one of us want anything that would really conduce to his happiness? No, no, no! I cannot think so even for a moment."

"And I do not think so, sir," returned Charlie, earnestly. "I know He has shut the doors all around me, that I may grow stronger and stronger in forcing a way out for myself. But just to-day I felt faith-

less, and-and-"

Charlie paused, not from want of words, but because a doleful feeling had crept over him again, and he wondered whether it would be good for him ever to find a way out—the way he wished, that is.

"Cheer up, my dear young friend," said the older man. "It is not, What can I? but, What can't He? as somebody says. Go on fearlessly. Trust Him through all. Work as hard as you like, only trust and be easy, and be sure then that the right way, and only right, will open to you, and that just at the right time."

And Charlie did cheer up; every word cheered him.

"You wish to rise," continued the kind old squire; "most young men do, and all should. But do not trouble yourself about it, and you will rise the quicker. Let all anxiety go, and instead of wondering at each step whether you are getting on in the world, as the saying is, ask yourself again and again, 'Am I doing my duty as a Christian in this or that employment? Am I seeking God's glory or my own?' And be sure, my son, that only in following His glory can we find life and happiness both here and hereafter. When we seek the glory of our God we seek our own peace, as the Lord knew when He said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Yes, all these things. And I do not know what things specially for you, my young friend, but the Lord does; and if you will take Him at His word, be sure He will be true to it."

Renewed courage crept into Charlie's heart. He looked up and answered brightly. And presently the squire walked on.

A word spoken in season, how good it is! Charlie sat still for a while, digesting the many good words he had heard. No more need, then, for any anxiety. His only care henceforth must be to do his duty as a Christian.

There is a proper dependence, as well as a proper independence. Charlie was so happy as to have both to-day. He had never hinted to either Marie or to her father that he loved her, and he resolved that he never would until he was in a position to do so. But from to-day, please God, he would not fret like a spoiled child for that position, as he had done; he would put it down from the place it had hitherto held in his mind and aims, and he would simply work from the loftier standpoint of love for the God who made him, the Lord who died for him, and the Holy and Blessed Spirit who guided him every hour.

"Infinite toil," says a writer, "would not avail you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often overlook it altogether." So it was with Charlie to-day. His longings and strivings, impotent and powerless as they were, had almost borne him down to despair, but in the strength of God he had "ascended into a higher moral atmosphere," and, lo! they had vanished entirely.

No more impatience or despondency now. He returned home with head erect, with happy eager face, and elastic step, looking years and years younger than when he went out.

And his mother's heart was glad, and his own was at rest for many and many a day.

CHAPTER III.

AND Charlie worked for his mother, and made her happy and comfortable; and he also laid by what he could—little enough, certainly, but sufficient to fall back upon in case of emergency.

A year passed; a year of probation for Charlie Stanfield; a year that did him lasting benefit. In it he learned patience, self-control, and submission, qualities that did him good service in after life.

And all the time he was, and certainly not altogether unconsciously, steadily working towards his wishes. Yet he strove again and again to keep them out of the place they would fain have taken—the first place in his heart; and in great part he succeeded; and how great his gain, in freedom from wearying care and cankering disappointment and discontent, only he could tell.

At length one of his music pupils—he had many now—a young fellow of twenty, heedless and careless, and with plenty of money, informed his young teacher, who was also his friend, that he was going to Oxford; and then he asked Charlie to go with him.

"I know you have been wishing to go," he said, "and you might come with me, and be my mentor—or master, even, if you like—I don't care. You know how weak-minded I am," and he laughed lightly—then looked serious. "I am morally certain that I shall come away worse than I went, unless I have a somebody or a something to keep me out of the way of temptation."

Charlie proudly hesitated for a while. But in the end he went, and did well; and the squire, still his fast friend, congratulated him warmly.

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And what of Marie all this time? Charlie had heard, to his deep grief, some months ago now, that she was ill. Some mysterious malady that baffled the physicians affected her, and she was ordered away for change of air, and scene, and life altogether.

Charlie saw her, and bade her good-bye before she went; and he was shocked and alarmed at the change in her appearance. All her youth seemed to have left her; her eyes were large and unnaturally bright; her lips were parched, as if with continual inward fever; and many averred that she was bidding her home farewell for ever.

But, no. One long winter she was away with her father. And while they were absent, Charlie was master at the hall; for long ere this the squire had learned to trust him implicitly; and so it was Charlie who welcomed her he loved on her return. She looked neither the better nor the worse for the change she had had; but what ailed the squire? He looked strangely at Charlie, he watched him every moment, and appeared filled with anxiety concerning him. Charlie was greatly puzzled.

And meanwhile his heart yearned over Marie. Some strong instinct was urging him to speak to her. Should he do so? Or should he allow pride to keen him silent longer yet?

keep him silent longer yet?

While he debated, the squire came to him, and

told him a story in confidence. And Charlie was astounded; and while his eyes spoke his joy, his tongue would not utter a word. But the squire read his face—

"Come with me, my son," he said; then with a sigh, as if some heavy burden had rolled from his heart, "come and see her, and behave as usual; she is far from strong, poor child!"

How wonderful that, after all this time of waiting, the squire should come to him, and say, "Can you love my child?" *Could* he? Had he not done so patiently and often hopelessly during these many years?

Marie had no suspicion that her father had discovered her secret, and she greeted Charlie coldly, he thought. But ah, she was only afraid of letting her real feelings appear. Quickly enough the coldness fled for ever, and her cheeks recovered their bloom, and her lips their happy smile.

Six months later came the wedding-day, and how proud was Charlie's mother of her boy, and of her new daughter!

And often, in after life, as Charlie thought with humility and thanksgiving over all the blessings that had been showered upon him, he remembered with renewed trust and joy that not he himself, but God his Heavenly Father, had made a way out for him—as He will for all His children if they will but seek Him and patiently wait His pleasure—though for a time, for His own wise purposes, He may "fence up their way that they cannot pass."

OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.



OW, don't say you are not surprised; I'm sure you must be!" so Miss Harcourt addressed herself to Mrs. Darrent. " But the fact is, my boys were out this evening. I felt a little lonely. and went out for a stroll. My feet carried me hereit is a charm-

ing corner, you know—and seeing you look so very cosy, I could not resist the inclination to join you. Some people have the knack of making themselves comfortable."

Whatever Eleanor Darrent's private feelings might

be, she was bound to answer this speech politely. Miss Harcourt was asked whether she would prefer the drawing-room to the lawn; and upon her pronouncing enthusiastically in favour of the latter, a chair and footstool were provided for her, and she began to talk about the current topics of the hour.

Leaving generalities, she proceeded presently, in the tone and manner which Mrs. Darrent always disliked—to her fine instinct they savoured of the artificial—to make comments, lively and full of admiration, upon everything about her.

"One gardener? Did you say you had only one? He must be a miracle. I wish I could achieve anything like this perfection of neatness. But they say you help in the garden yourselves. Ah! yes; you have a taste for flowers—a charming taste! And you live in the open air. My boy, Sidney—by-the-by, I have never thanked you for your kindness to him. You have taken it for granted? Yes! I was sure you would. You are of those to whom kind acts are their own reward. But, as I was saying, Sidney came home the other day frantic—yes, really, I don't exaggerate—frantic with pleasure about a certain supper on your lawn. Nothing would suit him, but I must have our dinner carried out of doors. I gave

deep feeling.

in to his whim, but he was not satisfied. He said—it was not polite of him, was it?—that Melbury Lodge and Forest House could not bear comparison."

"No one but a child would think of comparing them," said John Darrent, who, in Miss Harcourt's company was always a little more blunt than usual; and his wife explained, courteously, "They are in

such different styles,"

"Oh!" said Miss Harcourt, "I never dreamt of pitting them one against the other—I was only repeating what the boy said. We cannot expect thought, you know, in creatures of that age. By-the-by, what a delightful time all these young people are having! We ought to be grateful to Mr. James Darrent—I am sure I am—for playing the tutor so kindly. Sidney says he has picked up more of natural science in the course of their few rambles than he did from all the expensive courses of lectures he attended in town. As for Sibyl, she is quite enthusiastic, dear child!"

She paused, and John Darrent, who felt himself bound to keep the ball rolling, remarked, sententiously, that observation often teaches more than

books.

Whereto she replied-

"Yes, that is so true. But then the faculty of observation must be cultivated. This is what your brother is doing for our young people. Is it true, by-the-by—one cannot help feeling interested in such a man—that he was educated for the medical profession?"

"Perfectly true; he took his degree before he went abroad."

"And did he ever practice in London?"

"For a short time only. The life did not suit him. He gave it up."

There was that in John Darrent's way of answering these questions, which would have betrayed to a less acute person than Miss Harcourt that he did not care to pursue the subject further.

She was silent, and there came into her face an expression unusual to her. It was as though some strong inward emotion, rising suddenly to the surface, were breaking through the mask of real reserve and artificial frankness, which was all the world ever saw of Caroline Harcourt. When she spoke again, her face was pale, and her voice was low and very earnest.

"You think me curious," she said; "that is natural; but it is not the case—indeed it is not. The real fact is that I heard something strange a few days ago about your brother, and ever since, I have been trying to speak to him. I am told that, as a medical man, he came in contact once, with one in whom I am interested—a woman—a beautiful woman."

Now, John Darrent was endowed with a sense of mental rectitude not common in natures so highly sympathetic. Nothing, it is probable, ever caused him so keen an emotion of regret, even remorse, as one of those discoveries, made by most men from time to time—for our friends are always surprising

us—that, by acting on a superficially-formed opinion he had passed an incorrect and uncharitable judgment upon his neighbour. Hence he was in the custom of holding in abeyance his opinions with regard to those about him, and was always ready to be instructed by those flashes of revelation, which, bringing to the surface qualities held in reserve, show us character; if, that is to say, our hearts and eyes are open; for over blind prejudice not the keenest surray has any enlightening power.

But the wisest of us have our pet aversions, and these, as all the world knows, have a misleading effect upon the mind. The artificial in man or woman grated on his every sensibility. It jarred him; it set his teeth on edge, like the scraping of iron. Caroline Harcourt had a thousand artificialities, and he had long since put her down as a woman who, by continual pandering to the world, had destroyed her truer self, and outlived any capability of

But her faltering words that evening, her changed expression, her sudden earnestness, seemed to indicate possession of the powers he had, with undue haste, denied her.

John Darrent, as, moved with a new sympathy, he turned to his visitor, blamed himself for his sweeping condemnation.

The immediate effect was a complete change in his manner, from cold politeness to friendly interest.

He said, "It is no secret that my brother James practised in London, Miss Harcourt. He witnessed many painful scenes. Had he persevered, I believe he would have gone mad; whether the scene to which you refer was among them....."

"Oh!" interrupted Caroline, clasping her hands; "if I only knew! if I could only speak to him! But I never have an opportunity; he is always surrounded; and," casting down her eyes, "to bring the sad subject into general conversation would be more than I could do. It would kill me."

John Darrent said, "I can understand your feeling. Our secret sorrows look more ghastly than they need in the light of the indifference of others. However, there is no reason you should not speak to my brother quietly; he is coming in presently. If you go into my study, I will send him to you there; that is the best plan. My study," smiling, "is a sacred place; there will be no fear of interruption from the young ones."

"How kind you are!" murmured Caroline Harcourt. And John Darrent once more detecting, or suspecting, the artificial in her tone, and feeling impatient, rose from his seat, observed that James and the children were late, and strolled to the gate to watch for them. Mrs. Darrent, meantime, conducted their visitor to the library, where, shortly after, the traveller, looking not a little perplexed, joined her.

As it has already been hinted, James Darrent was perfectly well aware of the identity of Adeline Rosebay with the lovely and unfortunate Mrs. Cockburn, who, after the death of her husband, during his trial for fraudulent bankruptcy, and malappropriation of trust-moneys, had disappeared from society. He met her first, when, as a young girl of seventeen, she was being thrust into the marriage

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"'Ah! now at last we come to the point, said Caroline Harcourt, serenely. -p. 290.

which had turned out so disastrously: he met her for the second time in the streets of London, staring, with horror in her face, at a news-sheet, which, amongst other items of intelligence, bore, in large type, the words, "Death of Cockburn, the banker, in prison."

When she turned white and sick with horror, and 751

called to inquire for her on the following day, he was told that a doctor was in attendance, and that she was in a high fever, which it was feared would end fatally.

He had then taken his passage for South Africa, and, deeply interested as he felt, he knew he could do nothing. As a fact, he did not see the bankrupt's widow again; he did not even hear of her until the

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day when his niece Maggie introduced him to Mrs. Rosebay.

His surprise, as may be imagined, was great; his sense of relief was still greater; for the two visions of the brilliant girl, and the heart-broken agonised woman, had, throughout his three years of wandering, haunted him with a terrible persistence, for which he could not account.

To no one, not even his brother, had James Darrent confided the secret that he had ever known Adeline Rosebay before. It was her will to live unknown; he would respect it.

He was not prepared, however, for the possibility that any one besides himself might have an inkling of the real state of the case, and when Miss Harcourt opened their interview by saying, with well-feigned frankness, "I have long wished to speak to you, Mr. Darrent. We are both acquainted with a very sad story—Mrs. Cockburn's, I mean," he was too much taken aback to make any attempt to conceal his knowledge.

This was enough for Miss Harcourt; but in decency she was compelled to continue—

"Will you give me your advice, your advice as a man? Her story is getting about. That is nothing. Such stories will spread; but we are not judged, I am thankful to say, by the deeds of others, whatever our relationship with them. We are judged by ourselves, and the lady who calls herself Mrs. Rosebay is everything a lady should be. She is received everywhere here, and that is right. But," she fixed her eyes on James Darrent, who turned a little pale, "something new is coming out about her, and presently, I know, she will be as generally shunned as now she is received. I feel sure she acts in ignorance. Oh, yes! there can be no doubt of that. Still--" pausing meditatively, which pause gave him time to ask, with threatening sternness in his voice, what was this new fact that had come to light.

Miss Harcourt answered by a question. "How did she come by her money?" she asked, impressively; then, in answer to a movement expressive of scornful indignation, "Dear Mr. Darrent, I feel with you, indeed I do. These things seem petty. What does it matter to us how our neighbour lives? Yes; but when there is danger—I should say, perhaps, prospect—of closer connection—— There," pressing her pocket-hand-kerchief to her lips, "I am as foolish as usual. I allow my tongue to run away with me. To come to the point, Mrs. Rosebay—we may call her by the name she has assumed—is living on the proceeds of her husband's guilt—innocently, I believe. Now, the question is, ought one to undeceive her?"

Scarcely could James Darrent have been more surprised if a bombshell had burst at his feet. He made no answer, and Miss Harcourt went on, blandly, "I can see you are surprised; but why? You must be very unpractical if you can imagine that houses are kept up and people fed and clothed upon nothing. I happen to know—I think you know, too—that in this case there was no pre-nuptial settlement. The

whole of Andrew Cockburn's estate should have gone to his creditors. Should have-but did it? That is the question. Now, I have heard a singular story; it may be untrue, of course, but it fits in curiously with facts. On the eve of his bankruptcy a friend brought him in some money to invest in his business -it was a bank, I believe. He took it, and said nothing. That sum never appeared in any of the accounts. His friend was also his wife's friend, and he would not enter into the matter closely. He believed it would be impossible to recover the sum lost, and he was not absolutely ruined. Now, what became of that sum of money? My belief is, and others think the same, that the lady who calls herself Mrs. Rosebay, and is actually Andrew Cockburn's widow, lives on its proceeds. What is your opinion?"

"I have none; it does not concern me in the slightest. Why should I pry into my neighbour's

business?"

"Why, indeed? You will ask why I should. I answer at once, not from idle curiosity. Had it not been for a certain prospect, a certain fear, Mrs. Rosebay might have gone her way; I should have gone mine. But when it is possible our paths may meet- Mr. Darrent" (his face was as pale as death, his lips and eyelids trembled), "I dare not speak more plainly; but I think you begin to understand me. My family is ancient and honourable. Poor we may be, but we have never disgraged ourselves. If the representative of our family chose to ally himself with a poor woman, I might regret his decision, but I should not dare to combat it. There is one step he might take which would be worse, infinitely worse, and against that I should fight so long as breath was left in my body. For disgrace to fall upon the Harcourts would break my heart."

"But why do you tell me all this?" cried James Darrent. "I do not believe it," he added hurriedly —"God forbid that I should! If Mrs. Cockburn lives on an income derived from her late husband's estate, the wrong she commits is done innocently.

Women know nothing of business."

"Ah! now at last we come to the point," said Caroline Harcourt, serenely. "If this is the case, she ought to be undeceived. Will you undertake to tell her the truth?"

" I ?"

"Yes; you. Are you not the most natural person? You met her formerly."

"But I know nothing of her affairs. To suggest your idea about her property would be to insult her. Besides, if she were undeceived—if she should give up this money—what would become of her?"

"True, she would be penniless; she would share the fate her precious husband inflicted on so many helpless women. However, that need not trouble us. I am inclined to think that under no circumstances would Adeline Cockburn be allowed to starve."

Caroline Harcourt had obtained all she wanted. She was tired of the interview; the gentle dissimulation she had been practising for the last hour began to bore her unspeakably. In those last words she allowed her true bitterness to creep out.

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But, bold as she was, she had scarcely spoken before she repented her temerity. She rose, and he rose. He stood facing her, and, smitten with a new fear, she drew back trembling.

What had happened? Was this a transformation? Were her senses fooling her? She had thought she was alone with the grave and quiet traveller, who had no enthusiasm but that of science; she found herself actually in the presence of a man-a man of deep nature, deeply stirred, whose eyes were flashing with indignant wrath, whose muscles were knotted together as if he saw before him his deadly foe, whose starting eye-balls, swelling veins, and quivering lips made him terrible. Her first thought was that he was seized with a paroxysm of madness; her second that she had been mistaken, that she had gone too far, that some strong personal feeling bound him to the lady who had been the subject of their conversation, and, swallowing as best she might her fear of his mood, and anger at his expression and attitude, she said, with soothing apology in her voice-

"Mr. Darrent, I am afraid I have offended you. Let me assure you that I spoke in ignorance."

"Offended me!" he burst out. "You have been torturing me for the last half-hour. You have done it deliberately, for purposes of your own. That I could have borne; but you have done more. In your pride of position, in your security and strength, you have dared to insult and tread under your feet a weak and friendless creature. Miss Harcourt, be thankful you are a woman!"

With those words he turned and left the room.

Caroline was alone, and for a moment she trembled. His look and words, like those sudden flashes which for one brief moment enlighten the black night, had acted as a revelation. She seemed to see whither she was going; the pitfalls dug by hatred and self-feeling round the feet of the unwary opened hideous mouths around her, warning her back. Should she seize the opportunity? Should she retrace her steps? She had found herself too weak to guide circumstances. Why should she not drop the Beautiful old childish thoughts, soft and weak, but fair as pictured cherubs, came back to her, as, for a few moments, she idly mused. Thoughts of benignant Providence, the Divinity that shapes our ends; of belief and hope and charity; of, in the best sense, "taking no thought for the morrow."

Thinking, she looked up. A small mirror was before her. She saw her own face, haggard, drawn, the eyes dim, the brow contracted. Saw, and reflected how these last few weeks had aged her. She had missed her power. The sceptre that was slipping from her nerveless hand, should it finally depart, would leave her desolate. And now she had nothing but this power to give interest and dignity to her life. But to-night the opportunity of asserting herself, of proving her own foresight, and

avenging herself on the woman who had thwarted her, was put into her hands, and she was weak enough to hesitate.

Caroline Harcourt smiled. There was self-contempt in that smile. Then she tied her bonnet-strings, looked at herself once more in the mirror, observed with pleasure how her brow smoothed, how her colour returned, and her eye brightened at thought of this anticipated triumph. Then she went out, resumed her gently dejected manner, said good-bye to the party in the lawn, and, having thanked John Darrent for his assistance, returned to her home.

On the following day she gave her weekly reception, an evening entertainment, to which the little world of Melbury, with the sole exception of Mrs. Rosebay, had been bidden.

Miss Harcourt's parties were pleasant. She succeeded often in captivating one or two stray celebrities from town; there was an abundance of good music, and she had the useful talent of grouping her guests appropriately.

Her evenings were generally well attended. This one was no exception to the rule. Miss Harcourt's friends said she was quite herself again upon the occasion—as quiet, as cheerful, as self-possessed as she had ever been. And this was true.

The fact was that, feeling her feet once more upon the neck of her generation, she was able to forget her puerile fears and hesitations. Besides, the traveller was not amongst her guests.

The day after the party at the Lodge it was known through Melbury that the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. Rosebay, whom society had taken up-society. with the exception of Miss Harcourt-and Miss Harcourt, Melbury remembered ruefully, never did anything without reason, had imposed upon them all. She was living under a false name. She was the widow of a dishonoured bankrupt; she was practising charity and fine living upon other people's Melbury was horrified, and more than one breathed fervent vows never again to act with unadvised haste. "There is certainly something in breeding," was a remark that might have been heard in several quarters when Mrs. White's and Miss Harcourt's respective attitudes towards the new neighbour were discussed. It was decided that Mrs. Rosebay must be dropped.

By some, that is, not all.

The rumours reached Mrs. Darrent's ears. Maggie, shedding indignant tears, brought her the story. It had been retailed to her by Sidney, who said it was the universal talk.

"You will not give her up, mother?" cried the impulsive girl. "If you do, it will break my heart."

Mrs. Darrent answered in a grave sad manner, for she was perplexed. There were some inexplicable circumstances. She hoped she was not deceived; she trusted that, sooner or later, they would be cleared up. Meantime, she soothed her impulsive child by the assurance that she would not act upon idle gossip. And she made a point of calling upon Mrs. Rosebay, who was slowly awaking to the fact that evil rumour was busy with her name, and looked sad and dejected; but she said nothing, though Mrs. Darrent, being anxious to clear her in her own mind and before her neighbours, gave her several openings for explanation.

To her husband Mrs. Darrent said, sadly, on her return, "Can we have been mistaken?"

He answered, apparently wide of the mark, though his words had their own significance, "I should like to understand what it is that has come over James."

"It is true that he knew Mrs. Rosebay formerly?"

"He does not deny it; but he says very little—only I can see that something has moved him strongly. It seems like a sudden revulsion of feeling."

"He would not join the children yesterday," said

Mrs. Darrent, musingly.

"He does not go out at all. He worked the whole of last night. Yesterday he consulted me about the possibility of getting out his work on the flora of South Africa six weeks earlier than he intended. You know I have taken on my shoulders the business part of the undertaking. It could be done; but the work he would have to compress into the next fortnight would be enormous."

"But why is he in such a hurry? Does he want to

go abroad again?"

"I think not, though I was applied to on his behalf only yesterday by one of the learned societies. No; my impression, from what he said, is that he wants to make some money."

"That is a new state of mind in James. Will his

book make money for him?"

"Eventually, beyond a doubt; but the expenses are enormous. Months must pass—possibly years—before it can remunerate anybody concerned in it."

"Poor fellow!" said Eleanor Darrent, sighing deeply; but, as at the moment her husband was called away, no more was said. She would scarcely have been a woman, however, if her mind had not wandered to certain contingencies that only a few days before had seemed like possibilities. "He would make such a good use of her money; and the difference in age is really not so great. James cannot be more than thirty-five, and I believe the child cares for him, poor little thing!" So mused the quiet matron, as matrons will, looking out before her, and on the vacant space stamping a bright future for those she loved.

Her visionary musings were disturbed. Into that vacant space upon which she gazed—it was really one of the window-panes—a figure entered. She saw it for one moment only, and got up, rubbing her eyes, and declaring sotto voce that if she indulged herself perpetually in waking dreams, she would become imaginative, and see more than there was any necessity to see. For the figure that, for a moment, entered into her vision wore all the strangeness of an

unreal appearance. It was a face, young and soft, but white, large-eyed, eager, and it looked in furtively, as if, in the act of gazing, the soul behind the face were conscious of folly, and dreaded discovery. Moreover, when the eyes met hers, there was a sudden retreat from the window.

Mrs. Darrent went to it, and threw it open.

A young girl, in a plain dark cashmere dress, was standing on the gravel-walk, with her back turned to the house.

"Is that you, Sibyl?" said Mrs. Darrent; and the girl turned round. "What is the matter, dear? You look tired and out of sorts," she went on, when, without speaking, but with a miserable effort to smile, Sibyl put out her hand.

"Oh, I have been rushing about all day," was the answer. "Mamma thinks I am not looking strong. She wishes to take me to the sea-side, and—and—I wanted to say good-bye to you all first. You are well—all of you?" she added, looking into her friend's face, searchingly.

"Yes, all well. Little Beatrice has a cold, but it is nothing serious. Will you not come in, dear?"

"May I stay?" asked the girl, following Mrs. Darrent through the open window. "Mannua has gone to Mrs. Vernon's; it is the district visitors' meeting this evening."

"You are a good child to have come to us," said Mrs. Darrent, with her own hands taking off Sibyl's

hat and gloves,

She did not look into her face. With a kind of terror, she was realising that the disturbed face she had seen was real; and when Sibyl said, with insistence, "Really well—all of you?" she answered, with a quietness of intonation and manner that had immediately a soothing effect—

"Yes, all well; only we are a little afraid that Uncle James is overdoing it. He has set his heart, my husband says, on publishing his book very soon. The necessary work will be prodigious."

Sibyl's brow cleared perceptibly. She said, looking down, absently, on her ungloved hands—

"I was afraid he was ill. He did not go with us yesterday, and Maggie said he was up all night. Mrs. Darrent, he ought not to be allowed to work so hard."

She blushed charmingly as she spoke; indeed, she looked almost herself again; and when, with a light laugh, she added, "Now this is absurd! to think of my attempting to lecture you!" Mrs. Darrent felt greatly relieved, and was ready to hope that no deep-seated mental disturbance, but only a temporary indisposition or fatigue, had caused that pale rigid look, as of stifled pain, in the face of the young girl she loved. That evening she watched Sibyl closely.

James Darrent appeared at supper-time, but only for about half an hour. Sibyl, she observed, when no one seemed to be noticing her, cast upon him swift glances of startled inquiry. It was as if a problem were put before her which she must solve.

And there could be no doubt about it. Those few days had wrought a marvellous change in the traveller. Sibyl, no less than Mrs. Darrent, though her motive was very different—if, poor child, she could be said to have any motive at all—longed to discover a reason for this change.

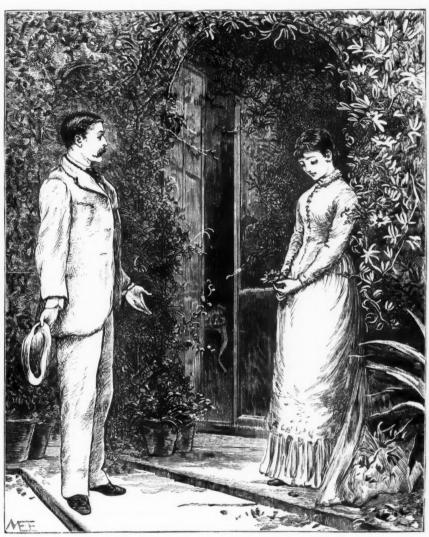
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"And what do you wish me to do?' she said,"-p. 295.

CHAPTER X.

Now the fact was that Sibyl had been passing through one of those dangerous cycles of surprised discovery and stormy feeling which only too often accompany the transit from girlhood into womanhood.

She was at Miss Harcourt's "at home;" but no

"Isn't it strange? I was only saying yesterday that I thought James Darrent had a weakness for Mrs. Rosebay, and this evening I hear that they knew one another formerly. This accounts for the confidences between them when they met at our house the other day. It surprised me, I must say,

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to see them on such intimate terms, all at once. Are you tired, darling?"

Sibyl had thrown herself back in the carriage, and closed her eyes.

"Only sleepy," she answered, in a low voice.

"Ah, well! we shall be at home directly," said the little lady, cheerfully. "But wasn't it curious of James Darrent to tell no one?"

"Why should he tell any one?" flashed out Sibyl, in a tone which showed that she was wide awake.

Her mother knew that over-fatigue always made her contradictory, and she answered soothingly. But she was very much surprised—not a little startled, indeed—when Sibyl followed her into her room, dismissed the maid, and said, having closed the door carefully—

"Is this mere gossip, mamma, or do you really

believe that they love one another?"

"They-who? My dear child, what in the world is the matter with you?" said Mrs. White, pausing

aghast in the middle of the room.

"With me? nothing at all," replied Sibyl, turning red; "but you know I am romantic;" she spoke gaspingly. "I have read love stories. I should like to see one acted, and this," looking down, "would be a pretty one, just like an old romance."

"Oh, if that is all!" said Mrs. White, much relieved, for she was not penetrating; "but would not to-morrow do, dear? You look so tired."

"Tell me to-night, like a darling mother. I should like to dream about happy people," said the girl, coaxingly.

"But there is so little to tell," Mrs. White answered, sitting down before her glass, and beginning to take off her ornaments.

Sibyl, however, continuing expectant and eager, she told her what she knew, and the girl went to her room certain that what she had already vaguely suspected was true. James Darrent was in love with Adeline Rosebay.

If that had been all! But it was not. Suddenly, in the lurid glare of a feeling she knew to be evil, but which had sprung up so unexpectedly, and with such large and fearful growth that she could not resist it, the secret thoughts of her own heart were brought to light; and she knew that it was not admiration, not reverence, not hero-worship, but something nearer, deeper, more intimate than any of these which moved her when, in the innocent unconsciousness of a happy girl, she had pleased herself with forming dreams by the myriad about her hero.

Of all those dream-castles he was the monarch. He was to have money to pursue his scientific discoveries, he was to increase the sum of human knowledge, and to astonish the world. Men would speak of him as they spoke of Sir Isaac Newton. But he was also to be made happy. And here had crept in the self-feeling, here she had made for herself a niche in his temple. Maggie, or one of the others, had said that Uncle James scarcely ever smiled, except when

Sibyl was by—a dangerous admission, upon which her thirsting heart seized eagerly. The world would give him fame; she would give him happiness.

And now what had changed? There was no reason why she should not continue to dream about her hero; he might still be great, he might still be happy. Yes, but her own niche in the temple was gone, or,

rather, it was filled by another.

The poor spoiled child set her teeth together, and we dare not deny that some bitter, even wicked thoughts filled her mind. No more than Miss Harcourt was she accustomed to be crossed. Besides, during these past days she had not been able to avoid a certain placid satisfaction in the dream, now so cruelly blurred. Sibyl never actually compared herself with the devoted woman whom history has made famous; but in that curious under-current of feeling which, little conscious as we are of its presence, more or less colours our thoughts, she was aware of being good and interesting. And this helped to form a distinct and unpleasantly sharp ingredient in the pain from which now she suffered. Sweeping, like most young girls, both in approval and condemnation, she said to herself that night, "I have been a selfish idiot. I thought I was thinking of other people. I was not," and at this awful reflection she broke down, and sobbed bitterly. Yes, she was selfish; she did not wish to be anything but selfish. All she knew was that her heart was aching, that the future looked very desolate, and that she would never, never believe in friendship again; for if Mrs. Rosebay had told her at once that she had known Mr. Darrent before, nothing of this would have happened.

Fortunately for Sibyl, sleep surprised her in the midst of her indignant reflections. In the morning she was able to look at things a little more rationally, and to feel ashamed of her midnight terrors. Still, however, a soreness against Mrs. Rosebay testified to the fact that her wounded self-feeling was alive and vigorous.

Such, then, was the young girl's frame of mind when from Mrs. Green, who drove over to see them a few days later, she heard the story, by this time finely embellished, of Mrs. Rosebay's deception.

"I thought I must tell you at once," said Mrs. Green to Sibyl's mother; "you know I only called upon her because you did. I believed you would have made all necessary inquiries."

"Oh!" said Mrs. White, "how foolish it is to act upon impulse! But are you perfectly certain?"

"Positive. The story is in everybody's mouth. I expect she will have to leave the neighbourhood. It seems that the Andersons—you know the Andersons—were creditors on the Cockburn estate. It's curious, isn't it, how things come about? They talk of raking it up, but that would be useless.—I hope Sibyl is not ill."

For at this moment the young girl, who had been listening intently to Mrs. Green's story, had got up abruptly and left the room. "I suppose your story has vexed her," said Mrs, White; "the poor child takes such enthusiastic likings. She is passionately fond of our new neighbour."

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"Who cannot be a very good friend for young girls," filled in Mrs. Green. "No doubt she is taken aback. Young people always suffer when their idols are dethroned; however, she will get over it, and perhaps be more sensible for the future."

Wherewith Mrs. Rosebay was relegated by the ladies to her native obscurity, while matters domestic, social, and meteorological were discussed.

Sibyl had escaped because her feelings were too much for her, and she feared they might soon escape from her control.

She went to her garden-parlour, which was silent and deserted, and sat down between the pillars, her eyes fixed on the lovely landscape outside, her mind busy with what she had just heard.

Her first emotion had been of wild and fierce exultation.

The woman who could connive at fraud, if for a brief moment she had charmed James Darrent, would never hold his heart. She had hardly restrained herself from cross-questioning Mrs. Green eagerly, so as to be certain of the truth of her story. But barely had this wave of feeling swept over the young girl's soul, before her generosity and sense of rectitude were alarmed, and self-contempt following swiftly made her rush from the room, lest, as she would have expressed herself, she should become wicked.

If the story were true—it might be true; though in her inner heart, Sibyl had a conviction that there was some wrong about it—what would the result be? Suffering, cruel, bitter, hopeless suffering to two beings she professed to love.

And she, from merely selfish feelings, and because it was a pain to her to be anything but first with one who was first to her—could bring herself to rejoice in this!

The generous-natured girl covered her face with her hands, and tears, bitter scalding tears, such as she had never shed before, filled her eyes.

They softened, but they did not help her. All her being seemed in a tumult, from which never, in all the dreary future, would harmony come again.

Ashamed, then, of this causeless agony, she rose, dried her eyes, and paced backwards and forwards in the pretty room, between the mirror, which with horrible persistence reflected the image of her swollen face and tear-stained eyes, and the lovely placid landscape that seemed to mock her. Sibyl was at that period of life when we expect sympathy from everything, and are bitterly hurt by the indifference of nature to our fretful complaints.

In the course of one of those restless pacings to and fro, she saw something more than the placid landscape, and in high indignation she started back. That she could not be alone even in her own gardenparlour, was too bad.

The intruder was Sir Walter Harcourt. He said,

apologetically—"I hope you will forgive me, Sibyl. I wanted to see you alone."

"You might have come in by the front door," she answered, petulantly. "You know how I have being taken by surprise."

"I have been in the drawing-room—Mrs. White said you were in the garden. We are such old friends that I thought I might venture to look for you. You know, Sibyl," he spoke with some hesitation, "I think a great deal of your judgment."

The young girl's spirit of fun re-asserted itself, "I am much obliged to you," she answered, making a mock curtsey. "Now, whom do you expect me to judge?"

"Sibyl, will you be serious for one moment? I don't want you to judge any one. I want you to do me a kindness."

"Perhaps you want another introduction," she suggested, saucily.

The fact was, something in his face and manner had moved her, and she spoke lightly to hide her deeper feeling.

He was too much in earnest to notice her inter-

"Somebody has been coining and spreading abroad a wicked story," he went on, "about a lady in whom we are both interested, Sibyl. The unlucky thing is that it's partly true—not the wicked part, you know, but the other. I am afraid I am getting confused; I generally do when I talk about these things; but you will understand me."

Sibyl, who had plucked a passion-flower while he spoke, was now examining it curiously. Without looking at him, she said—

"And what do you wish me to do?"

"I want you to be true to her, to wait a little while, not to condemn her yet."

"They say curious things," said Sibyl, still with her attention fixed upon the flower, "and they seem curiously like the truth."

"If she has acted wrongly, from the world's point of view," said Walter Harcourt, with decision, "she has acted ignorantly. Of that I am convinced. I mean to sift the matter to the bottom. I mean to defend her, if she gives me the right. If not, I mean it to be known that I have offered her the shelter of my name."

"What?" said Sibyl.

He answered-

"You cannot be surprised; you know my feeling. I have betrayed it to you, I think, once or twice. I am a heavy, awkward kind of fellow, and I have not much to offer to a woman. Under other circumstances, I should not, perhaps, have ventured so far. Mind, I don't cheat myself with the delusion that she cares for me. I should think it extremely curious if she did; but I have a feeling that, whatever the result, the expression of my confidence may be a comfort to have."

By the time this little speech, interspersed with awkward breaks, was over, Sibyl's eyes were once more dim with tears; but the tears were not bitter and scalding, like those she had just shed, and the glance she now rested upon her old playfellow was

full of a girl's frank enthusiasm.

"Sir Walter," she said, "I admire you. I envy you, too." She added, in a lower tone, for her quick instinct had discerned the hope which struggled through his self-depreciatory words, and she wished to prepare him for disappointment, "I do not think you will succeed, but you have my best wishes. Are you on your way to Fairfield House?"

"Yes; I am going there at once."

"And," said Sibyl, determination succeeding the sadness, which, during these last few days, had hung like a cloud over her bright face, generally so gay and animated, "I will go back to the drawing-room, and set to work with a will at my new task."

"Your new task?" he said, inquiringly.

"Sir Walter," she answered, with mock seriousness, "I am afraid you are not brilliant enough for the hero of a romance. Heroes, you know, only require faint indications. They disdain plain words."

"Sibyl, I believe you would joke if you were at

the point of death."

"Ah, poor fellow!" she said, "I forgot your critical position. Set your mind at rest. In plain words, I mean to defend Mrs. Rosebay."

And therewith she returned to the drawing-room. It pleased her to find that Mrs. Green was there still. With her usual tendency to action, "to strike," she would have said, "while the iron was hot," she at once dashed into the subject that had been under discussion before she left the room.

Sibyl was clever and shrewd. She was perfectly well aware that direct and passionate contradiction on her part would do not the slightest good, that, on the contrary, she would be put down as a silly undisciplined girl, and her friend would be blamed for leading young people astray by her dangerous fascinations.

Therefore she began quietly. The story had interested her, she said. She was anxious to understand it thoroughly.

Mrs. Green, not averse to being instructive and interesting, repeated the story again, this time with exaggerated emphasis on its salient points, and a still more startling divergence from its original form.

Mrs. White shuddered.

Sibyl did not shudder, She smiled very pleasantly. She hoped Mrs. Green would not mind her asking from whom she had heard the story.

Mrs. Green made no objection to the question. She gave as her authority a retired colonel who lived in the neighbourhood, and, wanting occupation, made it his business to keep the sympathies of his neighbours alive by making them minutely acquainted with the peculiarities of one another, either past, present, or to come.

"Oh! Colonel Whetstone!" Sibyl said, with a smile.

"And is he not a good authority?" Mrs. Green

"We all know that he is rather fond of gossip," Sibyl replied.

"My dear child," said her mother, "I wish you would not say such things."

"I beg your pardon, if I have said anything wrong, mamma; but don't you think," looking not at her mother, but at Mrs. Green, "that we ought to be very careful before we try to take away people's reputation? My mother and I know Mrs. Rosebay; we could not believe that she has acted anything but honourably; other people may not know her so well. They would believe this story—believe it on Colonel Whetstone's testimony. Do you know, I think that would be rather hard?"

Her quiet composed way of speaking surprised both ladies. Mrs. White was ashamed to confess that she had immediately believed the unkind story. It dawned upon Mrs. Green that possibly she had acted too hastily in spreading it abroad. She was confirmed in this belief, though not for the world would she have confessed so nuch, by what followed.

Taking advantage of the pause, Sibyl proceeded to dissect in the cleverest way the story Mrs. Green had told them.

There was not the slightest use in that discomfited lady murmuring, "that every body knows there is no smoke without fire." Sibyl, declaring the question was an important one, would admit no generalities, and it presently appeared that Mrs. Green, in her repetition of the piece of gossip, had exceeded even the garbled version given by the old colonel.

It was little wonder that she presently took thought for her horses, and insisted on beating a retreat.

Mrs. Green was followed by Mrs. Vernon, the clergyman's wife. She also had something to say about Mrs. Rosebay; but she felt her ground cautiously before she spoke. Her point of view was different from Mrs. Green's.

While they were still on the subject, Mrs. Morton was shown in. As Miss Harcourt's fidus Achates, the doctor's wife had been a principal agent in spreading abroad the rumours to Mrs. Rosebay's disadvantage. She had come now with the express purpose of enlightening her dear friend, Mrs. White. But, since she left home, something new had happened, which was of so suggestive a character that she could not keep it to herself. Like many another individual of the parasite species, Mrs. Morton had a certain amount of venom in her disposition.

"Such a singular thing has happened," she said, after the first greetings had been gone through, and she had been supplied with a cup of tea and a chair.

Mrs. White looked curious and interested. Sibyl looked neutral. She persevered in her conversation with Mrs. Vernon, leaving Mrs. Morton, whom she had always disliked, to be entertained by her mother.

But the doctor's wife, raising her voice, addressed Sibyl pointedly—

"I am sure it will interest you, dear," she said; "we all know how romantic you are. And this bids fair to be as pretty a romance as one may wish to see." Then, again addressing Mrs. White, "I came here on foot. As you know, Fairfield House lies in my way. When I was passing I saw Sir Walter Harcourt on the doorstep. He looked—well! it's difficult to put looks into words, but he was certainly not like his ordinary self. Poor fellow! I am afraid he is very far gone."

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Mrs. White, who was a weak little lady, could not refrain from colouring : wkwardly at this speech, and looking at Sibyl, who said, with dignity—her sympathy for her old playfellow was stronger than ever before; and she could not bear to hear his feelings and motives discussed by such a woman as Mrs. Morton—

"I cannot see that there is anything singular in Sir Walter Harcourt paying Mrs. Rosebay a visit."

"Ah! but the circumstances; perhaps you have not heard them."

Therewith Sibyl, who was not accustomed to exercise severe self-control, grew impatient, and cried out—

"Oh, yes! we have heard them ad nauseum, and we don't believe a word of what people say. We never shall."

Mrs. Morton looked at the young girl with admiration and interest.

"What a delightful thing it is to be young," she said; "young and generous. My dear child, I hope the world will never undeceive you."

Sibyl made no answer to this benevolent speech. She knew her impatience had been both foolish and impolitic; but things generally were becoming distasteful to her; men and women were small; the world was petty. She could not feign.

During the remainder of Mrs. Morton's visit, she occupied herself with showing a book of engravings to Mrs. Vernon. But when both ladies had gone, she threw herself on one of the sofas, sighing deeply, and her mother was terrified to see a look of deadly pallor overspreading her face.

It was not unnatural that she should attribute her discomposure to what she had heard about Sir Walter Harcourt, and bitterly she blamed herself for having allowed the young people to become so intimate.

It would not do, however, so much as to breathe her suspicion to her darling. She professed to be perfectly satisfied with Sibyl's explanation that she was so tired she did not know what to do, and, smothering her uneasiness, talked lightly about a projected visit to the sea-side, which would be sure to do them both good.

Sibyl said-

"Oh, I shall be all right to-morrow."

To-morrow was the day appointed for their next botanical ramble,

On that occasion, as we know, the young people did not have their usual leader, and, upon the following evening, Sibyl, who felt unhappy and restless, paid her visit to Mrs. Darrent, saw the sad face of her friend, and came to the fine determination to put self out of the question altogether, and do what she could to make him happy.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF JOHN FORBES, D.D.—II.

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., EDINBURGH.

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Aberdeenshire, was a cadet of that ancient Scottish family, the peerage in which dates from 1424. He was one of the earliest and most devoted supporters of the Reformation in Scotland. His eldest son, Patrick, was born in the family mansion on the 24th of August, 1564. Showing, even in infancy, a quick intelligence, his father resolved to give him the best education that Scotland could, at the time, supply. At a very early age he was sent to the grammar school at Stirling, then in high repute under its headmaster, Thomas Buchanan, the nephew of the distinguished Latinist and historian, the pre-

ceptor of King James. A still greater educational advantage came to the young heir of Corse by his removal to Glasgow, and going through the first course that Andrew Melville personally conducted there on his return to Scotland in 1574, and his appointment as Principal of its University. In the variety of subjects treated, and the number of books read and commented on, that course was so unique that we almost pardon that kindly gossip,

James, the Principal's nephew, who, after minutely describing it, adds: "Finalie, I dare say there was na place in Europe comparable to Glasgow during these years for a plentiful and cheap mercat of all kynds of languages, arts, and sciences."* After a six years' residence in Glasgow, Patrick Forbes removed with his kinsmen, the Melvilles, to St. Andrew's, where the Principal had been placed at the head of the newly-constituted and exclusively theological college of St. Mary's. For four years more he pursued his studies there with such assiduity and success that he was invited to become one of the professors. But his father interfered. The Baron of Corse had no desire to see his son and heir become either a minister or professor. St. Andrew's, its studies, its companionships, its literary and theological prospects, had to be thrown up. In 1589 Patrick Forbes was married to a daughter of the laird of Wolmerston, and went to live in the neighbourhood of Montrose, where, says Wodrow, "because of his remarkable learning, prudence, and piety, he became so famous that his house was continually filled with the neighbouring gentry and ministers, fond of his learned and useful conversation." Here, too, began those daily expositions of Holy Writ to which others than the members of his own family were admitted. The death of his father, in 1598, called him to Corse. There, within the precincts of the two adjacent presbyteries, he found twenty churches lying vacant; among them his own parish church of Leochel-Cushnie. At the earnest entreaty of the bishop of the diocese, the clergy, and the community at large, he was induced to transfer his domestic ministrations from the eastle to the kirk. Crowds flocked to hear one who, "although he was an honourable baron, and of great respect, yet was so taken-yea, so ravished-with the love of God's Word and the care of saving souls." † So great was the interest excited, that tidings of what was going on in this remote church reached the ears both of the King and Archbishop Gladstanes. The latter, to whom such lay preaching was an offence, issued a mandate prohibiting it. Forbes at once obeyed. Again and again was he entreated to enter into holy orders, and so put himself beyond the primate's reach. He shrank from doing so till a singular incident occurred. The church of Keith lay a few miles from the castle of Corse. One day (14th June, 1611), after celebrating a marriage in the church, the minister of the parish suddenly disappeared. Alarmed by something mysterious in his manner, his friends followed him into the manse, and found the door of his room bolted. Calling. but getting no answer, they broke into the room. There he was, upon his knees, hands

and eyes lifted up to heaven; while from two gashes in his throat, made by his own hand, streams of blood were flowing. The wounds were deep enough to be fatal, but did not deprive him of the power of speech. He lived for a few days, was deeply penitent, and made a most affecting confession. Nothing grieved him more than the thought of the reproach that his rash act might throw upon the cause dearest to his heart. How could the possible injury be best repaired? He sent for the laird of Corse, and in the most solemn manner invoked him to enter the ministry and take charge of the parish, about in such strange manner to become vacant. Under such pressure, the laird gave way, was admitted to holy orders, and ordained as minister of the parish of Keith in 1612, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

Six years afterwards he was removed from Keith and installed as Bishop of Aberdeen. It was unwillingly, and only upon extreme urgency of king, archbishops, clergy and community of the diocese, that he undertook this office, but once having accepted it, for seventeen years he so fulfilled its duties that Spottiswood has said of him that he was the best prelate the Church of Scotland had since Elphinstone. "So wise, so judicious, so grave and graceful a pastor I have not known in all my time in anie church." Carrying out his own idea that the bishop was but the preses of the presbytery, he never claimed nor exercised an exclusive autocratic power, but acted always-in ordaining as in other things-in concert with his clergy. In becoming a bishop he had not, he thought, ceased to be a presbyter, nor released himself from one of the first duties of that office. He preached every Sunday. "His expression," says one who often listened to him, "was grave and majestic, powerful, copious, and plain, having in it a singular and sweet insinuation and grace; his face and eyes so shining that by his speech things were presented rather to the sight than to the ear. So great was his dexterity in this, that if he did read the Holie Scripture, he did so sensibly and powerfully convey it to the mind, that I have thought often one might have profited more by his reading than by reading the commentaries of many." The summer visitations of his diocese were conducted in a most primitive fashion. "He was in all things," says Bishop Burnet, "an apostolic man. He used to go round his diocese without noise, and with but one servant, that he might be rightly informed of all matters. When he heard reports of the weakness of any of his clergy, his custom was to go and lodge near their church on the Saturday night, and next day, when the minister was got into the pulpit, he would come to church so that he might observe what his ordinary sermons were, and accordingly he admonished or encouraged them. . . . One

^{*} Autobiography of James Melville, p. 50.

[†] Funeral sermon by the Rev. Dr. Baron,

memorable thing of him ought not to be left unmentioned. He had synods twice a year of his clergy, and before they went upon their other business he always began with a short discourse, excusing his own infirmities, and charging them that if they knew or observed anything amiss in him they would use all freedom with him and either come and warn in secret of secret errors, or if they were publick, they would speak of them there in publick; and upon that he withdrew to leave them to the freedom of speech. This condescension of his was never abused but by one petulant man, to whom all others were very severe for his insolence, only the bishop bore it gently and as became him." (Preface to the "Life of Bedell,")

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Distinguished for the quickness, candour, and integrity of his judgments, and the firmness with which all his decisions were carried out, he became the chief arbiter of the neighbourhood, to whom private as well as public cases of contention were referred. If a very delicate inquiry had to be conducted—such as that into the great mystery of that time in those northern parts, the burning of the Castle of Fendraught-the commission was not complete till the Bishop of Aberdeen was put upon it. By law it lay with him to determine all questions as to the division of the area of the Church among the respective proprietors of the parish. In one instance there was a quarrel between two of these. The richer and more powerful got private access to the king, and obtained from him a letter ordering the bishop to decide in his favour. The bishop inquired into the case, and, paying no attention to the king's letter, put the other party in possession of the disputed space. To the secretary of the Privy Council he wrote that his gown was the king's, his conscience God's. All that the king said in answer, was that he blessed God he had such a bishop.

By statute, the chancellorship of King's College, conferring large powers as to the buildings, the revenues, and the course of study, was attached to the Episcopate. Forbes's early familiarity with the methods followed by Andrew Melville at Glasgow and St. Andrew's, peculiarly fitted him for this part of his duty, and most energetically and successfully was it discharged. Gross abuses had grown up, to which the hand of the reformer was vigorously applied. Dilapidated buildings were restored, alienated lands recovered, lapsed professorships restored, new life transfused throughout. One old statute was that the regents, or teachers of philosophy, having studied under the Primarius professor of theology, should, at the expiry of a six years' residence at college, leave the University, and, under the direction of the bishop, undertake a parochial charge. By reviving and carrying out this statute, Forbes conferred an inestimable bene-

fit upon the diocese, gradually filling as they became vacant its country charges, with men of learning and piety, from among whom he selected the most eminent to fill the pulpits of the two city parishes over which he more immediately presided. The result was altogether remarkable. The two parishes of old and new Aberdeen did not at this time contain a population above 10,000. The two colleges had but slender literary equipments, yet never before, and never afterwards, within such limits, were so many men gathered together whose writings have ever since and most widely been held in high repute. All and more than all that Oxford was to England and to Charles at the breaking out of the Civil War, Aberdeen was to Scotland and the king. The tide that swept then over both countries saw the men of Oxford lift up their heads again; but, in a single year, it swept every one of the Aberdeen doctors away.

Professor Cosmo Innes, in his preface to the "Fasti Aberdonenses," says of Bishop Forbes, "As Chancellor of the University his attention was, perhaps, too exclusively devoted to rendering it a school of sound theology; but, like Elphinstone, who had the same object in view, he knew that this object could only be reached by the legitimate and severe discipline of secular learning and philosophy. Like Elphinstone, also, his care was to draw around his college and his cathedral men who, by their own accomplishments, might command respect for the lessons they taught. . Immediately upon his promotion he began to fill the pulpits and the academic chairs with that remarkable band of scholars who remained to meet the storm which he escaped. . . . Of these learned divines Dr. Robert Baron had succeeded Bishop Forbes in his parish of Keith, and from thence was brought, on the first opportunity, to be made minister of Aberdeen, and afterwards Professor of Divinity in Marischal College. He is best judged by the estimation of his own time, which placed him foremost in philosophy and theology. Bishop Sydserf characterises him as 'Vir in omni scholastica theologia et omni literatura versatissimus,' and Bishop Jeremy Taylor, writing, in 1659, to a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, recommending the choice of books for 'the beginning of a theological library, named two treatises of Baron's especially, and recommended generally 'everything of his.'

Dr. William Forbes, who died Bishop of Edinburgh, another of the Aberdeen doctors, was, says the parson of Rothiemay, "one of the learnedest men, and one of the most eloquent preachers of his age, or that ever Aberdeen, the nursery of so many great spirits, ever brought forth." Bishop Burnet tells us, "My father that knew him long, and, being counsel for him in his law matters, had occasion to know him well, has often told me that he never saw him

but he thought his heart was in heaven." "A man," says Dr. Garden, "holy in life, humble in heart, for modesty, temperance, frequency in prayer and fasting, practice of good works, care of the poor, visitation and consolation of the sick and dying, and every other Christian grace, to be reckoned among the first fathers of the primitive Church; distinguished for doctrinal erudition; of such tenacious memory that it was said of him that he knew not what he had forgotten; one of the greatest lovers of truth and peace; a careful balancer of controversies, addicted to no side; who gave himself to mitigate if he could not compose

all theological strifes.

Foremost, by common consent, among that body of divines and scholars was John Forbes, the good bishop's son. He had studied in King's College, and after completing in the approved manner, by a round of foreign Universities, returned to Scotland to take his Doctor's degree, and to be first Professor in the chair of Theology, founded and endowed in our University by his father and the clergy of the diocese. Dr. John Forbes's theological works have been appreciated by all critics and students, and have gone far to remove the reproach of want of learning from the divines of Scotland. His greatest undertaking, the "Instructiones Historico-theologicæ," which he left unfinished, Bishop Burnet pronounces to be a work which, if he had finished it, and been suffered to enjoy the privacies of his retirement and study to give us the second volume, had been the greatest treasure of theological learning that perhaps the world has yet received.

Upon the 9th day of April, which was Pasche Day, anno 1626, I heard in the sermon expounded the historie of the tentation wherewith God tempted His servant Abraham, and of Abraham's readie and faithful obedience, with the joyful event, wherein by type is adumbrated unto us that unspeakable and incomprehensible love of God towards His chosen children, whom He hath elected in Christ Jesus, His only begotten Son, the Son of His love, whom He hath not spared, but given to the death for our redemption. And that love of Christ towards His sheep which passeth knowledge, and His meek and willing laying down of His life for His sheep, dying for our sins and rising again for our justification. In that historie likewise is set forth the faith and obedience of Abraham, who without any murmuring, or disputing, or lingering, obeyed readily, and orderly, and resolutely, whatsoever the Lord enjoined him, which is an example to us to deny ourselves, and take up our cross and follow the Lord Jesus, and to hate father and mother, wife and children, life, and all things worldly, that we may faithfully obey Christ, and be truly His disciples. In these meditations I

was greatly moved, and ravished and mightilie comforted through that wonderful and constant love of God our Saviour towards us. I recommended myself to that love, and I praised God with all my heart and with all my soul. And I made my vows unto the Lord by renewing my covenant to serve Him, and to obey His commandments all the time of my pilgrimage here. I offered up unto Him in a sacrifice of thanks-giving, my soul and body which He hath redeemed with His own precious blood. I prayed for grace and strength to perform and to persevere unto the end; and the Lord quieted my soul, and He led me to His holy table, where He fed me and refreshed me, and strengthened my soul with His own precious body, which was broken for me, and with His own precious blood which was shed for me to the remission of my sins. I found a very sweet and singular presence of my God and Saviour with me. When the minister delivered unto me the bread, repeating the words of the institution, as he came to speak those words of our Saviour, "Do this in remembrance of Me," I yet holding that holy sacrament in my hand, found my heart lifted up to Christ into heaven, and saying to Him with all my heart, "Lord, I remember Thee; Lord, remember Thou me in mercie." And so I did eat that bread, and drink of that blessed cup, with so heavenlie and abundant consolation as neither can my mouth utter, nor my pen express; but it comprehended and filled my heart with peace, strength, and joy in the Holy Ghost; so that I was readie and glad to be presently dissolved, and to be with the Lord Jesus. My soul cried joyfully to the Lord, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen salvation.

Upon the 18th day of April, an. 1626, which was the first day of the diocesan assembly at Aberdeen, the bishop, my father, had a preparation sermon to the brethren. His text was Psalm li. 12, 13-"Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit. Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee;" wherein he showed David's petition, and the use he was to make of it when granted unto him. I have often found the eclipsing of that joy and freedom of spirit through my own sinfulness and unbelief was a great hindrance to me in that work which from my very young days I have ever loved, and hath still been and is yet my greatest desire upon earth-viz., to teach transgressors the ways of the Lord, in such sort as sinners may be converted unto Him, and that by my imprudence or unfaithfulness none be lost, and that none may take any exception against my person, either to hinder them from yielding glad obedience to God's word spoken by me, or I be retarded or weakened or discouraged from the free and faithful acquitting of myself in this duty. Therefore, as at that time the said text and sermon were very comfortable to me, and stirred up my affection and prayer to God, so likewise for many days thereafter it often recurred to me, and by praying unto my God in the same words of David, I was more and more sanctified, comforted, and confirmed, and I found withal that we ought not to be discouraged in our ministration because of our manifold weaknesses and defects, but we ought always to rejoice, even in our own infirmities, for the strength of the Lord is perfected in our weakness; His grace is sufficient for us (2 Cor. xii. 9, 10). And we ought not to take counsel of flesh and blood in the service of our God (Gal. i. 16), but in faith east all our care upon Him, who will guide us by His counsel here, and afterwards receive us into His glorie. To Him be all glorie, and honour, and praise, for evermore. Amen. Hallelujah!

Anno 1627. Upon the 19th day of Januarie, in the evening, a little before I went to bed, I found abundant and strong consolation and a great calm after a long wrestling and tempest of many days. I had been for many days, night and day, crying unto the Lord my God that it would please Him to crucifie in me the flesh, with the affections and lusts thereof, whereby I might both be the more confirmed in the assurance of His mercie and endless love towards me in Jesus Christ my Saviour, and likewise I might with the greater freedom of spirit serve the Lord my God in my calling. I prayed also assiduously that it would please Him to root out of my heart and soul every root of bitterness and unbelief, that in the full assurance of faith and in the strength of His grace, I might cast all my care upon Him, and I might be freed from inordinate and worldly desires, and from all distrustful fear, from ambition, from envy, and from every evil way and work, that I might all the rest of my life go forward in the service of my God cheerfully, rejoicing always and at all times in His holy and glorious name, and walking in the light of His countenance (Ps. lxxiv. and Ps. xc.). I received daily comfort from my merciful Heavenlie Father and sweet Shepherd, yet the wrestling recurred and the tempest renewed the waves of the same tentations, against the which I still prayed more and more, approaching in humble and vehement supplications unto the Lord my God, who at last in the evening, upon the 19th of Januarie, 1627, assuaged the storm, and blessed my soul with a great calm, showing me that this was the meetest time of consolation. Howsoever, He heard me from the beginning of my supplications and accepted my prayers; and teaching me that He doth hear and grant speedily the requests of His elect, crying unto Him night and day; howsoever, to us in our wrestlings, He seemeth to delay, and not to help us speedily, yet doeth He it speedily because He doeth it opportunely in

the most convenient time for His glorie and our weal (Luke xviii. 7, 8).

An. MDCXXXIV. Upon the 7th day of March, in my study, being prostrate before God, and having before me upon the floor the Psalms in Hebrew, and reading the 22nd Psalm, representing prophetically the passion of Christ, the conversion of the world to God, and the love of Christ passing knowledge, with the great happiness of all those whom the Father draweth unto Him, I found an extraordinary measure of His presence, so that beholding Him whom I with my sins had pierced, and feeling His great mercy, and meditating upon His great love towards mankind, I wept abundantly, and did water both my face and my book with my tears," and did receive unspeakable consolation. Thanks

be unto God for His unspeakable gifts.

Upon Tuesday, the 20th day of September, 1636, having been sore troubled with the recordation of some of my former grievous sins, and in special my undutiful thoughts and unchristian disposition sometimes towards some of God's dear servants in their afflictions, with whom I mourned not as I ought, with that true charitable affection and compassion which becometh Christians, but rather my sinful heart had thereat some sinful motions of contentment; whereby I discovered in myself an hypocritical evil eye, and at that same time I wept to God for pardon of it, and received comfort. But now the memorie thereof recurring, I was hindered from the consolation which I had formerly received by a new deceitfulness of sin in me, whereby I was misled to seek the comfort the wrong way-to wit, by excusing and extenuating my former wicked uncharitableness and hypocrisy and evil eye; but having thus wrestled above the space of twenty-four hours, in the end the Lord had mercy upon me, He touched my heart, and opened my mouth, so that upon the aforesaid day, in the morning, in the fields, and again in the evening in the fields, alone, I fell upon my face and humbly and plainly, with groans and tears, confessed my sins unto God, and cried for mercy in Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, not only those whose sins were small, but also those whose sins were most grievous, whereby appeareth so much more the greatness of His love and riches of His mercy,

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[&]quot;Bishop Andrewes, who was master of six ancient and fifteen modern languages, notwithstanding the laborious duties of his office, yet devoted five hours a day to prayer. The manuscript of his 'Preces Privatæ' was, after his death, discovered 'gloriously disfigured and watered with his penitential tears.' Dr. Hammond exceeded David's seven times a day in his regular devotions, and even the night was not without its office, the 51st Psalm being his designed midnight entertainment. In his prayers as his attention was fixed and steady, so was it inflamed with passionate fervours, insomuch that very frequently his passionate letrotts, in prostrate on the earth; his tears also would interrupt his words." (Rev. A. W. Hutton's "Our Position as Catholics," p. 81.)

and He hath promised forgiveness and ease and sufficient grace to all that truly repent and come to Him with upright purpose of heart to cleave to Him in all time coming, and the Lord answered me with the answer of mercy, peace, and grace. Blessed be His holy name for ever and ever. Amen. Hallelujah! Then rising up I sang unto the Lord those words of the prophet Micah, "Who is a God like unto Thee," &c. (chap. vii. 18, 20). I sang also the twelfth chapter of Esai.—"And in that day thou shalt say," &c.; I sang

also unto the Lord Psalm ciii.

In the year of God, 1636, about the beginning of Februarie, some unrighteous and cruel limmers (Highlandmen) came, under silence of the night, and violently spoiled the houses of some of my tenants in Corse, as they had been doing to many others—our neighbours—for a long space of time before, uncontrolled and by some encouraged by connivance and correspondence, as is well known in Scotland. I, hearing thereof, and beholding how small appearance was of human help, and remembering that in the times of my ancestors, since memorie of man, the like had not been practised upon that land which God had now given to me by heritable succession, and it seemeth that robbers do take advantage through disesteem of me, as being a schoolman, withdrawn from that pairt by reason of my spiritul calling, and being unaccustomed with such medlies; but I serve the same God whom my ancestors served, and I hope in His mercy He will show me the way whereby these robbers shall repent themselves of this wicked attempt.* In the meantime they were

* In the western district of Aberdeenshire, betwixt the Dee and the Don, may still be seen, unroofed and ruinous, part of the walls of the old castle of Corse. On the lintel of a door still standing are the letters and date: -1581-E. S. The initials are those of William Forbes and his wife, Elizabeth Strachan. The tradition runs that the house in which William Forbes had previously been living-the one in which the future Bishop was bornhaving been harried in his absence by some Highland caterans, he vowed, "If God spare my life, I shall build a house at which thieves will need to knock before they enter." The foresight shown in the erection of such a building was as needful as it was wise. The treatment which the country people experienced at the hands of these Highlanders may be judged of from the following notice in 1634 of their oppressions :- "Adam Gordon and his allies, in contempt and defyance of his Majesty's royal authoritie, being assisted in their rebellions by numbers of broken Hielandmen and others, with whom they go up and down the countrie, rayaging and oppressing his Majestie's good subjects, and speciallie poore ministers, who are not of power to oppose their violence, and that in so hostile and terrible ano manner as the like has not been heard of at anie time heretofore" ("Records of Justiciary,") "Two years afterwards the depredations committed by these men had been so wide-spread and so ruinous,

spreading abroad menacing speeches, threatening my person if I complained to the Secret Council or essayed any course against them, or refused to buy their peace (as many others had done) by

paying to them blackmail.

I, finding myself in this assault and difficulty. I trusted not in any other means which I used; I did sett my face to seek God by humble prayers and supplicating, and thus I prayed: "O Lord, God of our salvation, who hast commanded us to call upon Thee in all our troubles, and hast promised to deliver us that we may glorify Thee, and who hast said that for the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, Thou wilt arise and sett him in safety from him that puffeth at him: O our God, who executes justice and judgment for all that are oppressed, we call upon Thee in this our trouble. Lord, have mercy upon us, Look upon their threatenings, and and hear us. sett us, Thy poor servants, in safety from these wicked men that puff at us. Convert them unto Thee, the Lord our God, if it be Thy good will and pleasure; disappoint them and confound them of all their wicked devices and enterprises; turn their wisdom into foolishness, and their strength into feebleness; cast Thy terror upon them, spread Thy net over them, rain snares upon them, as Thou hast said, that they may be taken in the cords of their own iniquity, while that we escape; and give us grace to make the right use of these and all Thy fatherly visitations. Give us wisdom and grace to behave ourselves, in this and in every purpose, as becometh Thy servants and children; make us to find grace in Thy sight, and favour in the eves of men. Glorify Thy holy Name, which is called upon, in Thy mercy towards us and presence with us always, that they that fear Thee our God may lift up the head and may trust in Thee; that iniquity may stop her mouth, and sinners may be converted unto Thee." . . . Thus night and day I cried unto the Lord my God, beseeching Him to hear me and have mercy upon us, for Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake.

that Lord Lorne (known soon after as the Marquis of Argyle, the great leader of the Covenanters), put forth his power to stop them. He succeeded in arresting ten men, among whom was Gilroy, or Gilderoy, whose fame has come down to our days owing, in part, to the well-known ballad. These ten were brought to trial, condemned, and executed at Edinburgh in July, 1636; Gilderoy, because of his singularly audacious crime, being hanged upon a gallows some feet higher than the others. Among the specific crimes mentioned in their indictments is 'the heirschip, reif, and oppression, committed by them upon the laird of Cors his tenants, stealing, reiving, and away taking from them of their haile guides, geir, and plenishing.'" (Spalding, vol. i., p. 439.)

THE TWO GARRETS.



UPBOARDS? Well, no; but they were not much better. For when the house was built, the back garret, with its awkward sloping roof, was only a very small room. But the neighbourhood growing more and more populated by the very poorest folk, the small garret had been divided

into two, by means of a thin partition of boards, so that now the little apartments were hardly worthy the name of rooms at all.

And yet dim, low-pitched, tiny as they were, they soon found tenants; and on a hot August afternoon, a year or so ago, each stifling little box had its human occupant.

"I'm so lonely !-so lonely !"

The words were faintly spoken, but the quivering sigh that accompanied them, and the tears slowly dropping down the little girl's cheeks, told how true they were.

The speaker was about ten years old. She was sitting on a heap of rags and shavings, with her back against the wall, on one side of the wooden screen. Her eyes shining with an unnatural brightness, the red spot on either cheek, and the hollow cough that was racking the feeble frame so terribly—all showed the room would soon be without its little inmate, for the weary spirit would have returned to God, who gave it.

Not that the child knew this, or, if she had, would have been able to tell at all where she was going to. God and Christ, heaven and hell, were words her mother frequently used when in one of her swearing moods, but which had no definite meaning to little Mary.

The sweet story of the Saviour's love was an untold tale to her; and alas! she knew as little of human love as she did of the Divine.

The child was utterly neglected. Up the steep broken stairs leading to the garret, would come every night the unsteady feet of her drunken mother; who after sleeping off the effects of her debauch, would in the morning fling the little girl a few pieces of bread, fill an old cracked jug with water, and then go out for the day; returning again at night in the same helpless filthy condition. She rarely spoke a word to Mary, except to swear at her, and the child saw no one else save the parish doctor, who called once a week. With thousands of people all round her, she was nearly as solitary as she would have been in the midst of a desert.

Too ill to leave the garret, or even rise from the ragged bed, her only occupation, hour after hour, and day after day, was to look out on the roofs of the houses, and the little patch of sky that could just be seen between the chimney-pots.

It was therefore little to be wondered at that tears were rolling down the cheeks of this little girl, who never heard a pleasant word, had never seen a toy, or a picture-book, to whom Noah's Arks and dolls were unknown delights; who had never played with other children, or scarcely spoken to any; it was no wonder the words, "I'm so lonely!—so lonely!" came from her weary little heart.

On the other side of the partition a very old woman was lying on a small wooden bedstead; she was as much alone as little Mary, for her daughter who lived with her was a vendor of fruit and flowers, and had to go to the market at five in the morning to buy her little stock-in-trade. This she sold in the streets through the day, only returning home about nine in the evening.

In that teeming city only the drunken mother, the hard-working daughter, and three or four others, knew of the little girl and the old woman's existence; but Christ knew, and He loved them, and the message of His love was soon to turn those old squalid garrets into the gate of heaven.

Feebly the rays of the sun forced their way through the dirt of the narrow window. The tears were still on her cheeks, and the sorrowful expression on her face, when Mary was suddenly aroused to unusual interest by the sound of a strange footfall on the stairs, and the rustle of a dress. Then there came a light tap at the old woman's door, and a pleasant voice said, "May I come in?"

Every sound could be distinctly heard through the thin partition.

Then the soft footfall passed across the floor, and the gentle voice said—

"I heard down-stairs there was an old lady quite alone, and I thought perhaps you would let me sit with you a little while. How are you?"

The reply came very feebly in Mrs. Brown's shaking tones, "Well, ma'am, it's kind of you to come, I'm sure. I'm very tired. I get so weary lying here all day with no one to speak to."

And again Mary heard the pleasant voice, "I expect you do. But have you never heard of Him who said, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy leaden, and I will give you rest'?"

"I don't rightly know, ma'am. I think I heerd something about it when I was a gal, but that's many years ago now, and I forget. It sounds good, anyway. So please tell me about it."

And the lady told her the story we know so well, of the wonderful Healer, the loving Friend, the tender Saviour, who had lived so many years ago, and yet was still able and willing to help all who would come to Him, until the light from Calvary shone dimly into the old woman's soul. Yes, dimly

it is true; but it shone, and would shine on till the perfect day. Now she only saw "men as trees walking," she was only touching the hem of the Saviour's garment, she knew but little; by-and-by she would know even as she was known.

"And the lady told her the story we know so well."-p. 303.

Through the wall, Mary, in the other attic, heard the tale of the human life of man's Divine Redeemer, and it came to her with that strange beauty it always has for those who hear it for the first time. As the

lady told the old woman story after story of Christ's loving compassion, the little girl was wonderfully moved, and her quick breathing and Jushed cheeks showed how deeply her interest was aroused. And yet, side by side with this pleasure, a strange anxiety and sense of disappointment were rising in the child's heart; for the lady had not said anything about children in connection with this Jesus. She had told how He used to heal men and women, and forgive them their sins; but was silent as to whether He ever cared for boys and girls. Was He, then, too great and important to

state and important to the say to her, who, though very young, was as tired and weary as old Mrs. Brown—"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest"? Oh! she hoped so; for though she knew very little about Him, she felt sure that then she would no longer be lonely.

But as these thoughts were passing through her mind, she heard Mrs. Brown's visitor ask if any one lived in the other garret. The lady would have been very pleased could she have seen how Mary's eyes brightened at the question, and how anxiously she awaited the answer.

"Yes, ma'am; there's a poor lonesome little child

in there, with no one to speak to. I'm sure she'd be very glad to see you."

"Poor little thing! Then indeed she shall; but I have no time to-day, and must hurry home, and so will call on her this day week."

Then the light steps sounded down the creaking staircase, and the old garrets were left once more to their usual occupants.

Mary counted the days till the promised visit. But she was not so lonely now; for she had all the stories of Christ's wonderful love to think about. The more she thought of them, the more she hoped He loved children. But she felt that even

if He could not be her Saviour, because she was too little, she would still love Him for His kindness and goodness to others, and He could not be vexed with her for that, however great and powerful He might be.



"'I am so sorry to see you like this,'"

Exactly a week after that first visit, the door was pushed open, and a young lady with such a kind and gentle face, that Mary loved her at once, entered the room. Kneeling down by the little girl, and taking the thin wasted hand in her own, she said, kindly—

"I am so sorry to see you like this, What can I do for you?"

The child fixed on her a longing earnest look, as she answered—

"I want to ask you about Him you called Jesus. The wall's so thin, I heard every word you told Mrs. Brown last week. And I thought it was so beautiful. But you didn't say nothing about His doing anything for little children, so I was afeered whether He loves me, 'cos I'm only a little un; and 'll let me love Him, and 'll make me happy. But I want Him to. You see, ma'am, I never had anybody to love me all my life. Mother only swears at me, and whacks me. And I've been so lonely; but if Jesus was my friend, I know I shouldn't be lonely any more. Do you think He loves little children, ma'am?"

Tears were in the lady's eyes as she answered-

"Oh, yes! He loves children. He was once a child Himself. But I had only time last week to tell the old lady some of the things He said and did, so I just chose those I thought most suitable for her, and that is why I said nothing about His love for boys and girls. But now listen, Mary. Once, when Jesus had a great crowd of people round Him, some mothers brought their little babies and children, for Him to bless them. And when men who were standing by would have driven them away, Jesus was angry, and said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' And taking the babies in His arms, and the boys and girls on His knee, He prayed for them, and blessed them. Let me sing you a very

pretty hymn about this." And in a low clear voice the lady sang—

"When mothers of Salem their children brought to Jesus
The stern disciples drove them back and bade them
depart:

But Jesus saw them ere they fled, And sweetly smiled, and kindly said 'Suffer little children to come unto Me!'"

Sweetly the words rang through the little room, and the child listened with great and wonderful delight; but the lady continued—

"And we read again how once 'He called a little child unto Him.' Mary, dear, the loving Saviour is calling you now. He wants to make you happy. Will you not go to Him?"

And as she gently and affectionately continued to speak of the love of Jesus, Mary's heart was opened to the truth, and that afternoon there was joy in the presence of the angels of God, because another soul had been born for glory.

When the lady called to see Mary the next day, she found her lying cold and still on the ragged bed, for the Reaper had come in the night, and transplanted the flower to bloom in Heaven, that had just begun to bud on earth.

The lady looked tearfully at her little friend, but she knew all was well. The little hands crossed peacefully over the little breast, and the heavenly smile on the thin drawn face, told that Mary had at last found a Friend, and that once again "He had called a little child unto Him."

SILENT PREACHERS:

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.



ALENT. In the parable of the Talents, contained in St. Matthew xxv., our Lord gives us warning that at the day of judgment we shall have to give to Him an account of the use we have made of the opportunities for good which have been given to us while liv-

ing here. The master in the parable is represented as having entrusted to his servants ("to every man according to his several ability") different sums of money, to be used for him during his absence in a far country. Upon his return he demands from the servants an account of their use of the money which they have received; when it is discovered that two of the servants have by careful trading increased the sums committed to their care, but that the third has made no use of his talent, but has kept it care-

fully concealed, and now returns it to its rightful owner. The master is pleased with the two servants who have increased their stores, and for each of them he pronounces the sentence, "Enter thou into the joy of thy lord;" but He is angry with the third, and for him the solemn judgment is, "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

The story is of course to be taken as a representation of the position which Christians occupy in this world while waiting for the Lord's return, and of the final judgment which will be passed by Christ upon their conduct in the different positions in which they have been placed by God.

The general thought of the parable is that the position of every Christian is a position of responsibility to God; and it is therefore intended as a warning to all to be faithful to their trust, and to walk worthy of their vocation.

But there are also one or two special points which we must consider more particularly.

In the first place, in the statement that the master of the servants gave to each man "according to his

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several ability," we are taught that the gifts of God are not given to men without any reason or fixed rule; that it is not by accident that one man is placed in a position of greater usefulness than another; but that God gives to each of his servants "according to his several ability;" and that while we are tempted at times to think it hard that other men should gain great reputation only (as it seems to us) because the circumstances of their lives have given them opportunities which are denied to us, it may be, after all, that in their position we should have failed, while the sphere which has been assigned to us is just the one for which we are best qualified, and by faithfulness in which we may become fitted for a higher one, if God should see fit to call us to it.

And then, secondly, it is to be noticed that although the actual result, as far as man could see, was very different in the case of the first servant from what it was in the case of the second (the one having ten talents to show to his master, the other only four), yet there is no mention of difference in the reward given. To each the same words are spoken, "Well done, good and faithful servant. . Enter thou into the joy of thy lord." And hereby we are taught that what God expects of His people is that they should do what they can for Him, that they should avail themselves of the opportunities He gives them, should seek and use the help which He is willing to supply, and that faithfulness in work, not the production of great results, will be the qualification for final rewards. In the parable of the Pounds, in St. Luke xix., the same teaching is conveyed in a slightly different form; to each of ten servants is given one pound, and the rewards are proportioned to the results. But the principle is the same, for the different results were produced by greater or less faithfulness in the use of the same means. Thus each of these parables is, in a sense, the completion of the other. In the one, the same degree of faithfulness in the use of different gifts receives the same reward; while in the other, different degrees of faithfulness in the use of the same gifts receive different rewards; for God judges not according to the external appearance, but according to the real purpose of man's life, and in His sight a humble nurse watching patiently by the bedside of one of Christ's little ones, may be (and no doubt often is) doing as much (because it is all she can do) as the mission preacher by whose eloquence thousands are attracted and hundreds converted to God. Nay, even more than this may be said (for the parables are not intended to take in the whole of life, but only to illustrate some special point): it often happens that the man who has great opportunities, because he fails to use them falls down into the place of the unprofitable servant, while the man to whom only one talent has been given may, by diligence and zeal, gain not only one, but two or even five talents more.

Concerning the unprofitable servant, nothing need be added here to what has been said before in speaking of the servant in the parable of the Pounds, who was guilty of similar neglect.

On the whole the teaching of the parable of the Talents may be summed up in the recommendation, "If thou hast much (whether in material wealth or in opportunities of doing good), give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little, for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity."

Tares. In St. Matt. xiii. 24—30, our Lord has given us a picture of the condition of the Christian Church during the time of its sojourn in this world,

In order to understand the meaning of this parable. it is necessary to remember that the tares spoken of are not, like ordinary weeds, so unlike the wheat with which they grow, that it would not be possible to make any confusion between the two; on the contrary, tares are really a kind of wheat, although an inferior and useless kind, and might-by a careless or inexperienced observer-be mistaken for it. Hence the direction of the master to the servants not to attempt the separation of the two, "Lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them;" but when the harvest time has come, and both tares and wheat have come to maturity, the danger of mistaking one for the other will not be so great, the full ear of the wheat making it an easy matter to distinguish it from the barren tares. The whole teaching of the parable turns upon the resemblance between wheat and tares, and the consequent necessity of leaving all efforts to separate them until they have both arrived at that stage when the attempt to do so will be safe. Looking forward to the Kingdom to establish which in the world was one of the chief objects of our Lord's Incarnation, He saw that the condition of that Kingdom would, after a time, be such that men would be troubled by it, and tempted to adopt hasty measures to remedy its defects. He foresaw that evil would always be mixed with the good in the Church militant here in earth; that not all who are called Christians would be faithful to their Christian calling; and that some of His servants would be anxious, like the servants in the parable, to draw an accurate line of distinction between the good and the bad, and by certain general signs-without the means of arriving at accurate knowledge on the subject-decide some men to be true Christians, and others to be false to their profession. Any such attempt is forbidden by the teaching of this parable. We are warned that it is not possible for man to decide who are faithful, and who are not; the decision must be postponed until the case can be brought at the last before the infallible Judge of all. "Let both grow together till the harvest." Then, but not till then, the difference will be evident to all. Till then good men may be judged by popular opinion to be bad, and, on the other hand, bad men may pass for good-the tests by which it has sometimes been tried to make the distinction now are deceitful; they are not God's tests, but man's; and it is therefore presumptuous to apply them. Let us, then, be careful in our judgments of others; to their own Master they stand or fall; "Let both grow together till the harvest; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them."

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they efore Thus far the likeness between the tares and the wheat has given us a reason for patience and forbearance. But it remains for us to notice that there is an essential difference between the relations of the tares to the wheat and that of bad Christians to good, which may suggest a further reason for letting "both grow together till the harvest," which, though not directly suggested in the parable, yet grows naturally out of it.

The direction, "Let both grow together till the harvest," in its application to the natural field of corn, means-Let the corn, on the one hand, go on and ripen, till it is fit to be cut down and stored in the master's barn; let the tares go on to maturity, till their character is fully developed, and then let them be cast aside as useless. And in the spiritual world it means-Let the good man grow in grace and holiness, until he is, by God's mercy, "meet for the inheritance of the saints;" and let the bad man, if he will, grow on in wickedness, till his character is fully developed, and he is evidently unfit to be the companion of God and the holy angels. But whereas in the natural world the tares can never change their nature so as to be transformed into useful wheat, their growth must be but a fuller development of their worthlessness. In spiritual things, thank God, it is not so. The bad man need not go on in his badness; he may turn to God, and become fruitful corn after all. And the possibility of this change is another reason why the tares in the spiritual field should not be removed before the end. There is a twofold danger in doing so-first, the danger of judging some to be bad who are not so in the sight of God; and, secondly, the danger, even in the case of those who are unquestionably bad, of fixing them in their present condition, and cutting them off from the possibility of repentance and conversion. Our work, then, is not to shut the door of hope against any, but to pray for them and to help them, that when the harvest of the world is ripe, and the angels are sent forth to reap, those whom we now judge (rightly or wrongly) to be useless weeds may be gathered safely into the eternal barn.

THORNS. We have already considered our Lord's teaching concerning one class of the different hearers of the Word, represented by the different kinds of soil on which the seed is supposed to have fallen, in the parable of the Sower (St. Matt. xiii. 1—9, 18—24). Another kind of soil is described in the words, "Some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked them," which is explained by our Lord to signify those who hear the Word, and the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the Word, and they become unfruitful.

In this class of hearers of the Word of God we may perhaps include the great majority of those who are regular in their attendance upon the public worship of God, and who to a certain extent conform their lives to the requirements of Christianity, but whose lives are not really influenced by it, nor does it move them to any real effort to do anything for the God whom yet they profess to serve, or to govern themselves by rules different from those by which the majority of weeldly-minded men are governed. How common a thing it is for the ministers of Christ to find that the two causes which He mentions here, the care of the world and the deceitfulness of riches, are "choking the Word," and preventing those who hear it from bearing any fruit!

The force of our Lord's expression will be seen more fully if we remember that the "thorns" to which He refers were probably the remains of hedges of thorn which had been imperfectly removed, the roots remaining in the ground, and which would therefore after a while grow up again. The seed was sown, therefore, on soil to all appearance good, but as it began to grow, the roots of the thorns began to send out shoots, and as the plants of corn grew larger, the thorn-plants also grew, and being the stronger of the two, they drew away the nourishment from the other, and prevented their growth to maturity.

This is the danger against which we have to guard, the danger into which men fall who say that they have not time to pray or to read the Bible, or to attend the worship of the sanctuary. Too often, indeed, it happens that this means only that they are not sufficiently earnest in their religion to make an effort to secure time (to make time, as we say in other matters which we regard as important) for these things. But often, too, it means, we have reason to fear, that people who are busy in the world think that God has not the same claim upon them as He has upon others, and that they need not be very careful to serve Him. But this is quite wrong-God claims, and His love has a right to claim the service of the whole life of each of us; and if a man sincerely desires to offer himself to Him, the whole life of the man may be a constant prayer to God. It has been said that to labour is to pray, and it is a saying which may be quite true for each of us. At the same time it must be noticed that it is not always necessary that men should be completely absorbed in the work of the world, and the pressure of business may sometimes be the result of the too earnest desire to prosper in worldly things, regardless altogether of the calls of God to work and live for something higher and more valuable. It is against this state of things that our Lord intends to warn us, and to exhort us that having received the Word, we should not allow its growth to be checked and hindered by such influences, but should give it room to develop and bear fruit to the glory of God.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

BY THE HON, ZOE PLUNKET.



she not come down-stairs?"
asked Lydia Harpur, in rather
an imperious voice, as she entered the breakfast-room one
bright summer morning, and
found it tenanted only by her sister
Flora; "is she not coming down to
breakfast this morning?"

Flora, who was busily engaged making a piece of toast before the fire, turned round to nod a "good morning" to her sister as she replied, "No, poor mamma has such a headache, she is not getting up; she sent Ellice to my room quite early to tell me I must look after things for her."

"What a bother!" said Lydia, as with rather a cross face she took her place at the table. "I hate the mornings mamma does not come down."

"Indeed yes, so do I," quickly assented Flora; "the room does not look a bit like itself without her, does it?"

"Well, I don't know," said Lydia, with a half-yawn.
"I don't see any great difference in the room; but it takes such a time fussing about, getting the tray, and making the toast, and then carrying it up, that one can never get a bit to eat, till everything is half-cold."

To this speech Flora made no reply. The toast was finished now, and she proceeded to butter it carefully and place the rest of the breakfast on the tray prepared for her mother.

But Lydia had not finished grumbling yet. "I wish Ellice had come to my room as well as yours, and I should have stayed in bed too; at least, I should have taken another snooze, and have only just come down when the fuss was over. Ah! here is the post," she cried, jumping up from the table to take the letters from the servant, who just then entered the room, and forgetting for the moment her ill-temper. "Only two letters for mamma, but I am sure one of them is from—oh, Flora, one is from the Hintons, and I am sure it is to say whether they are coming to spend the day; let me take up mamma's breakfast, do, and I will bring you down word what they say."

"I could not, Lydia; indeed, now that everything is ready, I would rather take it up myself; but put the letters here upon the tray, and I will promise to let you know what is in that one as quickly as I can."

Lydia threw the letters down very discontentedly, and walked back to her place, muttering loud enough for her sister to hear, "Oh, I know what 'quickly' means; once you go up you will stay ages and ages, and try and hear the first of all the news for yourself before you allow me to hear it."

But it was a very short "ages and ages" that Flora was away, for Lydia had only just time to gather a very fair share of the good things provided for their breakfast on her own plate—she had poured out a most excellent cup of tea and carried it to her place—she had secured the darkest of the red Brahma eggs for her own enjoyment—and was just sitting down to begin her breakfast, when the door opened, and Flora came in, closing it very gently after her, and holding the two letters in her hand.

"Well, what does she say? are they coming?" she cried, as distinctly as she could with a mouth well filled with buttered toast.

"I don't know," replied Flora, as she laid the letters down beside her sister. "Mamma was too ill to read them out, so she merely glanced at them, and said I might bring them down to read to you, and that you and I were to make whatever arrangements were necessary."

Lydia seized the letters eagerly, and, having disposed of her toast, she proceeded to turn them over and examine their envelopes closely; while Flora, taking the remaining egg and adding fresh water to the well-drained tea-pot, proceeded to her breakfast also.

"Which shall I read first—Mrs. Hinton's or the other? I don't know who it is from, but I'm sure it won't be so nice as Mrs. Hinton's. Mamma wrote to her, I know, to say she must come over and spend a day here with the girls before they go abroad, and I am sure this is to say when they will come."

"Well, let us read it, and then we shall know better; or keep Mrs. Hinton's for the last, as it will be the best, and see what the other is about," suggested Flora.

"No, no, I won't do that," replied Lydia; "let me do it the way I like best. Now then—" and, taking a neatly-folded letter from its envelope, Lydia with a snilling and expectant countenance began—

"'My dear Mrs. Harpur-"

But here there was a pause, and Flora could see Lydia, with a very changed expression, glancing hastily over the rest of the letter.

"What is it?" she asked. "Read it out, Lydia, and let me hear it, too."

"Oh, wait a minute, Flora; do, please, and don't worry a person when you see they are annoyed. I never knew anything so provoking—never!" and she threw the letter down upon the table beside her.

"But what is it? what is there so provoking in the note? Let me read it to myself, if you would rather not read it out," asked Flora.

"No, I will read it," answered Lydia; "and you will see there is quite enough to provoke one in it, just listen—

"My DEAR MRS. HARPUR, — My girls and I are very much obliged to you for having so kindly asked us to spend a day with you before we leave home. We should so much have enjoyed seeing you and saying good-bye in person, that we quite settled a morning at Holywell as one

of the things that must be done before our start. But, alast our time has been suddenly shortened, and we are to sail on Saturday next. If I could have managed it in any way, I should have sent Eleanor and May over for an hour or two to-morrow morning, just to say good-bye; but my husband tells me he has an appointment at the further end of the parish for to-morrow, and therefore we cannot have the carriage. Will you, then, kindly give my love and my daughters' to Flora and Lydia, and with kindest regards to

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dropped down, while she was reading, upon Flora's plate.

May Hinton was Flora's very dearest friend; and this would be an absence of quite a year, if not more, and it did seem hard, very hard, that they should have to part, without even the melancholy satisfaction of saying good-bye.



"'Whatever made mamma ask them to stay to luncheon?"-p. 310.

yourself, and hoping we may often hear from you during our absence, believe me to remain, yours very sincerely, —MARY HINTON.

"Now, what do you say to that?" asked Lydia, in almost a triumphant tone. "If that is not enough to vex one, I don't know what is."

Flora did not answer. Her head was bent very low over her buttered toast, as though she were inspecting it with all attention; but if Lydia had not been so absorbed with her own feelings, she might have seen that more than one large tear had "I think it is a shame," continued Lydia, after a moment's pause, during which she managed to swallow a tempting morsel of bread and marmalade. "I think it is a shame; she could easily have managed it if she had liked; but it's just like her; it's just because she is too stingy to pay for a carriage from the hotel; and she doesn't care."

"Oh, hush! Lydia, hush!" cried Flora, quite aghast; "how can you say such a thing? You know how vexed mamma would be if she were here; it is a great disappointment, indeed—I know it is,"

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stammered Flora, in confusion, as a large tear, in spite of all her endeavours, would roll down her cheek. "But suppose we read this other letter now. There may be something more cheerful in it; and we shall know, at all events, what mamma meant by saying that we were to see that everything was nice."

Incited by curiosity at these words, Lydia took up the letter, whose over-poweringly scented envelope lay just in front of her. Poor Lydia! scarcely had she opened it, when, with a groan, she laid it down again; and, covering her face up with her hands, she left it to Flora to make its contents known. Like the previous letter it began—

MY DEAR MRS. HARPUR,—My two dear girls, Araminta and Barbara, have been for a long time imploring me to allow them to spend a day with your sweet daughters, Flora and Lydia; and, as you kindly asked them to lunch with you whatever day they came, I have promised that if to-morrow should be fine, they may have the carriage, and spend a nice long day at Holywell. I should not like them to be out late, as Araminta is a little delicate; and, indeed, so also is dear Barbara; so if you will kindly send them home as soon after tea as you can, I shall feel very much oblised.

With love and kisses to your charming daughters, I am ever, dear Mrs. Harpur, your sincerely-attached,—ELIZA

"'Love and kisses!' oh, Flora, what a fearful idea!" groaned Lydia, as her sister laid the letter down without a word. "What shall we do—those awful girls to spend a whole day here? Whatever made mamma ask them to stay to luncheon? It was cruel of her—it really was; and now she is in bed, and we shall have them all to ourselves."

"We shall, indeed," sighed Flora, as she rose from the table, and took the bunch of house-keys into her hand; "but there is no use fretting over what can't be helped, and, of course, mamma was quite right to ask them to stay to lunch after such a long drive. We had better waste no more time now, at all events; and while I go down-stairs to see the cook, you might gather some fresh flowers to put upon the table, so that everything may look nice."

"Well, I must say I like the cool way you take things, Flora," replied Lydia, whilst a very ill-tempered frown darkened her face. "I dare say it's very easy for you not to mind, for, I suppose, Barbara will hang about your heels all day long, and she is not half so bad; but it is very different for me. I shall have that dreadful Araminta, with her carroty curls and her cackling laugh, on my hands the whole time, and that I can't stand; and I won't, either!" she concluded, defiantly.

Flora stopped at the door at these words, which were uttered in anything but an amiable voice. "I don't think," she replied, "there is any use in saying 'can't and won't' about what has to be done. I am sure you are quite welcome to have Barbara to yourself if you like it, and I don't mind a bit talking to poor Araminta; but I know mamma would be vexed if she heard you making personal remarks about her hair and her voice, which she cannot help; and I think we ought to try and do what mamma

would like, just as much when she is up-stairs, as when she is here with us."

"Oh, come, Flora, none of your preaching, please," cried Lydia, very impatiently. "I don't require you to teach me what my duty to mamma is; and as to the Mortons, I shall say that Araminta has carroty curls, and cackles like any old hen, just as often as I like. But if you enjoy entertaining them so much, I am sure I won't interfere with you; there are plenty of things I can do this morning, so that I need not be in your way, and you can have both the 'sweet girls' company yourself."

"Now this is nonsense," answered Flora, as she went over to where her sister stood, and slipped her hand within her arm. "I don't even know what you mean; and as to leaving me to entertain them alone, you could not do it; you know mamma would be dreadfully vexed; and, besides, what excuse could you make? Come along, and let us begin to get things ready, instead—do, Lydia!"

"Plenty of excuses," hastily retorted Lydia; "and now that I remember, I have a most particular engagement for this morning. It was only yesterday I promised Mrs. Manly I would go down to the school, and help to fasten the names and numbers to the prizes, which will be given at the school feast on Saturday; and mamma was quite pleased that I had thought of such a useful way of spending my time."

"I know all that," answered Flora, speaking as quietly as she could, knowing, from long experience, that any decided opposition would only make Lydia more determined; "but you could go to Mrs. Manly's to-morrow just as well, and don't you think mamma will be vexed if you don't wait to help me with the girls?"

Lydia's conscience pricked her sorely, to tell the truth, at this moment; but she selfishly refused to listen to it, now that such a good excuse for absenting herself had occurred to her.

"Mamma need know nothing about it until it is all over—unless you choose to make a fuss about it," she added, with an unkind little sneer, which brought the quick colour into Flora's cheeks. "If to-morrow were wet, I could not go to Mrs. Manly's at all, and after promising to help, it would be very unfair to leave the old lady to do it all herself. Now, would it not, Flora?"

"If you think it really right to go to Mrs. Manly's this morning, Lydia, I suppose you had better do it, and I will get on as well as I can without you, but at least you will come back for luncheon. What excuse could I make to the girls if you were not here in time for it?"

"You need make no excuse, but just tell the truth, and say you suppose I have been detained; but don't wait for me, at all events. I will set off now, as soon as I can, and see if I can be back in time; but don't wait, remember," she called out, as, purposely turning away her head to avoid the expression she felt there must be in Flora's eyes, she fled up the stairs, two steps at the time, to her own room.

(To be concluded.)

THE THIRSTINGS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. P. E. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC. CHASTISEMENT BY THIRST.

"Therefore shalt thou serve thine enemies which the Lord shall send against thee, in hunger and in thirst,"-DEUT, XXVIII. 48.



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E saw in our first paper on the subject of Thirst how it was made an instrument of Trial. and how in that trial the Israelites fell short. We next meet with it in the form of Chastisement, and a terrible element of chastening it was capable of becoming. For thirst is, as we all know, the most pressing of all human needs: worse than hunger, worse than pain. It has always been one of the worst elements of horror on the battle-field, and forms one of the many agonies of the

Cross. What wonder if it find a place amid the avalanche of curses and miseries which, under a dispensation of strict Law, was to fall on the law-breakers when the time of judgment came?

We shall consider here for a while the sin of the Israelites, and the punishment of thirst which was to follow it.

There were three causes of complaint which God had against the Israelites: the not keeping His law; disobedience generally, mentioned in verse 45; and severing between good and God, and misusing the "material," making it the great source of satisfaction; as we read in verse 47, they "served not the Lord their God with joy-fulness and with gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things."

These are evils which God will never allow in any people who are called by His name. "His glory will He not give to another." They are evils to which human nature is from many causes We are naturally content with good, without any inquiry into its source; so long as we have it, it matters little to us whence it comes. But all good comes from God, and He will never allow a child of His to rest in anything or any person short of Himself. It is below the dignity of our nature to tarry in the material; we are made for something better than that. And so we find God continually dealing in judgment with the misused material. Sometimes He takes away its life and power; He leaves the thing itself, but turns it into a root of bitterness. Sometimes He removes it, leaving us still to believe in its actual goodness, but making us also mourn its loss. No good is safe, except so far as it is inter-penetrated by God.

Then comes an exhibition of the folly of sin. These Israelites would revel in the enjoyment of good, in a lawless freedom apart from God. They would not serve the Lord. They would take the Lord's things, but not the Lord Himself. The old sin of Adam—the root-sin of wanting to be free of all authority—of having their own will as law, would spring up amongst them, and bring its trouble with it. "Who is Lord over us?" "We were never in bondage to any man." That would be the spirit of their hearts.

God knew the only possible conditions of happiness for the beings whom He created, and that first amongst such conditions was obedience to Himself. The evil spirits had revolted from obedience, and were unhappy; and where they failed, man could not succeed. Service, subordination, is a necessity of man's being. And God offered man this in the most attractive form. Promises of blessing come in this chapter before threats of cursing; the store of promises was exhausted before the catalogue of alternative miseries began. There must be this melancholy alternative; but the goodness of God comes out in its being an alternative, in the first free offer of a combination between blessing and service. And so it ever is: if only we would read God's character and His revelation aright, He would ever win and draw, not drive; He would draw with the bands of love; He would attract; He would persuade us that in the keeping of His commandments there is great reward, that His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace. "What profit is there in serving the Lord?" is the querulous exclamation of man, who is not able to find God and good together, and who cannot see that the absence of God and the presence of evil must go together too.

Would that we realised more than we do that it is a joyful service we are offered; that His service is perfect freedom; that the yoke is easy and the burden light. "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice," is a command we seem little to understand.

Indeed, it is only thus—as a God offering good things—that the Most High can consistently with His own nature present Himself to men. It is contrary to the nature of things that they could accept Him if He presented Himself to them otherwise. It is from our own evil hearts and from Satanic suggestion, that there comes the association of Divine service with drudgery,

slavery, and less.

But the idea has been very successful; it has kept millions, especially of the young, from God. Religion has been taught to be a system of prohibitions—"Taste not, touch not, handle not," is all that some believe it has to say. But that is not God's religion. It was not His religion, even under the Law; much less is it so under the Gospel. The God whom we reject is the God of our own bad hearts, or God as interpreted by our bad hearts, and not God as He is in Himself at all.

And here we have impressed upon us the unreasonableness of sin. God did not require to be served without reason. He knew that in the nature of things man could only love a God who is good to him, and so He speaks of the "abundance of all things" with which He has supplied His people. In this temporal dispensation He has abundantly supplied them with temporal good. That was the great way of manifestation of Himself in that day, and He had so manifested Himself to the full. And we, if we choose to look for them, shall find that we have had full manifestations. In the present dispensation the Lord's people may or may not have plenty of temporal good; but it is not by the temporal good that they are to judge of His mind toward them. There is an abundance apart from it; a truer abundance for His people's deepest and most craving needs; one which the world and all temporal things never could supply.

And in spiritual things God's people have often fallen into the Israelites' sin, or one very much akin to it. They have forgotten the abundance of God's gift, either as regards outward privilege or inward realisation. They have taken, and used it as a matter of right, a matter of course, and it was not until some deprivation came on them as a matter of chastisement that they were recalled to a sense of how all was from God. They were made to thirst that they might know whence

only thirst could be supplied.

Failure in this very point of recognising the good things of God, and the justice of God's chastising for this forgetfulness of Him and ingratitude towards Him, are recognised by Nehemiah in chap. ix.: "Thou art just," he says, "in all that is brought upon us." Then he confesses that the Law had been broken, and that his forefathers, from the highest to the lowest, had not served God "in the great goodness which He had given them, and in the large and fat land which He had given them."

There are few who read these lines, and who have any knowledge of their own hearts and spiritual life, who will not see that they have good cause to take up the same confession as Nehemiah. Failure to recognise goodness—to keep it in mind—to let it influence us—is only too characteristic of the natural heart. "Eaten bread," says the proverb, "is soon forgotten;"

and God's own people are often in this fault, and many a good thing has God to withhold which otherwise He might have given; and many a good thing has He to take away which otherwise he would have bestowed, because the heart is unfit for it.

But by-and-by, amongst other blessings of the life in heaven, we shall have receptive hearts; we shall have no stint because of our unfitness to receive, or the likelihood of abuse. What comes from God shall flow to God again, in a revenue of appreciation, of praise, and of adoring love.

And now we have to look at the punishment—punishment by Thirst. Note what a terrible proportion was observed in it. The abundance of all is met by the want of all. In verse 1 of this chapter, the Lord promises to set the Israelites, if they obey, on high, above all the nations of the earth. He says, "All these blessings shall come on thee;" and now we find these "alls" met with another sad "all"—"the want of all things"

(ver. 48).

This was what was to be expected in the legal dispensation under which the Jews were; if there was to be an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, there was to be a fulness of curse to meet a fulness of misused blessing; the higher the exaltation, the deeper the fall. Every good thing has a responsibility attached to it; it is capable of doing much in blessing, but, alas! much in cursing too. That which is very sweet may ferment, and become very sour. It would be well for us sometimes to think of this; to remember that misused blessing, be it temporal or spiritual, may be worse to us than no blessing at all. The many stripes are to come to him

Look, too, at the completeness of this punishment. To have denied God in the receipt of these good things was to have denied all; and so there comes a totality of punishment and misery which is complete. Hunger, thirst, and nakedness—the three greatest needs of the body which could come upon them—and slavery, the

who knew his Lord's will, who had the light of

deepest need of condition.

knowledge.

There was to be an entire defeat of their independence. As the Israelites would not serve the Lord directly, they should not on that account escape service, but must serve Him through His servants—the enemies He sent. Man never can set up any plan of action against God without being certain to be defeated in it; he may try it, he may go a certain way in apparent success, but he will be defeated when the time which God has marked has come.

Many a one who, during the time of affluence, and health, and bounding spirits, never thought of rendering any thanks for all that God had given, has been taught to do so by the chastisement of poverty and illness, when they were

made to rejoice in a piece of bread, and in being able to turn from one side to another, or in even a few minutes' rest from pain, or in being able so much as to breathe for awhile with ease.

And this chastisement was sent by God. The same One who gives blessing can-and will, if need be-give chastisement also. There is no weakness in God; and this takes nothing from the unmixed goodness of the Lord. The earthly father who gives his child anything he has which is good for him, will, if he act a true father's part, punish that child, either by depriving him of that good, or otherwise, if his conduct be such as to deserve the chastisement. A weak good-It is what he ness would be fatal to man. desires; but just as a man would deteriorate in character and in bodily health and vigour under a luxurious mode of life, so he must undoubtedly deteriorate under the rule of a God who tolerated sin.

The Jews were a nation separated from all others to be the book which the world should read, in which men could know what God was; and it was of prime moment that they should know that He was a God who would not, in any form, have anything of sin. And now a part of the chastisement which God sends is, that the offenders should serve their enemies in thirst. And so, after all, they were obliged to serve the Lord through His servants—their enemies, whom Nebuchadnezzar is specially called His He sent. servant; and every enemy by whom the Israelites were chastised for their sins were only God's servants for that purpose. The choice was to be between the service which was perfect freedom, and that which was as perfect bondage; and, with the madness of sin, they practically chose They did not think that to whom the latter. they yielded themselves servants to obey, His servants they were to whom they obeyed; and in this case, with the wages of sin, which were death.

But in this case it was a living death. The punishment was to be that they were to serve There was to be a contheir enemies in thirst. tinuance of vitality and feeling; they were not to be blotted out, but to live on in misery. so Dives lived on, in conscious misery, in a thirst which was torment. It is God "who holdeth our soul in life," and He can hold us either here or hereafter in a condition of chastisement. a terrible thought that though the natural tendency of our sufferings may be to crush us, and though we may choose death rather than life, still God may sustain us by the exercise of His own immediate power, that we may bear what He lays on us for our sins.

The idea of thirst, and serving in thirst, brings

before us that of continuance of capacity. They were to serve, and they were to have the thirst which active service induces; but they were not to have the means wherewith to satisfy it. They were to have a capacity for food, a need of it, a desire for it; but they were to know what hunger was, or only to have bitterness to feed on. So with the prodigal: he would fain have filled his belly with the husks which the swine did eat, but no man gave unto him. "He feedeth on ashes," was the prophet's description of the sinner.

One can imagine no more miserable condition in the hereafter of a sinner than the continuance of all his earthly appetites and desires with nothing wherewith to gratify them. Truly they would be a worm that dieth not. Here, there is a gratification to meet the gnawing; there, there would be none.

All idea of pleasure is excluded in the threatening here. What food and drink the Israelites were to have, was not to be for their own pleasure; they were to be fed for another's use.

There are few subjects of contemplation more terrible than a hereafter of thirst; to think of desires which never can be satisfied; consumings which the spirit cannot get quenched. It may be that hereafter men would be only too glad to part with the desires which it is now a pleasure, as they think, to have, because they can be gratified; but they must keep the desires—hunger and thirst-makers for which there is neither meat nor drink.

And surely it will be a sad aggravation of future woe if men have to feel that it comes as a natural consequence of abused and unrecognised mercies; that they had, when on earth, blessings which might and ought to have led them to a place other than their present sad abode. Now, men make light of the Cross, light of the voice of conscience, light of the motions of the Spirit; how great these mercies are, many will never know until they learn it amid the consequences of their abuse.

Lastly, we have here a tremendous exhibition of what it is to be under the Law. It is fearful to read the curses of broken Law. Grace abused will bring much worse curses than any we read of here; even as grace used will bring much larger blessing.

This teaching of Chastisement by Thirst is full of instruction for ourselves, and as we contemplate this heavy affliction for the misuse of earthly blessing, surely our thoughts are turned to the blessing of all blessings, and we hear the question solemnly sounding in our ears—"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

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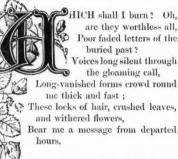
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A MOTHER'S LETTER.



Who traced these lines, that I should fondly kiss

The crumbling page where the dear fingers lay? Oh, shall I never, never cease to miss

That loving hand now mouldering in the clay? The dear caressing hand, that even now Could soothe the anguish from this aching brow.

Come, mother darling, for I fain would speak To thy blest spirit in this gathering gloom; Come, let me feel thy breath blow on my cheek,

Whisper of hope to the few flowers that bloom In the bleak desert of my cheerless life, Timidly smiling 'mid its care and strife. Come, mother, come, for, oh, my grief-tossed heart Never again a lasting peace shall know, Till thy fond fingers from my temples part The once-loved locks they fondled long ago; Until thy saintly eyes gaze into mine, While this lone heart sweet converse holds with thine.

Tell me, my mother, of that heavenly shore,
Where the destroyer, Death, hath never trod;
Hover thou near me, that my soul may soar
On faith's white pinions to the throne of God,
Where all His shining glory I may see,
For, oh, blest spirit, I am part of thee!

Wildly I clasp it to my throbbing breast,
This crumbling letter of the long ago;
And though they tell me thou art wholly blest,
I only feel that thou art lying low,
Until my weary spirit, steeped in bliss,
Feels in the hour of prayer thy spirit's kiss.

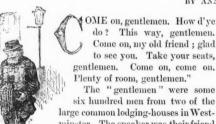
"A birthday offering to my darling girl"—
Ah, tender words, tear-blurred and dim with dust!
Some withered lilac flowers, a dear grey curl,

A child's wee battered thimble, red with rust; Of all earth's treasures these are mine alone, The only jewels that I care to own.

FANNY FORRESTER.

LOW-LEVEL LIFE IN WESTMINSTER.

BY ANNE BEALE.



six hundred men from two of the large common lodging-houses in Westminster. The speaker was their friend and missionary, Mr. Walshe. The seene was a capacious well-lighted school-room, the walls of which were hung with maps and prints; and the seats the men were invited to take were placed before long tables, fur-

nished with edibles and urns. As the six hundred filed past the missionary, it was patent enough that they were all more or less out at elbows. Still, they had taken pains to make themselves as presentable as they could for "high tea." Lord Kintore was really their host; for, albeit circumstances prevented his lordship being present, he was none the less their en-

tertainer. Among so many guests variety of manners was to be expected. As they entered, some returned the missionary's greeting; others made facetious noises or grimaces to mates recognised at a distance; many passed on in silence, with bowed heads; a few seemed unsteady of gait; all looked complacently on the meal before them.

When they were placed, the missionary mounted a chair, bade them a hundred thousand welcomes, and said, "We trust to your honour, as gentlemen, not to touch your portions until we have thanked God for the feast." Grace was accordingly sung, after which all seated themselves before the said "portions," which consisted of a plate full of good meat, a pound of bread, and half a pound of plum cake of excellent quality.

As was meet, ladies presided at the tea-tables, and we found ourselves before one of the steaming urns, with about a score of guests under our wings.

Women are said to be specially the tea-drinkers of the world, but there is no speciality in the matter. Men are as capable as women of imbibing their dozen cups, and their spirits rise equally high after the



"Voices long silent through the gloaming call, Long-vanished forms crowd round me thick and fast,"

XUM

ith

effort. We emptied urn after urn, tilting them even for the last drop, and the thirsty souls still cried "More, more!" This gave occasion for a sage and salutary conversation on drinkables generally, and tectotalism in particular. We started the question of "Who likes coffee, and who likes tea?"

"I likes tea best," said a quiet man, who proved to be a bell-hanger out of work. " Coffee don't agree

with me; it's too heavy twice a day."

"I take coffee when I'm in France, but I don't like the English coffee," remarked another, an elderly man, who said he had been a gentleman's servant.

"But you can procure excellent tea and coffee at

the coffee palaces," we remarked.

"No, we can't, lady," exclaims a third, "They

gives us wery poor trash for our money."

"But not the Church of England Temperance Association," breaks in a fourth. "You can get as good a cup of tea or coffee, and something to eat with it, at their stalls as can be had anywhere."

"I'm almost a teetotaler, and what I get must

be good," said the gentleman's servant.

"I don't see why one can't keep sober and take one's glass of beer," here broke in a young man of pleasing countenance, who had not spoken before. He said he was by trade a mason, had been out of work, but had that very day obtained work, and was going to Clapham that night to be ready for it on the morrow. He had served his time in the army, and belonged to the Reserve Forces, so he had sixpence a day, which paid for his night in the lodging-house, whence he had come by invitation to the tea. His next neighbour turned round sharply upon him. He was a man of long and melancholy face, who had evidently seen better days.

"If I had been a tectotaler, I shouldn't be here now," he said, solemnly. "Yes; I've taken the pledge, and broken it, and taken it again."

"And what are you now?" asked the young mason.

"I can't drink if I would, for I 've no money," was the reply, as the speaker's hand trembled sadly while receiving a cup of tea.

No better commentary than this was needed, and the young mason was silent, if not convinced.

It was pleasant to hear how they all bore testimony to the good done by their missionary, both by his addresses in the lodging-houses on the Sunday, and his help, advice, and other ministrations during the week. All honour to the City Mission for providing food for the souls of these, and thousands of other friendless wanderers, and, while so doing, helping to restore them to self-respect, and therewith self-support! Not that all who are forced by circumstances to pass their nights in these strange quarters have quite lost self-respect. Our bell-hanger had not, for example,

"We are not obliged to consort with the thieves and bad characters we fall amongst," he said. "If want of work sends one to a common lodging-house for a bed at fourpence a night, one needn't be the worse for it. I go to church, and the good elergyman has been very kind to me; so is the missionary to us all. There are over three hundred beds in my house, and about ten in a room. We have a great kitchen, with a big fire and a long spit, where we can all cook our victuals, if we have any, and be out of the cold and the streets."

Compassion arose intuitively at sight of a negro amongst the guests. He had come from South America, and had been seven months in England. Poor fellow! If he had "fallen amongst thieves" in his travels, he had been also hospitably entertained.

When tea was over, the party adjourned to the handsome lecture-room in James Street. It and its gallery were soon filled to overflowing; many aged men with sticks, and even crutches, had some difficulty in placing themselves, and it was pitiful to reflect on such, still struggling after fourpence to pay their night's lodging. One, who could scarcely move for rheumatism, said he had been thirty years a sailor, had once had a wife and three daughters, but had lost them, and had no longer a friend in the world.

The more fortunate brothers and sisters of this weary "brigade of six hundred," who had not to face the swords and bayonets of poverty and drink, took their places on the platform or round about the harmonium at its foot. Facing that sea of heads, it was curious to take note of the variety of physiognomics; much more interesting than curious was it to observe the changes of countenance as hymns and addresses succeeded one another for the edification of the assembly. Most of them joined heartily in the hymns, which were evidently familiar, and listened attentively to the addresses. Indeed, they commanded attention, for the speakers understood their hearers, and turned from "grave to gay," or "gay to grave," at will. Applause, laughter, and solemnity alternated, and the bright, interested, even cheerful faces, that succeeded the sombre and hopeless ones, seemed like a sudden burst of morning sunlight out of depths of darkness.

Many home truths were told them in their own vernacular, and much good advice given in a way that could not cause offence by the gentleman who represented Lord Kintore. They heard how "Roaring Tom," and "Gin Tom," and "Elf ——," the worst of drunkards, had, by means of total abstinence, become the most reputable of husbands and fathers, and how that a former drunken inmate of one of the lodging-houses had re-appeared but the other day, "clothed and in his right mind;" indeed, so handsomely attired, that the missionary failed to recognise him. He had, moreover, married a wife, and was devoting his leisure to teaching and preaching that Gospel which his former life had defied.

The thundering applause which greeted the missionary when he spoke, proved the love they bere him. Partly from his address, and partly from previous and subsequent knowledge, we learn the

"true tale" of the Mission. He had been engaged eleven years in this special work, and had during that time delivered seven hundred sermons on Sundays in their own two lodging-houses. These he had named the House of Lords and the House of Commons, as being near the Houses of Parliament. The House of Lords was the smaller and best lighted of the two, therefore the most distinguished. He had sometimes as many as a thousand in his Sunday congregations, and had frequently added to his flock peers and peeresses, officers of the army and navy, Church dignitaries, and various celebrities, who came to see for themselves what sort of places were these, Many of these distinhis Houses of Parliament. guished persons had addressed their poor brethren, and the past feast had been due to a visit from Lord Kintore, whose sympathies had been moved into the expression of a wish to bestow a shilling apiece upon the members of the congregation. Instead of this diffusive charity, the shillings in aggregate had been expended as we have seen.

It must have touched, and even humbled others—as it did ourselves—to learn that the aforementioned thousand are but a unit in the whole number of people similarly circumstanced, for it is estimated that no less than 27,000 persons live in what are called Common Lodging-Houses in London. These do not apparently include paupers, which have been estimated, by the City Mission, to be sufficient "more than to occupy every house in Brighton." The Christian population of this awful City should have work enough to do—certainly the 450 City Missionaries have. Ours of to-night has a thousand of the workmen of the New Law Courts to look after, in addition to our friends of the feast.

It should be a warning to fast young men to learn that over a score of officers in the army and navy have come under the notice of the missionary during his term of office, dragged by drink down to seeking fourpenny beds in these houses. One of these, who has been twice helped up, has again fallen to about the lowest level-that of a seller of fusees in Westminster. A visit of inspection to one of these fourpenny refuges would convince the curious how low that level is. They would be shown into a large kitchen, where might be a hundred men or so, some cooking before a huge fire, others smoking, many swearing or disputing, all either wicked or miserable, or both. Each is allowed shelter for four-and-twenty hours for the sum of fourpence, together with a small truckle bed, and a "Westminster candle." This last consists of tallow and wick sufficient to burn half an hour, which is stuck upon a round piece of tin about the size of a watch, without either sconce or handle. It is said to be similar to those used by the Westminster boys, but seems a dangerous night-light. A man known as "Old John," whose acquaintance the visitor may make at one of these lodging-houses, affirms that he was instrumental in saving the house from being burnt down on one occasion, when an inmate managed to set it alight by one of these candles. Indeed, as every lodger has one, that was not surprising. Perhaps the saddest spectacles in these places are the respectable small tradesmen, or workmen, who have been driven into them by unavoidable difficulties. These will scarcely look you in the face; and would be glad to hide themselves and their troubles from the world by shrinking into any corner for concealment, Not so the habitual drunkard, whether of the reprobate, or so-called "respectable" class; he will let you strive to help him-like the fusee-seller aforementioned-and relapse again into his original state, unless he be prevailed upon to take and keep the pledge, which seems his only chance of reform. Is it not time, then, to shorten the sixty-two miles of beershops and gin-palaces which London is computed--again by the City Mission-to contain?

It was evidently believed to be time by Lord Kintore's guests; for they applanded heartily the chairman's hope that they would soon be closed, on Sunday at least. So they did his proposal that every man present should possess a Bible, and his kind offer to present one to those who had not that Holy Book. So they did vociferously, and with calls for an "encore," a song energetically given from the

platform-

"Let's all do our duty, and hope for the best."

One of their good friends amongst the speakers elicited much hearty laughter when he reminded them of previous intercourse with them. He said he had often met and spoken to them before under difficulties; for it was no easy matter to stand for the best part of an hour, with your back to a roaring fire, at which maybe a dozen men were cooking red herrings, steaks, or other delicacies—with the fumes of tobacco from a hundred pipes or more—and sometimes language that was none of the choicest. Still, he hoped to meet them so again.

"We have meetings in this lecture-hall nearly every evening in the week," remarked a lady present, "meetings for men, meetings for women, for our shoe-black brigade, for all sorts of good works."

"But," added a minister of the Gospel, "I have never seen so attentive and interested an audience before. They have all kept their seats, and listened with all their hearts."

And so they had for the best part of two hours, because they had been thoroughly amused and edified at the same time. It is not every one who possesses this art, but those who do could scarcely employ their talent to better purpose than by seeking to cheer and mend their erring or downcast brethren. It is a good sign of our so-called bad times that numbers are thus employed, and that men and women of every class of society are striving, gratuitously, to benefit their fellow-creatures.



GOOD-BYE!



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OOD-BYE, good-bye!

And one goes out, and one stays standing still, And that day's sun sinks o'er the low green hill.

Good-bye, good-bye!

And he goes on, far over field and moor, And she turns back, goes in, and shuts the door.

Good-bye, good-bye!

She smiled upon him to the very last; He'll never know what came when that was past.

Good-bye, good-bye!

And he who goes—he has but half the pain, His world is new, her empty rooms remain.

Good-bye, good-bye!

The books he opened, can she bear to close? The rose he gathered, she will keep that rose!

Good-bye, good-bye!

And yet a day shall come when she shall say "'T was well that he who loved me went away."

Good-bye, good-bye!

Love scarce is true until it has been tried; And hearts can hold when hands are severed wide.

Good-bye, good-bye!

The last strong light of love in dying eyes Pierces the mists of death that o'er them rise.

Good-bye, good-bye!

Nor Life nor Death has power to sever Love; It moves the world and builds the heaven above.

Good-bye, good-bye!

It ever has a sound of tears and sorrow; Yet while we sleep, it changes to "Good-morrow."

I. F. M.

SHORT ARROWS.

A WOMEN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.



E notice with pleasure the doings of the Women's Board of Missions in Boston, Mass. Its territory is now divided into twenty branch societies, while a total of nearly fourteen hundred organisations.

Seventy-four missionaries, as many Bible-readers, and eighty-six schools, are comprised in the Board's list! The testimony of the ladies who have for years been labouring abroad with success is most interesting, and another proof (if proof were needed) of the great good these Christian sisters of ours are doing in the world.

THE REFORMED FAITH IN FRANCE.

An incident full of the greatest encouragement took place lately at Versailles. One day last month, French Protestantism made a solemn entry into the Palace, where the fête of the Reformation was celebrated. The assembly was very large. The liturgy of the Huguenots and our Bible were read under the roof where, two hundred years ago, was signed the Edict of Nantes, at the suggestion of Madame de Maintenon. It is a blessed change, indeed, which has come over the kingdom in that period. We can but rejoice, with thanksgiving, at the great success of the holy cause to which our French Protestant brethren have been faithful, even unto death.

A TOUCHING TESTIMONY.

We may fitly put on record here a letter from M. Jules Favre, through whose exertions, humanly speaking, the use of the Palace at Versailles was granted to the assembly on the occasion abovementioned. The letter was addressed to Pastor Passa, in recognition of the public thanks bestowed upon the writer for his intercession with the Ministry for the use of the Palace on the auspicious occasion. We cannot do better than give his letter (almost) in extenso.

MY DEAR PASTOR,—I will not let the day close without telling you how much I was touched and humbled by the public thanks which you were good enough to offer me. Indeed I do not deserve them. . . . I am proud, however, to remember that you have called me the friend of your Church. Yes, I love your Church, because it defends and represents true liberty of thought on matters of religion. I love it in itself. Permit me to add that I love it also in you, its worthy Pastor, and the eloquent defender of those high truths of which it is the palladium. I love it, lastly, because it is the Church of my dear wife, and I should be a monster of ingratitude if I were not grateful to it for having guarded me such a treasure.—Jules Fayre.

Such testimony as this from so eminent a French statesman is indeed interesting, and needs no comment.

CHRISTIAN WARRIORS.

A most wonderful change is reported from Madagascar, on the authority of a missionary residing Some time ago an army was sent to put down an insurrection, and the advice given by the Prime Minister to the soldiers was, "Remember, you are Christians now, and that the Queen's enemies are also the Queen's people; the cruelties of former times are not to be repeated." The rebellious chief subdued, he was sent for to the commander's tent and shown a Testament. The forbearance of the victors had struck the heathen chief, and when he was told that the Book led people to do right, he desired one. It was of course given, and subsequently the heathen saw that the Book had wrought a real change in the soldiery, and he inclined to Christianity. Thus the expedition became a blessing to the heathen, and the holy influence of the Bible was "mighty to save!"

THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND.

A most touching incident has come to our knowledge from China, evidencing as it does the desire of those who have already heard Bible teaching to impart it to others. A poor blind man was in the habit of calling at a mission station to receive a small sum of money or a little rice. On these occasions he was induced to remain and listen to the Word of God, and after a while he came to be baptised, but then disappeared, leaving the workers at the station uncertain whether, but hopeful that, the light had shined into his heart. Time passed, yet he did not appear; but one day two blind men were seen to be groping their way towards the house. The wanderers proved to be the lately-baptised beggar-man and a comrade! The poor man had gone home, and-after much trouble, doubtless-had induced a blind comrade to accompany him to hear the comforting words of the Gospel. Was not this indeed a case of the blind leading the blind, not to destruction, but along the way of eternal life?

FOR THE WEARY, REST.

There are many places where children and women are carefully tended, or where aged men can obtain some rest for their heavy limbs as their days decline; but for our real hard workers—our clergymen—what provision is there—what place is set apart for those who desire to rest a little from the toil and labour of parish or mission work? It is proposed to remedy the defect by instituting a Home of Rest at one of our well-known watering-places, where a few weeks sojourn will refresh the hard-worked clergyman, and enable him to return invigorated to his charge. The chaplain at the Royal Bathing Infirmary, Margate, advocates this idea very strongly, and many well-to-do

and philanthropic people will be glad to help those who minister to them of spiritual things, and provide them rest.

THE DECREASE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

We find, from the accounts published by the Inland Revenue Department, that in the first three quarters of 1879 the number of gallons of home-made spirits for consumption as a beverage was less by above a million gallons than in the corresponding period of 1878, and still less than in 1877. The returns of foreign spirits in the eleven months of the year show a very considerable decrease also both in 1877 and 1878. From these figures we may fairly argue that, although there can be no doubt that the labit of excessive drinking is still rife amongst us, the intemperate habits of the community are not so generally bad as they have been. The decrease shown in the above figures is a hopeful sign.

NEW CHURCH IN MACEDONIA.

Some Christian workers have been active amongst the poor poverty-stricken refugees in Macedonia and Roumelia, who, hungry, thirsty, and naked, have been fed and clothed. The power of the Holy Spirit has made itself felt, and a congregation has been established amounting to nearly three hundred souls. A day-school is already creeted, and a temporary church will soon be undertaken. In Philippopolis a Protestant church has already been begun. The corner-stone was laid three months ago, and the little congregation will soon be blessed in the house of God. This is, indeed, glad tidings to reach us from amidst the oppression of the infidel population of the surrounding districts.

INDIANS AND CHRISTIANS

Not unconnected with the foregoing is the cheering account that comes to us from the Indian territory. An earnest worker (Major Cole) we learn has met, and continues to meet with hitherto unequalled success. An Indian who not long ago threatened his benefactor's life came up, and, embracing him, begged him to pray for him. And still the work goes on increasing; many are turned to the right path, and souls are daily choosing the narrow way that leadeth to life,

"THE QUIVER" LIFE-BOATS.

All readers of THE QUIVER will be glad to learn that the three life-boats placed by their aid on the coast nearly fourteen years ago, have done excellent service. During that period THE QUIVER boats, manned by their intrepid crews, have gone forth amidst the storm and tempest to save human life. Their efforts have been most successful, and no less than seventy-

nine lives have been saved by their exertions. Surely we may thankfully congratulate our friends upon this truly gratifying result of their good work done on behalf of those who "go down to the sea in ships, and who occupy their business in great waters"

A REAL HOME IN CANADA.

A late experience of a gifted lady connected with the Galt Home in Canada shows what real and interesting progress is being made in isolated districts amongst farmers and their families. In the wooden houses and cottages the prayer meeting or conference is held with truly Christian fervour. Men, women, and children travel seventy miles to attend these meetings. The influence for good permeates all classes, and children have been known to turn their parents to a better life. Such efforts, so blessed, far away from the busy city, efforts perfected beneath the open heaven, remind one of the ancient preachers, when men, as Elisha did, left tilling the ground to follow their Lord's behests.

A MEDICAL PRAYER UNION.

Under the title of the Medical Prayer Union, an association is unobtrusively doing a great and good work in our midst. Young men in the medical profession are frequently thoughtless, but it is most gratifying to be able to state that there is no medical school in London where students do not meet for the study of the Bible. No one will venture to assert that a man will be a worse doctor because he is a Christian, and those who study how "fearfully and wonderfully" we are made, cannot but turn to the Maker in a more heartfelt and humble manner than ignorant people might. As a proof of the fitness of these earnest Christians for their professional duties, we can adduce the fact that eleven out of the fifteen medals awarded during the two last sessions were won by members of the Students' Prayer Union.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS ABROAD.

The number of Sunday-schools doing the Master's work upon the Continent and in parts of Asia is greater than many people imagine. We are sometimes apt to fancy that Sunday abroad is never respected; but it is a fact that there are no fewer than four thousand schools, containing nearly a quarter of a million scholars. This will be good news to many.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the

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opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.—*The Rambler*.

Ours is not a splendid, but it is a saving religion; it is humbling now, that it may be elevating hereafter.—Hannah More.

Contentment abides with truth. You will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than what you are: whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of the one engrossing pursuit, and a sort of list. less apathy. They are either grinding, or doing nothing. Now, to those who are half their lives fiercely busy. the remaining half is often torpid, without quiescence. A man should have some pursuits which may be always in his own power; and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation. And if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart. And the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought,-Arthur Helps.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

64. What queen is mentioned by name in the New Testament?
65. Who is spoken of in the Bible as "the

65. Who is spoken of in the Bible as "the anointed cherub?"

66. What spot in Judæa was noted for the beauty of its trees?

67. What remarkable event took place at Philippi connected with the magistrates of that city?

68. Who is it speaks of our Blessed Lord as being "the Just One"?

69. What warrior of the Old Testament history is mentioned under seven different names?

70. In what place did the Israelites first partake of manna?

71. Four altars were built upon Mount Moriah by whom, and for what purpose?

72. Quote an expression used concerning David which shows that he was very popular even as a young man?

73. What was the name of King Ahab's steward, and what good deed is recorded of him?

74. What place mentioned in the journeyings of the Israelites is noted for its fertility?

75. What words of our Blessed Lord set forth the value of the Old Testament Scriptures as man's guide to Eternity?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 256.

50. At the Rock of Meribah (Numb. xx. 10, 11).

51. When an angel came to Philip the Deacon,

bidding him go on the way to Gaza, where he baptised the Ethiopian cunuch (Acts viii. 26).

52. The people of Edom, against whom God would not allow the Israelites to fight (Numb. xx. 21; Deut. ii. 4, 5; and Judges xi. 15—17).

53. David at Gath, when he fled from the persecution of Saul (1 Sam. xxi, 13).

54. Because Talmai was Absalom's grandfather (2 Sam. iii. 3, and xiii. 37).

55. The angel Gabriel (Luke i. 19).

56. Yes. He reigned forty years only, but at his death Rehoboam his son was forty and one years old (1 Kings xi. 42, and xiv. 21).

57. Lazarus (John xi. 1, 14, and xii 9-11).

58. Two—turning the water into wine, and healing the nobleman's son (John ii. 1—11, and iv. 46—54).

59. Elijah (1 Kings xviii.). Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego (Dan. iii. 16—18). Daniel (Dan. vi. 10). John the Baptist (Matt. xiv. 4). St. Peter and St. John (Acts iv. 5—20). St. Paul and St. Barnabas (Acts xiii. 46).

60. The conies (Prov. xxx. 26).

61. Jacob, who obtained the blessing instead of Esau, and Ephraim, who obtained the blessing instead of Manasseh (Gen. xxvii. 27, 36, and xlviii. 14, 19).

62. Amos iii. 1—3.

63. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with their wives Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah, all buried in the cave of Machpelah at Hebron (Gen. xxiii. 19, xxv. 8, 9, xxxv. 29, xlix. 28—32, and l. 12, 13).



"CHRIST LOOKED UPON THEM."

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., RECTOR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, NORWICH.



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XV.

o subject has so much exercised the imagination of the greatest ancient and modern painters as the human form of our Blessed Lord; and there is probably none in which they have all so signally failed. Some medieval portraits

of Christ are degradingly and repulsively hideous; while others are conceived in the softest and loftiest idea of beauty. Both extremes may be well supposed to fall equally short of the great reality. A well-known writer seems to have suggested the true account of the striking difference. one class of artists may have taken their ideal from the predictions in the Psalms and Prophets of the Messiah as "a Man of sorrows, whose visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men." other class have reasonably concluded that the earthly tabernacle in which Deity was enshrined must needs have been worthy of the Divine Occupant, and radiant with His majesty and glory. The Godhead must have shone forth like the sun from behind the clouds, and imparted a heavenly brightness to

> That face, How beautiful, if sorrow had not made Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self.

The fact, however, remains the same—that God has not thought fit to gratify man's natural curiosity on this subject. Even descriptions of the glorious Original might have led to superstition, and encouraged men to adore the human Christ apart from the divine. St. Paul foresaw this danger when he wrote, "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more."

At the same time it is allowed us to reverently note all intimations given us in the Gospels about the humanity of Jesus. One such line of thought is suggested by the frequency with which He is described as producing various impressions by His very look. The eyes are the windows of the soul, through which it not only looks forth upon the world, but speaks more truly than in any other way. Through them mind is brought into the most real and immediate fellowship with mind, and heart with heart. Must it not have been so with God manifest in the flesh? Both the human soul and the Divine Spirit, which dwelt within His fleshly tabernacle, must have beamed forth with varying intensity and ex-The everpression from His human eyes. changing circumstances of the world in which He sojourned, as well as the purposes of mercy He was pleased to accomplish, would call forth very different phases of thought and feeling in His Divine countenance. He was the "stone

with seven eyes" beheld in vision by the prophet Zechariah, and those were the eyes of the Lord, which are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. So too, in the inspired portrait of the glorified and ascended Saviour as seen by St. John, in heaven, the "eyes like a flame of fire" form a very prominent feature. We may, therefore, believe that even in the days of His humiliation there was an inconceivable power in His very look, such as will account for many of the marvellous effects which He produced. That look must often have been irresistibly winning, always fraught with deepest meaning; once, at least, expressive of mingled anger and grief, and at other times either beaming with compassion towards men, or directed upwards to Heaven. Illustrations from the Gospels of these various aspects of Emanuel may help to draw us nearer to Him in heart and spirit, and lead us to seek more of the mind which shone so brightly in Him.

I. Very early in His ministry we have a beautiful example of the winning tenderness of His gaze. Andrew, having himself, under the Baptist's guidance, beheld the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, has brought to Jesus his own brother Simon. That was an eventful For the first time that ardent, impetuous, but devoted follower of Christ, stands face to face with his Lord and future Master. How remarkable is St. John's account of the interview. "When Jesus beheld him, He said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone" (St. John i. 42). That must have been such a look as Peter could never have forgotten. It acted doubtless as a life-long, nay, an eternal spell over his strong but sensitive nature. In that one glance Jesus read at once in the fisherman's frank self-reliant generous features all his weakness, and yet all his noble capabilities. Peter felt he was thoroughly understood, and yielded himself without doubt or delay to His all-conquering love and gentle sway.

Very similar, though shaded by sadness, must have been the look directed by the "Good Master" to the young ruler. Filled with lively concern about his soul's welfare, he had come running in eager haste and in broad daylight to Jesus, and put to Him the question of questions—"What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" With kind severity the wise Physician has probed his heart with the sharp lancet of the Law, and only elicited the candid but self-deceiving answer, "All these have I observed from my youth." Before applying to him the final test, we read that "Jesus, beholding him, loved him." There was

so much in the young man's character that was amiable, pure, and of good report, that the Saviour, with all His sympathy for the true and right, could not but regard him with the tenderest interest. He saw him, indeed, as an immortal being ruined by the Fall; but, after all, a beautiful ruin. And, yearning to raise him to a higher and truer life, He said unto him, "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow Me." We know the mournful sequel; and as he went away sorrowful, we can well imagine the eye of Jesus following him with deeper sadness, as He looked round about, and said unto His disciples, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" (St. Mark x. 23).

One more example of the same kind let us recall before we pass on. It is given by St. Mark, in another of those life-like touches which add so much to the completeness of his picture of the cure of the afflicted woman. With tottering steps, and shrinking from public gaze, she has mingled in the crowd that followed the Saviour. At length, after one last painful effort, she has crept up close behind Him, and touched His garment. Jesus felt at once the power of that touch of faith, and looked round about to "see her that had done this thing." How penetrating, yet reassuring, was that glance. It went right home to her disconsolate heart, led her with fear and trembling to tell Him all the truth, and was

followed by His benediction.

II. We pass to another aspect at times assumed by our Blessed Lord. On special occasions we find He gave what we may venture to call speaking looks. There are thoughts in even finite minds too big for utterance, which often find expression through the eyes. An orator may work more powerfully upon the feelings of his audience by one telling glance than by a thousand words. We need not wonder, therefore, if it was so with Him who spoke as never man spoke. St. Luke furnishes two striking instances of this. Jesus was about to deliver in a more private manner on the plain an abridgment of His sermon on the mount. Very graphic is the picture suggested by the Evangelist in four words. We can almost feel the electric chord of sympathy that pervaded the little assembly; we seem to see the breathless eagerness and loving reverence with which the listeners bent forward to catch His opening words. All this must have been already secured, when "He lifted up His eyes on His disciples" (St. Luke vi. 20).

The other instance occurred towards the close of Christ's ministry. He had been pointing a very solemn lesson to the chief priests and scribes through the parable of the Vineyard. They had keenly perceived its drift, and, conscious of its

truth, had passed sentence on themselves in the deprecatory words, "God forbid." But their confusion must have been painfully increased when they felt the Speaker's eye fixed with scrutinising power upon them; and as He beheld them, and they quailed before His deep truthful gaze, they heard Him say, "What is this then that is written, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner? Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder" (St. Luke xx. 17).

III. But on one occasion at least the face, usually so radiant with sympathy and love, was seen overshadowed with an awful cloud of holy displeasure. The eyes of Him who was meek and lowly in heart for once flashed forth with righteous indignation wondrously blended with sorrow. Jesus then taught His people by His own example that if we would be angry and not sin, we must be angry at nothing but sin. He was in a synagogue on the Sabbath day. poor palsied man with a withered hand was there. To restore him the use of it was indeed a work of mercy worthy of His gracious character and of the sanctity of the day; but the narrow-minded hypocritical Pharisees thought not so, and with scowling features and serpent-like eyes were watching for ground of accusation. And when Jesus boldly appealed to their common sense and humanity, whether it were lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, or to do evil-to save life or to kill, they preserved a dishonest silence. Then it was that the spirit of the Holy One was wrought to so high a pitch that "He looked round about on them with anger, being grieved at the hardness of their hearts," and then, without further question, What a look was that! performed the cure. How withering, how crushing, how utterly condemning! It might well have seemed to those who cowered beneath it like the first ominous lightning flash which heralds the approaching storm. It was certainly a momentary prelude of that most terrible tempest of tribulation and anguish which must one day overwhelm the ungodly, even "the wrath of the Lamb."

IV. This was, however, very far from being our Redeemer's habitual expression. It was but a transient out-gleaming of His dazzling purity and abhorrence of evil. He was then manifested as the Saviour, and not as the Judge, and we must turn to other scenes if we would view Him in that sweet endearing character. Let us go with Him on His last journey to Jerusalem. On a bright Sunday morning in spring He is traversing the ridge of Olivet that lies between Bethany and the Holy City. Many Passover pilgrims have swelled the band of His disciples, under the impression that He is about to declare Himself

the Messiah. In fulfilment of Zechariah's prophecy He rides in lowly majesty upon an ass, while the crowd rend the air with their hosannas to the Son of David. At length the procession has reached a platform overlooking the city. Very glorious was the panorama which burst upon their view. It thrilled through the sympathetic soul of Jesus, but He does not dwell on that. He beheld the city indeed, but with a far-reaching, abstracted, mournful, tender look. As He looked, He wept. His gaze was directed onwards down the vista of forty years, and He beholds the terrible transformation of the scene. He sees those Temple courts crimsoned with the blood of worshippers at another Passover, those magnificent domes, massive walls, and splendid gateways all wrapt in flames, while the miserable survivors are led away in chains as captives into far-off lands. Jesus could measure the awful depth of Israel's guilt in rejecting and crucifying Him, the Lord of Glory, which involved the dire necessity of such a punishment. But the very distinctness of His anticipation and announcement of their doom filled His heart with overwhelming grief. Amidst bursting tears, He cried, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace——" Then He paused, and left the sentence abruptly incomplete. When He resumed it, it was to describe the terrible alternative.

V. We may not dwell longer now upon that memorable scene. We hasten to view the Saviour, a few days later, under very different circumstances. He is in the High Priest's palace, on the night when the Sanhedrim, with its horrible travesty of justice, condemned Him to death. Peter was beneath in the palace, standing near the fire in the lower part of the hall. The flickering flames lit up his honest weather-beaten Full of self-confidence, in prayerless unwatchful mood, he has followed with John to Suddenly recognised by the bysee the end. standers as a companion of the accused, and thrown off his guard by their irritating taunts, he vehemently denied all knowledge of Him. Once had the cock given him the predicted warning, but in the excitement of the moment Peter had not heard it. A third time he has reiterated his denial, when a second time the warning note resounds through the stillness of the early morning. At that instant he awakes, as from a dream, to a sense of what he has been doing, for he feels the eye of his beloved Master fixed "The Lord turned, and looked full upon him. upon Peter, and Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how He had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shall deny Me thrice." Familiar though Peter was with the varying expressions of that Divine countenance, he had never seen it wear that look before. The tenderest pity was there, blended with the sternest reproof. Not a word was spoken, but that one searching glance was more eloquent than the most cutting reproaches. He could not bear it; as when, after the long Arctic winter, the sun at length beaming forth upon the vast impenetrable fields of ice, they quickly burst asunder and dissolve in ten thousand streams under its genial influence, so the recreant Apostle's heart, which had grown hard and cold through unwatchfulness and ungodly company, now melts beneath that irresistible glance of loving rebuke, and dissolves in streams of deep and life-long penitence.

VI. We have now recalled the principal recorded phases of that wondrous face through which Deity looked forth on the mingled lights and shadows of this sin-stricken world, and by His very presence made darkness light. There remains one, with which we will conclude. No one can attentively read the Gospels without being struck with the frequency of our Lord's upward glances. How natural were they to One who, whilst He tabernacled on earth, was ever "the Son of Man, which is in heaven." home was the Father's house of many mansions, and thither-like the magnetic needle, true to its parent north—His spirit, drawn up by the attraction of its origin, continually tended. Never did He turn with aversion or indifference from the sorrows or joys of humanity. He rather lifted His eyes with His heart heavenwards, that He might draw down that blessing which alone could sanctify either. Is He about to put forth His creative power in feeding the multitude ?- Looking up to Heaven, He blessed the loaves and fishes. Is He preparing to impart hearing and speech to the deaf and dumb?-"Looking up to Heaven, He sighed." Is He standing with the mourning sisters by the grave of the beloved Lazarus, whom He purposes to recall to life?—Ere He uttered the soul-revoking word, He lifted up His eyes, that in concert with His Heavenly Father He might revive the slumbering dust. So, too, not to cite other instances, when Jesus would, as our great High Priest, commence on earth the mediatorial work He now carries on before the throne by intercession for His people, He first lifted up His eyes to Heaven.

Such is the inspired portrait of our Redeemer, as sketched by those who from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word; and such, in all its essential features, though glorified beyond all human conception, is our ever-living and unchangeable Advocate and King. As such He still looks down on His struggling Church; as such we may by faith behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world; as such we shall hereafter see Him face to face, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and admired in all them that believe.

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A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

BITTER LAUGHTER.



RECEIVED the intelligence with perfect equanimity. Aunt Mona, however, showed signs of feeling it deeply. Her lips quivered, and she was visibly trembling, as she did under strong emotion. She was not given to tears.

looked and felt more concerned for her than for myself, and essayed to comfort her, saying, "Dear Aunt Mona, that is not very bad news."

"Not very bad news!" cried Aunt Robert, looking at me with unequivocal disdain and wrath. "Is the girl a fool?"

"It did not seem to me in the least overwhelming," I answered. And indeed her wrath on the present occasion almost provoked me to laughter, because of the reaction of feeling from the momentary fear I had entertained concerning my father.

"Don't you know that your father was the next heir, and that your uncle in marrying a young wife cuts him off from the succession—is sure to do so and your brother, too?"

I had not seen it in that light, but with the carelessness of youth for the realisation of the distant future, it did not impress me much.

"I was not thinking so much of that, Harriet," said Aunt Mona; "but I feel hurt at Henry's conduct."

"He never writes?" said Aunt Robert, interrogatively.

"Never," was the answer.

"He deserves"—cried Aunt Robert, vindictively—
"I don't know what he does not deserve; and he may get it."

We could not help laughing at the delightful incoherence of her sentence, which only served to make her angrier than ever.

"Well, I don't know why I should put myself out in this way when you are resolved to take it so coolly," she said.

"Why should he not marry?" I asked, with lofty indifference.

"Why should he not marry?" she repeated. "Because he is nearly as old as your father, and detests the idea of it—only marries out of spite. There is one comfort, however: they will both be miserable."

"I hope you will not quarrel with him, Harriet," said Aunt Mona.

"I have done it already," she answered, exultingly

"When he told you?" said Aunt Mona.

"Yes, when he told me. He did it himself, and then I could keep silence no longer, and told him what I thought of his whole conduct."

"Oh, I am so sorry! it will only make the breach irreparable."

"It was that already, only you would go on hoping it wasn't."

Dear Aunt Mona! This was what she had encountered on our behalf.

There she was, looking anything but lovely in her anger, this rash Aunt Robert; and yet all that she had done had been done in a fiery outburst of generous emotion.

"But all this time you have not told us who the lady is," I said.

"You can't guess, can you?" she asked, turning from me to Aunt Mona.

"No. Not the rector's daughter," said the latter; "not one of the Arrowsmiths—the nieces, I mean—not Edith Winfield."

She was getting through the list of her brother's friends and neighbours negatively.

But Aunt Robert stopped her by one little word—"Yes."

"Yes who?" asked Aunt Mona.

"Edith Winfield," was the answer.

"Surely not Edith?"

"It is, indeed."

"How could she?" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"Because the owner of Highwood is the best match in her circle, and because a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," said Aunt Robert, with a look which showed me plainly that her thoughts had run in the direction of my own.

"I expected something better of Edith Winfield," said Aunt Mona.

"Did you?" returned Aunt Robert, with doubtful intonation.

"Have you seen any of them?" asked Aunt Mona, referring, of course, to the Winfields.

"I have seen them all," was the answer. "I made a point of seeing them."

"And of quarrelling with them," said Aunt Mona, her peculiar, gentle humour visible in the corners of her mouth and eyes, in spite of her very real trouble and vexation of spirit.

"Yes, if it had pleased them; but it didn't, and I

don't think any the better of them for their peaceability, for my part," said Aunt Robert.

"What did they say then?" Aunt Mona questioned.

"You know what they are," answered Mrs. Robert, contemptuously. "I never did think Charles Winfield entirely a responsible being, you know. There he was, with a drawing-room full of dogs, and his pockets stuffed with little biscuits purloined at luncheon, which he kept putting on their noses and making them catch in their mouths, as if that was an occupation befitting a Christian man! And there was she, conscious of a very pretty youthful-looking cap, and caring a great deal more whether it became her than whether her husband was playing the fool or her daughter selling herself for an establishment."

Certainly Aunt Robert's strictures did not lean to the side of charity.

"'So I am to congratulate you upon Edith going to become my brother's wife,' I said"—she went on narrating her interview—"and Mrs. Winfield answered, 'I suppose you may. The dear child has been left entirely to her own free choice in the matter.'

"'A very queer choice she has made, then,' I remarked. 'He is old enough to be her father, and is almost a woman-hater.'

"And she answered smartly, 'He admires Edith, at any rate, well enough to ask her to be mistress at Highwood.'

"And when I asked whether she equally admired him? she answered, 'You must not ask me, Mrs. Lancaster. But we are very glad to have her settled near us. We are getting old, you know,' with a look at her husband, 'and it is well to have her provided for.' She had the audacity to say that."

"But did you not see Edith herself?" queried Aunt Mona,

"She came into the room before I went away, looking as washed-out as Edith can look, so that you wonder how you ever took her to be handsome," said Aunt Robert.

"She is one of the people who want happiness to make them even look their best," interrupted Aunt Mona.

"To tell you the truth, I could not say anything to her. She looked at me with those eyes of hers, and held out her hand, and I couldn't say a word, any more than I could punish a dog who looked at me so," said Aunt Robert.

"Do you think the marriage has been forced upon her?" asked Aunt Mona.

"She has been made to see the desirability of doing something in the matrimonial line," Aunt Robert answered. "You know her father ran through his fortune rapidly—literally sent it to the dogs; and Charles, the second, is not much better. There will be no home for her at Winfield Court when he comes into possession. Edith has been very unhappy ever since her first season, when she was positively dazzling. I don't see much of their set, but I fancy she was all but engaged then to a friend

of her brother's, a young officer in the same regiment and heir to a title; but it was broken off, and, being clever, she got the name of a flirt. The young men were delighted to flirt with her. But her mother takes care to let her know that she is a failure, and she is glad to put an end to it in any way."

What a picture! I felt my cheeks burn with indignation and shame, and an almost compunction of tenderness toward the victim of this heartless burtering.

Aunt Mona was full of compassion too,

"Poor child!" she said, "how bright and winning she was, with all her love of mischief."

"She will find none to make in our family, so much has been made already. It is all done to her hands," said Aunt Robert. "But she will either find something of the kind, or die of dulness. Henry does not intend to change his way of life for any woman. He wants an heir, but he does not want a wife; and he will go on as if she was not there at all. That will not suit Edith. She will be discontented, and he will resent her discontent."

Neither from the one nor the other could I quite make out what manner of man this Uncle Henry was, nor what his life had been. His present life was evidently a completely selfish one. He had practised at the bar, and was now a magistrate. He prided himself on his justice, and upon giving to all their due, and he clearly thought that a very great deal was due to Henry Lancaster for being the man he was; and, on the other hand, that very little, except punishment when they did anything wrong to the Henry Lancasters of the world, was due to the common herd of men. He managed his own affairs. Spent the morning in his library, where he never touched a book. Rode over his estate all the afternoon. Went to church on Sunday morning. Sat on the bench, a terror to evil-doers. Passed a fortnight yearly in London, marching through the exhibitions, and attending meetings. Never had a guest in his house, and only entertaining the rector and a few of his fellow magistrates and their wives at dinner half a dozen times a year. By all I could hear, he was a petrified man. And this was to be the husband of an eager impulsive girl, capable, whatever her faults might be, of great humility and great veneration. The thought of it almost made me forget my deeper interest in the terrible transaction which handed her over to such a fate. And yet I was conscious of a feeling of relief concerning Ernest, as well as of concern for his disappointment. He had a high ideal of women, both intellectually and morally. He positively hated-and that because of their idea of women-Byron and Heine too, though he read the latter more than the former, voting his countryman unreadable, with the exception of a few descriptive passages. "His men and women are like the troupe of a penny theatre," he once said, and I never think of Lara and the Corsair, in whom I once had a childish delight, without the association of this idea of his. No doubt at that stage I should also have been

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lost in wonder and admiration at the penny theatre too. Perhaps Ernest's ideal would be less degraded by his present disappointment than if he had come to know more of her who caused it. It was a part of his nature, his reverence for women, which had never been invaded by the blight of cynicism.

But he must be told of the engagement. That was my present difficulty. If it had been to a stranger, to any one but our unknown and hostile relative, it would have seemed an easier task. As it was I tried and tried again to put it before him in any way that would make it look less—what to him I knew it would look—hideous.

The result was that I wrote and told him of the engagement, without mentioning Uncle Henry's name at all.

And the answer was a burst of laughter. I seemed to hear it in the short mocking sentences—a burst of laughter worse than the bitterest grief.

CHAPTER XXII. SOUL-SICKNESS.

ERNEST and his friend have agreed to share a set of chambers in Lincoln's Inn, for Ernest determined not to remain longer at the University, and simply took his degree, without going in for honours as he had intended. The chambers are three rooms, which Ernest describes as "dark, darker, darkest;" and in the smallest and darkest there is a little clerk, who will keep the chambers and run their errands, and, in due time, carry their gowns and wigs to Court, and take charge of their briefs, when they get them, though that time seems a long way off indeed.

We have not seen the chambers yet. Ernest had not been very pressing in his invitation, and Miss Maude Bennett and her sisters have been before us. They behaved in such a way, that Ernest does not want us to come at all.

"If they [the Misses Bennett] hear that you have been there, they will come again; they will haunt the place," he said. "What do we want with crayons on our walls and bouquets on our tables?"

"Did Miss Maude bring you a bouquet?" I asked.

"No, but she brought one for Mr. Temple. If
Lizzie does not mind, she will cut her out," he said.

It was not like him to speak in this way, and I dare say I looked vexed and astonished, for he added, "You need not take that quite so seriously. She may try it; but I think it would take greater attractions than Miss Maude can boast, to supplant Lizzie in Temple's estimation."

Then Mr. Temple did admire her. No doubt he confided in Ernest, and Ernest had not thought it necessary to be more guarded in speaking of it.

In the meantime, Mr. Temple had taken up his quarters in the Bennett household. It was his uncle's wish that he should do so; his uncle having the greatest possible horror of London, its lodgings, and its ways entirely. The only safeguard from actual robbery and violence was, he considered, in being a

member of some respectable family; and so in order to keep the old gentleman's mind easy concerning himself, Mr. Temple acquiesced in the arrangement, Ernest is constantly receiving invitations to accompany him home to dinner, and to spend the evening in Bedford Square, and these he has accepted from time to time, till he has fallen into the habit of spending Sunday away from home, while on Saturday Mr. Temple comes to us. He comes alone, too, for Ernest has joined the volunteer corps to which so many of the Inn belong. Therefore he no longer comes for Ernest's sake.

Ernest and he indeed seem to be drifting more and more apart. How can it be otherwise? Two cannot walk together unless they are agreed, at least unless their disagreements are capable of being united in a deeper harmony; and on all the deeper questions of life they are becoming silent. Ernest is more and more gloomy and reserved. He is no longer tenderly respectful, as he used to be, in speaking of women, I never dare to speak of Edith to him; I cannot provoke the sneer with which he met allusion to her. I suppose he learnt the whole truth from Aunt Robert, and it has revolted him. And the association with these Bennett girls is not good for him. Mr. Temple even feels this. He has acknowledged to Aunt Mona that he is not at home among themthat he has to seek for companionship and sympathy out-of-doors.

I think he finds it good to know Aunt Monica. And indeed it is. How wise she is, how calm and sober, and yet full of a glowing fervour. What a patient teacher she is, always leading one out of one's self, and away from herself. "She is," says Herbert Temple, "a true daughter of the Church of Christ," And as I know more, I see exactly what he means by it. I see the sober wisdom, the fervent devotion, the patient teaching, the leading out of self and beyond herself ever to the feet of Christ. To be planted in this Church is like being planted in a garden where every living seed of heavenly life must grow. How lovely are her seasons, weaving together the life and the doctrine, the doctrine and the life; leading the spirit through humiliation to rejoicing, and from sorrow to joy, and from joy to strength; not trying to make her children take in all truth at once, but portion by portion, and yet making them secure of the whole as their divine heritage.

Aunt Robert came down the other day on purpose to tell us that Uncle Henry's marriage has been postponed on account of Edith's health. Aunt Robert, though she has quarrelled hotly with her brother-in-law, has no idea of holding aloof from him. She keeps up her communication with him, though I do not think their intercourse can be a pleasant one for either. "I must meet him," she said, "when I am at Nyewood, and he must meet me. He knows my mind, but that is no reason why we should not speak to each other. I think it is all the more reason we

should. And we should have to give our neighbours a good deal of trouble in keeping us apart besides, and create no end of talk and scandal."

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"What is the matter with Edith?" said Aunt Mona.
"She has never been ill in her life before."

"That is the provoking part of it; so Mrs. Winfield says, at least; and there is nothing particular the matter with her, so the doctor says. There is no organic disease, only a nervous breakdown. At first her mother dealt sharply with her, for she herself has nerves of steel, and Edith has always been curiously submissive to her mother, more under her influence than any one, seeing the pair, would have thought possible; but all her influence seems gone. Fits of depression from which nothing would rouse her, alternated with fits of restlessness; and she began to look so haggard and so ill that at last they determined on taking her away abroad. At one time she wanted the marriage broken off, and at another time hurried on, so that it has taxed all Mrs. Winfield's diplomacy to keep the state of affairs from Henry. Of course he had to be told that she was ill, and he felt himself injured in consequence. He even condescended to ask me very particularly whether I thought she was sickly or not."

"Edith is not naturally sickly," said Aunt Mona.
"I fear it is sickness of the soul, poor child. It
would be far better for her not to fulfil her engagement"

"You don't think I kept silent on that score!" said Aunt Robert. "No, no. I told both Mrs. Winfield and Henry what I thought. Mrs. Winfield answered with the old story. She had not influenced Edith's choice. She was free to break off her engagement if she chose, only it was a disastrous thing for a girl to do, As for Henry, he said, of course, what is perfectly true, that he could not break with her, could not even allow it to be supposed that he was willing to set her free, which would be equivalent. He had supposed her rather improved by the prospect of her marriage—soberer and more dignified. That is so like him, Monica, is it not?" commented Aunt Robert. "When, in truth, she was behaving like a perfect automaton. Not a bit of life or spirit The upshot of it is that the marriage is postponed till November, and the Winfields have gone abroad, with a detachment of dogs, of course."

Herbert has found Mr. Bothwell at last, and that not when he was in search of him, but, as it were, by chance. A friend of his took him one evening to a meeting which is held in his district, but unconnected with the church. A meeting without a name, he calls it. The young clergyman could not tell how it began, or who began it; he had simply been told of it by some one.

"There was nothing formal about it," said Herbert.

"One or two ladies were present, evidently members of the Society of Friends. Some had Bibles and some religious books; and each read what had most struck, or helped, or comforted him or her during the week;

or they read a portion of Scripture, each taking a verse in turn, like children in a school. Then a few sentences of comment were made by one or other, generally ending in prayer. The meeting was made up of the ladies whom I noticed, several poor married women, and one or two servants, a small tradesman of the neighbourhood, and the one I fancied might be your friend.

"He has a pale face," Herbert went on, "much marred by small-pox, but lighted up by a pair of dark, clear, penetrating eyes, and by a smile of singular sweetness and purity. He is very shabby, and extremely lame."

"Oh! that is our Mr. Bothwell!" I exclaimed.
"There is no doubt about it. You will take us next
Tuesday, will you not?"

"Gladly," he answered. And so it was settled that Aunt Mona and I should go.

Next Tuesday Herbert met us at the station, and we drove in a cab through the most dismal labyrinth of streets that could be conceived.

We arrived a little late, still before the exercises of the evening had begun, and we found seats, unobserved, in the background. After a short silence, and some whispered talk among those present, they were proceeding, and we thought ourselves doomed to disappointment, when Mr. Bothwell entered. He was welcomed by more than one with a silent hand-grasp, and took his seat at the little table without having seen us.

Some one repeated a short prayer, and spoke of its having sustained in a time of difficulty and trial by its teaching to leave in God's hands both the things to be done and the things to be suffered.

"That is true," said Mr. Bothwell, quietly. "We who lead tried and tempted lives, how do we too often encounter our trials and temptations? We go to meet them, as it were, we lav hold of them and wrestle with them, quite sure that that is the thing God would have us to do. We battle with our worldliness, our covetousness, our uncharitableness, on its own ground, and we come out of the conflict anything but ready in body or in soul, but bruised, and battered, and lowered, and enfeebled; whereas if we had simply put ourselves in the hands of God, it may be we need not have fought at all. The Captain of our salvation might have routed our foes for us, and left us ready to accomplish those things He would have us to do. Those who are of the Church will understand what I mean when I ask if temptation had any power when they realised His spiritual presence at the Lord's Supper, when they seemed to take the bread of life from other than mortal hands, and to feed upon it in their hearts by faith with thanksgiving; and those who dwell more on the ministry of the Spirit will understand me when I ask if temptation had any power when they had waited in silence and in prayer, and felt Him, the Holy One, breathing into their souls. Could any of you have been uncharitable, or covetous, or worldly-minded then? Many of you, I believe, will

find it a joyful hour when you come to die, because your manifold temptations will then have utterly disappeared; and why? Simply because you have begun to realise the presence of Christ so truly that scarcely the lifting of the veil can make it more real to you. Why are we not living at this height, instead of only dying at it?"

Mr. Pothwell sat down in silence—a silence that

told us of. Strictly grammatical it was not, but truly spiritual it certainly was; and the want of grammar did not render it less full of meaning, as I found, to either Herbert or Aunt Monica,

When it was ended, the little company began to separate, and we hastened up to Mr. Bothwell, and made ourselves known to him, with many reproaches both for ourselves and him.



"Herbert went up to the table, and wrote it down in his pocket-book."

remained unbroken for several minutes—and then we noticed the slight harassing cough, the flush and tremor, and the extreme emaciation, which had come upon him since we saw him last. Aunt Mona and I exchanged glances of sorrow and sympathy, and this, with the emotion which his words had raised, melted me to tears, which I tried vainly to restrain.

After the quiet reading of some chapters in the Gospel of St. John, the prayer of the evening followed, from the lips of the tradesman Herbert had "We must not lose sight of you again," said Aunt Mona. "It is too late now, or we should insist on seeing you home; but we must have your address."

Herbert went up to the table, and wrote it down in his pocket-book, and we said good-night, and parted.

On our way home, we all came to the conclusion that we had not found him a day too soon; that he must be seen to immediately; and we thankfully accepted Herbert's offer to go to him on the morrow.

Herbert brought us news of him in the evening. coming out on purpose to tell us how he had found him. He was even worse than we had anticipated. Alas! it is little more of mortal help that he will need. He owned to Herbert that he is getting too weak to work, and that he thinks he has not long to live. He caught cold moving out of his little room, which was close and warm, into a damp illbuilt attic, and it has settled on his lungs. But, he says, as it is summer, he may be able to keep about till the last-till within a day or two of the end. As before, his neighbours help him, especially the women. "They are the lowest of the low," he said, "but let me bear my testimony to this, that even in its most utter ruin and desecration human nature is never wholly worthless. Have faith in it, young man; never lose faith in it and its divine possibilities. There is no infidelity deeper than that."

"There is only one thing to be done," said Aunt Mona, quickly. "We must bring him here, and Una and I must nurse him."

Lizzie took Aunt Mona's hand and kissed it, and Herbert followed her example. As for me, I could have kissed her feet, but I did not. I had neither word nor kiss for her till we were alone together. On the morrow we went with Herbert, Aunt Mona and I, to propose our plan, but Mr. Bothwell would not listen to it, and, indeed, it did seem too late. He told us he had enough for all his wants, and that he could not without suffering be burdensome to others. Then he said, so feelingly that it was impossible to doubt how much it was to him, that the love in our offer was enough for him; he would have nothing more.

After this Herbert devoted himself to him, and Ernest was with him often; but he was very silent concerning his visits; indeed, there was hardly now a break in our poor boy's impenetrable gloom. The comfortable, easy-going, cynical infidelity of the day was not for him.

But there was more of suffering in store for our friend than any of us could have imagined. He had a large stock of that strange thing vitality, and, while unable to cat what would have been needed by the feeblest infant, he still lived on. At length he was confined to the little bed in his wretched room, and the doctor who had been called in advised his removal to the workhouse infirmary.

And thither he at length consented to be removed, though Aunt Mona renewed her offer with tears. We knew then that it was not from any remnant of mere self-respect that he refused. It was that he held charity to be so sacred a thing that he feared to profane it, or to lead to its profenation. He had lived among men and women who had ceased from believing in it, because they had profaned it—made it consist in doles of food and clothing and money, not hesitating, in order to procure these, to practise any lying or hypocrisy. They had ceased to believe

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in the love of any giver, thinking it was only a way of getting something that givers cared for, in thanks and praise and the favour of God. He was among some who would not have scrupled to use the words and example by which he was striving to raise them up, thus to degrade themselves lower still.

"What would my mother have thought of it?" he said, when the resolution was taken. "But where she is now, it will not matter," he added, smiling with tender humour. "The point of view is everything."

In the midst of this the vacation had arrived, and a summons had come to Ernest to go to Malta and join his father's ship there for a cruise on the coast of Africa. We were glad of this for Ernest, as it might take him out of himself, and we dreaded particularly to have him idle on our hands.

Herbert stayed in town till Mr. Bothwell died, which he did most lingeringly. Herbert said there was still work for him to do. His smile lighted up the dreary place. His presence created a new atmosphere for its dreary inmates. Several of them died before him, greatly helped and comforted by his living words. Herbert carried them from one pallet to the other when his voice was too weak to be heard.

And now we could carry him and his fellowprisoners, unchidden, the tokens of God's love and ours in fruits and flowers, and whatever would minister to their weakness or alleviate their pain, and this we did up to the last.

But he died in the night, with no one near him but the pauper nurse. His last words, "Count it all joy," moved the apathetic soul, accustomed to many a forsaken death-bed, as no cry of suffering could have moved her. It stirred her heart to mysterious and incomprehensible depths; and he who had drunk the cup of humiliation to its very dregs, was tended in death with a reverence, seeing whence it came, greater than that accorded to the highest earthly dignity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SECRET AND A REVELATION.

AUNT ROBERT has been pressing us to go down with her to the country for the autumn. As Ernest was away, she thought we might shut up our little house, and leave it for a month or two; but this Aunt Monica steadily declined to do. She did not seem able to encounter the risk of a meeting with her brother in his present state of feeling towards her, and even revisiting the familiar scenes would be too painful.

Aunt Monica could not be left alone, and so it remained for Lizzie and me to decide between us. We were both rather unwilling to go, which was decidedly ungracious of us; only I was rendered more reluctant by the consciousness that Aunt Robert would prefer Lizzie. I made the offer, however; but when Mr. Bothwell died, and Herbert also went away, Lizzie

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seemed willing to take my place. I had no further scruples, but gladly allowed her to do so,

Aunt Monica and I were left alone, and to be alone with Aunt Monica is like being alone altogether.

"And please, Aunt Mona, if that sounds uncomplimentary," I added, "it is not so from me."

"I quite believe it," she answered. "When people cannot bear to be alone it shows they are not at home with themselves, or that they have made being at home there unpleasant, and one must be quite at home with another, and find it pleasant, too, before one can be truly alone with them."

The weeks that followed were certainly the most solitary weeks I had ever spent in my life. Even Clara went away on a visit, and I used to take my old walks alone till Claude found it out, and begged to accompany me, an offer which I accepted gratefully, as the people on the roads here are not always

pleasant to meet.

Claude and I are becoming quite confidential. We have long talks together of an evening, in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden. He is not very happy in his present position, feeling constrained and uneasy in his relations with his inscrutable rector, who listens to everything he has to say and makes no response whatever—has, one is led to think, very little sympathy with enthusiasm, no matter in what direction. Claude confides to me his ideas concerning the Church of the future, which is to unite all that is noblest and best in the warring parties of the present, each fighting, as he believes, for some aspect of truth.

What am I to do? In a moment of confidence Claude has been betrayed into telling me of his love for Lizzie. I am deeply grieved on his account, for of course I could not give him a single gleam of hope or comfort. Indeed, I too was startled into a betrayal—though it was only the betrayal that it was so—the natural expression of my sympathy with him. Why it was so he was too delicate to ask, but he saw at once that he had done wrong in speaking to me.

"I had no right to tell you this," he went on, with growing agitation—"you, of all people. You know exactly how we are circumstanced. It may be years before I could offer the woman I love a home" (how strange it sounded to hear Lizzie spoken of as a woman), "and it may well be that that time will never come. I have no influence. A clergyman can do little or nothing to command success. I could wait, wait and serve as Jacob did for Rachel. But it is one thing to wait yourself and another to ask any one else to wait. How could I have burdened you with my secret? for a secret I must ask you to make it. You will promise to leave her in undisturbed ignorance, and I will try, for very love of her, to overcome."

I have promised Claude that I will keep his secret; but he is quite right in feeling that he ought not to have burdened me with it. Is there an element of weakness in his character, beautiful as it is? 1 could not fancy Herbert Temple doing the same thing,

November has come, and we are all at home again. Ernest and Mr. Temple are back in their chambers, and busy with their legal studies. On Saturday Herbert came to us as usual. He did not say anything about going away, and we were greatly astonished when Ernest came home on Monday evening, and told us that he had gone off to his uncle's.

"Why, he has just come back!" exclaimed Lizzie. And Aunt Mona asked, with concern, if his uncle

had been suddenly seized with illness.

But no; nothing had happened—nobody was ill. And Ernest was mysterious, and more roused and interested than was now usual with him.

At last something leaked out—something at which we could not help smiling, though Lizzie was also deeply indignant.

"The truth is," said Ernest—"though perhaps it is not the whole truth—the truth is that Temple finds staying in Bedford Square no longer a tenable position, and he is going to make some new arrangement for which the old gentleman must be consulted. In fact, Miss Maude became a little too demonstrative, and as Temple had 'no intentions,' it was a rather awkward dilemma, especially as Bennett père was evidently looking on with approving eye."

Strangely enough, the next day save one brought me a note from Herbert, to say that he would see me on the following day. Why was he in such haste to see me? Why, indeed, did he wish to see me at all? I showed the note to Aunt Monica, and she made no remark. She merely handed it back to me, and

kissed me in her own tender way.

It was indeed strange, something so strange, so overwhelming, that I could not think, far less write, for days, though the one subject held my mind wholly captive. Herbert had gone down to Devonshire to gain the consent of his uncle to a proposal of marriage—and to me. When he came down, Aunt Monica received him. We had not expected him so early, and Lizzie and I were up-stairs helping Juliana with the rooms. He was some time with Aunt Monica before I was sent for; indeed, it was she herself who came for me, and told me to go down to him alone.

I had by this time begun to feel a vague tremor. Herbert came to the door of the room to receive me, and led me to a chair. One look at his face, and I knew all. I could read it in that one glance, tender and impassioned, before which my eyes felt blinded, and my heart sank fainting within me. He made no preface. He said, quite simply, "Una, I have come to ask you if you will be my wife."

I hardly know how I answered him, but I must have uttered the word "impossible," for he repeated it after me. I had covered my face with my hands, and there was a dreadful silence. At last he spoke in a low firm voice, in which I could hear the pain. "Forgive me," he said. "I have hurt and offended you. I have taken too much for granted."

At that moment I knew that he had not, but then Lazzie—my darling Lizzie—could I accept the happiness and leave her the sorrow? It seemed treason even to feel, as I could not help feeling, a thrill of something like joy. A tunult of emotion overpowered me. I only know that I dismissed him without hope, and condemned myself to suffer.

A long silence. I can never think of silence according to Carlyle. I could never call it golden. To me it is a flower, a living growth, a healing balm, the smile upon a mother's face when she looks upon her sleeping child. Growth is silent. The growth of love and holy affections is silent. "Yea, every power that fashions and upholds, works silently." Deep grief is silent too, only that is not a growth to be nourished; rather is it a wound to be healed, and that too is the work of silence. It is selfish to nurse sorrow, except that it may be healed. There is more need for joy, and if the garden of the soul is too bleak and wintry to bear it, we may gather in its stead the sweet white flower of patience, or the hardy blossom of hope.

It has been a dreary winter, though Aunt Robert has done her best to brighten it for us. The great event of the season has been the birth of Edwin's child-a son. He is a very puny little thing, with a dear wee pinched face, unaccountably weak and small, seeing that both father and mother are large and handsome. I never saw Edwin so touched, so seriously tender about anything before. He seems to feel the solemn responsibility of having and holding the frail treasure of this feeble human life as he never felt anything. Lizzie and he are alike in their devotion to it. It has carried Lizzie out of herself entirely. She has been quite at home in Edwin's house ever since it came; indeed, now we are all coming and going continually with some kind of help or other, for Doretta is perfectly helpless. She is prettier than ever, with her transparent fairness heightened by delicacy. She is not at all strong, and gives herself all the airs of an invalid, so that we have everything in the way of work to do for her and the baby. I do not know how they manage their affairs, but from what I have seen, they seem to spend a great deal. Doretta came to see us the first day she was out, dressed in velvet and furs, and with a nurse carrying the baby in great splendour. They are only in lodgings as yet, but Doretta wants Edwin to take a house for her. She says the woman they lodge with has been very uncivil, complaining of the trouble they give, or did give, for it was of their late hours she complained, and they have had nothing of that kind recently, though the theatregoing was kept up till within a few weeks of baby's coming. Edwin looks troubled when she speaks about having a house. He has not a penny to furnish it with, unless he has saved something during the past year, and I do not think it is at all likely that he has. But he does not contradict her, or complain of her in any way, and he does not often come to us. That is because of the settled coldness between him and Ernest.

Ernest has been very considerate towards me. He has not mentioned the very name of his friend in my presence, perplexed though he is about my rejection of his offer. The only thing we have heard concerning Herbert—and this was told to Lizzie—is that his uncle has come up to London and taken up house, for his nephew's sake. Lizzie, I am glad to say, is as full of life and energy as of old. She is graver and more tender in her ways, but she has nothing of the blighted being about her. Ernest is by far the more melancholy of the two.

Edith has not returned to England. She is still abroad, and on the plea of health; but her engagement is at length broken off. Aunt Robert told us that Mrs. Winfield kept it unbroken as long as she could, but that at length Uncle Henry took a journey to Mentone, and came back a free man.

"He hates travelling," said Aunt Robert, "and it was not everything that would have taken him away from home in the month of December, certainly not to win the best wife in the world; but he wanted to get rid of his bargain, and he did. He did not want to tell me anything, but I made him. I was determined to hear all about it, and between him and Mrs. Winfield's letters I managed to do it. It was Edith herself who dismissed him at last. To do her justice, I fancy it made her ill to contemplate her fate, and that she is quite as glad to escape as he is. Perhaps she will get better now. She seems to have behaved very well to Uncle Henry, and took all the blame, or laid it all on the unfortunate breakdown of her health. And now-now he is looking out for another wife."

"And why should he not?" said Lizzie. "He has nobody to care for him."

"Well, I'm not going to help him, at any rate," Aunt Robert made answer; "unless, indeed, he would take a fancy to Miss Bell or Miss Nancy Amphlett."

Aunt Monica laughed, and we asked, in one breath, Lizzie and I, who Miss Bell and Miss Nancy were, and found that they were two dear old maiden ladies who lived close to Highwood, and had the requisite birth and breeding, and also, what Aunt Robert conconsidered the requisite age, being our uncle's contemporaries, if not his seniors—at any rate belonging to the same generation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LIFE AND DEATH.

AGAIN I must set down events that appear already as if they had happened long ago, though, in reality, it is only a few months since.

We were then at the end of winter, and now the summer has begun; but my little journal has been lying untouched in its drawer, and I have been away —called to new duties, and new and heavy trials.

We have not been unused to telegrams. Our associations with them, moreover, have been so constantly happy and pleasant, that they raise in us anything but anticipations of evil; though that, too, is of the past. However, when Juliana came in with the yellow paper on her tray, Lizzie and I jumped up delightedly. We had just sat down, after finishing our more active duties, to an hour or two of needlework, while Aunt Monica read to us.

"Papa is in port!" "Papa is coming home!" were our exclamations, while Aunt Monica tore open the

missive, which was addressed to her.

We had not seen him for so long, we were so glad to think he was coming; but our gladness was only momentary. As we looked at Aunt Monica's face it changed to apprehension. She did not speak at once, but the paper trembled in her hand, and she put up the other to her head, and covered her eyes for an instant, as if in prayer.

"My dears," she said, at length, very gravely,

"your father is ill."

We waited to hear more, quite dumb with fear—waited to hear the worst.

"He has been taken on shore at Cowes, and is lying at the hotel there. We are to go to him. There is no immediate danger," continued Aunt Monica.

The last words were indeed a relief.

We hastened to her side, Lizzie kneeling and I standing over her to peruse and re-peruse the words, so few and brief, laden with such messages of fate. The telegram was from the first lieutenant on board our father's ship, and ran:—

Commander Lancaster has had a seizure of the nature of paralysis. He has been taken on shore at Cowes, and is at the hotel here. Come as soon as possible. No immediate danger.

For a few moments we were unable to look into each other's faces, though not one of us shed a tear. It was not the kind of trouble which can win the solace of tears. It had in it too much of dread, which rather dries up their flow. It laid hold of our hearts with a grasp that stifled us. Both Lizzie and I felt sick; looking into Lizzie's upturned face, I could see that her colour had fled, and that her lips were parched and pale. I felt so faint that I leaned quite heavily on Aunt Mona's chair, while Lizzie hid her face in her lap. Then she gave me her hand to clasp, while the other rested on Lizzie's head. In the solemn stillness that followed I knew that these two prayed together. Prayer was not a matter of times and seasons with Aunt Mona; it was the atmosphere in which she lived. With her it was not the pleading cry of the beggar at the gate, but the speech of the daughter at home in her Father's house. And yet the cry of those who are without, is not that, too, heard and answered? Does it not move with compassion the very heart of God?

After the brief expressive silence, we fell to look-

ing once more at the words of the telegram, that we might extract from them their fullest meaning.

"We must be prepared to find him very ill," said Aunt Monica.

"It is clear he cannot write," I added. "We must go to him at once." That was the thought of all.

Then came the question, Who is to go? Aunt Monica of course, but which of us?

"You must both go. It would be the hardest task to stay behind, and happily it is not necessary," said Aunt Monica. "Let us get ready without any more delay."

So Lizzie found a railway guide, and we saw that there was a three o'clock train which would take us to Portsmouth in time to cross over, and be at Cowes that evening. Then there were the boys to be considered. If it was a question of seeing their father for the last time—and we had to entertain the thought, painful as it was—they too must go.

At length it was settled that Lizzie and I should hasten into town and see Ernest, who was the most easily reached, and entrust him with the task of telling Edwin, and if possible bringing him to meet us at the station, where Aunt Monica was to be waiting for us, with what little luggage we should

require.

Lizzie and I got ready, or rather Aunt Monica got us ready, in a very short space of time. As for me, I had to sit down more than once in the midst of our preparations in agitation, which I tried in vain to quell.

We had started before I remembered that we were going to Lincoln's Inn, and that I might meet Mr. Temple. But it did not seem to affect me now as it would have done the day before. My thoughts and feelings were too deeply preoccupied.

There was no time to be lost, but we had to pass Edwin's lodgings on our way to the station, and we thought it would be well to run in, and tell Doretta that she might be prepared for Edwin's going away. The little maid opened the door to us, and in answer to our inquiry for her mistress, told us that she was not at home. We were about to leave a message, and turn away, when our ears were saluted with a burst of crying.

"Is that baby?" said Lizzie, listening.

"Yes, miss," answered the girl. "I can't keep him quiet. He has begun already."

"Has Mrs. Lancaster been long gone, then?"

"She went out with master this morning," answered

"With Mr. Lancaster—at eight o'clock?" said Lizzie; and we looked at each other.

"Oh no, miss. Master hasn't gone to business to-day. He and the missus is gone for a holiday."

"And left the baby!" said Lizzie, with suppressed indignation.

"Yes, miss," said the girl, stolidly.

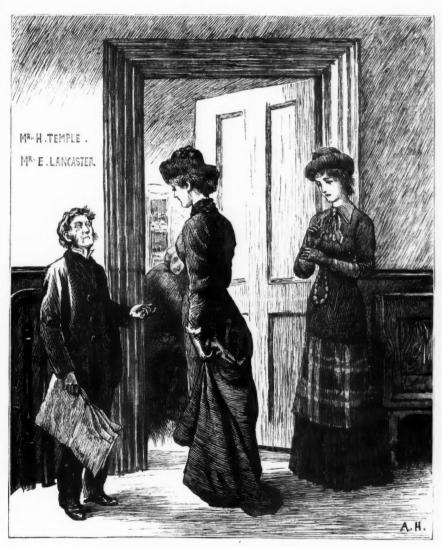
"Let me go and see him," said Lizzic, and she passed the maid, and ran up-stairs, while I followed. ba

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Guided by the cries, we went into the parlour, where baby lay in his cradle, screaming violently. On the table stood a bottle of milk, and what seemed a vial of medicine, and spoon. Lizzie took up the

crying had stopped, and seemed to be giving place to a kind of stupor.

Lizzie repeated her question, with sufficient sternness.



"Lizzie and I topped him by the head and shoulders."-p. 334.

baby, and tried to soothe him, pressing the little face to hers. Presently she turned upon the girl—

"What have you been giving him? See, Una," she said, holding him toward me, and I could see that some brownish liquid was oozing from his mouth, and that some had dropped on his frock, and the

The girl looked sulky, and said she had given him nothing but what "missus" had told her to, if he cried. He had had plenty of milk, and he wouldn't go to sleep, and she had only given him the drops.

"Oh, Una! see how strange he looks," cried Lizzie.
"He is ill—perhaps poisoned."

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"Tell the landlady to come up," I said, and the girl went down-stairs, crying.

Very soon the landlady appeared, looking ill-tempered enough, and muttering that people had no call to be upset in this way.

"It's all right," she said. "He's not had too much. I give the drops myself, only not in the day-time. Don't wake him up, miss; you'll only do him harm."

"When will Mrs. Lancaster be at home?" I asked.

"That I can't say, miss," replied the woman. "Not till night, I dare say. We were to take fresh milk for the child;" and she repeated the assurance that he would be all right.

What was to be done? Of course, trying to find Edwin and Doretta was out of the question. So, cautioning the girl that on no account was the dose to be repeated, we went our way mournful and indignant.

We got to Lincoln's Inn at last. Of course we had to go round the whole square, too, before we reached the particular door on which, amid a crowd of other names, were inscribed those of Mr. Temple and Mr. Lancaster.

But at length it was found, and when we had knocked and been opened to by the clerk—such a very small man that Lizzie and I topped him by the head and shoulders—we gave our names and were at once ushered into an inner room, in which Ernest and Mr. Temple were sitting together with a pile of books before them. Ernest was balancing a paper-knife on his finger when he looked up and saw us. But the smile with which he jumped up to greet us faded from his face as he looked in ours.

Mr. Temple, who had also risen on our entrance, came forward and shook hands with us gravely.

"We had a telegram from Cowes this morning," I said. "Papa is very ill. We are on our way to the station;" and I put the paper into Ernest's hand.

He read it in silence, and offered it to Mr. Temple, who had been finding chairs for us by removing the books and papers which appeared to remain in possession.

We were glad to sit down.

"I shall go with you," were the first words Ernest spoke. Then he added, with evident emotion, "Does Edwin know?"

We told him that Edwin was unfortunately out of the way. We could only suggest that he should be written to; that a note would find him at home in the evening. We explained our own arrangements.

"There is time for me to run down and meet Aunt at the terminus, while you go on," he said.

"Can I be of any service?" said Mr. Temple.

"Let me go and meet Miss Lancaster, while you remain here with your sisters till it is time to start."

"Yes, that will be better," said Ernest, and the next minute Mr. Temple had shaken hands with us once more, and was gone. The clerk was sent for a cab, and, after some delay, we set off to the station. When we arrived there, we found Aunt Monica and Mr. Temple already waiting for us, our tickets procured, and the luggage safe. It was impossible not to feel grateful for the tender sympathy expressed in the face and voice of the latter, and as he stood uncovered, while the train moved out of the station, I felt thankful for this meeting, which made possible our meeting as friends in the future. Then I looked at Lizzie, and she was sitting in a corner, with her hands clasped tightly together, and a look of pain and weariness on her face such as I had never seen there before.

We found our father conscious, but unable to speak distinctly, or to move at all. He was indeed a stricken man. If he survived—and even that was yet doubtful—he would never more be fit for active service, perhaps not even for the ordinary intercourse of life—a helpless invalid, a "wreck." This last was his own word, the only one we could make out, and, coming from him, was the most pathetic he could have used.

Yet after a few days the doctors gave us hope of a certain amount of recovery, and Ernest went back to London for the present. We were all to follow as soon as he was able to be moved.

And now, after many weeks, we are at home again. Our father has regained in some measure the use of his limbs, and also of his speech, though his movements are slow, and his words uncertain, and all excitement is strictly forbidden.

Edwin did not come to us at all; consequently he has never seen poor papa. He was unable to accompany Ernest when he came to fetch us home. But Ernest did not come alone. Mr. Temple came with him, and proved of the utmost assistance, as poor papa can only walk on level ground, and that but for a little way, without support; while he has to be lifted about everywhere else.

So we got him home with less difficulty than we had expected. Aunt Monica has given up her room to him, as the coolest and airiest in the house. She devotes herself to comfort and sustain him; for he is often wrapt in the most heartrending gloom and despondency. It is the nature of his illness, the doctor says. At such times he will see no one but ourselves, and sits with his head sunk upon his breast, suffering silently.

Edwin has been to see us, but not alone, as we desired. Doretta insisted on coming with him, and on being admitted to papa's room. Aunt Monica tried to prevent her, but in vain. It was impossible to tell her that she could not be allowed to see him; she would not have understood; so she was simply told that he could not bear the least excitement, and that she must be very quiet; and even this she evidently resented.

We dreaded the interview, even with Edwin alone. If he could only have come with us, and been with him when he saw us all together, it would have been so much better.

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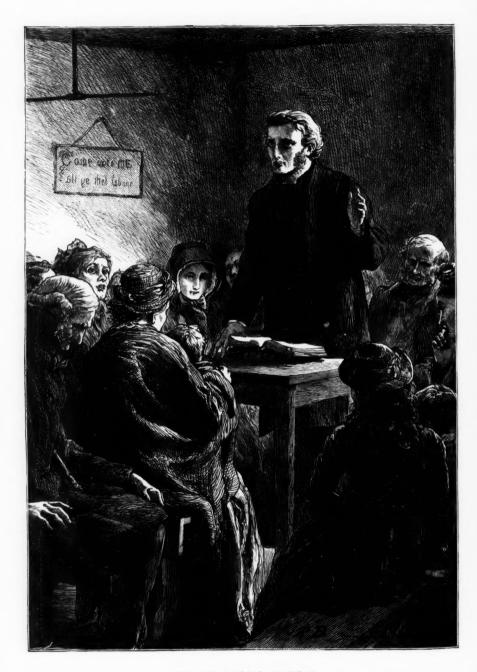
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"A service grand in its simplicity."

"Let Edwin go first," said Aunt Monica, as a last resource, "and then come and fetch you and baby."

"I don't know why it should be such a dreadful thing for him to see his father," she said, looking at us sulkily. "I suppose it is because he has married me. I am sure he ought not to mind it so much," she added, pointedly. "I think he will not be so hard upon Edwin and me. I will see him along with my husband."

"You had better go with them, then, Una," said Aunt Monica, yielding the point. "Your father may want something."

It was always me he wanted now. I was less active and more subdued than Lizzie. He liked me to sit by him doing nothing, or quietly reading. It troubled him to see any kind of work going on, and there was a good deal of work to be done, and we could less afford to have it done for us than ever.

I went up-stairs with Edwin and Doretta, and ushered them into the room. "Here is Edwin and his wife, papa," I said simply.

With bent head and eyes upon the ground Edwin crossed the floor and took his father's nerveless hand. Papa was the first to speak. "How are you, my lad?" he said, slowly, in his altered voice, and for a minute or two Edwin could not answer. He was choked and blinded with tears, and he could only bend over his father's hand, and put it to his lips in silence. When he raised his head it was to look behind him to where Doretta stood, still flushed and frowning, with her baby in her arms. She was not in the least impressed by our father's sad and stately presence. Edwin stood aside, and signing her to come forward, said, hoarsely, "My wife and child."

Our father made a courteous inclination, but he did not smile. Alas, he could no longer, and the gravity of his face vexed and disappointed Doretta. Her reception displeased her, and the frown on her face gathered ominously. Still she went up to him, and held out the child, saying—

"This is the little Benjamin; we called him after you.—Kiss grandpapa, Benjamin."

The wee white face puckered and turned away,

hiding itself on her shoulder. She gave the child an unseemly shake, and again turned the little face, distorted with crying, towards the invalid.

"Never mind, Doretta," said Edwin; and, turning to his father, added, "He's very delicate and fretful."

"I'm sure it is no fault of mine if he is, whatever your sisters may say," replied Doretta, in her loudest tones. "You need not make your father think ill of me, and me a stranger among you,"

Doretta had been gradually working herself up, and she now burst into passionate weeping.

"It is all because Edwin married me without telling them," she said, appealing to our father.

She did not say what was "all," but possibly meant our coldness toward her.

"You will feel for me," she continued, still addressing herself to him. "I have no blame; I love very much. His mother did the same; you will not that we suffer."

I shall never forget the look of misery on our father's face. He rose in his chair, as if to put an end to the scene, and then sank down again, conscious of his weakness. I felt I know not what of mingled resentment and shame and pity. Edwin groaned aloud, and, at a sign from me, led his wife out of the room.

"Do not let her come here again," my father said; and there was no need to enforce the prohibition. She declares that she will never enter the house again. Doretta evidently believes herself very hardly used. She thought she was pleading her own and her husband's cause most eloquently, and cannot understand what harm she could have done. Some allowance must be made for her as a foreigner. Well as she speaks English, she showed, in her excitement, that she had not a perfect grasp of the language, and our modes of thought and feeling may be still more difficult to her.

The interview certainly did more harm than she could have anticipated. It threw our father back for weeks, undid much of the amendment which had taken place, and caused us the utmost anxiety.

(To be continued.)

A COTTAGE SERVICE.

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ER feathery ferns and dew-besprinkled grasses,

Through lonesome lanes enshrouded by the night.

With firm quick tread the village pastor passes:

To him, in truth, the oft-trod path is bright.

Yet if the way were long or drear, what mattered?
A solemn trust was giv'n to him to hold,
And not because his sheep were widely scattered
Should they be left to stray without the fold.

So is it that a cottage, poor and lowly,

Is thronged with worshippers from holt and lea,

And prayer and song ascend to the Most Holy— A service grand in its simplicity.

What though the words resound from blackened rafter?

What though no sculptured column standeth there? The pastor telleth of the great Hereafter,

And walls and roof grow wondrous bright and fair.

Thus evermore God's servants are instilling

His loving words where hearts can best be reached; In every place the Master's words fulfilling—

"Unto the poor the Gospel shall be preached."

G. W.



While angry winds blew loud and shrill,
And clouds across the skies were driven,
They watched, in perfect faith, but still
No blessed manna fell from heaven.
But when we deemed their hopes were o'er,
They meekly raised each drooping head,
And lisped that simple prayer once more:
"Give us this day our daily bread."

The humble meal, how prized, how sweet,
Earned solely by those magic words!
When sparkling eyes, and dancing feet,
Showed God had fed His hungry birds.
When, pausing in their boisterous play
They to each other softly said,
"He ever hears us when we say
' Give us this day our daily bread."
FANNY FORRESTER.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

HE wintry sunshine, pale and chill,
Half shyly through our window stole,
In ghostly beams, that seemed to fill
With nameless fears my doubting soul;
For sadly fell their mocking light
On fireless grate, and cheerless wall:
Tears blurred my dim and aching sight,
Rebellious tears, too proud to fall.

In gracious haste, like nestling dove,
Within my clasp a dear hand lay;
And, oh! fond wife, thy precious love
Soon warmed the hearth so cold and grey!
The winter winds soft music made,
The winter sun glowed rosy red,
When, by our empty board, we prayed
"Give us this day our daily bread."

In garments white, our darlings three
Stole softly down the silent stair,
And, kneeling round their mother's knee,
With dimpled fingers clasped in prayer,
They raised to Heaven such hopeful eyes,
That angels bright their pinions spread,
And bore our message to the skies:
"Give us this day our daily bread,"



"NOT THIS MAN."

BY THE RIGHT REV. C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

"Then cried they all again, saying, Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber."-St. John xviii. 49

HESE most serious, and indeed terrible words may form a suitable text for a grave practical sermon which, at a time such as the present, can hardly be out of place or unseasonable.

The general object of these words will be to place before every sober reader or hearer, by the light afforded by one terrible example, the deep mystery of the plain fact which every day's experience brings out—viz., that sin ever tends to become more exceeding sinful, and that it frequently at last culminates in some dread manifestation which could never have been deemed possible beforehand.

This thought will be the leading thought of this paper. Let us now endeavour to develop

The actual history of the event need not long detain us. Those who are acquainted with the probable order of the events in the Evangelical narrative will remember that the incident alluded to in the text appears to have taken place at our Lord's second appearance before Pilate, after He had been sent back from Herod, and, with all circumstances of impious mockery, had been again handed over to the final judgment of the wretched and irresolute man who then bore the sword in Jerusalem. Pilate had sent away our Lord to Herod possibly for the purpose of conciliating him to whose jurisdiction the Holy One of Galilee might have been deemed to belong, but also-and more probably-for the sake of getting rid of a responsibility which, after His first interview with our Lord, pressed itself upon his wavering soul with a strange and unwonted force. Most wretched and most miserable man! Already, as three Evangelists record, he had declared openly to the Jews that he found no fault in the meek King of a world over which Roman eagles never flew; already he was almost pleading to the maddened crowd for the scourge rather than the cross, and pleading as he saw in vain, when one more subterfuge, one more means of saving Him whom as yet he dared not condemn, suddenly and hopefully presented itself. Custom, most probably a recent pagan custom, had sanctioned the liberation of one prisoner at the great national festival; and could not custom be used in bringing about what an aroused conscience dared not? It was a happy expedient, thought the hapless man, and one that must be presented in a form that could not and would not be rejected. One sanguinary wretch there was, one

whose crimes and not improbably impieties had gained him an infamous notoriety; one who, as has not improbably been conceived, under cover of some assumption of the name or prerogatives of the expected Messiah, may have so far outraged even the hypocritical feelings of the chief priests and Pharisees as to make his pardon as difficult on ecclesiastical as it was on civil grounds a seditious robber, a murderer, perchance a false Christ. For a moment, it would seem from the narrative of St. Matthew, there was a pause. Those tongues that five days before were so loud with hosannas, now for a moment faltered. But now was the hour of the powers of darkness. Devils spoke through priestly mouths, and, as St. Matthew tells us, persuaded the multitude-the now faithless and fickle multitude: yet once more the choice was offered, Barabbas, or Jesus that was called, yea, and had been called by their own tongues, Christ and King; and then arose to heaven that cry, the most fearful that ever rose from nation or people into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth-that cry in which all now joined with an appalling desperation, and made definite with terms of avowed and accepted contrast-"Not this man, but Barabbas." The Redeemer was rejected, the murderer spared.

Such are the historical features, striking enough, God knoweth, to quicken our hearts and to prepare us for meditations sad and startling as ever heart can dwell upon. Yet perchance the current of our thoughts will run still deeper if we pause awhile on one or two things which have been thought to give additional meaning and illustration to this tremendous scene.

In the first place, I do not think, we should wholly overlook the strange meaning suggested by the very name of him for whom the Son of the everlasting Father was rejected by those whom He came to save. Even if we may agree not to press that striking fact which modern criticism has brought before our notice, that many ancient copies of St. Matthew's Gospel appear to have prefixed the name of Jesus to Barabbas-"Whom will ye that I release unto you, Jesus Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?"-even if we decide, as I venture to think we shall be wise in deciding, to reject it as due to some strange error in transcription which found early acceptance from the contrast it suggested, we cannot, I think, wholly overlook the common, but in this case deeply significant name Barabbas, or "son of the father." Few of the older expositors leave the mysterious

hint wholly unnoticed, and one, at least, of our greatest English divines, Dr. Thomas Jackson, has paused to call our attention to this fearful verification of our Lord's words to the Jews when He declared to them their true spiritual descent, and the true fatherhood to which they belonged: "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth." Yea, verily, and the children instinctively acted in a manner that was consistent with such a dreadful lineage. Earlier history showed the growing feeling, later history witnesses its most frightful manifestation. Once in the wilderness, when in frantic revelry they danced round the molten calf, and by a worse than heathen licentiousness practically proclaimed whom they loved to serve -once there did they reject Him whom the very eyes of their elders had been permitted to see standing on the paved work of sapphire stone, and madly shout round the work of their own hands, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." Once again, in their later history, they practically rejected the God of battles, and prayed for an earthly king to lead their hosts. And now once more they show whose they really were, and whom they really served, when, with a decision yet more defined and yet more appalling, they studiedly reject Jehovah's Son, and call for the "son of the father," the son of their own and true father, the murderer, and the son of him who was a murderer from the beginning. Jesus is to be crucified, Barabbas to be spared; Christ sacrificed, Antichrist set free.

Whether these illustrations can be pursued further must be considered excessively doubtful. I ought not, however, in dealing with this text, to suppress the fact that some expositors have urged that there are aspects yet more startling in which this scene may be considered; and that we are here contemplating the substance of what had been before shadowed out in two strange ceremonies of the Levitical law. I say two strange ceremonies, for to the more familiar rite of the choice of the scapegoat, of which this scene has been deemed the antitype, we must also, to be consistent, add the strange customs relating to the choice between two birds in the cleansing of the leper, which in some respects seems to afford even a more plausible parallel to the present circumstances. In this latter case you may perhaps remember that before the priest is authorised to declare the leper to be cleansed, two birds are to be chosen, the one to be killed in an earthen vessel-what strange analogies this suggests!the other to be dipped in the blood of the bird that was slain, and to be let loose into the open field. In the former case, as we well know, two goats were to be chosen, one of which, as let should decide, was to be offered up to the Lord,

the other to be regarded as the lot for Azazel (whatever that most difficult word means), and to have solemnly laid on his head all the iniquities and sins of the children of Israel, and to be sent away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness.

At first sight we may, perhaps, admit it does seem not wholly unreasonable to believe that there might have been some general connection between the great epoch in the history of the nation now before us, and these strange ceremonies that for fourteen long centuries would thus seem to have been the silent symbols of one portion of the mystery sealed in silence from the

foundations of the world.

For a moment, we may admit, fancy seems to find strange parallels to these ancient ceremonies, when we transport ourselves in thought to those hours of the deepening humiliations of the eternal Son, when we behold Him presented for choice, yea, and on something more fickle than the lots cast in the typical ceremony—the voice of a multitude. Presented for choice, and with a murderer, the Son of the living God and the son of the father of lies. We pause and tremble when anon we hear the wild cries that tell us that that lot is cast. Fancy pursues its parallels, and sees the sending away into the wilderness more than realised in that setting free of Barabbas unto the devil-haunted waste which Jewish society had now become, and beholds Azazel's victim in that scapegoat man of blood whose fate had hung on the lot flung by a heathen into the lap of the rabble of Jerusalem. The relation between the present scene and these ancient ceremonies may thus for a moment be deemed plausible, yet I must venture to express my fixed opinion that such an assumed relation cannot be insisted on, and that on a nearer and graver consideration, attractive as it may appear, it must be judged only as an ingenious yet unsubstantiated fancy. And my reasons for such an opinion are as follows.

In the first place, there is, in more than one important feature, a plain want of accordance between type and antitype. In what sense did Barabbas bear the sins of the Jewish people! Whose sins did he bear except his own? Nay, even if for a moment we agree to identify him typically with the populace by whom he had been saved, what real analogy is there between the whole sins of a nation laid deliberately and solemnly upon the head of a devoted animal, and the implied self-curse, "His blood be upon us and upon our children," uttered with the hasty ferocity of a reckless and excited multitude? Nay, more; are we not right in saying that the whole event at Gabbatha, though frightful and full of terrible meaning, is yet but one of a series of circumstances still more momentous-a single event which it seems contrary to the just appreciation of history to conceive as specially foreshadowed by a type so general as that of the scapegoat, or so-purely ceremonial as that of the loosed bird in the cleansing of the leper?

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We have, however, a second reason for rejecting this view, founded on external considerations. First, on the negative side, the prevailing silence upon this assumed analogy in all the best ancient expositors cannot lightly be set aside. they nearly all concur in alluding to the mystery of the name "son of the father," not one of them, as far as my reading enables me to speak, has alluded to the type of the scapegoat. Secondly, on the positive side, though several ancient writers-some, indeed, as ancient as the so-called Apostolical Barnabas—speak definitely of the type of the scapegoat in reference to the sacrifice of Christ, they find the exact type of the personal Redeemer alike in the freed and alike in the sacrificed victim--the latter, as a thoughtful writer (Ephrem the Syrian) somewhat plausibly suggests, representing Christ in His death; the former—the released goat—representing Christ in His resurrection-Him who bare our sins, and yet over whom death had no power. Observe too, finally, that this singularly coincides with the comments of the most exact writers on the subject of the scapegoat, most of whom agree in considering the two goats, as it were, one, and the two ceremonies as two forms of one common mystery.

I cannot doubt, then, that we must plainly reject the application, and be satisfied with contemplating the occurrence simply as it is described to us, enhanced, however, as we may safely view it, by the strange fact of the complete opposition, even as far as the very name, between the Son of God, and the son of Satan; the Lord of Life on this side, the murderer Barabbas on that.

If we paused here only, we could surely derive sufficient for the gravest practical applications. What a choice! what fire! what water! was here presented to the once peculiar people of God. And to think that fire was chosen; and then to mark the issue. To see and to know that those words with which they clenched their choice were words of doom soon to be fulfilled; and not on themselves only and their children, but on children's children, even unto remotest posterity; so that even to this hour, "without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without Teraphim" (to borrow the powerful words of Hosea), the children of Abraham still wander up and down the nations, in all the dishonour and isolation of the one yet unrevoked curse, "His blood be upon us and our children."

If we paused here, we should have more than enough for unusually serious meditation. But we may, I trust, profitably take a yet deeper, and perhaps more practical view, if we dwell not so much upon the results and issues of the decision, as upon the decision itself—the sort of culminating

character, if I may use such an expression, which it clearly bears, and the plain and distinct warning it conveys of the possibility of individuals—ay, of any of us passing through all the stages of rejection of Christ, and a choice of Barabbas in a manner as spiritually overt and decided as they were here passed through by a nation. This is, perhaps, the most practically important reflection, and on this let us spend our remaining time.

But our first feeling is one of tacit protest against the justness or appropriateness of such a It is probably the first impulse of reflection. even the more meditative Christian to disclaim the reference of all such examples to his own Here, we say, was a mighty national sin due to evil rulers, and fairly attributable to that inconstancy that ever marks a multitude-the arbitrium popularis aura-a sin, too, which that hapless throng had not time duly to estimate. How can that apply to our cases? What have the unthinking violences of a Jewish mob to do with proving to our Christian hearts that we may ever do as they did, and reject Christ and choose Barabbas? Such is ever our first feeling when such analogies are first suggested to us, and it is a feeling, however mistaken, of which we have no cause to be ashamed. It is due no less to the belief that we really are what we wish ourselves to be, than to the remembrance, perchance, of holy and happy hours, when we too have welcomed our Messiah, and, under the influence of excited feelings, or aroused gratitude for lately vouchsafed mercies, have torn down high thoughts, and flung off for a while our earthliness, and strawed all in the path of the coming King. We have long since welcomed Christ, we say; to reject Him—especially in the tone and temper of those who cried, "Not this man, but Barabbas"-is now a spiritual impossibility. We may, perchance, now and then fall back from grace given; but thus practically to disown our Redeemer, thus to reject and thus to choose—it is impossible, we say, it is inconceivable, it is contrary to the very nature of things; it is-but we say this with somewhat bated breath—contrary to general Christian experience. But such feelings and such protests, however much they may indicate a mind and heart not yet past feeling, are yet sadly and deplorably mistaken. Mistaken are they, because they do not take into consideration that plain law of our moral being-that just, yea, beneficent, but at the same time terrible law, which may be briefly defined as that of the development of sin in the individual, and may be simply explained as that principle by which sin has ever a tendency to become more sinful, to multiply, to propagate, and to develop. But we rarely take this into consideration. Our common habit is to regard sins as mere isolated occurrences, mere casual disturbances in our spiritual life, storms and tempests that come and go, and leave but little trace behind; we

fancy all will soon be calm and smooth again, still waters and clear skies; and yet the truth is, that the storm-wave thus raised never subsides; deep calls to deep, wave becomes piled on waves, until at last we are overwhelmed by the dark mass of accumulated waters. On this great truth rests the whole force of the teaching of our present example; and this truth can never be too earnestly insisted on-that after sin we cannot return to the same degree of moral freedom we had before. Just in proportion as we have sinned so, in exact proportion, is freedom lost. The element of lust, which is, as it were, the active principle of every sin, has now so far entered into combination with the will that when the same or a similar temptation returns, the will of its very self inclines to the sin, and gives of itself force and energy to the temptation. Yea, more, and not only does the inward nature thus increasingly tend to evil, but what is even more startling, we may observe how frequently the outward world seems in league with the inward, how it co-operates just at the time when its co-operation is most ruinous and destructive; how it holds man to the results of the perverted exercise of his own freedom: his leaning towards sin in a few instances is insensibly converted into a regular bias; his choice becomes his destiny.

In the case of the example we are considering-God's peculiar people-all this, alas! is clear The rejection of Jesus and the choice of Barabbas was the final spiritual catastrophe towards which all their former stubbornness and rebellion had been regularly and steadily leading them—the last scene in the last act of the frightful development of Apostacy. In their earlier history they had been subject to more gross and material forms of sin: heathen idolatries, mingled with heathen sensualities, had ever and anon characterised the youth of the nation; the love of the creature rather than of the Creator, of the carnal and the earthly, rather than of the spiritual and the heavenly, was that which seemed ever to mark the earlier developments of national sin. And God dealt mercifully with them; and they were broken by trials and dispersions, and amid heathen nations, and under heathen conquerors they were made to learn and feel what idolatry really was; and yet they felt and learnt in vain. They had bowed to Jehovah's will as to a necessity rather than as to a dispensation; they could indulge in gloomy regrets, but they could show no real fruits of repentance. There was no period of their history which can fairly be considered as one of a real and abiding change. Centuries rolled onward; national sin assumed various and Protean forms; but it remained within them unsubdued, and it remained to develop itself, and to lead on to more appalling manifestations of its true nature and energy than had even yet appeared on the dark and blotted

annals of past history. There are a few glimpses of better things under the Maccabees; some few tokens of a purer national life. But they were short-lived, soon to pass away. We scarce come in contact with the New Testament when we become conscious of powers of evil at work more malignant than those even which once bowed them to Baal and Ashtaroth. The evil spirit was driven forth awhile, but only to return with seven others more wicked than himself. Former idolatries were for a time absorbed in fierce national hatreds against their heathen conquerors. but soon reappeared in the more appalling form of practical blasphemy, the blasphemy of ascribing the workings of the Messiah to the operations of Satan; and the darkness grew more dark. For a moment some flashes of brighter light-such as the occasional acceptance of our Lord, such as the excited recognition and welcome of the Son of David-stays the gathering gloom; but it is for a moment only; the last hour of the dreadful trial arrives; the choice has to be made, and is made; and then all is over.

And even such, believe me, is the history of the life of many a one that has begun with fair hopes, and whose early years have promised far better things. Oh, remember—especially my younger brethren-remember that the last state, the choice of Barabbas, is only the regular and natural consequence of a gradual alienation from Christ; it is only the last result of the persistent development of sin to which I have alluded. At first, perhaps, even as the analogy of the Jewish nation seems to suggest, it displays itself in forms of carnal and fleshly lust. Its first seeds are perhaps laid in the sins of youth, intemperance or uncleanness, that practical idolatry that joins itself to Baal-peor, and eats the offerings of the dead. Oh, beware! this is commonly the first form of developing sinfulness; it is the era of the dominion of our first deadly enemy, the flesh. And then comes the wear and tear of life, and the storm and stress of the varied trials of manhood and maturity. And the world, our second foe, soon sees that the image of Christ is waxing fainter in the heart, and that a consciousness of the incompatibility, as it tells us, of doing our duty as men and citizens, and yet of keeping up a life of devotion, is finding acceptance within. The thought that there are two things perpetually in competition gradually deepens; we frame theories—we try to blend what will not mingle, and unite what will not agree. But it is all in vain. Every day makes us feel that a decision must be made; we shrink from it, but we see it coming. Holiness wears more and more a repulsive aspect, the lips are already shaping themselves to say, "Not this man," the heart at length to feel it. We have become the vassals of the world, and the world makes us feel the iron of its tyranny and its bondage.

Can we bear to look further? Alas! what does our present example suggest? Some crisis perhaps approaches, some brief era of unlooked-for mercies, some epoch of unexpected blessing, and there is a pause. Our insensibility to the true nature of our sins and the efficacies of our Master's atonement is broken up for a while. We behold as through clouds, and recognise, though darkly, our true and only Saviour; yea, perchance we shout hosanna to the present King! 'T is a mighty crisis in a spiritual life: it is the turningpoint. Those hours of excitement may form the first hours of a new life, or they may only prove the harbingers of the change from silent to avowed rejection; from indifference to Christ, to aversion to Him; from mere neglect, to a practical hostility -to the formal choice of Barabbas. This latter issue may, alas! only too often be verified. Ere, perhaps, the crisis is completely over, while the result is yet doubtful, some temptation of a graver and more inclusive nature, spiritually considered, presents itself. Some Pilate, some worldly turn of worldly things, brings at last before us, in a way more definite than may yet have disclosed itself, the two competitors. And then is the hour The whisper of the third enemy of darkness. then is heard. The flesh has debased; the world has seduced; and temptation at last comes in that more frightful form which shows that the prince of this world knows his own, and will be known and acknowledged by them. It is now no longer, "Not this man;" it is now, "Barabbas, Barabbas," The choice is made, rejection is clenched, and the analogy of Scripture makes us feel with only too melancholy a foreboding that that choice may be—and, alas! too often appears to be-irrevocable.

And now let me conclude. I have spoken seriously, perhaps gloomily, yet I trust not unprofitably. Such examples as the text supplies were written for our admonition, and they cannot and must not be overlooked. They serve to exhibit sin in one of its fearful aspects—its tendency to sinfulness; and they supply us with some means of observing the general course of its development—and yet, not of its general course only, but of its varied forms of outbreak; for all that I have said in reference to a life generally, may often be seen in epitome in a rejection of Christ and a choice of Barabbas in the case of special sins—all, as it were, brief rehearsals of

what may be the last act of the sad and great drama. Every single graver sin bears its strong analogies to the case before us, the same sort of competition, the same sort of frightful persuasion to choose fire rather than water, the same sort of irresolution and eventful pause, the same sort of deepening aversion to the suffering Christ, the same manifestation of that frightful principle, to hate the one we have wronged; and then the same acting upon it, the same choice either more or less avowed, the Barabbas-sin chosen, the spirit of Christ rejected and set at nought. Every individual sin, believe me, when of graver character, affords a melancholy verification of all on which we have been meditating, and, properly and soberly considered, will be seen to be but a portion of one great system of deceit, the beginnings of that end towards which Satan is striving to urge us.

Such thoughts, I admit, seem at first sad and depressing; yet they leave us not comfortless; nay, rather, while they convince of sin, they also directly point to the one Atoner. Let us ever remember, that though sin may be thus frightful in its developments, yet that one hand is ever ready to pluck us backwards, one voice ever calling, one Deliverer ever prompt to save. Sin is mighty, but in the very fact of learning its might, we become taught to seek One yet mightier. True conviction of the strength of sin in any heart is the true guide to the Saviour. The darkness of night makes us feel and welcome the first rays of dawn, and when the dawn is come the day will not tarry. Oh, may God, then, in His everlasting mercies, give us strength to look within, to endeavour to estimate our true spiritual state, and to discern what is the exact stage of the terrible competition which in one form or other is going on in the hearts of the very best of us. Are we under the dominion of the flesh? are we under the bondage of the world? or, are we standing in the hapless irresolution that so often precedes the worst, and it may be, the last struggle? That struggle in one form or other will come sooner or later. And, oh! then may God have mercy upon, and nerve us with the power of His spirit, and when the offer is made, "Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?" oh! then may our cry be, "Not Barabbas, not Barabbas! but Jesus, our Saviour, our King, and our God!



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IVAN, THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

ICHAEL, my son, open your eyes! Rouse yourself, I entreat you!"

But Michael Tchernieff could not hear his father's agonised tones—he had fainted. The position was indeed a most anxious one.

After a hard day's riding, overcome by fatigue, and unable to see clearly in

the fast gathering twilight, the young Michael had ridden carelessly against the stump of a fallen tree, just before the little party had emerged from the forest.

Being half-asleep, before he could recover himself, he had fallen with his leg doubled under him, and, as was soon ascertained, the limb was broken. There he lay helpless on the snowy ground; the road on each side of them enclosed by the dark pine forest, and no sign of human habitation to be perceived so far as the eye could reach.

They were expected at head-quarters, too, before noon the following day.

The general could not help regretting that he had (as usual) listened to his son's request, and taken him with him on this expedition.

After a while, consciousness returned, but Michael was, of course, unable to move, and was in great pain.

"The only thing we could do," suggested Maloukoff, the general's aide-de-camp, "would be to spread one of our cloaks on the ground, then lift him carefully on to it, and let four men each take a corner, and so carry him in the cloak."

While they were engaged in effecting this manœuvre, two horsemen came in sight.

But neither the general nor his officers heard them at first, for poor Michael had again fainted, and they were too much engaged in endeavouring to restore the sufferer's senses.

"Same one approaches," said Maloukoff. "I will inquire which is the nearest habitation."

But before Maloukoff had accosted the new-comer, he had drawn rein, and asked—

"What is the matter? Can I be of any assistance?" $\!\!\!\!$

"You can, if you will," replied the distressed father, regarding the speaker doubtfully.

"It is an accident, I perceive; and what I can do for the boy, I surely will," replied the other, gravely.

General Tchernieff looked astonished, and thanked him incredulously, for he well knew that the Poles did not love the Russians, and the old man who proffered his aid was a Polish gentleman. He was accompanied by his son, a lad of about fourteen, who, while he was speaking, plucked his father by the sleeve, and seemed to remonstrate with him. For it was just after one of those Polish rebellions which took place at the beginning of the century, and the Russian soldiers were naturally extremely unpopular.

"You are astonished that I should offer to help the enemy of my country," said the Pole; "but I, too, am a father, and all I ask is that you will return the kindness to the next Pole who has occasion to require it."

"I will—be assured of that," replied the general, thankfully.

"My dwelling is not more than half an hour's ride from the spot. I will hasten forward, and prepare for your son's reception," said the kind-hearted old man.

By the time the party arrived at Pan Cichowski's dwelling, everything was in readiness, and the surgeon proceeded to set the fractured limb.

The general, who was forced to continue his march that night, begged that every care might be taken of the patient, adding that he would thankfully reimburse them for any expense attending Michael's sojourn there.

"General," replied the noble Cichowski, "although I am a Pole, I am also a Christian, and your son shall be as well tended as if he were my own; the only reward I seek is the approval of conscience."

Renewing his acknowledgments, General Tchernieff departed.

Six weeks passed slowly enough to the patient, in spite of the many kind devices resorted to, to lighten the tedium of his confinement. But at last the longed-for day arrived when Michael was able to mount his horse once more, and set out to join his father at Warsaw.

After receiving a letter of thanks, the hospitable family heard no more of their late guest.

Five years later, the same road upon which Michael had met with his accident was travelled over by another Russian officer, in command of a body of soldiers.

Unlike General Tchernieff, who, when his duty compelled him to act with severity, did it with regret, Colonel Pultaloff rejoiced in exercising his power with the utmost harshness and severity.

He was bound to the dwelling of Pan Cichowski; but before they had reached their destination, misfortune again overtook one of their number.

But for poor Ivan there were no kind words, no anxious looks, no careful arrangements to mitigate his pain. No; he was only one of the least important items belonging to that great human machine—an army; if he were disabled another would take his place.

So, although he was very ill, he toiled on, never dreaming of complaining.

At last, unable to move a step farther, he fell fainting to the ground.

His brother, by whose side he had been marching, gave him a rough but kindly shake; for he knew that it would be death for him to stay there.

"What! you miserable ones! you lazy dogs! You lag behind, do you?" cried the colonel, reining-in his horse. "Come, then, I will awaken you."

And drawing his sword, he thrust at the unconscious man's shoulder, inflicting a slight but painful wound.

Thus roughly restored to his senses, he struggled to rise, but, with a pitiful glance at his brother, and a low moan, fell back again, apparently lifeless.

"Forward!" ordered Pultaloff, without another glance at Ivan; and no one—not even Ivan's own brother—dared to disobey the order.

About half an hour later they arrived at the gates of Pan Cichowski's dwelling. They stood open, but no one was visible. No domestics passed busily to and fro; everything looked silent and desolate. No visitors were being entertained in the once hospitable dwelling, for there was trouble in the country, and people were too sad to visit or receive visitors.

Pani Cichowski, the beloved mistress of the house, was ill, too, which was another reason why every one was quiet and sad.

Colonel Pultaloff, impatient to obtain rest and refreshment, hammered violently at the hall door.

After a few moments, a grey-headed domestic unbarred it with trembling hands.

"Where is your master, dog?" shouted the colonel, pushing roughly past him into the hall. "Take me to him quickly, or your grizzle pate shall know what it is to ache."

"I pray you to excuse me, noble sir," replied old Paul, humbly; "my master is at Plock."

"Ah! go, then, fetch your mistress."

"My mistress, noble sir, is too ill to rise," replied the domestic.

"Tell her to rise this moment to receive His Imperial Majesty's officer with due respect," said Pultaloff, "and prepare the best refreshment the house affords for myself, and give my men food and drink such as you have yourself."

The fierce way in which this order was given admitted of no reply.

Having ushered the colonel and his brother officers into the principal room, Paul sent one of the women servants to his mistress, with the desired message, Pani Cichowski begged them to excuse her, explaining, in a courteous message, that she really was suffering too badly to rise that evening.

"Have the goodness to tell madame your mother that she *must* rise, for I must search her chamber and every other place where monsieur your father is likely to be hid; it is useless to defy me, as I have already given orders to prevent any one leaving the

It was to her son, Henri, that the colonel gave this imperious order.

After a few moments' impatient waiting on the latter's part, Pani Cichowski appeared; and although she assured them that her husband was at a neighbouring town, they only laughed, and proceeded to search the house.

As what she had assured them was true, they returned in a state of the greatest irritation.

"Can you not tell me your business?" asked the poor lady, "for truly my husband has no cause to fear your coming, and is absent on private business only."

"Naturally you would say that," replied the colonel, carelessly; "however, we will sup before making any further arrangements. There is no doubt we shall find him to-day or to-morrow. Perhaps you will be good enough to tell us where he is."

"Indeed, yes; he is at Plock. I do not fear to tell you so, as he has done nothing to displease the Government."

"So much the better, madame," replied the colonel, scoffingly. And he immediately determined in his own mind to search in the opposite direction to that mentioned by his hostess.

And most fortunately so, for during supper the colonel threw out, when heated by the large draughts of wine he had taken, some mysterious and terrible hints, which made the anxious wife fear that she had done unwisely in telling them truly where her husband really was; for the times were evil ones, and though he was innocent of any offence against the Government, she began to think that it would be as well for him not to meet this ferocious officer. Rebellion was being put down with a strong hand, and it not unfrequently happened that in the anxiety felt to let no disaffected person escape without punishment, the innocent were punished with the guilty.

Hastily rising from supper, and pleading fatigue, Pani Cichowski secretly desired her son Henri to mount and go to meet his father.

This Henri was able to do easily enough, for the men were too much engaged in attending to their suppers to watch very carefully.

As Pan Cichowski was expected home that evening Henri calculated that they would meet on the road. Setting spurs to his horse, he had soon placed miles between himself and his home.

About half an hour after his departure, as he rode on at full gallop, Henri perceived the recumbent figure of the soldier who, being unable to continue his march, had fallen to the ground, and had been left there by his inhuman officer that afternoon.

For a moment the boy felt inclined to stop, but at the sight of the hated Russian uniform the fiend Revenge took possession of his soul. "Let him die," he said to himself, with an indignant flush; for the insulting message and treatment his mother had received, were fresh in his memory.

Soon after, the welcome sound of old Cæsar's neigh announced his father's approach.

"What news? Is your mother then worse?" asked the latter, anxiously.

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"Indeed, she has good reason to be so," replied the boy; and he gave his father an indignant account of Colonel Pultaloff's arrival and behaviour. "And my mother begs," he continued, "that you will not come home till they have left, and you have found means to convince the Government that you have committed no offence against it."

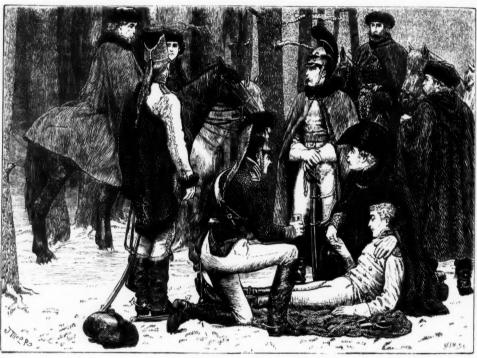
"Henri, do you think I could leave your dear mother ill and at the mercy of such cowards?" asked his father, indignantly; and the old man's eyes blazed "Henri!" replied his father.

And without further comment he proceeded to force open the teeth of the sufferer, and to pour some drops of cordial from his flask down Ivan's throat,

"I think he is not dead yet," he said; "but we are wasting time. Henri, help me to lift him on to Casar's back. I will take him in front of me."

"Nay, never," cried Henri, passionately, "will I lift a finger to aid any Russian."

"Henri, I know if I command, you will obey, but



"'Can I be of any assistance?"-p. 342.

with just anger at his wife's treatment. "Besides, I am innocent—and if I were not—— Let us hasten forward."

Finding it no use to urge his father any more, Henri accompanied him in silence.

They rode at such a rapid pace that the elder Cichowski had nearly passed over poor Ivan's motionless and prostrate form.

Checking his horse, he dismounted, exclaiming, as he caught sight of the blood-stain on the breast of the man's grey coat, "Poor creature! is he dead? What can be the meaning of this?"

"Leave him alone, my father," cried Henri, fiercely. "Can you not see it is one of those men who would perhaps have been now dragging you to an unjust prison had they found you at home?"

I will first remind you of your duty. Revenge is not for Christians, and as I am one, and would serve the Master, who loves this poor creature as well as he does you or me, I dare not leave him to die."

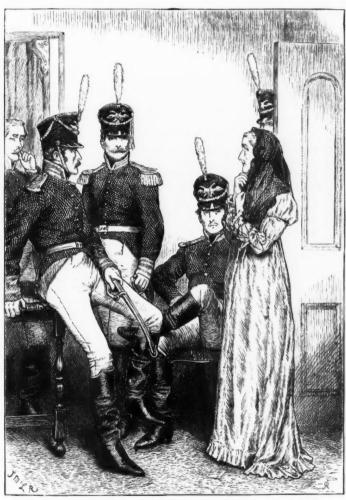
"You are right, father, I know, but oh! I hate doing it," said Henri, dismounting, and obeying his father, for the first time in his life unwillingly.

When Ivan, now half-conscious, was placed in the saddle, they resumed their journey, and arrived at their destination a short time after Colonel Pultaloft had left the house in search of the master who was returning to it.

When poor Ivan found himself comfortably housed and tended with care and kindness, he seemed stupefied. Gazing curiously at his surroundings, he at last fell asleep. After Pan Cichowski had soothed his wife's fears concerning him, he came to see how his patient was, before retiring to rest himself.

Ivan was awake again, and looked uneasily at his benefactor, as if afraid he had come to deprive him of the warmth and rest so grateful to his weakness. "Ivan—the dog—the brute—will save his lord," exclaimed the sick man, excitedly.

Then, in gasping broken sentences, he told his benefactor that Colonel Malakoff had obtained a warrant from Government for his death, having assured them that Pan Cichowski was engaged in



"She assured them that her husband was at a neighbouring town."- p. 343.

What was his surprise when he was addressed in tones of kindness, and told to fear nothing. Tears came into his dull eyes.

"What makes my lord speak so to his slave? Rather should I have expected death at his hands," he exclaimed.

"The God who loves us both has commanded us to aid the sick and suffering," answered the noble Christian, maturing plans for another rebellion, of which he meant to be the leader.

Convinced that his only safety was in flight, and urged by his wife, Pan Cichowski immediately left his home, and, by a remarkable Providence, met at a neighbouring town that General Tchernieff to whose son he had five years ago shown such generous hospitality.

The general was only too happy to acknowledge

his obligations, and, disguised as his valet, Pan Cichowski escaped to France.

Years afterwards he learnt that Colonel Pultaloff's motive for so persecuting him, was the hope that the price of the false information he had given the Government would be the confiscated property of the supposed delinquent.

Pani Cichowski was able after a time to join her husband, and she often said thankfully that she could not number the blessings that had arisen out of one act of simple Christian duty. The climate had such a good effect upon her constitution, that she dated her recovery to perfect health, from the time she had left her own land. Her husband's life had been saved, too, which was better; and more important than anything else they considered it, that one poor, dark, benighted soul, looking through the light of man's love, that "faint and wavering shadow here" of God's, had found rest from life's warfare; for poor Ivan had died—died happily, believing that for him, poor, ignorant, and wretched as he was, there was a place in the land of light and love.

RUTH MITCHELL.

SILENT PREACHERS:

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,



OWER. The falling of the tower of Siloam, by which eighteen persons were killed, and which is referred to by our Lord in St. Luke xiii. 4, differs from most of the other Silent Preachers which have come under our notice;

those have been for the most part either the works of Nature, or else the ordinary events and circumstances of man's life in the world; but this has a special character which distinguishes it from the rest—it is not an ordinary, but an exceptional occurrence; and by referring to it, the sphere from which lessons may be drawn for the Christian is extended, and we are taught to listen for a message from God, not only in the evidences of His working in the natural world, but also in the special

and so-called sudden events which are brought under our notice from time to time.

There is nothing known of the falling of the tower of Siloam here spoken of. Siloam was a pool close to the walls of Jerusalem, and it is to be presumed that a tower near that pool, and therefore called by its name, had recently fallen, and that the event was therefore fresh in the memories of those to whom these words were spoken.

The object of our Lord's reference to this occurrence was twofold. He wished, in the first place, to correct a mistake into which His hearers might possibly have fallen, and, in the second place, to point the lesson which, for their own instruction, they might learn. The mistake against which He wished to give them warning was that of assuming that the death of the eighteen who were killed by the falling tower was a special punishment on them for special and great sins. "Think ye," He asks, "that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell ye, Nay." In these words it is not

denied that the sudden death of these men was a punishment inflicted by God upon them. No decision is given upon either side of that question; but it is suggested that, whatever the truth of the matter may be, man has not the means, and therefore has not the right, to form a judgment on the subject. We cannot trace the course of events in the working of Providence, and therefore we must not dare to yield to the temptation, which is not an uncommon one, to trace troubles and suffering in the life of a man to the sins of which he has been guilty. It were well, indeed, for the man himself to be reminded of his sins by his affliction, but it would be in most cases presumptuous for others to assume that great trouble is the sure sign of great sin.

But further, in the words "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish," we are reminded that the startling events which happen in the world either by the direct appointment or by the permission of God, should suggest to us an examination of ourselves as to our condition in the sight of God; and should be used as warnings to separate ourselves more entirely from sin, and as calls to a more earnest and a more whole-hearted Christianity. Thus in sudden deaths, pestilences, famines, earthquakes, and whatever else of an exceptional or awe-inspiring character may from time to time come under our notice, while we see indeed the finger of God, and a solemn message from Him, the message must be taken to speak to us not so much of the sins of others, as of the defects of our own lives; by correction of which, with the help of God, we shall be able to escape the sentence of Christ, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

VINEYARD. More than once in the teaching of Christ, the Kingdom which He intended to establish in the world is spoken of under the figure of a vineyard; as, for instance, in the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, in St. Matt. xx.; again, in the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen, in St. Matt. xxi.; and in that of the Fig-tree, in St. Luke xiii. Two

thoughts are suggested to us by this figure; or perhaps it may be said more correctly, that one thought is brought to our minds in two different ways. For the purpose of a vineyard is the production of fruit, and the owner of the vineyard looks to receive the fruit at the proper season; this is the suggestion of the parables of the Wicked Husbandmen and the Barren Fig-tree. Again, in preparation for the time of fruit, at all events in order that the fruit may be as abundant as possible, the labour of those to whose care the vineyard is entrusted is reouired; and this is the suggestion of the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, and also of that of the Two Sons, contained in St. Matt. xxi. Thus the two leading thoughts in the comparison of Christ's Kingdom to a vineyard, are so closely connected that we cannot separate them one from the other. God looks for fruit in His Kingdom as a whole, and that fruit is the result of the labours of the individual members of the Kingdom; and, therefore, for practical application to our own lives we may say that the chief lesson which is contained in these parables is that every Christian is called to work for God: and that no man is fulfilling his vocation who is idle in the Lord's vineyard.

There is a temptation to forget this teaching, and there is also a special danger of our making light of it. The temptation comes from our natural selfishness, which leads us to consider that our own salvation is the only thing for which our lives in this world are to be spent; and the danger comes from the fear that if we recognise fully the truth that God expects us to work, we shall be doing dishonour to the sacrifice of Christ, as if we could be saved by our own efforts, and not by the free love and mercy of God in Him. But whether or not there is any real danger of this mistake, we must remember that we never do honour to God by allowing one truth of His revelation to obscure or hide another; and He who has taught us that our own efforts could not have secured our salvation, and that we depend only on His mercy for forgiveness of our many sins, has also plainly taught us that we are expected to glorify Him by faithfully working in His service; and, moreover, that when the end shall come. He will deal with us according to the works which we have done during the time of our living here; so that, although we can never be saved by our works, we shall certainly be judged according to our works.

Let our Lord's teaching, therefore, press us to consider whether we are really working for God or not. The opportunities of work for Him are manifold. The call to work for Him comes in different ways to different men. But it comes to all in some way or other. To some there comes the call to spend their lives in direct work for His glory; to others, living the ordinary life of working men, the call comes in the form of opportunities of bearing witness for Him and confessing Him before the world; to others it is given to teach in schools or to take or to have a share in one or other of the many schemes for the

extension of Christian charity which are, thank God, in operation in the present day. But, at all events, as long as there are sorrowing hearts to be comforted, as long as there are desolate lives to be cheered, as long as there are sinners to be rescued somehow or other from their sin, no man who is in earnest, and is therefore willing to deny himself for the sake of Christ and his brethren, can say that there is no work for him to do, or can excuse himself for idleness by the assertion, "No man hath hired me." Christ has hired us all to work; and it is for each individual to decide, as in the sight of God, what the work is for which he is hired, and then to set himself in earnest to accomplish what he can; for no man can know how soon his time for work shall have gone by, and that saving shall have its fulfilment for him. "The night cometh, when no man can work,"

Well. The conversation with the woman of Samaria, recorded in the earlier verses of St. John iv., is a remarkable instance of our Lord's habit of using the ordinary circumstances and the natural wants of the life of man in this world, for the purpose of enforcing the spiritual truths which He desired the people to receive.

Sitting weary and thirsty by the well of Sychar, a woman of the country happened to come (as we should say, though we may well regard it as a Providential appointment that she came) to draw water from the well; upon her hesitation to comply with His request, "Give Me to drink," Jesus said, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." . . . "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Thus did He try to excite in her a feeling of want for something more than mere bodily refreshment, but as yet she did not understand His meaning; indeed, it was scarcely possible that she could have understood it yet; but as it is with our Lord's words that we are now more immediately concerned, we need not think more of the woman, but try and apply to ourselves the teaching which she could not understand.

The contrast drawn in our Lord's words between the refreshment of the body in its need by the water of the well, and the refreshment of the soul by the gift which He would give, is the contrast between the satisfaction which man can derive from the best things which are only of this world, and the satisfaction to be found in the eternal realities of the spiritual world. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," is a saying expressing a deeper truth than that which is evidently contained in it, and capable of a much wider application than it found on the occasion on which it was spoken at the first. It is the expression of the unsatisfactoriness of earthly

enjoyments. It applies to every effort of man to satisfy the longings and wants of his nature by what he can find in this world. And the truth which these words express is not the truth of Christianity only: it is a truth which most men discover for themselves, even without the help of Christianity. The weariness which men try to stimulate by excitement of one kind or another, comes back again when the excitement is over, and the poor men thirst again with a more burning thirst than before. And it is well that it should be so-let us thank God that it is so-for we are thus reminded that man is too noble to find here the answer to every want; he has his origin from God, and only in returning to God will he find unbroken rest and full satisfaction. Therefore, our Lord says, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." That is to say, the Christian will find in Christ the satisfaction of every want; and when the want arises, he will not have to look about to supply it: he will have the supply within himself, in the in-dwelling Spirit of God, in the constant presence of Christ, in the faith by which, in joy or sorrow, in prosperity or adversity, he holds fast to the Saviour's cross.

Oh! that Christians would think more of this teaching of their Master; that they would more fully believe it; that they would more constantly remember that they are living for eternity; and that therefore nothing which is only temporal can give them all they need.

WHEAT. In St. John xii. 24, there is recorded a remarkable reference made by our Lord to His own death, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Here a grain of wheat, and its death-leading to a fresh growth of corn-is made a Silent Preacher to teach lessons to those who heard this saying which were new and strange to them. It may well be that they failed to understand the saying; but for us, who can read it in the light of subsequent events, its meaning is not obscure. The corn of wheat is our Lord Himself, whose death was to give life to the world; and by whose "falling into the ground" the rich harvest of the souls of men was to be produced. This is the first application of the analogy, and very beautiful it is.

But we may well see in it also a lesson for our own lives, for we are said to be dead with Christ; and for us, as for Him, death (the death to sin) is the necessary condition of bearing fruit to the glory of God. But, further still, our death is the necessary condition of doing anything really useful for our brother Christians—death to self, death to the world and its attractions and influences, will prepare us for living lives for the good of others, which may help them to be fruitful in good works for God's glory; and thus out of our death too may come life and spiritual growth.

Let our Lord's words therefore be a caution against selfishness in our lives. The wholly selfish man does nothing, and cannot do anything for God: the partly selfish man spoils what he does, and fails in much which he ought to do well. It must be our aim to destroy selfishness altogether, so completely as to be able to say with St. Paul, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

CITY. "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." These words are taken from the sermon on the mount (St. Matt. v. 14). They were spoken by our Lord to His disciples, and were intended to remind them of the work which He was committing to them to do for Him. They were to spread His teaching through the world. The light which shone directly from Him was to be reflected in them so that men could see it and be influenced by it. The illustration which our Lord makes use of is remarkable-"A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid." That is to say, just as a city in such a position can be plainly seen from all the surrounding country, so your Christianity is to be known and seen in the world. You are not to be ashamed of it, you are not to be afraid to let it be seen; hold it up boldly, let there be no mistake about it-show the world what it is. This exhortation to His disciples is for His Church in all times, and not only so, but for each single Christian too. Each one of us is to be like a city on a hill; that is not making a loud profession like the Pharisees of old, not proclaiming to the world how good we think ourselves; but living such a consistent, fearless Christian life, that it cannot escape the observation of those about us, just as men cannot avoid seeing a city raised upon a hill.

May God help each of us according to his opportunity to exhibit to the world unobtrusively but unmistakably the light which we received from Him.



A THIEVES' SUPPER.

BY ANNE BEALE,



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FHIEVES' Supper! What a creeping uncomfortable sensation one feels at the words, and how one puts one's hands over pocket and purse! The imagination runs riot at the expression, "the criminal classes," and sympathy seems to stop short where they begin.

But not the sympathy of Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley, a firm whose object it is to deal with customers from these same

classes, and to barter in a work which some men might deem visionary trading. In this mercantile age success is counted by results, and the result of their venture may be partly estimated by the supper aforesaid—the fourth they have given to their clients.

Their reception-room is as unique as their profession; rooms, we might say, for the feast is spread on two storeys of the building whither the guests are bidden. They are so narrow and circular that one wonders how the tables and seats ever got into them; and one wonders still more at discovering that they are the school-rooms of the handsome mission chapel of Little Wild Street, Drury Lane. Astonishment culminates when, on entering the chapel, we see plates, knives and forks, and accompanying good cheer, laid all round the edge of its gallery.

"Can this be a thieves' supper? then where are the thieves?" we ask, surveying the anomalous scene from the gallery. The body of the chapel is gradually filled with men, who, as we glance down upon them, appear very much like ordinary working people, interspersed with gentlemen in evening dress. There are between two and three hundred of them, who take their seats quietly until asked to adjourn to the supper-rooms. Then they mount the staircases in single file, and in course of time the narrow rooms are filled, and the front seats of the large circular gallery occupied.

Sheltered by a steaming urn, and quite forgetting both purse and pocket, we venture to look about us. Down the centre of our own particular table are flower-pots, containing sweet delicate white primulas, glasses full of celery, saucers with pickles, and dishes of plum pudding. Round the festive board are plates filled with good meat, and before each plate an invited guest. There is an ad libitum supply of the staff of life, as well as of that comforting beverage—tea. But where are the thieves?

It is almost impossible to believe that all the company either are, or have been, of that melancholy class, and that we are actually surrounded by over two hundred men and boys who have been imprisoned for breaking their country's laws. Acknowledged thieves! Their mere presence in this

assembly attests the fact. They have been "forced to come in" from the awful dens of this vast city by the Christian firm aforesaid; and only a few seem to have on "the wedding garment." The "few" are reformed, and of them are the "gentlemen in evening dress" we observed in the chapel.

We have two or three of them at our table : one with a white flower in his button-hole, and all spruce and smooth as good haberdashery, soap, and hairoil could make them. We wonder at and admire the courage that emboldens these men, now respectable, to come forward, and acknowledge themselves as having been, but a year or so ago, disreputable as the vilest present. Not only do they sit at supper with their former colleagues, but they wait upon them, and, by their altered appearance, incite them to reformation. Many are now in good situations, and some engaged in teaching "that Gospel which once they despised." One young man amongst them is desirous of becoming a city missionary, so that he may devote his life to Christ, and, standing like a beacon among the breakers, warn his fellow-men from the rocks on which his own ship split. The contrast between them and the unreformed, or even the reforming, is great; not only in dress, but in countenance. The old saying that "the face is the index of the mind" is true here, for as the soul purifies, the features soften. And there are faces that would seem to indicate natures capable of any kind of crime-young faces sharp with premature cunning; old faces hardened by years of villany and prison discipline. Yet even the worst seem to yield somewhat at the kindly touch and sympathetic voice.

We have men on either side of us who look rather sad than bad; and boys, decently clad, who yet look wicked. It is difficult to know what to say to them, for it is not deemed polite "to speak of rope in the hangman's house;" yet we hazard a question or so.

"What can be the cause of so much"—we pause for a word—"trouble?" we ask of our quiet left-hand neighbour.

"Drink, ma'am, drink; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is drink that begins it all," is the instant reply

"Would it not be better to become teetotalers, and sign the pledge this very evening?" we ask, improving the occasion.

They assent in a silent subdued way, and we inwardly wish that Government would put down the gin-palaces, of which it has been computed there are, in London alone, as many as would stretch, if placed side by side, from Charing Cross to Chichester. As over 26,000 persons are annually arrested, as having been "drunk and disorderly," chiefly owing to these

same "palaces," it does seem short-sighted to license so many. The receipts by Government for the duties on stimulants can scarcely pay for the maintenance in prison of those arrested for drinking them. It is making of the Treasury a sieve, by pouring in at one end what must go out at the other. Our philanthropic treasurers of to-night are wiser than those of the State, for they have prevailed on upwards of two thousand, out of the four thousand with whom they have dealt during the past year, to sign the temperance pledge: so thinning both gin-palace and gaol.

Thus reflecting, conversation flags; but, wishing to make ourselves agreeable, we look at our young friend in respectable attire, and put what was certainly an impertinent question. "I should like to know all your names. What is yours?"

"I am Mr. Meloney, and that gentleman opposite is Captain Sure," he replies with a grin, and there is

a general laugh.

"That is what they call one another," whispers our friend on the left. "I know that grey-haired gentleman coming down the stairs," he continues; "I was under him; he was the governor of the prison I was in. Was he kind? Well, they must be strict; they have strange customers."

The gentleman indicated is a prison governor, who comes to give his countenance to the Mission, and to see how heartily those eat and enjoy themselves who have been condemned to prison fare. He looks both surprised and pleased, and so,

probably, do the men he surveys.

When supper is over, the urns emptied, and grace has been sung, the men volunteer occasional sentences as they return, one after another, to the chapel. They are a strange and sad spectacle, though not hopeless, as they wind down the spiral staircase, and pass, one by one, directly in front of us. Some of the good ladies who help in the Mission, speak now and again to an acquaintance words of friendly welcome and encouragement.

"Have you enjoyed your supper?" we ask of

"Very much indeed; it was a capital meal. I hadn't expected nothing like it, only a bit of bread and cheese, for I have never been before. God bless you! you're right, 'It's never too late to mend,'" and similar replies come from most.

But ever and anon appears one, ragged and of terrible countenance, to whom, but for the grace of God, the words, "Never too late to mend," would seem a satire. When we think that most, if not all, of this remarkable assembly have been met, at nine o'clock from morning to morning of every week-day, at the gates of a prison, and invited to a breakfast near at hand, we thankfully acknowledge that Christianity is no barren profession, but a living principle. While Mrs. Meredith and her co-workers meet the discharged female prisoners daily, and Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley the male, and offer them work and the means of gaining an honest livelihood,

we feel that even the most degraded are cared for. All who will, may accept the invitation to a free breakfast, and although many leave the prison gates with friends who wait for them, between five and six thousand have entered the small mission-room during the past year to have hot coffee and rolls, and to receive Christian counsel and aid, while prayer is offered for and by them. Numerous are the discouragements, yet blessed have been the results, since nearly four hundred of these have been, we hope, rescued, and are actually earning their living. All this through the untiring exertions of the two friends who now take their places in the chapel.

If the supper gave proof of nineteenth century philanthropy, the subsequent meeting confirms it. The whilom gaol-birds fill the body of the chapel, and sit facing, not only their benefactors, Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley, but Sir Edmund du Cane, chairman of the prison commission, the present and ex-governor of Coldbath Fields prison, the Ordinary of Newgate, and others connected with prisons; who are all come to encourage to amendment, instead of to reprove for misdemeanour. It is not surprising that Mr. Wheatley should be greeted with long-sustained applause when he tells us of all that has been done by means of the Mission; but, it is, perhaps, surprising that Inspectors and Governors should be welcomed by clapping of hands, by the very men they have been compelled to supervise. The worst of us can discriminate, and even children know the difference between deserved chastisement and friendly exhortation, between the governor on duty and the well-wisher on the plat-

It is, indeed, a hopeful sign, when governors, inspectors, magistrates, and chaplains thus meet the men free, with whom they have had to deal bound. Doubtless many very wicked faces are turned towards them while they discourse on "rightcousness and judgment to come;" but we believe all their hearers give them credit for sincerity. Various and numerous are the good wishes expressed by the speakers, and many the examples of reformation cited.

"I trust we shall soon see half the prisons empty, and that I may never meet you again under less pleasant circumstances," says the chairman. "Many who can do good skilful work get locked up in a cell, and not unfrequently because they have been incited to a bad act by some one else, who escapes with the gains, while the dupe gets the punishment. We should do to our neighbour as we would be done by. You all know very well that you never expect to be caught; but you are caught, so, after all, it is wisest to be on the safe side, and 'honesty is the best policy."

"I have had 250,000 prisoners under my charge," says another, a governor. "Many of them were worthy of respect and regard. Some people do not believe in prison reformation—I do. I have had letters from prisoners who have not only carned an honest living, but have gone far to making their fortune. One woman, sentenced to penal servitude,

has become a valued sick-nurse; men have been placed in situations of trust; but these were persons of prayer. They had asked God's forgiveness and help to lead a new life. You can all do that. I have seen 700 men on the treadmill, but I thank God that has been burnt down, and I hope it will never be rebuilt."

This hope produces, as may be imagined, loud and prolonged applause; and if good advice could profit, what follows, from a prison chaplain, must strike home.

"I see before me old friends and new friends," he says, "and I know that none of your cases are hopeless. I have letters from men who have come to Christ after years of sin, and who have had strength given them to reform. I think of an omnibus driver I knew, who never touched his horses while mounting Ludgate Hill, and explained his forbearance by saying, "I encourages 'em." And just so do we desire to encourage you. Here is a letter from a man in New Zealand who is doing well, though he said he had gone too far to reform; another from one in America, who died not long since, and whose death was chronicled in the papers, because he had devoted himself to the service of God, and was a great loss to the church of which he had become a member. I have dozens of such letters."

The speaker reads some of them, which are indeed marvellous confirmations of the truth that the grace of God is sufficient for all time and circumstance.

But as to letters, those read by Mr. Wheatley, not only from former criminals, but from their friends, would suffice to convince the most sceptical, that numbers of so-called reprobates are capable of turning over a new leaf, and are also susceptible of deep and earnest gratitude. Such letters reach them daily, from women whose husbands or children have been rescued from paths of sin; from men who have been helped up "the hill of difficulty" to respectability; from boys who have been sent to sea, or otherwise employed. Not only are the secretary's hands, but his report, full of them, and we heartily bid him, his co-workers, and his "clients," God-speed.

Of the latter we have now a fair sample, for our "men in evening dress" come forward and stand upon the platform. Very simply, earnestly, and lovingly, they address their former comrades. One calls himself "the prodigal son," and says that he speaks with "diffidence and anxiety" of his conversion, but knows that God is his Saviour-that two years ago he was impoverished, that now he has a respectable situation—that he had wandered far from his Father into the ways of sin, but had been brought back by His mercy. Another proclaims the astounding fact that he is only twenty-nine years old, and that he has passed eleven of those years in prison cells. He describes most pathetically his meeting with his earthly father under sad circumstances, and his being rescued by the Mission.

"I am one of the first cases, and have stood firm for three years," says a third. "We have all been before the bar of judgment here below, and asked for an advocate—a counsellor; we must stand before God's judgment seat at the last day, and then we shall have the Lord Jesus Christ for our Advocate, if we will only seek Him. My friends, the Lord will help you. May He bless you all." A fourth has not only secured a good situation, but has been two years engaged in mission work himself.

It would be impossible to describe the pathos of these revelations, or the faces of those who hear them. They are all human enough, and the kind words of another prison governor are very comprehensible. "When we seem stern, our hearts-ache for you," he says, with that touch of sympathy that "makes the whole world kin."

It is nearly ten o'clock when the meeting is over, and we watch the men disperse into the dark and dirty purlicus of Drury Lane. Let us follow such of them as dwell under the roof-tree of the Mission, to their "Home."

For a description of this Home, and the good work connected with it, however, we must be permitted to jump from night to day. It is situated in Great Earl Street, Seven Dials, and is an antiquated dwelling, bearing the inscription "Mission Home." It was formerly a public-house of the worst description; and, strange to say, within its precincts was arrested, as a thief, a man who subsequently became Mr. Hatton's first convert, and one now engaged in mission work. It contains a large sitting-room, in which a good fire burns, sufficient bedrooms to hold 21 small bedsteads-treble that number would be occupied did space and funds permit-a tiny kitchen, and a good sized apartment on the ground floor, used alternately for religious meetings and the sale of sacks of coal; beneath are cellars or vaults filled with coal, which is sold at one shilling the sack to the poor of the district. This gives remunerative employment to the rescued thieves, who earn two shillings a ton for carrying it home to the purchasers, The busy men whom we see thus occupied are of this class-so is each individual, whatever his post, residing in the Home, which originated in this wise, Two released thieves wandered into the Mission chapel we have so lately left, where Joshua Poole was preaching, were impressed, and expressed a desire to reform. But who would help them? Mr. Hatton did, by taking two small rooms and beginning this work, which has so grown in the space of less than four years that prison authorities thankfully countenance and aid it.

From the Home we thread our way through several streets to a building used by Mr. Hatton for a school-house and place of reception—tables are, at the moment, laid for a Band of Hope tea. At the door is a well-to-do donkey, harnessed to a cart, and employed to carry about the bundles of wood chopped up in the cellars. A prison youth bids a mischievous urchin to "let the donkey alone, or he will kick," which he does, in fact. Two somewhat rickety staircases lead to the cellars, down one of which the

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donkey goes to his clean dormitory below; and down the other of which we tread gingerly, till we reach the wood-choppers. These, again, are all reformed criminals, earning an honest living, and looking very much like ordinary workmen, albeit having undergone various terms of penal servitude or imprisonment. Here, besides the wood-chopping machinery, is a knife-grinding machine about to be mended—this ambulance giving a trade to men who can do nothing else.

Leaving the cellar, we again wander through many streets till we reach a coffee-house, not far from the chapel in Little Wild Street. Here we recognise and are recognised by many of the guests of the supper. The greetings are mutual and agreeable, for we all understand one another, and there is no disguise! One informs us that he has just finished seven years of penal servitude, but, by God's grace, they are to be his last. Another, a mere boy, that he has been out all day looking for work, having been imprisoned for stealing three shillings from his employer, but he means to "steal no more." In the

cook of the establishment we see one of our "friends in evening dress," now with a large cook's apron covering his neat clothes. He is employed from 4 A.M. to 4 P.M. in cooking, while his wife superintends the coffee. The charges are immoderately moderate, for even a plate of meat can be obtained for 4d. Again we have to repeat that superintendents and customers at this warm cosy coffee-house have all belonged to the criminal classes; and it is well to know that the chaplains of prisons are in communication with our friends Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley, and work with them in helping men who show a sincere wish to reform. It is evident that the labours of these "Friends" are appreciated by those for whose good they "spend and are spent." Smiles of welcome greet them as they visit with us this triad of dwellings; and the friendly hand-shake testifies to the brotherly love on either side. We would, indeed, advise any one who does not know what a genuine hand-grip is, to pay a visit to any of the places we have sought to describe, and shake hands with some of the members of "the criminal classes."



TWO LITTLE FLOWERS.

WO little flowers burst forth one day—
Two little flowers!
And one was fair as a sunny ray,
Bright and sparkling, happy and gay,
Glad as the hours;
And one was stunted, and humbly lay,
Hiding its head in a pitiful way:
Two little flowers!

Two little flowers in God's good care—
Two little flowers!

But one was set where the sky was fair,
Flushed by the sunlight, lulled by the air,
Loved by the showers;

And one was dying with none to spare
Touch or caress for it lying there:
Two little flowers!

Two little flowers that love could bind—
Two little flowers!

A message was whispered one day by the wind—
A sorrowful tale of the flower that pined
Lone through the hours;

And the glad little flower was troubled in mind—

For its brother in pain some joy it must find

Two little flowers!

Two little flowers so loving and true—
Two little flowers!
One of them gave of its sparkling dew,
Its beautiful petals of rainbow hue,
Fresh as spring showers:
And one of them then with such gifts in view
Struggled with pain and sickness and grew:
Two little flowers!

Two little flowers we see every day—
Two little flowers!
One that is happy and healthy and gay,
Using for good, in a loving way,
All of its powers;
One that is lying where skies are grey,
Out of the sunshine, out of the way:
Two little flowers!

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE TIDE WAS HIGH," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.



N a little place like Melbury it does not take long for gossip to spread. Already it was known to Mrs. Rosebay that, to her new friends, for whom she was beginning to care, some of whom she loved, the bitter ashes of her past had

been raked up, and that presently she would be shunned by every one.

The precise form the story had taken she did not know; what the side-wind of runnour brought to her was that her identity with the unhappy Mrs. Cockburn—who, on a sad day long ago, had prayed to die, if so she might escape from the bitter sense of humiliation which crushed her to the ground—had been discovered. That the consequence would be a second abandonment by the world, she did not doubt, and, when cold glances met her, when invitations ceased suddenly to come, when two or three times she was met at the doors of those with whom she was beginning to be intimate with a curt and decided "not at home," Adeline told herself that she need not be surprised; this was just what she had expected.

She felt no anger against those who were so ready to drop her. She did not cry out about the world's injustice, or express her unhappiness in terms of cynicism, as many would have done under the circumstances. Sorrow was a companion Adeline knew too well to be in any sense surprised that once more it should take up its abode with her.

She had slept—she had seen bright visions. Had she not slept, had she not dreamed, this bitter awakening would never have come.

But there was one thing that stung her.

She told herself it was only a groundless suspicion, which she had no right to entertain; but, in spite of all her efforts, the suspicion remained, and it cut into her heart like the lash of a whip, leaving behind it a bleeding wound.

There was one only in Melbury who knew her antecedents. Could he have betrayed her? She had never asked James Darrent to be sjlent. She had read in his face that he did not disapprove of the step she had taken, but rejoiced rather in the comparative case and freedom of soul in which he found her—he

who had been the witness of her deepest sorrow, her bitterest degradation.

Yes, and she had fancied she read more than this there. Poor Adeline! Sitting in the pretty drawing-room Sibyl had admired, with her faded flowers about her—she has had no heart to gather fresh flowers—she sets her lips together tightly. Her imagination had tricked her. If there had been any feeling for her in his heart, would he not have come? Was it like a friend to leave her to bear this trouble alone?

But he had called himself her friend.

Yes, and how strange a look of timidity and earnestness had overspread his face, giving added meaning to his words as he spoke!

"You may want a friend some day. Will you think of me then? Wherever I am, whatever I may be doing, I will answer your summons."

She believed him then; she thanked him, with what warmth of expression she now remembers, and, at the remembrance, warm colour floods her face and neck.

While Adeline was thus sadly thinking about past and present, she heard sounds which were already becoming unfamiliar to her—steps outside, the ringing of the visitor's bell, and a hasty tremulous knock.

She turned as pale as death.

The servant came in with a card. Her hands trembled so, that she could not take it up, nor was she able to read the name.

"Put it down," she said, pointing to a table at her elbow.

"And, please, ma'am, shall I show the gentleman in?" asked the girl.

She bent her head in assent, then rose to her feet, and stood waiting.

Of her beauty at that moment, it would be impossible to give any adequate idea. She wore black, a mode of dress she had resumed since her friends had begun to fall off from her. Save for dainty ruffles round her neck and wrists, it was unrelieved by ornament of any kind; but she needed no ornaments. The statuesque beauty of her form made the plain black dress a queenly robe, and her exquisite face, in its warm setting of golden-brown hair, rose from this warm setting of golden-brown hair, rose from this a flower-cup crown, as delicate, as pure, as stately as the white-petalled lily, with its golden anthers.

Her visitor—he was entering timidly, with his hat in his hand—started back in surprise, almost terror. Her beauty was no greater than he had expected to see; but this look on her face he had not expected, and it staggered him.

But meanwhile Adeline saw and recognised him. She was surprised, and if bitterly disappointed for a moment, she had still sufficient power over herself to do the honours of her house calmly.

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"Will you not sit down. Sir Waiter?" she said.

No doubt he was sensitive. Young people in such frame of mind as his are peculiarly open to impressions; but he fancied he read inquiry in her face, and, forgetting the elaborate prelude he had prepared, which was delicately to lead up to the great object of his visit, he blurted out—

"You are surprised to see me, Mrs. Rosebay."

She answered, "If I am surprised, it is a most pleasant surprise. I have not had many visitors lately. But perhaps you bring a message from my friend Sibyl. I know you and she meet very frequently."

"Yes," he said, "I have seen her just now, at the

Park."

He paused awkwardly, reflecting what a pity it was that he had not come armed with a message from Sibyl.

"I hope she is quite well," Mrs. Rosebay said.

"Oh, yes! thank you. She is all right—at least, I think so, I didn't ask. You see, I was thinking of other things."

It would have been impossible not to notice the agitation in his manner. Mrs. Rosebay did notice it, but she was far from attributing it to the right cause. Lovely as she was, she had not the fatuity to imagine that no man could see her without falling in love with her; and Sir Walter Harcourt, whom she looked upon as a very estimable young man, who showed indications of possessing a good heart, was, she believed, tacitly engaged to Sibyl.

What occurred to her, as the only likely interpretation of his singular manner, was that he wished her to understand this call as a special mark of his confidence in her, and found it difficult to put his feeling into words. Being sorry for his embarrassment, and gratified by his visit, she determined to assist him, and said, with that adorable smile which Sir Walter knew—

"Do you know, I have a little suspicion about your visit to-day."

He started violently. She went on, with the most unlover-like composure—

"It is an act of modern knight-errantry. Am I not right? You want me to know that the unkind things people say about me do not affect you. You are good enough and wise enough to separate me from my past life. You know that I would not have consented to fraud consciously. Sir Walter, I thank you from my heart."

But here she broke short suddenly. The colour had flamed into his face, his lips were trembling, his veins stood out like knotted cords upon his temples, for the tone of her voice, low and sad, her words, full to him of pathetic meaning, and the sorrow, blent with noble resignation, in her face, were together more than he could bear. He gave an inarticulate cry. And Adeline was silent. For the moment she was almost as deeply moved as he was.

Then, struggling to regain his self-possession, "Mrs. Rosebay," he said, "will you forgive me?

The fact is that these things work me up-work me up-to frenzy. It 's so cruel and base. However, I didn't come to-day to speak about what other people are doing or saying. I came to speak about myself -about you." He spoke more easily as he went on, and there was a rough kind of eloquence that was very touching in his further words. "You are right, and you are wrong. I came here-I should have come under any circumstances-to let you know that you have one friend, at least. But there is something more I want to say. I know there is nothing very interesting about me, and if it hadn't been for this I think I shouldn't have ventured to tell you that, from the moment I saw you, you were the first woman in the world to me-my queen. But I heard what people said, and I believed you felt lonely and sad, and these things were too much for me. Stay. Will you be so kind as to allow me to say what I mean in my own words? I know you can't feel to me as I feel to you; it would be out of the question. but I love you so much. I believe I could make you happy. Then, you know, if I haven't much else to offer, I have a name. Up in the North, my home, I'd like to see the man or woman who would speak disrespectfully of my wife."

So far, the young fellow spoke with spirit. The consciousness that he really had something to offer invigorated him. But somehow the something, clothed in his own words, with this lovely woman's face before him, seemed poor and paltry.

"But all these things are miseries," he added, dejectedly. "The real point is that I love you, Mrs. Rosebay."

And there he broke off, and, all his fluency having departed, poor youth! sat on the sofa, with his eyes cast down and his hat convulsively clasped in his hand, feeling he did not know what—except, perhaps, that he had made an arrant fool of himself, and that nothing would surprise him less than to hear Mrs. Rosebay order him out.

She did nothing of the kind; and, indeed, it was no ill will that kept her silent, but hard necessity, for tears were raining down her face, and speech of any kind would have been an impossibility.

When—for the silence seemed more intolerable to him at last than the most decided words—he looked up and saw her emotion, what he would have called his manliness—that mask which strong hearts wear to hide their deepest feelings—almost deserted him, and it was in a voice choked and unnatural that he said, "I am distressing you. I will go away at once."

With a strong effort at composure, and smiling through her tears, she answered, "No, not yet; I shall be better presently. I shall be able to speak to you."

"Then-" he gasped.

She interrupted him, and he knew at once that his fate was sealed. The soft melancholy eyes looking into his were not the eyes of love, and in place of springing forward, as he had intended, and grasping her hand, he sat like one turned into stone, staring out vacantly before him.

And again the tears filled her eyes. "I am sorry, so sorry," she said; "if I could have given you love for love, I would. But it is impossible. Yes, I must not let you hope falsely. What you wish cannot be."

There followed a short silence. He had expected this, and yet it hurt him. Probably none of us know the strength of our own hopes. But, happily for himself, Sir Walter's love was unselfish, and he managed to say, presently, "Yes, I thought so. I knew I was a fool to expect it. But I may be your friend? I won't intrude, I assure you. I'll never mention this subject again—never, I give you my word. But it would grieve me to think that I might never see you again, might never do anything to help you."

Deeply touched, Adeline answered, "You have helped me already. I was feeling lonely and sad, as you thought, and quite cut off from sympathy; your visit to-day has been like a cordial to my heart. Yes, we are friends; we must remain friends."

Stammering out some boyish words about her goodness, Walter Harcourt rose to his feet. He believed it was time the interview should end. Rejected suitors had nothing to do but to go away; besides, his heart was full, and he did not wish—as he would have expressed it—to make a fool of himself. After all, had he not accomplished his purpose? With her own lips she had told him that his visit had done her good; that was something to hold to in the dreary future opening out before him.

But Adeline, who saw the look of repressed pain in his face—pain which she was determined to heal if she could—begged him to sit down again. She had an abundance of tact, and the fine manners of a highly-bred lady. Before they had been half an hour together, Sir Walter Harcourt was almost at ease in this new friendly relationship.

Jeannette, who came in presently from her walk, helped to remove any lingering embarrassment. She invited them into the garden, and they walked about amongst the flowers, talking of indifferent matters, just as if that stormy little interlude, when the tears had rained down Adeline's face, and Sir Walter had felt that his heart would surely break, had never been.

When the sky grew red in the west, and he prepared to take his leave, she said, seriously—

"You have called yourself my friend, and I have promised to be your friend. I will begin by treating you with confidence. I wrote to Lady Egerton, to ask her advice about the state of affairs here; she is up in Scotland. She asks me to pay her a visit. You know," with a smile, "that Sir Harry married the heiress."

"After having been affected as I was," said Sir Walter, reddening.

Adeline answered-

"If he had been as truly unselfish as you, I should not have left his mother. However, everything is right now. I hear he and his wife are perfectly happy together, and I am free to see my dear old friend once more."

"When do you start?" asked Sir Walter.

"To-morrow. Will you say good-bye to Sibyl for me? By-the-by, does she know about your visit?"

"Yes, and she sympathised with me passionately. She said she envied me. I believe she is as much in love with you as anybody."

Adeline blushed with pleasure. She loved the frank true-hearted girl, who had come to her in her loneliness, and the fear that she thought ill of her had been a distinct element in her pain. That evening she was happier and calmer than she had been for many days. Thinking of Sir Walter and Sibyl, and the happiness she believed to be in store for them, she was able to forget her own troubles.

There were those who were thinking of her, and with sad and sorrowful hearts.

John Darrent was later than usual in his study that night. He had some private letters to write, and they took longer than he had imagined. Long after Mrs. Darrent had gone to bed, he sat before his desk, writing rapidly. When the last letter was finished, he looked at his watch.

"Two o'clock! Now, who would have thought it?" he murmured.

As he got up to light the bedroom candle, he heard sounds in a neighbouring room, and a look, not so much of annoyance as distress, crossed his face.

"Something must be done," he murmured; "he can't be allowed to kill himself."

Noiselessly he crept out of his study, and opened the door of the room whence the sounds proceeded. His brother did not hear him. A microscope, drawing materials, a profusion of specimens, pens, ink, and paper, lay scattered about him. He was hard at work upon some abstruse calculation; but his flushed cheeks and painfully-knit brows showed that he was working with extreme effort. Advancing into the room, John Darrent stood over him; then, being unperceived, he touched him on the arm.

"Wait a moment," said the student, still carrying on his calculation.

John Darrent sat down. Presently the result was reached and recorded; then his brother turned to him.

- "Come to say good-night, old fellow?" he asked.
- "Are you aware of the time, James?"
- "I heard twelve strike a few minutes ago."

"Two hours ago."

"Then that last calculation has taken me an unconscionable time."

He looked down on his paper again, as if anxious to be left to his studies.

John covered the paper with his hand.

"James," he said, "do you think you are right?"

"What! do you see an error in my sum? Give it to me. Let me go over it again."

"No," replied the brother, "I will not give you the paper. I will take it. Yes, old fellow, I do see an

error, a very great error, in your calculations. If you don't look out, it will be irremediable soon. James," as, like one suddenly awakened, his brother looked up at him, "will you forgive me if I talk very seriously to you?"

"Say what you like, John. I know you too well

not to be sure you mean kindly."

"Thank you, old fellow; that gives me courage to go on. Now, you take an earnest view of life. So do I. We both believe that the world—our own and turne generations—has a certain claim upon us. Believing this, would it not be something like cheating on our part to squander our lives?"

"What do you mean?" said James Darrent, with

some indignation in his tone.

"I will speak more plainly. You are the last man in the world, James, whom any one would accuse of wasting his body by excess. But what about the mind? It is more delicate than the body: it requires more careful treatment. Treat it well, and it will serve, not only yourself, but your generation for years; and your mind, remember, is an exceptional one. You will, I believe, leave a goodly heritage behind you. But, if so, there must be no excess, no squandering of the necessary energy."

James Darrent leaned his head upon his hand, and looked out before him thoughtfully. He was worn and haggard, and the expression of sadness, which Maggie had remarked in his face, had certainly deepened.

"Work is telling upon you already," said his brother. "Be wise in time, old fellow. Take things moderately. There is no necessity for you to have your book out at once. If you are in want of ready money, you know I will lend you whatever you like on it."

"Thank you," said James Darrent, in a subdued voice, and after that he rose from his seat, and began to pace the room excitedly, his brother watching him, with deep concern in his face.

At last he sat down again, drew his chair close to

his brother's, and said-

"You are very good to give me this advice; you both think of me, you and Eleanor, more than I deserve. I will try and do as you wish; but see-old fellow !- I must work, I must indeed. It makes no difference. It's anxiety, not work, that is eating into my flesh, and making me this horrible pale object that frightens you. The fact is-it is hard to speak about it, but you deserve I should be frank with you-I want money. I never wanted it before. I have missed glorious chances, as you know. Many another man with my experience would have had a good round sum comfortably invested. I didn't care for that kind of thing. When my discoveries brought me in money, I spent it in making further investigations. But now I want it. No-not a loan, my dear old fellow; I know how generous you are. But a loan wouldn't do. It must be my own, my very own money, something certain; and this, I think, my book will bring me. Your face asks why I want this. John, a new necessity has arisen. I

have heard a story, a lying story—you have heard it—you know how strangely the falsehood in it is mingled with fact. I love that solitary and injured woman. She is—well, I mustn't rave. Imagine all that, if you like. What I have to tell you is my hope. It is to ask her to come to me. I will love her. I will shelter her. But the money, don't you see?—her money—she does not know it, of course—is a stained and poisoned thing. It must be dropped, put out of sight. Anybody who likes may have it. The main point is to save and justify her. Now," half-smiling, "you know the meaning of my sudden rapacity for money. Till my book is out, I must work; else the suspense would kill me."

" And meanwhile-"

"I have thought what it will be best to do. I believe it is right to be silent; another may come forward; he can offer her, from the world's point of view, more than I. I have watched him narrowly; he is commonplace, but this love is changing him; I believe he is unselfish and good. If she has no feeling for any one else, I think she may be moved by his candour and true-heartedness. Should this happen, I shall only rejoice that I kept myself out of the way. Don't look at me so pitifully, John; under no circumstances could I die of grief. Have I not my mistress, my great mistress, Science, to console me?"

To which question John Darrent made no answer, possibly because he felt himself incapable of speech. Recovering himself, he was peremptory on one point at least; his brother should enter upon no more calculations that night.

He found his wife wakeful, and told her the whole story

"And now," he said, in conclusion, "what is to be done? We can't see two lives ruined."

She answered, in a voice unusually faltering, "Can it be possible that Mrs. Rosebay does not know she has no right to her money?"

"Perhaps she has a right, a perfect right; she has rich relatives. It is quite possible that her income is not derived from her late husband's estate at all."

" I wish I knew the truth," said Eleanor Darrent, sadly.

Her husband answered, "I think you might find it out."

" How?"

" By going to her, telling her the rumour frankly, and asking her if it rests on any foundation of fact."

"You think it would be possible to do this?"
"It would not be possible for every one. It would

be possible for you."

After that no more was said. Eleanor fell into a fit of musing which ended in decision. The task was an unpleasant one, but that was no reason why she should shrink from it.

Late in the afternoon of the following day—she had been kept at home by visitors during its early hours—she started for Fairfield House.

She was too late. Half an hour before, Mrs. Rose-

bay, with one servant and her little Jeannette, had started for London, to take the night mail thence for Scotland.

Eleanor paid another visit, and then drove on to the station to meet her husband. behind. It would be impossible to write what I have to say. Things must take their course for a time."

If the idea crossed Eleanor Darrent's mind that the course of affairs might so turn as to draw her



"Smiling through her tears, she answered, 'No, not yet."-p. 354.

"Well?" he said, inquiringly, when he had taken the reins,

She answered-

"Mrs. Rosebay has gone.

"What? entirely?"

"I fancy not. She has left some of her servants

brother-in-law's attention from the woman whose past and present were doubtful, to the enthusiastic young girl who had been brought up under her own influence, and whom he had so strangely and deeply moved, we must not blame her. It was in the nature of things.

CHAPTER XII.

THE holiday-time of the year had arrived, and the little society of Melbury went in divers directions—to Switzerland, to the Lakes, to Devonshire, to Wales.

Sidney at Melbury Lodge, and Maggie at Forest House—she had begged to remain at home and keep house for her uncle—when they met one day out on the common, remarked that they had the world to themselves.

Sidney relieved his feelings by making a few cynical remarks to Maggie about the general slowness of things. Maggie poured into his ears her feelings about her uncle.

"He works so hard, Sidney, and he gets thinner and paler every day. I wish to goodness Sibyl would come back."

"Where is she?" asked Sidney.

"Oh! didn't you hear? She was not very well, and Mrs. White insisted upon taking her up to Scarborough. Sibyl did not want to go."

"She'll meet Walter there. I wonder when they are all coming back?"

"I had a letter from Sibyl this morning. It is much more cheerful than the last. But she says nothing about when they will return."

"Now what the mischief does Sibyl mean by being anything but cheerful?" asked Sidney, with some discontent in his voice. "If I were in her shoes I would preserve a constant serenity, I can tell you."

"You are not," said Maggie, "so you don't know anything about it; but let me tell you, for your information, that it's not always so pleasant to be a woman."

"If I had lots of money, like Sibyl, I don't think I should object to it," he returned, gloomily.

Whereto she answered, enigmatically, that money sometimes made things worse.

Maggie had a very nice little romance in her head about Sibyl. She was changed, there could be no doubt of that. Her Uncle James was also changed. These two changes had taken place about the same time. Was it not possible—nay, even probable—that there was some connection between them?

This was the small root-idea upon which Maggie proceeded to build up her little romance. If Sibyl had a strong feeling for her uncle, it was most likely that he reciprocated it. Maggie's observation of life, reached through the medium of story-books, led her to believe that these strong attractions were generally mutual. But, in such case, why did not her uncle come forward? Now here cropped in certain story-book notions of sentimental morality and false delicacy. Her uncle was poor; Sibyl was rich. Of course, this was the secret. He could not offer himself to the heiress without bringing something in his hand. People would impugn his motives. It would be said that he was mercenary. In thinking over the future, and planning-for she was the most unselfish creature in the world—a happy issue for those she loved so dearly out of their mutual embarrassment, Maggie had wild notions, now and then, of advising Sibyl to feign poverty for a short time. Such a plan had, she believed, been adopted with success by others. Of course, there were difficulties in the way.

While her mother was rich, no one would believe that Sibyl was poor; and Mrs. White would not, most likely, see the importance of the crisis, and consent to lay down her state for a time.

She might, indeed, have entirely different views for her daughter; views with which the Park and the Hall were more consistent than a cottage; and, in such case, could not some inkling of the state of affairs be given her? Might she not disinherit her daughter? But this notion, looked at seriously, was even wilder than the former. However her wishes might affect her judgment for a moment, Maggie was perfectly well aware of the fact that Mrs. White was not of the stuff of the imperious mothers who disinherit sons and daughters as a punishment for persistent contradiction to their will.

But these ideas set aside, what remained? Maggie felt as strongly as her parents, perhaps even more strongly—for she was without their knowledge of time's marvellous power to heal the most sickening sorrows—that it was a pity two lives should be ruined. Added to this salutary feeling, she had amother, which was not quite so wise. Most of us have it at times, in a greater or less degree—the desire to be a providence, to interpose beneficially in the lives of those we love.

No spirit of rule, or anticipated gratification of will, moved Maggie when, clasping her hands together, she said, "Oh, if I could only make them happy, how happy and proud I skould be!" And yet self interposed, interposed disastrously, and affected her perceptions of things.

Sitting down to answer Sibyl's letter, she said, "Now I mean to speak to her frankly, and, if I pain her for the present, it will be for her future good."

This speaking frankly was an elaborate description of her uncle's state. "If you could only see him!" wrote this artful young lady. "He works day and night, and every morning he looks paler. He scarcely ever eats; he never smiles, as he used to when you were here. His only recreation is to listen to my music at night, and even in this he is peculiar. He will have me play, over and over again, that piece which I say is like a dream of a beautiful face. You will remember that I played it on the first evening you spent with us after his return."

This Maggie considered was a most telling touch. It was; but it told in a different way from any she could have imagined.

Sibyl, in the gay and fashionable watering-place, where she was the centre of attraction to a most brilliant circle, had recovered some of her former vivacity. Moping was, with her, an unusual mental attitude. But this letter recalled some of her painful feelings, and gave them an added sharpness. Her

hero was suffering. She suspected why. What dreams she had entertained of removing suffering far from him! He was suffering now, and she was as nothing in his pain. She could do nothing.

But could she not?

She was in her room alone when the letter came, and as the image it presented rose before her, the scalding tears had fallen from her eyes; but when this questioning thought recurred, they were of a sudden arrested. Though she herself were as nothing, less than nothing, in his pain, yet might she not do something to remove it?

For full five minutes Sibyl sat silent, staring out before her, and a curious, indefinite dream, full of figures not her own, yet by her blessed and furthered on their way, passed, in slow procession, before her.

Another letter was in her lap. She took it up. She knew the handwriting—it was Mrs. Rosebay's. Though, in her heart of hearts, Sibyl believed that her new friend was true and good, and though what Sir Walter had related to her concerning their interview had more than confirmed her in this impression, she had not been able to restrain a certain feeling of estrangement from her. It did honour to Sibyl's heart and conscience that she had not in any shape given way to this feeling. Fortunately she and Mrs. Rosebay were separated, so there was no chance of her feeling cropping out in an unguarded moment, but she spoke of her to others with affection, even enthusiasm, and kept up a correspondence with her which was perfectly natural and unforced.

Her inner feeling was partially revealed, however, by the fact that she was not impatient to open Mrs. Rosebay's letter; she had kept it to the last.

But now she broke the seal, glanced her eye over it, and then put it down.

"Lady Egerton advises me to return to Melbury," Adeline wrote. "And I think she is wise. If I went to another place, it would only be the old experience over again; and-I suppose I become more thin-skinned as I grow older-these things cut into me now. I cannot bear them philosophically. I have a yearning, which no words can express, for human sympathy. Once I thought I could live alone with Nature, and find consolation in its beauty and wonder; now I know that is impossible. I believe it would be impossible to any one. A passionate desire for dear human regard bites deep into the tissue of our nature. Before we can get rid of it we must get rid of part of ourselves. So I return to Melbury. I shall not be without companionship. You have not forsaken me, dearest Sibyl; and I think, and Lady Egerton thinks, that when the first surprise is over, people will forget what I was. After all, it was not entirely my fault."

There was more in the same strain. What impressed itself chiefly on Sibyl's mind was the two-fold fact that Mrs. Rosebay was returning to Melbury, and that she could not possibly write as she did if she bad been a consenting partner in fraudulent enter-

prises. And thereupon the young girl formed her determination.

At breakfast that morning she said to her mother, "Are you not getting a little tired of this kind of thing, mamma?"

The fact was that Mrs. White was becoming exceedingly tired of the constant excitement, but she believed the change was doing Sibyl good, and knowing her child's natural unselfishness, she had carefully refrained from any expression of her feeling.

"Why," she answered Sibyl's question, "what makes you think I am tired of Scarborough?"

"I suppose it is because I am a little tired of it myself. The sea becomes monotonous after a time; I want to see my garden."

Mrs. White wanted to see her house, and to be quite sure that carpets and curtains, wainscoting and fenders were receiving due attention. But mindful still of what was always paramount with her—Sibyl's interests—she said, with hesitation, "Wouldn't it seem a little prononcé to go away just now?"

"You are thinking of Sir Walter Harcourt? Oh! don't mind about him. I will put things in their right light there. Very likely we shall see him in Melbury soon."

"Very well, dear; you know best. I am ready to start whenever you like," said Mrs. White.

A few days after this conversation took place, Sibyl and her mother were once more established at the Park.

Melbury Lodge was then still unoccupied except by Sidney, who was working for his examination, and Mr. and Mrs. Darrent were away. Maggie, as soon as she heard of Sibyl's return, rushed over to see her. The two girls met in the garden-parlour. It was beautiful still, though the leaves had begun to fall, and the autumn flowers had succeeded the gorgeous flowers of summer.

"Oh!" said Maggie, ecstatically, "I am so glad you have come back, Sibyl. Now everything will be right."

"What makes you think so?" Sibyl asked, gravely.

Maggie felt herself turn a little cold and sick at this question, put so seriously. Sibyl, she thought, was not nearly so demonstrative as she used to be.

"Oh!" she answered, lightly, "I don't know. I suppose it's because you are strong that we all have such confidence in you. We used to say, you remember, that you could make the sun shine when you wished."

"Which meant that I could make you forget there were clouds in the sky," said Sibyl, smiling a little sadly as she thought of her old triumphs. "I am afraid I am not so strong as I used to be, Maggie; however," with an abrupt change of manner, "tell me about Uncle James."

This was precisely what Maggie was anxious to do, and she drew a picture so pathetic that Sibyl was forced, two or three times, to look away. She did not wish Maggie to see that tears were in her eyes.

But by the time the story was ended, she had succeeded in recovering her composure, and she said—

There was silence for some moments between the two young girls. Maggie thought—

"Sibyl is setting her wits to work; she is clever. She will find her way out of the puzzle." Sibyl thought—



"They walked about amongst the flowers."-p. 355.

"Why does Uncle James work so hard?"

"He wants to make money," Maggie answered, dejectedly, "and I am sure he will not succeed—at least not yet. A man of business, who came to see him yesterday, told him that it takes years for these kinds of books to work their way."

"He knows her money is poisoned; he wishes, before he speaks, to make money for her."

Inconsequently, from Maggie's point of view, she said—

"Do you know if Mrs. Rosebay has come home?"

"Yes; I saw her yesterday afternoon. But why do you ask ?"

"I want particularly to see her. Will you remain with mamma till I come back, Maggie? I don't think I shall be very long. You look surprised. My dear child, I am going to try to make sunshine forfor-Uncle James."

But, Sibyl-

"My dear little Maggie, you have made a great mistake. Now, don't detain me. They mustn't be one hour longer unhappy than is necessary."

Half an hour later, Sibyl was in the drawing-room of Fairfield House, with Mrs. Rosebay before her.

She had already told what was the story which had been diligently circulated through Melbury, and Adeline, listening, felt as if her senses would desert

"They have thought this of me?" said the white lady, with quivering lips.

"Not everybody," Sibyl answered, soothingly.

"But that any should have believed it!"

She covered her face with her hands, for burning colour overspread it.

"It was thought that you acted in ignorance, You know we women are supposed to know very little of business."

"But how could I have been ignorant? Oh! I am bitterly punished, bitterly punished! Sibyl, do not cling to me so. It is not fit that you should touch me until you know everything. Dear, I will try to tell you, if I can. I have been foolish and weak in my life. I have given way where I should have been firm; where I might have given way, I have been strong. I sometimes think I was born under an evil star.

"But," said Sibyl, "the evil influences are losing their power now. Never call yourself unfortunate again; you are the happiest, the most favoured of

Adeline looked at Sibyl, as if she thought she must have lost her senses; but the young girl

"Yes; I mean what I say. Your fate is in your own hands. Is not that to be blest?"

"Sibyl, what do you mean?"

The girl stooped, kissed her friend's flushed cheek, and whispered a few words in her ear. Adeline sprang up as if she had been stung. But Sibyl only smiled serenely.

"Now," she said, rising to her feet, and there was a certain majesty in her voice and attitude that none had ever seen in her before, "you are on your trial. If you are like the ordinary run of women, you will blush and hesitate, and then you will prove yourself unworthy-unworthy of his love. If you are what he thinks you, you will put an end to his pain at once; you will send for him; you will tell him this that you intended to tell me. Do you hesitate? can you ? "

The girl's voice rose. She turned away. Adeline stopped her.

"Sibyl," she said, in a smothered voice, "you are young ; you cannot see my difficulty."

"Yes, I do see your difficulty. In an ordinary case it would hold good; this is not an ordinary case. Are you so blind as not to see why he keeps away from you? Can you imagine for a moment that he thinks this evil? No; he is working till he has something to offer you. He is smothering his heart, killing himself with work and anxiety, for fear of plunging you into poverty. Now do you understand? Oh! if I were in your place, Adeline, if I were in your place, it would not take so many words to convince me."

And therewith the brave girl almost broke down.

When Adeline left the room she was glad; she longed to be alone, that she might weep.

And those two or three tears, last fond witness to the self-regard which had put her better self in danger, did Sibyl good; they cleansed the perilous stuff from her heart. It was a girlish face that she lifted to Adeline, and it was with glad girlish lips she thanked her, when a little folded note, addressed to James Darrent, was put in her hand.

"I cannot hope that you are right," Adeline whispered. "Still, he promised to be my friend, my friend always, and it is right he should know the truth."

But Sibyl would listen to nothing further. She hurried back to Maggie. Maggie had not joined Mrs. White. She was still alone in the garden-

Sibyl tossed the note into her lap.

* * *

"There!" she said. "Take it; it has cost me something."

Maggie looked bewildered.

"Sunlight for Uncle James," the girl explained. "Come, I will drive you to Forest House."

It is late in the evening of that same day, a delicious autumn evening that dies out gloriously. The verandah of Fairfield House faces the west. For full two hours Adeline has been sitting there, watching the gorgeous procession of fantastic cloud-forms, Now all has toned down to a sober grey, just faintly tinged with colour, and the air grows chill. She shivers, and turns to go in, but at the same moment the sounds for which she has been watching through those long hours strike upon her ear, and she turns again, advances a few steps, then draws back, for the colour is coming and going in her face.

The visitor is as yet hidden by a clump of evergreens. She struggles with her agitation, and succeeds in putting on at least a semblance of calm, but the deadly pallor of her face, and her forced composure, give her an unusual dignity of appearance.

The visitor sees her now; he too is pale, very pale. Her lips quiver and her composure nearly deserts her, when she sees that he is not only pale from recent agitation, but worn and haggard, as if he had lately risen from an exhausting illness.

But whatever the extremity of our feeling, society's conventions must be observed.

James Darrent, when he sees Mrs. Rosebay, lifts his hat courteously. She advances, shakes hands with him, and asks him to come into the drawing-room.

After that they both try to speak of indifferent topics, but the effort is a vain one, and at last Adeline plunges into the subject which has been for these

two hours engrossing her mind.

"You promised to be my friend," she says, in a voice that is not so firm as she had intended that it should be; for it has not escaped her that there is an intensity in his manner, and a certain indescribable yearning in his face which are scarcely in keeping with the word she has chosen to express the relation between them.

Possibly, it is that tremor in her voice, or look in her face answering to the devotion he tries so vainly to conceal; or it may be her very presence, the presence of this lovely and injured woman, who, though only now he has presumed to love her, has for years been his type of what is beautiful and rare in womankind, that works upon James Darrent to the point of upsetting plans laid with self-forgetting prudence, and the patience of one accustomed to see far beyond the small sphere of his own individuality. All this is possible. What is certain is that all at once the semi-transparent veil of reserve he had used to keep himself in check is rent irremediably, and then the philosopher and man of science is no more his own master than if he were the veriest boy, "Stop," he says, huskily, "I must not remain here under false pretences. I am your friend, Mrs. Rosebay; I am more; yes, I am more. I had intended to wait, for I have nothing to offer to you-less than nothing -not even a name yet. I intended to watch over you as a friend may, and some day, if fortune had favoured me, to let you know all that had so long been in my heart. I see you, and I cannot keep silence."

He rises from his seat; his voice drops. There is a gentle solemnity in his manner which impresses her so that she can do nothing but weep, as he goes on.

"And, after all, why should we fight against what must be? Love is stronger than we are; stronger than time; stronger than all things; we can love and be patient."

"Love and be patient!" she repeats, as if it were a refrain, and, at this moment, it seems sacrilege to think of anything but the deep pure love which is constraining them to cling one to the other passionately, and think of the world as nought.

But the first strange sweet unearthly moments vanish, like those which have preceded and those which must follow them into the past eternity. The hands that had been clasped unlock. Adeline lifts to her lover a face in which tears and smiles are struggling for the mastery. She says, "But this is not why I sent for you."

The declaration is so childish that they both laugh, and James Darrent answers, "You sent for a friend, not a lover; you find both. What can they do for you, Adeline?"

"They can listen to my story, James. I should like the truth known-at least, a few moments ago I thought so; now, I feel as if I cared for nobody. However, it is right that the woman you distinguish with your love should free herself from false imputa-You know about my marriage; you know how young I was and inexperienced when I contracted it, and how bitter was my feeling of humiliation when I discovered our real position. Until the day when my unfortunate husband took his own life, I believed in his innocence. If it was weak to put that awful past from me by changing my name and trying to make new friends, I am sorry for the weakness. My new friends are punishing me for it bitterly. Some time ago I heard that my identity had been discovered, and when I was avoided by my acquaintances I thought this was the reason. But to-day I have heard the real truth. They say that I am living on his money, the money poisoned by fraud and wickedness.'

A deep breath escapes from James Darrent's laboured heart,

"And you are not?" he asks.

She starts back from him.

"Were you one of those who thought it?"

"Adeline, forgive me; but I never suspected you, dear, never. I know women's ignorance of business. I intended to tell you as soon as ever I had something to offer you."

White and gasping she sinks back in her chair.

"How could it have got about?" she murmurs. "It is too dreadful. Listen, James. The whole of my fortune, and it was not a small one, went to my husband's creditors. I kept nothing, not even my wedding presents and furniture, which, they said, were mine legitimately. I went out, without a penny, to make my way in the world. Then I met Lady Egerton. I was her companion. She was a mother to me, and when, by force of circumstances which neither of us could control, we were compelled to separate, she found my uncle out—he is a rich man—and so influenced him that he settled upon me for my lifetime the income I now enjoy—six hundred a year. But where are you going, James?"

He had grasped his hat, and risen to his feet.

"To make this known everywhere; to tell people that she is a wicked woman, a traitress."

"She! who?"

"Caroline Harcourt."

"It was she who told you this story?"

"Yes, and circumstantially, with the greatest appearance of accuracy."

"I begin to understand," said Adeline, thoughtfully. "But will not to-morrow be time enough for you to set to work, James?"

He sat down again, laughing a little at his own sudden pugnacity, and for another hour they sat together; then came Jeannette and supper, and a happy merry evening the three spent together.

The very next day Adeline Cockburn's true story was known through Melbury. It was known, moreover, that, so soon as the event could conveniently come off, she was to become the wife of James Darrent. Melbury, sorry for its mistake, called on Mrs. Rosebay again, and congratulations and wedding presents were poured in from every side.

In due time the wedding came off, with due magnificence. Mrs. White, at Sibyl's earnest request, gave up her rooms for the wedding breakfast. Sir Walter Harcourt was the best man, Sibyl and Maggie were bridesmaids. Miss Harcourt was not present.

Melbury did not see how she could have been present; and the fact was that she was at the moment exceedingly busy, preparing for a long absence from home. She said the air was too relaxing for her; her health was becoming undermined. But some two or three of those kind friends, who know more of our affairs than we do ourselves—Mrs. Morton was among their number—connected this sudden inclination for a more bracing medium with a certain visit paid to her, on one of these autumn days, by James Darrent, the traveller.

THE END.

A VISION OF ANGELS.

NGELS of the Presence, gleaming
In their robes of solemn white;
Came the blessed vision to me,
Wakeful, in the lonely night.

Gazing through the silent darkness,
Wrapt, my soul beholds them shine,
Glorious gleam the seraph faces,
Lustrous in that light divine.

And the faint trail of their garments,
And the sound of myriad wings,
Thrilled my raptured earth-bound spirit
With the sense of heavenly things,

'Midst them moves the risen Saviour,
In the form He bore on earth;
But His eyes, with love and longing,
Seek the world that gave Him birth,

Passing through the shining armies
Of His Father's host, and song
Pealing its triumphant pæans,
Hears He earth's loud wail, "How long?"

From the mighty sinning cities,
From the houseless ones at night,
From the stricken and despairing,
From the souls that long for light—

From the wrecks on storm-swept oceans, From the sultry scorching plain, Throbs His great heart with the anguish Of our mighty heart of pain.

Low He stoops, and hovers near us,
List'ning to our piteous cry
For the Lord of heaven hath taught us
What it is to live and die.

Could we share all mortal anguish,

Bearing all that man can do,

Yet our thoughts could never fathom,

What the heart of Christ came through.

So it is; the awful mystery, Through the ages ever sealed, Of the sin, the death, the suffering, Shall hereafter be revealed.

Sure as Christ's own word can make it,
"What I do thou knowest not now,
But hereafter thou shalt know it;"
O my soul, rise up and go!

Get the shining garments ready,

Let the lamp be trimmed and bright,
By its rays uphold thy brother,

Faintly stumbling through the night.

And the face of Christ will brighten
If one follower, 'mid the gloom,
Trembling, in the Master's footsteps,
Tries to lead a brother home. A.A.A.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

BY THE HON, ZOE PLUNKET.

PART II.



Γ was some little time before Lydia emerged from her room again, equipped for her walk to the school. There had been one or two little repairs to her dress necessary, and a stray button to be fastened to her glove, and whilst with nimble fingers she stitched away, she could not quite still the reproachful beating

of her heart, nor smother down the guilty feelings which would so un-

comfortably rise up.

Why, when she was quite ready to start, did she creep so stealthily past her mother's door, and go down the stairs step by step, lest a chance one should creak, betraying her presence, and she might hear her mother's gentle voice calling to her as she went by? why did she hope so much that Flora might still be engaged down-stairs with the cook, that she might slip off unperceived, with no possible occasion for reproachful words? why need she, when she was safely in the pleasure-ground, have walked lightly on the grass, lest the crunching of the gravel under her feet might have been heard through the open window of her mother's room above?

She need not have been so much alarmed, for all the blinds in Mrs. Harpur's room were down, and the curtains drawn closely together within, and although Flora had left the kitchen, she was at the far end of the garden, gathering the fresh flowers for the table; so far that she never turned her head at Lydia's steps; so far, too, that the hot tears that dropped amongst the red geraniums, fell unperceived.

It was a long dusty walk along the high-road to the school, and the sun shone out fiercely now, so that Lydia's boots were white-laden and her cheeks flame-coloured, ere she turned into the little lane upon which the school-house opened. The buzz of voices from within told her that the lessons had not yet concluded, and knowing that her entrance might cause an interruption that Mrs. Mauly might not approve of, Lydia sat down on the bench outside the door to wait for the children's dismissal, and to enjoy the grateful shade caused by the far-projecting roof.

Oh, if only the Hintons had been able to spend this day with them, instead of those dreadful Mortons, she would not then have run away; no, she might have been spared this long hot walk, and the return which, when she was tired, would seem longer and hotter still. If Eleanor and May had been to lunch instead of Araminta and Barbara, how different would it have been! how delightful after lunch to sit out of doors under the shade of drooping limetrees! and to have wandered, each with their parti-

cular friend, along the cool shrubberies till it was time for tea, when Lydia would have prevailed upon old Hugh to carry it out for them upon the lawn. and they would have sat there till the very last moment came; but with the Mortons for their guests there would have been no enjoyment, not even from the shade of the lime-trees, or the tea upon the grass. No, the walk had been long and dusty, the unacknowledged feeling of wrong-doing was not agreeable, the vague anticipation of her mother's displeasure, which would intrude itself with an evergrowing certainty, was more unpleasant still, but Lydia drove these thoughts resolutely away, and selfishly determined that if she could not have the pleasure she would most have cared for, she would at all events escape the annoyance of receiving such unwelcome visitors.

So when the school was over, and the children had all dispersed, she went within and announced to Mrs. Manly that she had come to help her in arranging the prizes to be distributed at the school feast. The good dame looked not a little astonished when she heard of her intention, for Lydia did not often favour her with a visit, and when she did, it was more often to cause a merry uproar amongst the little folks, than for any other good purpose. If it had been Flora, now, it would have been different, Mrs. Manly thought; indeed, she had helped her in the same way many a time, but Miss Lydia-" Well, well, wonders would never cease," muttered the old lady to herself, as, with all due politeness, she bustled about to prepare a cup of tea to refresh her visitor after her long walk, before they should set to the work in hand.

But as the summer's day wore on, good Mrs. Manly wondered not a little at Lydia's strange deportment; there were none of those ready jests and innocent pranks which, whilst they sometimes vexed, more often amused the kind soul. It puzzled her to see the uneasy restless way in which Lydia watched the old clock behind the door, starting uncomfortably each time it wheezily announced the hour. More than once Lydia was asked, Was she ill? was she tired? was there anything troubling her? and each time some excuse was made, as she fldgeted nervously with the pair of scissors, snipping up the cardboard provided for the numbers into such tiny shreds, that Mrs. Manly looked in dismay at her carpet, and thought how her own poor back must ache before they could all be gathered up again.

Lydia, it must be confessed, did not give much assistance, and yet it was only three o'clock when the prizes were all arranged and ticketed and Lydia rose from the table, whilst a fresh shower of shredded paper fell from her lap to the ground.

She sighed as she looked at the clock, and her manner grew more distressed as the schoolmistress loaded her with attention, thanking her over and over again for her assistance; but Lydia was neither heeding her words nor indeed listening to her at all, as she said good-bye to the old lady, and started on her homeward way.

It was only half-past three as she passed the clock

a burst of noisy laughter would ensue, and kisses be rained upon her without a chance of escape.

No, this must be avoided at any cost; she would not go home until she was quite sure that the coast was clear, she would only walk along the avenue till she got to the bend where the house came into view,



"'What do you mean?' asked Lydia, in bewilderment."-p. 366.

of the village church, and even if she dawdled along the road it would not be much past four when she arrived at home; and if so, the Mortons would still be in possession of the place, for had not Mrs. Morton asked that they should be sent home after tea? It had been easy to escape from the house without being seen, but if they were loitering about with Flora, how could she return unperceived? how could she tell at what turn she might come upon them? and if Araminta suddenly caught sight of her, no doubt

and then she would skirt along the hedge and behind the laurel walk, and so on until she reached a thick clump of pine trees, where, safely hidden, she could watch until she saw the phaeton with the old white horse drive away from the door, and then she would slip in unmolested to her room.

The grass was cool and refreshing under the pine trees, and the breeze played lightly through the branches and fanned her hot face, and at first Lydia felt as if she did not care how long it might be before the sound of wheels upon the avenue should arouse her, whilst she was resting as comfortably as this.

But as the shadows grew longer and longer, the breeze which had at first been so refreshing, began to chill through her uncomfortably, and the desire for some more substantial food than Mrs. Manly's cup of tea and slice of cake, became very strong. How strange it was that these people would not go away, and stranger still no sound of any kind should give an inkling of how they were employing their time.

Lydia could see from her hiding-place that the drawing-room windows were open, and if Araminta were within, it was impossible but that some echo of her laugh must reach her; but no, all was quite still; she could see that her mother's blinds were drawn; the sun shone brightly down upon the flower-garden, on the roses and forget-me-nots and sweet mignonette, but there had been no tea laid upon the lawn, not even one additional chair under the limes.

This was all very strange, and as Lydia took notice more and more of the utter stillness of the place, a kind of forsaken feeling came upon her which roused her up and made her determine that, at whatever risk, she would find out the meaning of

She left the clump of pine trees and turned into the avenue again, and on towards the entrance to the yard, where surely she would see the phaeton drawn up, and where through the open stable door she might even catch a glimpse of the old white horse patiently awaiting the moment for returning home. But how was this? As Lydia paused at the open gateway the same quiet seemed to have fallen here as on everything else, the stable door was shut, the coach-house door securely fastened, no sign of the phaeton to be seen, no vision of old Thomas the coachman on his familiar steed, nothing but the still soft silence of the summer afternoon.

Lydia walked on. Was she in some enchanted land? was this all a dream? would no one ever appear? where were the Mortons? where was Flora? Had the visitors gone? or had they never come? This was the mystery she must solve somehow. On through the pleasure-ground and within the house, but nothing seemed to break the charm; the diningroom door lay open, all traces of luncheon cleared away, and only the fresh flowers left upon the table. The drawing-room too was deserted, but although the sunlight was streaming in, filling the room with brightness, the strange feeling of emptiness made Lydia turn away and mount the stairs quickly. But here the silence seemed still to pursue her, for Flora's room was empty as the others had been, her mother's door was closed, and Lydia felt she dared not open it. Not a sound, not a sign of any one to tell her what had been happening whilst she was away.

Lydia now made her way down-stairs, determining this time to penetrate the lower regions; but even here the same enchantment seemed to reign, the mysterious silence was unbroken. Old Hugh's apron hung lankly against the pantry wall, but he was not there; the kitchen looked most inviting, the bright fire, the tea-cups laid upon the table reminded Lydia of her hunger, the bread and butter, the steaming kettle all told of a meal soon to be enjoyed, but where were the people for whom it was prepared?

Lydia felt almost wild with vexation as she walke I along the passage leading to Ellice's room, and there she stopped, for its door was closed. She knocked gently, but no answer came, she knocked again, but as no sound was heard in reply, she laid her hand upon the latch and pushed the door open. Yes, Ellice was there seated at the window with a book in her hand, but with the bent head and drooping figure which told of an afternoon doze. At the click of the latch, and the sound of Lydia's footsteps, she started up, displeased not a little at the unexpected entrance.

"Why, goodness gracious, Miss Lydia! how you do startle one to be sure, just creeping in without ever a word to say you was coming!" she exclaimed, not very amiably; "you should have more consideration than to set a person's heart going that way."

"Oh, Ellice, I knocked twice at the door, and you never heard me," replied Lydia; "I have been up and down through the whole house, and there is not a sign of a creature to be found anywhere."

"And what sort of a creature do you expect to find, Miss Lydia, I should like to know?" asked Ellice, who, having been Mrs. Harpur's maid ever since she was married, felt herself privileged to say what she liked to the children. "Is not the mistress in bed, and Miss Flora gone away to town with the young ladies, and the master not expected home until to-night? Who else do you expect to see, I wonder?"

"Miss Flora gone away to town! What do you mean?" asked Lydia, in bewilderment. "And is papa coming home to-night? I wonder mamma is not up, if so; is she not better, Ellice? Tell me what it all means."

"It's easy enough to tell you, if you'll only listen, and not ask so many questions, Miss Lydia; it would take twice the breath one has in one's body to answer you;" and Ellice, who was still a little dozy, shut up her lips provokingly.

"Oh, tell me quickly, do," entreated Lydia; "tell me first about Flora, and how it is she is not here, and what time did the Mortons go away?"

"Well, indeed, Miss Lydia, I think it is for your mamma you might have asked first, and not about any one else," replied Ellice; "if you had seen her white face as she went down to lunch you'd have been sorry you were not here to help her. And when it was over, the poor lady just got up from the table and went straight back to bed, and her head has been bad enough, and no mistake, ever since."

"Mamma down to lunch! Oh, Ellice, you do not say so," cried Lydia, her cheeks paling as she spoke, "Why did she do such a thing?" "And why not, Miss Lydia? how could she let those two nice young ladies come over to say goodbye, and they not to be back for so long, and not come down to see them? it would be a nice thing for them to say when they went home, that there had been no one but Miss Flora to receive them."

Lydia looked at Ellice in fresh perplexity—surely she would never talk of the Mortons as those "two nice young ladies;" besides, they were not going away. What could it all mean?

"What are you talking about, Ellice?" she cried.
"Were not the Mortons here to lunch to-day?—tell
me, Ellice, quickly."

"Mortons, indeed," answered Ellice, with a bland smile; "why, child, you're raving. You were scarcely well out of the place, when up drove Miss Eleanor and Miss May; and I heard them telling Miss Flora they had come to say good-bye."

"But, Ellice, we were expecting the Miss Mortons to luncheon. Are you sure, quite sure, you could not have been mistaken?"

"Why, dear heart, Miss Lydia, what kind of a body do you take me for? Don't you think I have got the use of my eyesight, I wonder? I tell you that just ten minutes after you were gone, the two Miss Hintons—in their pretty grey frocks, with hats to match, with long grey feathers in them—drove up, and spent the morning here; and after lunch they drove away again, and took Miss Flora with them, and she's to come back to-night, when the carriage goes down to meet your papa at the station."

"Oh, how unkind!" cried Lydia, in despair, "how dreadfully unkind! Why did you not send and let me know?"

"Me let you know? Why, Miss Lydia, I like that indeed. Have I nothing to do, I wonder, but to go capering over the country after you at a moment's notice? and the mistress in bed to be looked after, and all the fine things to be done as well!"

"But Flora might have let me know. She could have sent Hugh or Bobby from the lodge, or any one; but now they are gone away, and I did not see them to say good-bye," and Lydia laid her head down upon the table beside her, and burst into tears.

Ellice was touched just a little at the sight of her

"Why, now, Miss Lydia," she said, encouragingly, "where's the use of fretting? When once a thing's past, it's past, and no help for it; and as for blaming Miss Flora, it was no fault of hers—that I must say. I heard her beg your mamma to let her send Bobby for you, but the mistress just shook her head very gravely, and said, 'No, it wasn't often Miss Lydia chose to do anything useful, and when she did, she would not have her disturbed.'"

"But Flora might have sent without asking mamma. I would never have gone if I had thought there was a chance they would come," sobbed Lydia, pitifully. "How did it all happen? I thought the Miss Mortons were coming, and that—that——"here Lydia took advantage of her sobs to cover her confusion.

"That Miss Flora might have them to herself—that was very considerate of you, Miss Lydia; and as for the way it happened, it's no great mystery, for I chanced to be in the room when Miss Flora was explaining it to the mistress. Mrs. Morton lives next door to Mrs. Hinton, as you know, and her young ladies and the other young ladies are friends; and when she heard how the Miss Hintons lamented that they could not get over to say good-bye, and that this would be their last day at home, she just said she would give them the loan of her carriage for to-day, to take them over, and her young ladies could come to-morrow, and spend the day instead."

Here Ellice paused for a moment, as though to give Lydia time fully to enjoy this prospect; but as no response except a low moan came from the poor child's lips, she continued—"So when the mistress felt so ill, and the telegram came to say your papa would be home to-night, and the carriage was to be sent to meet him, the Miss Hintons begged and prayed for Miss Flora to go back with them, and stay till your papa's train came in; and that's the story, just the long and short of it, and if you had been here, Miss Lydia, you might have gone with them too."

Yes, so she might; but the truth of this reproach just stung Lydia to fury. Faint, tired, and disappointed as she was, she could not control her words at all.

"You are too unkind, Ellice," she almost screamed, "you are a nasty disagreeable old thing, and I don't believe a word you say; you have made up a story just to annoy me, but I don't care a pin, not one pin. When Miss Flora comes in I shall hear the truth of it."

"Very well, Miss Lydia, so you can," answered Ellice, much offended, as she rose from her chair with some dignity. "If you don't believe me, I'm only sorry I wasted so much time talking to you, and the tea waiting for me in the kitchen," and she sailed past Lydia to the door; "but if you please, niss, before I go, the mistress told me to say, when you should come in, that her head is aching so badly she would rather you did not disturb her by going into her room at all this evening," and Ellice vanished into the passage, and in a moment after, Lydia heard her laughing heartily with her fellowservants over their evening meal.

It was all true; yes, she knew it was, though she had told Ellice she did not believe it. She took her hat up off the table, and slowly and wearily crept up the stairs to her own room. It was still and silent as before, but the spell of enchantment was broken, the mystery was but too clearly understood.

Yes, as Lydia threw herself on the bed and gave free vent to her sobs, which seemed almost to choke her, and while the burning tears poured down over her face, thoughts more burning still, hurried through her brain with feverish haste and distinctness.

She had, it was true, carried out the plans formed for her own pleasure, she had followed her own selfish inclinations to the full, without yielding to the remonstrances of her conscience, and what had she gained by it? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The visitors she had striven to avoid were still to come, the friends she would so fain have seen were gone. She had given Flora the opportunity for well-merited reproaches, and her mother—ah, that was far more bitter than all the rest—her dear mother, who loved her so tenderly, was angry with her, and Lydia dared not ask for her forgiveness.

She dared not even venture down to greet her father on his return home, or risk the meeting with Flora, and whilst it was still light she crept

But as the long hours wore away, and the first great pain was partially subdued, that sorrow which worketh to repentance grew and strengthened in her heart. What though she could not then make her confession to her mother, was there not One whose ear is ever open, whose hands are ever ready to help? Might she not still kneel to her Father in heaven, and pray for His pardon for that which was passed, for His grace to help in time to come?

When the next day broke, warm and bright, Lydia could scarcely refrain a groan, as for a moment the events of yesterday passed before her mind, one by one; but with an earnest prayer for help she rose, resolving to do battle bravely against herself.

Flora and her father both wondered at the unusual quiet of her behaviour, and Flora wondered still more

when, after breakfast, Lydia drew her aside and whispered a few words of sincere apology, and then darted off to help in every way she could for the reception of their expected guests.

Ellice stared in some amaze at the gentleness with which Lydia allowed her hair and dress to be arranged before their arrival. Even old Hugh looked almost anxious at the subdued voice in which his young mistress gave all necessary directions; but most of all her mother wondered. Yes, but, while she wondered, it was with a strange, deep thankfulness that from her sofa she watched her little daughter's conduct with her guests.

The summer sun shone out over the bright flowers in the pleasure ground, and through the branches of the lime-trees, on the figures of the young girls below. The tea was carried out upon the lawn by Hugh, but neither Barbara's simper nor Araminta's resounding laugh drew one mocking smile from Lydia; and so it was that when, quite late in the evening, the phaeton with the old white horse disappeared through the avenue gate, and Lydia once again, with somewhat weary steps, was making her way up-stairs, the door of her mother's room opened, and loving hands were stretched out to draw her within; and when, still later on, she came down to join her sister at their tea-what though her lids were red and swollen, and her cheeks still painfully flushed? Flora could tell by the glad light that shone in Lydia's eyes that she had been forgiven.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 11. BUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Chapters to be read -1 Kings iv., v. (parts of).



NTRODUCTION.—
Solomon now fully established on throne; the story of his wise judgment would spread; people would go to him for judgment; would trust him, and thus would feel secure. A throne established in righteousness.

I. SOLOMON'S KINGDOM. (Read iv. 20—34.) Ask to whom the land of Canaan was first promised. Why to Abraham? What extent of land was to be possessed? (See Gen. xv. 18.) Show on a map how far this extends. Had the Israelites as yet ever held all this land? Why not? Now for first time "promised land" theirs in full extent. But mere land not enough. What kind of land was it? Milk indicates pastures; honey points to flowers and gardens. But even such a land might be insecure because of enemies. Not so now; were living in peace; wars over for present. What did each man possess?

(Ver. 25.) Vines and figs, showing good soil and good climate. And their king, what of him? With whom was he compared? These men unknown to us, but Solomon's wisdom a proverb to this day. What did he speak, and write, and talk about?—i.e., was a poet, and musician, and philosopher, and naturalist above all in his time. Who came to hear him? But whence came all this wisdom? So far, all well; was a God-fearing man, and good king.

II. BUILDING THE TEMPLE. (Read v.) Who sent an embassy to King Solomon? Have we ever heard of Hiram before? (See 2 Sam. v. 11.) Nice to see the children of old friends keeping up friendship. Why did Hiram send to Solomon? Probably simply a friendly greeting. How does Solomon answer? He will make use of this friend; enlist his sympathy and aid in his great work. By whose command is he beginning the work? What does he ask Hiram to send him? So the servants return to Tyre with the message. What is Hiram's answer? (Ver. S.) He will do all he is asked. Where will the timber be found? Can picture the busy scene on the sides of Mount Lebanon; huge cedar-trees cut down; planks hewn out—dragged to the sea—tied together in

floats; sent down to the nearest sea-port to Jerusalem—probably Joppa; thence carted to Jerusalem, to Mount Moriah, the site of the Temple. What did Solomon pay in return? (Ver. 11.) And this annual payment lasted more than 1,000 years; mentioned in Acts xii. 20.

Now let us turn to Jerusalem. Where is the Temple to be built? On the same mount where Abraham offered up Isaac, 900 years before (Gen. xxii. 2). What is the first thing to be done? Upon the strength of the foundation the building greatly depends. So the foundations most carefully dug out. What was laid in? Some of these huge stones still remain. What kind of stones were they? Nothing common must be used for the house of the Lord;

thus all noise prevented. What would this teach? A difference between this house and all other houses. This the House of the Lord (Ps. exxii. 1). This would lead the people to reverence God's sanctuary from the first. This a lesson wants often enforcing: quiet behaviour in God's house; reverence for holy things—God's day, God's house, etc. So the good work went on. Can fancy the crowds daily watching its progress—the king often paying a visit—all the people from highest to lowest interested, because this was their own house of prayer—their own church. Thus all would pray for success of building, and all be drawn closer together by sympathy in common work.

Read in Bible also of another Temple being built



Cedars of Lebanon.

everything to be of very best. What a happy day when foundations actually laid.

We may notice two or three things about the building of the Temple. (1) The Builders. Who were they? First, of course, the Israelites. (See vers. 13-16 for the numbers employed.) What an immense number. Could not all be spared from their homes at once. So work in relays of a month each (probably giving their labour, though that is not told us). What a wise plan! Besides these Solomon made use of the old inhabitants of the land (1 Kings ix. 20). And also the men of Tyre, noted for being skilful in work. But all these labourers would want looking after. So who were appointed for this work? These overseers would see that all was done orderly and well. (2) The Building. Most have seen a large house being built-masons chipping stonescarpenters hammering planks, etc.; great noise and bustle. Was this so with this building? (See ch. vi. 7.) How curious to see this great building rising day by day without any noise. How could this be done? All parts of the work cut and shaped at a distance—brought ready—prepared to be fitted ingradually. What is that? (See 1 Pet. ii. 5.) Christ's Church in earth and heaven. Each true Christian a living stone—gradually being made fit to be built into that Temple which shall last for ever. Let each ask, Am I a living stone? Am I being made fit for the heavenly Temple?

Questions to be answered.

- 1. What was the extent of Solomon's kingdom?
- 2. What was Hiram's embassy?
- 3. How did Hiram assist in the work?
- 4. Who were the builders?
- 5. What was there remarkable about the manner of building, and what would this teach?
- 6. What other Temple is this one like?

No. 12. THE TEMPLE CONSECRATED. Chapter to be read-1 Kings viii

INTRODUCTION. The Teacher should show the children a plan of the Temple, and a picture of its furniture, etc. Especially must be pointed out that the Temple itself consisted of two main parts—the Holy Place, with its candlestick, the table of shew-

bread; and the altar of incense-into which the High Priest and Levites were allowed to go-and the Holy of Holies, or Most Holy Place, into which the High Priest alone went-and that only once a year, Then the places mentioned in this lesson can be understood.

I. THE ARK. (Read 1-11.) Now there are grand doings in Jerusalem. For seven years have people watched the Temple rising in Jerusalem (ch. vi. 38.) At last all finished; last stone inserted in its place-last board laid down; last curtain fixed, last vessel put in its place. What comes next? Temple must be solemnly dedicated to God. All made according to God's wish. He gave Moses plan of Tabernacle on Mount Sinai (Heb. viii.5); this house built on same model, for solemn worship of God; must first be set apart as holy to the Lord. What one thing was wanting? What did we last hear of? The Ark, Yes; David had brought it to Jerusalem and made a tent for it; now must be fetched and placed in the Holy of Holies. Who shall be called to this holy service? (See ver. 1.) The highest nobles in the land-heads of tribes, elders, all the greatest and best shall come to bring up the Ark. In what month did they assemble? So now a solemn procession is made; the Ark is fetched, and all the holy vessels of the Tabernacle, and brought to the Temple. Meanwhile, what are Solomon and the people doing? Each man has brought a sheep or ox-each gives his best; there shall be no stint to-day, and victims slain without number. Now comes in the procession-the multitude parts-who bear the Ark? Where do they place it? And never again do any but the High Priest enter the Most Holy Place (Heb. ix. 7). What happened when they laid down the Ark? They were driven out by the glory of the Lord, which filled the inside of the Temple; so that God's priests were forgotten in the presence of God's glory. What would all this teach? (1) God's holiness. Nothing common can enter God's presence. The Most Holy Place a type of heaven, into which nothing earthly may enter (Rev. xxi. 27). (2) God's jealousy. Must be no thought of anything else but prayer and worship in God's house. His ministers may lead devotions, but not stand between man and God. (3) God's nearness. Wherever two or three meet He is present: much more in the great congregation.

II. THE KING'S BLESSING. (Read 14-21.) Nov. there is a pause—the priests have come out. The king stands on the steps at doors of Temple, and turns to the people. They have been kneeling pros-trate in worship. Now all stand to listen to the king's words. What does he say? What city did God choose? And what king? What did David desire to do? Who was allowed to do the work? Yes-had begun and finished it well-but who is to have the honour? So God shall be blessed. What is the Ark called? Outward witness of the covenant made between God and Israel. They must keep His laws, and He would be their God. So what was kept inside the Ark? (Ver. 9.) These Tables of the Commandments always to remind them of their duty to God and man.

III. THE HYMN OF PRAISE. (Read 2 Chron, v. 11-14.) So far have had worship, sacrifices, and the king's blessing. Now something else takes place. Remind how David had set singers in order, as well as courses of priests. What do they do now? What a glorious sound! Trumpets with shrill notes -harps with sweet chords-lead the singing; and now outbursts of praise arise-with one voice (unison, as we call it) singing of God's mercies. What words do they say? Perhaps sing Psalm cxxxvi., recounting God's doings, and singing chorus after each recital. May be sure all the people caught it up, and the sound spread through Jerusalem. What a beautiful sight and sound !- a whole nation praising God.

IV. THE LESSONS. We may learn of what acceptable worship consists. (1) Sacrifice. Without shedding of blood is no remission of sins (Heb. ix. 22). What do we say at end of all prayers? Thus plead sacrifice of Christ, (2) Worship. As taught in Ps. xcv. 5. Praising God for what He is, and thanking Him for what He has done. (3) Praise. "Whose offereth Me praise, He honoureth Me." Shall speak of Solomon's prayer in next lesson.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Describe the two parts of the Temple building.
- 2. Who carried the Ark, and what was in it?
- 3. What happened when the Ark was deposited?
- 4. What three lessons would that teach?
- 5. What else was done at the service?
- 6. Of what does acceptable worship consist?

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF JOHN FORBES, D.D.—III.

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., EDINBURGH.



PON Monday, the 16th day of October, 1637, I had some guests at dinner in my house, who went home more overcome with wine than was seemly for me and for my house, seeing I ought not so much as

countenance such excess-no, not in my own

house, which God hath lent unto me to be for a house of pietie and sobrietie and not of riot; yet I had furnished them the drink and drank to them (although not in so great measure as they received it), and did encourage them to drink more than it was seemly for me to have allowed in any man, and they having this occasion drank more than either I desired or themselves intended,* until they exceeded the bounds of lawful hilaritie, and I myself took part with them all the time. Although I forced no man to drink beyond his own pleasure, yet I perceived that this was a great sin and scandal. I did weep and pray unto God night and day some days thereafter, and made my vows unto the Lord to walk thereafter in all time coming more circumspectly, not after the fashion of this world, but according to the will of God revealed in His word, that by my good conversation that offence might be obliterated out of the minds of men. Hallelujah!

Upon Thursday, the 26th day of October, 1637, while I was writing this preceding spiritual exercise, there is brought to me a pamphlet set forth in print by some turbulent and ill-resolved author, against the lawful and laudable constitutions of the Synod of Perth, ratified in Parliament, and universally in the Kirk of Scotland received of the wisest and most peaceable pastors and people,† Upon the sight of that libel I groaned for pity of the author thereof, so miserably pertinacious in an evil course, so wilfully blind, and so blindly turbulent; I humbly prayed to God, who knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and who hath delivered me so often from my grievous sins and fearful dangers, and who hath purchased His Kirk with His most precious blood, that He, of His abundant love and boundless mercies, would illuminate, convert, forgive, and comfort those His servants whom error did miscarry, and to teach in all the way of truth and peace, and to incline our hearts to the love thereof, and lead us therein, that we may be like-minded one towards another according to Christ Jesus, and may keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Upon my bed, on the night betwixt the 26th and 27th day of October, 1637, both waking and in my sleep I was troubled in mind for my undutifulness towards my father, of good memory, whom I had not so patiently, reverently, and sincerely honoured and served as I ought, and I confessed my sin unto God, who immediately comforted me, making me to find comfort even in this-that I was sorry for that sin; and also by bringing into my mind that whensoever I perceived in my thoughts, or words, or behaviour, any undutifulness towards my father, I had perpetual recourse to God by confession and prayer, and was comforted; also when I found my father anyways offended at me, I took no rest until his mind was quieted, for I besought him to take no grief at my undutifulness, but to be assured that I was very sensible of all my oversights towards him, who oftentimes answered me that he found in me very great dutifulness, and that he thanked God with his heart for me, that I was a comfort to him in his weakness and afflictions, and the staff of his old age; and in consideration hereof sometimes he did weep for joy, and shew himself very glad that he had me to succeed to his heritage, and a little before he died, most lovingly and by a most fervent prayer to God for me he blessed me, and testified till his last breath his love toward me, and that he had great comfort by me. And those groans and prayers which my dying father sent up to God for me are yet continually before the Lord my God, and are accepted in the name and for the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ. And the Lord doth assure me that all my sins toward my father, and all my sins whatsoever, are fully pardoned and purged away by the blood of Jesus

* The Town Council of Aberdeen, some years before this time (1625), anticipated the wisdom and good manners of a later age, by ordaining that "no person should at any public or private meeting presume to compel his neighbour at table to drink more wine or beer than what he pleased, under the penalty of forty pounds." (Kennedy's "Annals of Aberdeen," vol. i., p. 176.)
† In the month of August, 1618, three months after the

consecration of Patrick Forbes as Bishop of Aberdeen, a General Assembly of the Scottish Church was held at Perth, and the well-known Five Articles were passed, which so far constituted an innovation in the Presbyterian Establish-These were: 1. Kneeling at the Holy Communion. 2. The administration of that ordinance to the sick and dying in their own houses in cases of urgent necessity. 3, The administration of baptism in private under similar circumstances. 4. The confirmation of the young by the bishop of the diocese. 5. The observance of the five commemorations of the birth, passion, resurrection, and ascension of our Lord, and of the Day of Pentecost. Patrick Forbes had been from the beginning of his ministry opposed to innovations such as, the rumour ran, it was the desire of King James to introduce. He expressed his opinion on the matter to Spottiswood and others, and gave it as one of his reasons for hesitating as to accepting the office of bishop. He would not himself have introduced such articles as then passed at Perth, but as he did not believe of any one of them that they were anti-scriptural or unlawful, and as the assurance was given him that nothing further was to be attempted in the way of innovation, he not only waived the objection he at first had felt, but, knowing how urgent the king was in the matter, he not only consented to take office, and in that office take part in the passing of the articles, but when the sanction of both the ecclesiastical and civil authorities was once appended to them, he strongly insisted on their being carried out. The commotion excited by the introduction of these rites was extreme, and threatened direct calamities to the Church. Though taking no part generally in ecclesiastical affairs, John Forbes was induced, if not at his father's suggestion, yet with his full approval, in 1629, six years before the Bishop's death, to publish a volume entifled "Irenicum, Amatoribus, Veritatis et Percis in Ecclesia Scoticana." This treatise contained an apology for the five challenged rites, along with a general defence of the Episcopate. It elicited from Archbishop Ussher, the one great ecclesiastic of his times with whom Forbes' sentiments were most in unison, a letter expressive of the warmest admiration and approval. It was at the

same time the object of virulent attacks. One of the many answers to it came from the pen of the well-known George Gillespie, and was entitled, "A Dispute against the English-Popish Ceremonies obtruded upon the Church of Scotland, wherein not only our own arguments against the same are strongly confirmed, but likewise the answers and defences of our opposites, such as Hooker, Mortoun, Burges, Sprint, Paybody, Andrewes, Saravia, Tilen, Spotswood, Forbesse, etc."

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Christ; and that those blessings of my father, with many more, shall assuredly come upon me and upon my children and family. Blessed be the name of the Lord our God and Saviour, for ever

and ever. Hallelujah!

Upon the 7th day of November, 1637, as I was praying in my studie, I conceived such unworthiness in myself as, coming to say the Lord's Prayer, I was afraid, because I said in my heart, I am not worthy to call God my Father. Then came to me from heaven a wonderfully sweet consolation-thus: The Lord Jesus hath commanded me to pray, Our Father, which art in heaven, and He Himself intercedeth for us, and hath said, I go up to My Father and to your Father. So Christ joining with me in the prayer, I said, Our Father, etc., and found unspeakable consolation, because, although I was unworthy, yet the Son of God, our Saviour, who hath taught and commanded us to say so, is worthy, and joineth with me and intercedeth for me. And soon after came to me a new strengthening of the same consolation of the effectual operation

of the Spirit of adoption, crying in my heart, "Abba, Father," and emboldening me, and making me to cry, "Abba, Father." What shall I render to the Lord for all His goodness to me? Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. "The Lord liveth; and blessed be my Rock; and exalted be the God of the rock of my salvation" (2 Sam. xxii. 47). By this occasion was brought into my memorie that suitable saying of Augustin, cited by our bishop in his sermon two days ago upon a solemn day of public thanksgiving. And the truth of this saying I found at this time, and many other times, by sweet experience, Deo gratias. Thanks to God. Sing praises unto God, sing praises. God is King of all the earth! Sing praises with understanding. I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise unto my God while I have any being. I shall be glad in the Lord. My meditation of Him shall be sweet. Blessed be the Lord, who is exalted above all blessing and praise. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, etc. Amen and Amen.

Upon the 20th day of November, 1637, reproving a notorious fault in a friend, in audience of other friends and servants, and finding him not so sensible of any sin committed in that doing wherein I told him he had sinned against God, howsoever there be an Act of Parliament (anno 1612) declaring such dealing to be no sin: I told him that our Acts of Parliament will not warrant us before God's tribunal, when we shall be judged according to God's own Word, whereunto that unjust Act of Parliament is evidently repugnant, as I have elsewhere shown at more length [in tract, "De Simonia"]. And in pressing this matter I exceeded in human wrath, which worketh not the righteousness of God, whereat some wise

hearers were displeased, and I myself also was sorry that I should take in my mouth the name of God in human passion, and immediately did refrain myself, and did mitigate my admonition. And understanding each of us one another better, we proceeded in affairs friendly. and parted friendly. But the grief of my heart secretly did disturb me for some days following, and I acknowledged my sin unto God, and prayed for mercy. . . . Thus being exercised some days, it came to pass that upon the 29th day of that same month, as I was alone in the fields thinking upon these things, the Lord poured plentifully upon me His Holy Spirit of grace and supplication, so that I confessed unto God with groans and tears my sins of hastie unadvised anger and profaning of God's name by pretending the zeal thereof, while as I was so far miscarried with carnal humour and human wrath; also, I confessed that I had sinned in too vehement exaggeration of the sin, whereby the conscience of the guilty might be endangered to fall into hopeless sorrow. Therefore I cried unto the Lord. . . . And the Lord graciously heard my prayer, and greatly comforted me with the answer of mercy and peace in my heart, and with assurance of His grace sufficient for me and those his other servants for whom particularly I had prayed. Also I besought the Lord for (1) humility with joyfulness, for (2) zeal with meekness, for (3) grace to esteem sincerely every one better than myself (three necessary combinations). . . . Then did I sing unto the Lord some Psalms of praise—to wit, the xlvii., and lxiii., and cviii., and exlvi., and exlviii.

Upon the 7th day of July, 1638, as I was meditating of my manifold sinful infirmities, and also of the troubles and terrours outward wherewith I was compassed, being threatened by men for my writing against their errors and unpeaceableness-I prayed to God fervently, with groans and tears, that He would pardon all my sins, and not let me be one of those who suffer public punishment for their evil doings, but that He would chastise me Himself in Fatherly compassion, and not let me fall into the hands of men. And if it should please Him to let me be persecuted by men for His truth's sake, I besought Him that He would never leave me nor forsake me, but that He would give unto me that promised presence of His Holy Spirit (St. Matt. x. 19, 20; St. Luke xii. 11); that promised mouth and wisdom (St. Luke xxi, 15); and to keep me from mixing human wrath or imprudencie with the righteous cause of God; and that He would give me that constant disposition and grace which He gave to His Holy Apostle Paul, as we read Acts xx. 24. The Lord heard my prayer, and assured me that although my heart might faint for fear in respect of my many grievous sins, yet He shall strengthen

and uphold me in respect of His great mercy, and

He commanded me to be of good comfort, for He shall strengthen my heart, He will guide me by His counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. . . . This being ended, there came immediately upon me a twofold temptation-to wit, first, weariness of the flesh in these exercises, and averseness thereby. The other was spiritual pride and presumption in respect of this blessed familiarity with God. God helped me against both, by the promise of His grace sufficient for me. Praised be the Lord! Strengthen, O Lord, that which Thou hast wrought in us. Forsake not the work of Thine own hands. The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me. The Lord is my Helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me. O Lord, have mercy upon these Thy astraved servants, and pluck their feet out of the snare. O our God, who knowest how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and who hast said by Thy holy prophet Joel, "Fear not, O land; be glad, and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things, and my people shall never be ashamed;" O our Lord, who didst pardon them that crucified Thee, and taught also Thy holy martyr Stephen to pray for his persecutors, fortify us by that same Spirit, and lay not this sin to the charge of our miscarried brethren.

Upon the 9th day of July, 1638, being sore grieved for my own corruptions and at the bodily diseases of my daughter Elizabeth, I cried unto God—"I know, O God, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me," etc. (Ps. cxix. 75—77). O Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make us clean of our spiritual leprosies. O Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst restore my daughter to health, and comfort us plentifully on every side. O Lord, heal our souls and speak peace to our consciences, and let it repent Thee of the evil concerning Thy poor servants, and accomplish towards us Thy thoughts of mercy and peace, in Jesus Christ our Lord. . . .

This my daughter Elizabeth died in the Lord, full of spiritual comforts, the 7th day of March, 1639. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Upon the 18th day of July, hearing of the coming of our confederated countrymen in great numbers and with great boastings to Aberdeen, to persuade us and our people either by disputa-

• Aberdeen stood at this time distinguished as the only place of any note in Scotland, where ministers had accepted and used the kingly-imposed service-book, and whose inhabitants generally had eschewed the Covenant. These ministers were too eminent, and the example of such a city might prove too infectious and pernicious, for a special effort not to be made to win or force their compliance with that course of action upon which the heart of Scotland was so intensely set. From head-quarters at Edinburgh a large and influential company of Commissioners was dispatched. The Earl of Montrose, at that time a zealous Covenanter, was at its head: accompanied by a brother of the Earl of Mar, Lord Cowper, the Master of Forbes, Graham of Morfey, Burnett of Leyes, etc., among the barons and gentry; and by Alexander Henderson of

tion or secret negotiation, or open threatening and violence (as the report goes), to join with them in their late confederacy, which we find it not lawful to us to do, and having that morning read the 3rd and 4th chapters of Nehemiah with Daniel ix. 25, I besought the Lord with tears to show us the right way, and lead us therein, and confirm and protect us therein, and to make us all (both our opposite brethren and us) godly, and to deliver us out of this great tentation, and out of all tentations, and His people shall never be

Leuchars, David Dickson of Irvine, and Andrew Cant of Pitsligo, three of the most distinguished ministers. This imposing cavalcade reached Aberdeen on the afternoon of Friday, the 20th July (two days after the date of that Spiritual Exercise to which this note is attached). It was the ancient and goodly practice of the magistrates of the city to greet all illustrious visitors by presenting to them a wine-cup, called appropriately the cup of Bon-Accord. This courtesy was now offered to Montrose and his associates. It was ungraciously and somewhat disdainfully refused. "They would drink," they said, "none of their wine till the Covenant was signed." "Whereof," adds the quaint chronicler Spalding, "the like was never done to Aberdeen in no man's memoric." The rebuff was returned by the city dignitaries marching off at once, and distributing the wine and viands they had brought with them among the inmates of the city poor-house. Before they had retired to rest on Friday evening, a somewhat bulky manuscript was handed to the three ministers, which on being opened bore the heading, "General demands concerning the late Covenant, propounded by the ministers and professors of divinity in Aberdeen, to some reverend brethren. who came thither to recommend the late Covenant to them and to those who are committed to their care." demands consisted of fourteen queries, ably framed so as to embody, from the ecclesiastical point of view, the most formidable objections to the course which the Covenanters were taking. They were signed by Dr. John Forbes of Corse, Professor of Divinity, Dr. Alexander Scrogie, minister at Old Aberdeen, Dr. William Leslie, Principal of King's College, Dr. Robert Baron, minister and Professor of Divinity Dr. James Sibald, and Dr. Alexander Ross, ministers at New Aberdeen. The challenge, boldly given, was readily accepted. It was rather an unequal strife; both as to numbers and scholarly equipments, the challengers had altogether the advantage. But Henderson and his companions were men ready of pen and prompt in action, and so before the next day (Saturday) was over answers to the queries were sent back, along with a request that on the following day they might be allowed to occupy some of the city pulpits. This was peremptorily refused. But the southerners were not to be balked. At the end of one of the principal streets stood a set of buildings surrounding a court-yard, and having a garden attached - the house of the Earl Marischal, a friend of the Covenant, whose sister, Lady Pitsligo, then living in it, placed it at once at their disposal. And there, from a convenient gallery which ran round the Close, from eight o'clock in the morning, on during the intervals between public worship, the three ministers preached in turn. considerable crowd indeed was attracted by the novelty of the spectacle, but the temper of the people may be judged of by the fact that the ministers were pelted with stones and earth, and that a raven was cast at them as an emblem of their evil designs" ("Book of Bon-Accord," p. 119). In the course of their sermons, the queries that had been addressed to them, and the answers they had made, were read. The claim was made for the latter of being perfectly satisfactory. So little did the six doctors think so, that next day they drew up replies, which, appended to the demands and the answers, they had printed and circulated before the end of the week.

ashamed. . . . Wherein these, our opposite brethren, are right, Lord, prosper them in it, and wherein they are wrong, Lord, divert them from it and disappoint them in it. And wherein we are wrong, Lord, divert us from it, and disappoint us in it; and wherein we are right, O Lord, prosper us therein, and plead Thine own cause, and grace us Thy poor servants in adhering thereto. . . Then did I prostrate myself upon my face before God, acknowledging my vileness and sinfulness, and God spake peace to me. Blessed be the Lord. There is none Holy as the Lord; for there is none Beside Thee, neither is there any rock like our God. The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted.

Hallelujah! Amen and Amen.

Upon the 28th day of November, 1638, as I was meditating in the morning of the many strange and grievous troubles, fears, and wrestlings wherewith I had been exercised and compassed since my last writing in this book,* and of the great mercy of my God upholding me and comforting me amidst my greatest distresses : also finding myself yet compassed with diverse afflictions by the good hand of my Heavenly Father upon myself, my wife, my daughter, and my estate, and my reputation, and upon my friends, and remembering how fearfully I have been threatened and reproached and troubled both by my own countrymen, subscribers of the late Covenant, boasting to take my life, and my estate, and my good name from me all at once, and to bury them in ignominy; and also by the savage Highlandmen, who took captive one of my tenants, being my own cousin, and threatened to kill him, except they got in haste a very great ransom. Both these kinds of crosses came upon me at one time. My kinsmen were astonyed at my calamities, my familiars hid themselves, and mine acquaintance stood afar offyea, some of my familiars and friends augmented my affliction by their mockings and exprobations and contemptuous neglect of my sorrow, and some did unjustly lay to my charge wrongous imputations. I am yet still threatened by some of the Covenanters, especially by ministers, and few or none do seem to care earnestly for my life and tranquillity. My cousin, also, Patrick Forbes, son to Duncan Forbes of Campbill, hath in the meantime fallen into trouble, and his life is sought; and I find, also, my worldly estate detrimented by increase of unavoidable debt. Amidst these troubles the King's Majesty and his High Commissioner, my Lord Marquis of

As I was meditating on all these things, the 28th November, 1638, in the morning, I resolved to set my face by prayer and strictness of diet and earnest repentance, to cast myself down that day before the Lord my God secretly, which also I did, beseeching the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ that it would please Him, in His great mercy to me, to move my countrymen to desist from troubling me, and to shut the mouths of all those who seek to devour me; also I prayed for a new, clean, faithful heart, and for a right spirit, and that God would not leave me henceforth to myself, but govern, by His Holy Spirit dwelling in me, all my thoughts,

Hamilton, and Dr. Walter Balcanquhale, Dean of Rochester, have greatly encouraged my reverend colleagues and me by their letters approving our printed replys, demands, and duplys written by us to some Covenanting ministers, yet no particular mention of that Warning* which, at request of my Lord Marquis of Huntly, I wrote, and for which my countrymen Covenanters have threatened me with all those evils; and I considering it became not to strive for words, whereat they took exception, and which they did interpret as reproachful against them, although my constant intention was lovingly to warn them, I resolved, with advice of some brethren, to publish that warning in print, removing out of it all hastie words, and craving pardon for anything that was amiss, thus to declare to all men my Christian and peaceable disposition. Hereby they seem to be somewhat appeased, but yet some of them do continue threatening me; if so they may drive me by human terrour to approve and go their way, which truly my conscience suffereth me not to do. My Lord Marquis of Huntly served me to recover my cousin from the Highlandmen without ransom, but by occasion of that my cousin, I had soon after a new and very fashious trouble, whereout of God hath also delivered me. There remain yet some threatenings against me by some Covenanters, and some disdainful writings whereby they reproach me and menace me, also the speeches of the people to whom I became hereby a proverb, and as a lampe despised in the thought of them that are at ease. And herewith the great undutifulness of some near friends, and the crosses of some afflicted friends do add unto my grief, which is increased also by the sickness of my wife and of my daughter, and some worldly burdens upon my estate, and unpleasant incumbrances, diverting me from the course of my studies in this my sacred calling. And above all I was terrified when I did consider my spiritual corruptions, and my old and recent sins, being affrayed at the anger of God.

^{*} It was during this interval that these negotiations were carried on between the Marquis of Hamilton, as Commissioner of the King, and the Committee of the Tables, as the representatives of the Covenanters, which terminated in the summoning of that memorable assembly, whose meeting in Glasgow, in November, is alluded to in the next. Exercise.

[•] The reference here is to the publication, "A Peaceable Warning to the Subjects in Scotland," 1638.

words, deeds, all my behaviour and conversation, affections, and motions, and make me meek and lowly in spirit, like my Saviour, that henceforth not I, but Christ, may live in me. And that the Lord would pour plentifully upon the General Assembly now sitting at Glasgow His Holy Spirit of wisdom and revelation of knowledge, and of the fear of the Lord, of truth and peace, of charitie and godly discretion, of meekness and Christian compassion, and all graces needful, and would give a blessed and comfortable event thereof for Christ's sake. to the glorie of His great and glorious name, to the pacification and edification of His Church here and elsewhere, and to the present and eternal comfort of us all, His poor servants in this land; and, Lord, give me grace to be greatly comforted in Thy mercy. Lord, bless our King, and make him daily more and more a blessing from Thee our God unto Thy people. And have mercy upon our Queen, enlighten, sanctify, and bless her, forgive us our neglect of her, stir up the spirit of those whom Thou hast to stir up, and waken thereto the King's heart for her information, and open her heart as Thou didst the heart

of Lydia for a true conversion to Thee the Lord our God. Bless plentifully the young Prince Charles, and the rest of that royal progenie. Bless, likewise, Lady Elizabeth and her children. O Lord, forgive our King all his sins, deliver him out of all his troubles, comfort him on every side. keep him as the apple of Thine eye, subdue his people under him in Thee our God, and subdue his heart to Thee our God. Give him a wise and understanding heart to go out and in before Thy people; and give unto him, and to his High Commissioner, and to his counsellors, and to all and everie one of us, wisdom and grace to do that constantly with a perfect heart which is right in Thine eyes. Put wise, godly, and faithful coursellors about him; be Thou his counsellor, his guider, his protector, and defender. Be graciously and powerfully present with my colleagues, and me, and with all Thy servants, in the studying, profession, publishing, and practising of Thy Truth; disappoint them who are anywhere busied against Thy Truth, and convert all Thy astrayed children. Comfort me, and all Thy afflicted, and make us hear joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.

THE DARMSTADT ALICE HOSPITAL.



ARMSTADT, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, is not a town much frequented by the crowds of tourists who annually flood the Continent, but most visitors to the famous

scenery of the Rhine and Black Forest pass the Darmstadt station on the line from Frankfort to Heidelberg. It is seldom during the travelling season that a person would pass Darmstadt without finding some English companions in the railway carriage with them, and hearing the remark: "Darmstadt-this was where Princess Alice lived." It is not the grand old Schloss with its picture gallery, nor the wide Rhine Strasse with its numerous offices and hotels, that interests English travellers in Darmstadt, but rather the tender recollection of the fact that here one of the noblest and truest women-a royal princess, of whom all her royal mother's subjects were proud-spent her brief married life, and after tending with more than a mother's care her little ones through a dangerous illness, passed away herself on the anniversary of her own father's lamented death, to the deep sorrow of two nations.

In an out-of-the-way corner of the town, seldom or never visited by an ordinary tourist, stands a house in the Mauer Strasse, which will ever be associated with the loved memory of the Princess Alice. Hither the Princess would come herself, unattended, constantly to see how the work of the place was going on, and to speak words of encouragement to the nurses, and read the word of Eternal Life to the poor and weary sufferers. The history of this institution is brief and simple. The late Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, founded an institution named the Alice Frauen-Verein, or, as we should call it in English, The Ladies' Society. It embraces a school for training girls in industrial pursuits, an institution for orphans, and this Hospital and School for Training nurses. When the lamented Grand Duchess determined, in 1867, to organise a school for training nurses, there existed in the Mauer Strasse an old house, which had for some years been used as a small private hospital by some rising young physicians, who were anxious to have a place where they could themselves treat any poor cases, which otherwise should have gone to the town hospital, and so passed out of their hands. These gentlemen made over the hospital to the Alice Frauen-Verein in 1867, after the war between Prussia and South Germany. In 1870, when the funds subscribed in England for the relief of the sufferers in the Franco-German war had been disbursed, there remained a considerable balance, and, through the influence of the Grand Duchess, it was arranged to devote this balance to building an addition to the old house, where the Training School for Nurses could exist in connection with the hospital. The hospital itself now contains

twenty beds: the whole being under the control of Fräulein Charlotte Helmsdörfer, who attended with the greatest devotion the Princess Alice during her fatal illness. Fräulein Helmsdörfer is always most pleased to receive any English visitors who desire to see an institution so intimately connected with English sympathies; and I may, in passing, say that a want of acquaintance with the German language need not deter any one from visiting the hospital, as the Fräulein Helmsdörfer herself speaks English charmingly.

the institution is small and precarious, arising from some payments made by patients and nurses, and charitable contributions. Every year, however, during her life-time, the Grand Duchess would, with her characteristic zeal and kindness, make up whatever pecuniary deficiency existed. That, of course, has now ceased. But the English Memorial to her late Royal Highness has taken the suitable and practical form of endowing this hospital to her memory. The inscription which is now placed over the door explains briefly the fact:—



The "Alice" Hospital, Darmstadt.

Six or seven nurses reside in the School for Nurses; and having been here trained in hospital work, are sent out gradually to various parts of the Grand Duchy where there are local committees in connection with the Alice Frauen-Verein. We can scarcely dare to believe-devoutly as we should hope and pray for itthat the great German Empire will never again be engaged in war: and, in the sad event of this being so, the numbers of skilled nurses who have passed through this institution will, with God's blessing, be one of the greatest and most effective auxiliaries to mitigate the terrible sufferings of the wounded, and to save many a loved and valued life. Thus, small as this institution may seem in itself, it may be the centre of countless and widely-extended blessings. The income of This Hospital and School for Nurses,
Founded by Her Royal Highness
The Grand Duchess of Hesse,
PRINCESS ALICE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
Has been endowed for ever, as
A MEMORIAL
of Her Royal Highness,

by
Those in Great Britain and Ireland, India and the
Colonies, who reverenced Her pure and noble Character,
and Her Life of loving Self-sacrifice.

Si monumentum requiris circumspice. Obiit Dec. 14th, 1878.

There could be no better or more suitable memorial of a life of tender sympathy with the sufferings and the sorrows of others—of pure and noble aspirations, of unostentations piety, and of deep and true faith in Christ and God.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.

when the good and the great when the good and the great were few in number, and when, perhaps, goodness was less appreciated by society at large than at the present time. But he was widely known and greatly honoured in his own day, as well for his

many personal excellencies and bright example as for his diversified talents and extensive usefulness. He was universally esteemed

in, as he was one of the brightest ornaments of, his own denomination; but his attachments were formed among the good of all denominations, while many of the great of this world admired his character, honoured his learning, and cultivated his friend-As he was no ordinary man, so he filled no common sphere, his field of labour being large, and opening out into many departments. He was the beloved pastor of a large Congregational church, the tutor of a Dissenting academy, the author of large and valuable works, and a writer of numerous hymns, many of which are universal favourites, and are known wherever the English language is spoken.

The parents of Doddridge were not of high birth, but they possessed that which is of far greater value than distinguished ancestry: they were true Christians, and walked in the fear and love of God. His father was an oilman in London, where little Philip was born June 26th, 1702. He was his mother's twentieth child, and was so small and weak at his birth that his life seemed worth very little. But God had ordained for him a noble career, and wide and long-lasting usefulness. Philip's mother was a daughter of a Bohemian Protestant minister, who became an exile in this country, and held the post of master of the Free School, Kingston-on-Thames. To this godly woman Doddridge owed very much. The story of her giving lessons on Gospel history to her weak and thoughtful little boy from the Dutch tiles of the fire-place is well known, and may be taken as an indication of the influence she brought to bear on her darling child. This influence did not pass away, as in too many cases it seems to do, but was so deepened by the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit, that he gave early evidence of piety; and when, while still a young boy, Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest" came into his hands, that book was the means of giving final decision to his character, and shaping the whole course of his future life. He was deprived of both his parents while yet young, and, after studying a while at the Kingston Grammar School, he was placed, at the age of fifteen, under the care of the Rev. Nathaniel Wood, at St. Albans. Here he found

a kind and steadfast friend in the Rev. Samuel Clark. a Presbyterian minister of considerable note, and author of a valuable little work on "The Promises," Two years later he went to the Dissenting academy at Kibworth, Leicestershire, to study for the ministry, removing, with its tutor, Dr. Jennings, to Hinckley, where he completed his course, and whence he returned to Kibworth to take charge of the Independent church, having declined invitations to Hinckley and Coventry.

His connection with Nonconformity was not a matter of convenience nor of self-interest. His opening character and promising talents had commended him to the attention of the Duchess of Bedford,

who kindly offered to send him to Cambridge at her own expense; but, while gratefully acknowledging her kindness, he declined on conscientious grounds. After a short time he united with the pastorate of Kibworth the duties of assistant minister at Market Harborough, and at the age of twentyseven, in compliance with the urgent solicitations of Dr. Watts and others, who saw his important qualifications for the work, he opened an academy at the latter town. The next year, however, in obedience to many importunities, he removed to Northampton, to take charge of the Castle Street Church, already a large and influential body. Here he spent the longest and every way most important part of his life, conducting the academy, writing and publishing numerous works, fulfilling the duties of the ministry with unflagging zeal, untiring devotion, and affectionate earnestness, and composing from time to time, as occasion offered and circumstances suggested, those



Portrait of Philip Doddridge, D.D.

numerous hymns by means of which he will be known and loved on earth when his larger works will be remembered only by the few.

Among all Doddridge's distinguished friends, none were taken more warmly to his affectionate heart than his great compect, Dr. Watts. Watts was many years his senior, but they were as brothers beloved. Watts had already laid the foundation of modern hymnody, and land given to the world his invaluable productions, which, notwithstanding the weaknesses of some of his hymns, and considering the purpose for which they were written, have never been surpassed. Doddridge followed in his train, though he could not become his equal.

The general scarcity of hymns suitable to illustrate and enforce with their persuasive sweetness the doctrines and exhortations of a sermon, led many a preacher to compose hymns to be sung after their sermons. Doddridge did the same as Watts had done before him. The great mass of these hymns died almost as soon as they were born, and fitly so, that only those worthy to live might survive. Some of Doddridge's are little known, as they possess less merit than was sufficient to make them popular, though far in advance of the light, flimsy, heterogeneous productions of some English revivalists and others that have come to us from our American cousins, borne to temporary favour on the wings of some popular air or touching melody. His hymns were not printed until after his death, though he had designed their publication, but they were circulatedamong his friends in MS. Lady Frances Gardiner wrote of them as "charming hymns," and Blair, who had submitted his work, "The Grave," to Doddridge's inspection, expressed himself as delighted with the Doctor's hymns. He wrote "Hymns for the Young."

> Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm, In smiling crowds draw near, And turn from every mortal charm, A Sayiour's voice to hear.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands, With all-engaging charms; Hark! how He calls the tender lambs, And folds them in His arms.

Beset with snares on every hand, In life's uncertain path I stand; Saviour Divine! diffuse Thy light, And guide my doubtful footsteps right.

These are well-known and general favourites, and while some of the more modern productions found in our Sunday-school hymn-books may possess more of poetic fancy and superficial sentiment, few if any will be found to exceed them in sound scriptural teaching, humble piety, and fervent aspirations after Him, the knowledge and love of Whom is the great end of all teaching.

Doddridge had a soul full of tender sympathy, and overflowing with pity for the wretched, especially for those, whether rich or poor, who were living in ignorance of God, and sunk in sin and shame. What a picture he draws, and what Christ-like compassion he shows, in his hymn on "Transgressors beheld with grief," composed for a sermon on Ps. exix. 158, preached on June 10th, 1739—

Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes, And thou, my heart, with anguish feel Those evils which thou canst not heal. See human nature sunk in shame; See scandals poured on Jesus' name; The Father wounded through the Son; The world abused, the soul undone!

The picture assumes its greatest depth of shade, and the poet an intensity of compassion, in the fourth

My God! I feel the mournful scene; My bowels yearn o'er dying men; And fain my pity would reclaim, And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

This hymn was written just one year after John Wesley was brought, through the instrumentality of Peter Böhler, the Moravian bishop, to receive the doctrine which he afterwards so widely and successfully preached, that men are saved from the guilt and power and condemnation of sin, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus already the fire, which afterwards blazed so strongly and kindled so many hearts through the ministry of Whitfield, Wesley, and other evangelists, was burning in the depths of the soul of the polished tutor and earnest pastor at Northampton. Thus the germ of the great missionary enterprise which another Northamptonshire pastor, William Carey, of Moulton, began to develop and turn to practical account, began to shoot and grow in the heart of the saintly Doddridge.

Doddridge's hymns differ from Watts's in being less doctrinal, and, perhaps, in some cases, more devotional. His hymn on the Sabbath has gone up from thousands of sanctuaries and from tens of thousands of hearts who have now passed to an eternal Sabbath—

Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows, On this Thy day, in this Thy house, And own, as grateful sacrifice, The songs that from the desert rise.

Many who have not seen Herbert's noble hymn on the Sabbath, and some who could not appreciate its quaintness, have had their hearts inspired by the plainer and simpler strains of Doddridge—

> Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest above; To that our labouring souls aspire With ardent pangs of strong desire.

And this proves how much greater is the value of a hymn, though having less of poetry and polish, if it can be sung as well as read.

> Grace! 't is a charming sound, Harmonious to my car; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

This is one of the most doctrinal of his hymns, though happily blended with sentiments which all true Christians accept and acknowledge as expressive of what is common to all believers—

Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray, And made my eyes o'erflow; 'T is grace has kept me to this day, And will not let me go.

Grace all the work shall crown Through everlasting days; It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves the praise.

It has been supposed that Doddridge took this hymn from one in the Moravian Hymn Book, written by Esther Grünbeck, who was born at Gotha in 1717, and died in 1796. But though there is a resemblance between the two, the hymn of the Northampton divine is vastly superior, the chief merit of the other being its spirit of profound humility and unfeigned trust in the sovereign grace of God.

As the President of the College, Doddridge was frequently called on to officiate at the ordination of young ministers, and these occasions called forth his powers as a hymnist.

Ye servants of the Lord, Each in his office wait, Observant of His heavenly word, And watchful at His gate,

is a favourable specimen, in which there is a close adherence to the language of Scripture, unity of design, and great force of expression.

Another favourite --

Let Zion's watchmen all awake,

which was written for an ordination at Floore, Northamptonshire, October 21st, 1736, contains a verse of great compass and force—

> 'T is not a cause of small import The pastor's care demands; But what might fill an angel's heart, And filled a Saviour's hands,

The concluding verse gives a fine finish to a hymn full of tender solicitude and solemn concern for fidelity in the greatest of all works man can be engaged in—

May they that Jesus whom they preach, Their own Redeemer see; And watch Thou daily o'er their souls, That they may watch for Thee,

Shepherd of Israel, bend Thine ear

was composed at a meeting of ministers at Bedworth, April 10th, 1735.

Doddridge wrote also some fine sacramental hymns—

Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God; Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rapture all abroad.

This expresses in his usual tender and touching language the sentiments of n soul in its net of personal dedication to God, and devotion to His cause. Some one has added a chorus, which, however, tends to break the harmony of the hymn, though in itself there is nothing to object to—

Oh, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away,

Correct taste, it may be remarked, prefers the hymn in its original form. In some collections the first two verses are omitted, and the hymn begins:—

T is done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine. He drew me, and I followed on, Glad to confess the voice divine.

It is still a good hymn, but less joyful, less praiseful, less jubilant.

Another sacramental hymn begins-

My God, and is Thy table spread? And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow? Hither be all Thy children led, And let them all Thy sweetness know,

This has been adopted by numerous compilers. In a singular manner, it found its way into the "Prayer Book of the Church of England," fifty years or more ago. "It was introduced," says Mr. Miller, "by a University printer. He was a Dissenter, and filled up the blank leaves at the end of the Prayer Book with hymns he thought would be acceptable. The authorities did not interfere, and the hymns thus took their place." They would be an agreeable change after Tate and Brady. "In some books," adds the above writer, "there are two hymns by Doddridge," the other being—

High let us swell our tuneful notes.

Other favourite hymns by Doddridge are-

Now let our cheerful eyes survey Our great High Priest above, And celebrate His constant care, And sympathising love,

"Jesus! I love Thy charming name,"

which was composed to be sung after a sermon on 1 Peter ii. 7—" Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious." The second verse has almost a scraph's glow of holy fervour and grateful joy—

> Yes, Thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.

Another of these is worthy of being quoted at length-

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God of my life! through all its days, My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise, The song shall wake with opening light, And warble to the silent night.

The third verse was almost prophetic of his own peaceful end—

When death o'er nature shall prevail, And all its powers of language fail, Joy through my swimming eyes shall break, And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

The life of Doddridge was brought to a close when he was not quite fifty years of age; but it had been filled to the full with earnest useful work. His largest work, "The Family Expositor," in six volumes, quarto, was published in 1739. It had taken him years of study in the early morning hours and other intervals which his numerous occupations allowed. He had projected a similar work on the Old Testament, but death interposed too soon.

Besides his hymns, perhaps his most useful work, and that best known, especially with the passing generation, is his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The plan of this work was laid by his beloved friend, Dr. Watts, but his feeble health and increasing years and infirmities, prevented his executing the design. It was first published in 1744, and in ten years reached the ninth edition.

In the dedication to Dr. Watts, the author says-

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—With the most affectionate gratitude and respect, I beg leave to present to you a book which owes its existence to your request, its copiousness to your plan, and much of its perspicuity to your review, and to the use made of your remarks on that part of it which your health and leisure would permit you to examine. I address it to you, not to beg your patronage of it, for of that I am already assured, . . . but chiefly from a secret delight, which I find in the thought of being known to those whom this may reach, as one whom you have honoured, not only with your friendship, but with so much of your esteem and approbation too, as must substantially appear in your committing a work to me, which you had yourself projected as one of the most considerable services of your life.

But Doddridge's hymns will be sung even should the "Rise and Progress" be forgotten; and by them the devout and fervent spirit of humble practical piety-the religion of faith in Christ, love to God, obedience to His will, and universal benevolencewill continue to inspire all who seek to sing with the spirit and the understanding. The testimony of the great Moravian poet, James Montgomery, is as correct as it is elegantly expressed. Speaking of the hymns of Doddridge, he says, "They shine in the beauty of holiness. These offsprings of his mind are arrayed in the 'fine linen, pure and white, which is the righteousness of saints,' and, like the saints, they are lovely and acceptable, not for their human merit-for in poetry and eloquence they are frequently deficient-but for that fervent unaffected love to God, His service, and His people, which distinguishes them."

The character of Doddridge became more and

more refined, and his mind more and more peaceful and happy, as he approached the end of his journey. Going to St. Albans in December, 1750, to preach a funeral sermon for his old and much-loved friend, Dr. Samuel Clark, he took a severe cold, from which his illness so increased that he was compelled to retire from his work. In hopes of recovery, he visited London, Shrewsbury, and Bristol, with no advantage.

His first sermon, preached in his twentieth year, was from the text, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha" (1 Cor. xvi. 22); and his last, preached thirty years after, was from, "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's" (Rom. xiv. 8). He heard of two cases of conversion from his first sermon; but who can tell how many his subsequent ministry and earnest labours have gathered unto the fold? The text of his last sacramental address was Heb. xii. 23, "Ye are come to the general assembly and church of the First-born, which are written in heaven."

When all the usual remedies had failed, and he became manifestly weaker, acting under medical advice he went to Lisbon to try the effects of a warmer climate. But it was too late. The hour of his departure had come. He was to ascend to the higher sphere of service, and to join the heavenly choir, there to sing to Him whose "charming Name" he loved. His last hours were a fitting close to his eminently devoted life, only more calm, more peaceful, more happy.

"God hath," said he, "as it were, let heaven down upon me in those nights of weakness and waking. I am not suffered once to lose my hope. My confidence is, not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner. I know of no prayer I ever offered, no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that instead of recommending me to the favour of God, I needed His pardon through Christ for the same. Yet He hath enabled me in sincerity to serve Him. Popular applause was not the thing I sought. If I might be honoured to do good, and my Father might see His poor child attempting, though feebly and imperfectly, to serve Him, and meet with His approving eye, and commending sentence, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' this my soul regarded, and was most solicitous for. I have no hope in what I have been or done. Yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence, there is a hope set before me: I have fled, I still fly, for refuge to that hope. In Him I trust; in Him I have strong consolation that I shall surely be accepted in this Beloved of my soul."

Thus, in cheerful hope, in the midst of friends who even there had heard of his fame and worth, and cheered by the attendance of his devoted wife, his spirit passed to join the general assembly and church of the First-born, which are written in heaven.

The Lord our Leader.



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SHORT ARROWS.



MISSION HOMES IN PARIS.

E fancy very few of our readers are aware how far the excellent endeavours of our brethren in Paris have resulted in benefiting our English residents in that city. One great and very interesting feature is the establishment of a crèche for children. By this numbers of children can be, and are, rescued from Parisian

establishments, and brought up in the English The mission, we learn, is in other respects Children's services, Bible classes for men, and evening schools are daily held, and the work has been "specially blessed." The great good done by the Mission Home may be estimated when we add that during the few years it has been in existence it has sheltered eighteen hundred English women, and assisted over thirty thousand people needing advice. There is a soup-kitchen, open twice a week, and a good-hearted Parisian baker gives the bread. The influence upon the men has been very great, and now sixty or seventy join in the prayermeetings and Sunday services with visible satisfac-About six hundred of our countrymen and women are weekly addressed by the Mission, and the results promise to be truly beneficial to all concerned.

RAILROAD RELIGIOUS WORK.

During the last twelve months the Delaware Railroad Company have done a good work. By order of their president, a room in their offices at the Kingsland station has been fitted up as a place of worship, so that their servants can attend. In addition to this they are enabled to open a Sunday-school, and to have prayer-meetings during the week. The influence of this is already shown in the moral and physical improvement of the men, and the results are even now marked in the conduct of the employés. They are earnest workers, and as they move from place to place, they carry the glad tidings to their mates and others, so as to increase the blessings of the Word. Many a Bible is to be found in the engine-cabs, and the good influence cannot be too highly estimated, The general effect upon the working of the line will also be marked in the improved conduct and honesty of the workers.

Besides the above, and connected with the same railroad, a religious festival has been held on the anniversary of the establishment of the Sunday-schools. A general meeting was called, and the testimony to the benefit enjoyed was universal. Since the movement was first started, only a year or two ago, a neat church and school-house have been built, and there are now nearly one hundred scholars, a Bible-class of engineers and breaksmen, and weekly meetings. The result of all this is a community full

of Christian grace, converted to God, and working ably for their Master. Some of our English railroads might take example from the American lines in this respect also.

GRATUITOUS BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.

For some time efforts have been made in the various European Exhibitions of making the Word known amongst chance comers, on the principles of the Crystal Palace Bible Stand, Some idea of the extent to which this good work has been carried may be gathered from the fact that more than fourteen millions of the Scripture cards and leaflets have been issued in different languages (irrespective of the Bibles and Testaments sold) in twenty years. From Italy the success of the evangelisation of the soldiers comes with new earnestness, the men being content to leave out from their knapsacks papers and periodicals, to make room for the Bibles. From Germany, also from Spain and France, the demand is ever increasing, and particularly since the Exhibition of 1878, where a Bible kiosque in the Place de Trocadèro distributed a million and a half of Bibles, Testaments, etc., to representatives of fifteen nationalities. Besides these, a novel attempt is now being made in Russia, where so many Nihilists are awaiting exile to Siberia. A Russian nobleman has organised a system by which these poor people may be supplied with the Word of God. The success of this distribution is undeniable. The testimony of the Russian nobleman goes to prove that those to whom he has given Bibles, etc., have gladly received them, expressing their satisfaction that they will now be able to read the Word to their families-a privilege for which they have long been desirous. From this imperfect record it may be gathered how much good is being done by these Bible Missions in connection with the Bible Stand at the Crystal Palace, to the Manager of which our readers or intending helpers are referred for any further information.

AN INTER-TRIBAL CONVENTION.

The five civilised Indian tribes have held their Sunday-school Convention. Several Sunday-school workers attended, and there was a good attendance of delegates present, with some Indian agents, and numerous Indian representatives. Many of the latter had been concerned in attacks upon white men in days past, but professed religious feelings, which were apparently sincere. But the proceedings did not end without steps being taken to establish a Normal Institute for Sunday-school teachers from amongst the Indians. This was initiated, and the details were left to five educated Indians, one from each tribe. We can thus judge of the influence

which is spreading amongst the savage tribes of the West, and of the blessings which are likely to accrue to the hitherto despised and humiliated red men. We may all rejoice that the good seed is sown in their hearts.

A PLEA FOR DISCHARGED FEMALE CONVICTS.

We learn on the authority of a prison chaplain that there are numbers of female convicts who would be only too glad to find honest employment after their discharge from prison. This improvement can only be effected by removing the women from all association and acquaintance with former friends and places where they graduated in crime. To meet these cases it has been suggested that an emigration fund be obtained, so that women really desirous to reform may have the opportunity to go and sin no more. We are all aware of the difficulties attending such a scheme, for prejudice is strong; but those who have sinned and suffered can tell the yearning that so often exists for a chance to become better. Cannot we apply the healing balm of compassion, and make the wounded spirit whole? The Rev. G. P. Merrick, of Westminster Prison, appeals for sympathy and assistance in the good work. Shall the appeal be made in vain to those who know not the terrible temptations to which many of our erring sisters are exposed? Surely in a case like this we will not coldly pass by upon the other side!

THE CHURCH IN THE TYROL.

The opening of the first Protestant Church in the Tyrol on the 1st of November was quite an event in the district. Many of our readers have, no doubt, enjoyed the beautiful scenery of that region, "where every prospect pleases." Now at length the small assemblage of Protestant worshippers have obtained permission to open a church, and to build a house for the minister. Forty years ago the Government expelled those of the Reformed faith; now Christianity has triumphed. We are sure that English visitors will be glad to visit Insprück and Mesan when next they travel in the Tyrol, and encourage the little bands of worshippers there.

CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

During the present century four or five Jews have been consecrated bishops. More than 150 have joined the English Church. Statistics from Germany go to prove that, in proportion to population, the conversions to Christianity from Judaism are more frequent than from heathenism. This is on no less an authority than the Rev. Mr. Archdall. There are other testimonies tending to prove the same, and it has been stated that nearly every Jewish family in England has a relative in the Christian Church.

SAMARITAN SCRIPTURES.

Some very interesting communications were read at the last meeting of the Society of Biblical Archæology, on the subject of the Samaritans and their Scriptures. The reading treated of the "Samaritans in the Talmudical Writings," and their account of the Pentateuch. The former letter showed that in the earlier portion of the Talmud there had been a set of rules, regulating the intercourse between Samaritans and Jews, of a much less hostile nature than subsequently obtained. The true causes of difference were the formulation of the Tenth Commandment. The Samaritans only recognise the Jewish Decalogue as containing nine commandments, and by a tenth commandment of their own they fix the centre of Israel at Shechem (Nablus), which is quite irreconcilable with Jewish tenets. The other cause was the adoption by the Jews of a different character in their writings from the old Hebrew used by their opponents. The Samaritans are becoming extinct: it is calculated that only about one hundred representatives of the nation are at present in Nablus.

THE JEWISH POPULATION.

Following the foregoing record of the gradual disappearance of the Samaritans, we have to notice some statistics respecting the strength of the Jews in the world. We gather from tables now before us that the total numbers of the Jewish race amount to between six and seven millions. Authorities differ somewhat in detail. The numbers are as follows :--In Europe, 5,226,858 and 5,081,825; in Asia. 591,000 and 45,000; in Africa, 792,000 and 80,000; in America and British Colonies, 465,000 and 1,000,000. These figures are quoted from the estimates of the Rev. J. Miller and the Berlin Society for the Promotion of Christianity respectively. obvious discrepancies may be partly accounted for by the fact that Jewish families frequently become merged in the general population of the country. There is, however, no doubt that the Jews are rapidly returning to Palestine, and they are fast swelling the population of Jerusalem, where they even now are in a considerable majority.

Like a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything appears more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.—Jean Paul Richter.

It is a rule in art that they who would finish their colours in brightness must lay light grounds; even so, if thou wouldst have Christ to finish up thy life in glory, never lay the sad grounds and black colours of sin and corruption.—Sibbes,

If I have not a broken and contrite heart, God's mercy will never be mine; but if God had not manifested His mercy in Christ, I could never have a broken, contrite heart.—Arnot.

Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life,—H. Bonar.

I sleep most sweetly, when I have travelled in the cold. Adversity is indeed contrary to glory, but it befriendeth grace,—Richard Baxter.

It is easy enough to destroy, and there are always destroyers enough. God alone can form and paint a flower; any foolish child can pick it to pieces.—J. M. Gibson, D.D.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

76. Mention some foreigner who was an officer of the Roman army.

77. What prophecy did the aged Simeon declare concerning our Blessed Lord?

78. What cave is so well known in connection with the history of David?

79. Who is the first prophet mentioned in the Bible?

 Quote the only passage in which our Blessed Lord while on earth is addressed as God.

81. What proof have we that John was not really zealous for God's service?

82. Quote some words from our Blessed Lord's sermon on the mount in which He speaks of Himself as the Judge of all mankind.

83. Who is it first speaks of the glory of the Lord as filling the earth?

84. It is said of Balaam that he caused the children of Israel to sin against God by the advice which he gave to Balak. From whom do we obtain this knowledge?

85. From what passage may we infer that the transfiguration of our Blessed Lord took place at night?

86. Give proof that the quails of which the Israelites partook in the wilderness were miraculously provided by God.

87. What passage does St. Paul quote to show it is the duty of all men to maintain God's ministers?

88. "Ye shall find rest unto your souls." What prophet uses these words?

89. What memorable instance have we of the evil effects of flattery?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 320.

64. Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians (Acts viii. 27).

65. The King of Tyre (Ezek. xxviii. 12, 14).

66. Libanus (Psalm civ. 16).

67. The magistrates had to go to the prison and beg the prisoners to leave the place (Acts xvi. 12, 19, 35—40).

68. St. Stephen in his address, and Ananias when he was sent to recover St. Paul's sight (Acts vii. 52, and xxii. 14).

69. Joshua; who is also called Oshea, Hoshea, Jehoshua, Jehoshuah, Jeshua, and Jesus (Num. xiii. 8, 16, xxvii. 18; Deut. xxxii. 44; 1 Chron. vii. 27; Neh. viii. 17, and Acts vii. 45).

70. In the wilderness of Sin (Ex. xvi. 1, 14, 15).

71. 1st, by Abraham, for the offering up of his son Isaae; 2nd, by David, to stay the plague; 3rd, by Solomon, at the building of the Temple; 4th, by the captives returned from Babylon, in thanksgiving to God (Gen. xxii. 1—10; 2 Sam. xxiv. 18, 25; 2 Chron. iii. 1, and Ezra iii. 1—3).

72. It is said of him that "His name was much set by" (1 Sam. xviii. 30).

73. His name was Obadiah, and it is recorded that he fed a hundred of the Lord's prophets, when they were hidden from the malice of Jezebel (1 Kings xviii, 3, 13).

74. Jotbath, which is called "a land of rivers of waters" (Deut. x, 7).

75. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead" (Luke xvi. 31).



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WORKERS FOR GOD.

THE PREACHER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BALLYMONEY, CO. ANTRIM.

GREAT writer has told us that one of the most beautiful and touching things one sees on earth, is a man standing and speaking spiritual things to men. And he asserts that "The speaking function—this of truth coming to us with a living voice—nay, in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar—this, with all our writing and printing functions, has a perennial place."

For some have thought, and staunchly maintained, that the pulpit has done its work, and that the multitude of newspapers, books, and magazines, is enough for all the requirements of man. It is remarkable, however, that never did so many men and women listen with solemn and earnest attention to so many preachers throughout the land; and that wherever there is a preacher whose peculiar gifts proclaim his vocation to speak to men of the glad tidings of good things, crowds have joyfully assembled to hear him.

The truth is, that philosophy has never made men moral, nor abstract doctrine made them holy. The Incarnation was as needful to sanctify as it was to redeem; and the warm presence of humanity, not merely thinking the truth, but feeling it, not denouncing sin, but fighting it, carries a force with its living energy which nothing else can simulate or rival. Every era of rising religious life has been an era of preaching. Even now, while men complain that we have so few great preachers, they seem to forget we have so many good ones; and if they demand an excess of pastoral care, it is because they are anxious to continue during the week the good influence they felt on the Sunday, and to be better acquainted with him who so deeply enters their hearts, and so tenderly touches their lives.

We often wonder and are astounded at the scanty results which follow so many discourses. It would seem that from fifty thousand sermons in England, as many thousand persons would every week be turned to God. Christ made some Christians in His lifetime, and He has promised that the same power which converted them will be always present with His ministers. And the preacher's commission is likewise not to preach only, but to make Christians; and his expectation looks, of compulsion, for an abundant harvest. We are not amazed at the irreverent worship and careless living of other centuries. It is hard to believe that Swift, for instance, intended many of

his sermons to lead any soul to the Cross, or that half-learned and unhallowed men could catch the ear of their generation. The messenger was doubted, and therefore his message. But now we have lighted upon a golden age; and all that learning can give, and culture and genius accomplish, is consecrated to this work of speaking the truth of God.

Of course, we have bad preachers by the hundred, and we shall have them always. Preaching is not the sole work of the ministry, and every minister is compelled to preach. Many a good pastor is a failure in the pulpit, as many a powerful preacher is feeble by the poor man's hearth. It is absurd to think that many men are fit for both occupations. Few diplomatists are able senators. There are hundreds of political orators who would prove a wretched failure in political organisation, or behind an official desk. And yet clergymen are expected to roll up within themselves the special talents that mark these three; and the world assumes the right of criticising them-not as men with various occupations, but as public speakers, with only Moreover, no man, however brilliant his talents, could possibly produce discourses of the first class in the number that is all but universally demanded. It is told of a famous living preacher, that he refused the bidding of the courts of his Church to work in a certain congregation, because he would be compelled to preach at least one new sermon every Sunday; and he gained his point so far that he was appointed over two congregations, to each of which he should preach once a week, and so prepare and preach one good sermon in the fortnight. It is sometimes argued that barristers frequently make four or five excellent speeches a day, and it is asked, Why should not clergymen do the same? But this statement overlooks the fact that barristers speak each time from matter entirely new, and clergymen from matter of which the greatest part is entirely old. If the preacher developed either new doctrine or a multitude of new facts, he would rightly be distrusted; if he had a set plan for every speech, he would soon weary his audience; and if he adopted precise and unvaried formulæ for the old truths, he would produce nothing but inattention and apathy.

More than any man, the preacher ought to be an artist. He needs the skill to robe afresh each week lessons and facts which are

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as ancient as our race, and to gather broken fragments of human truth, and mould them into new wholes. It will not satisfy, nor ought it, that sermons should be like common lectures upon other subjects. The object of a sermon is not alone to convey information, nor to convince the intellect. It is these, but it is more: man's heart must be persuaded, and his will directed in the way of heaven. All preaching will be either vain or mischievous which omits one of these. If only the heart is moved, a false religion of emotion is created or aroused; if the mind is convinced, and only that, creeds will be accepted, but not believed with a living faith; and if only knowledge is conveyed, the facts will lie in the brain as rocks which the winds have torn away lie strewn and useless at the bottom of a cliff. It must be remembered at every turn that religion embraces and affects the whole of man, The old command bade love to emanate not merely from the heart, the seat of affection, but from the spirit, and the body, and the intellect. And the true preacher must grasp all these, and grasp them with a grip which nothing can relax,

and nothing escape.

See, then, what a store of power he requires. There is no recess of knowledge which will not furnish him with material. Natural science, the stories of the past, the ways of the world, the strange mystery of man, will all be tributary. Sometimes a new perception of truth will flash upon him from watching an insect's life, sometimes from reading a poet's rhapsody. He will base all on the Bible indeed, but he will survey its truth from every side. He will not dogmatise where he can only opine, nor denounce where he ought rather to pity. He has many kinds of men to deal with, and his preaching must respect and contemplate all. Here is one man who thinks deeply-perplexing thoughts about this world and God; and there one who has studied all beliefs, and, finding good in all, is in danger of giving his faith to none. Here is one, to whom the world once offered its richest prizes, but vice has bound him so that he cannot arouse himself now to work for the worst. Here is another, who meets his temptation with a noble front, and is wrestling with the devil, foot to foot, and breast to breast. There, again, live silent and solemn women of gentle nature, but of weak and dullard mind: and there young maidens filled with the earth's joy and ready for whatever course in life presents the sweetest attraction. Oh, poor Preacher, conning closely thy books, thinking deeply in thy brain, pleading painfully on thy knees, art thou fit withal for this? Wouldest thou not wish even now to flee away? Art thou not tempted to linger out God's time in some lone retreat? or, under the dropping cloud and the smiling sky, to do some simpler and apter work for man?

Speak gently, then, of our preachers. They

are but men; and with their clamouring difficulties they find it hard to be men at all; to be men first, and ministers for you afterwards, rather than to sink, as sometimes they are tempted, an imperfect manhood in a more imperfect ministry.

God, indeed, never intended some of us, I suppose, to be ministers: certainly, never preachers. Mr. Spurgeon, in those wonderful lectures to his students, describes many of us with a master hand. One makes the Gospel as grotesque as his own grimaces. hurries so fast, and speaks so thickly, that you wonder whether he has anything to say. While a third delivers his essay with a staid and sober dryness; and the hearer forgets as he listens that there is any deed of wickedness, or any lost soul in the world. "Would we describe a preacher such as Paul," we should run away from all of these. Nature meant them to be something else. They might have made excellent merchants, successful magistrates, brilliant soldiers, renowned and valuable authors, but preachers they will not be. They have mistaken their calling, and now it seems too late to go back.

Parents are often to blame in placing "the Church" before their children as a destiny. Nothing can justify this. If a father wishes his son to be made comfortable in the world, it ought not to be at the expense of immortal souls; or if he wishes some son of his to be useful in the world, he ought to put him where he can be of the most use, not where he can be only of the least. Education will never make a preacher. Even a burning love for God and man will be insufficient. Even a young man's free and enthusiastic choice is not to be always trusted. Most men enter the ministry because they wish to win men for Christ; but in that wish they may be mistaken, for many motives go to make up one action; and it is our duty, surely, to consult and examine whether we are capable of doing the work of the ministry with excellence and success. It is much to be deplored that the attainment of that work has become a matter of course; that because a youth of eighteen summers enters upon certain studies at the university, he finds the stated exit from them in the garb and the functions of a clergyman. For we need not have any dread that fit men will not be found in sufficient numbers. It is always where the danger is greatest that the truest soldiers crowd. In our armies no lack of volunteers is ever felt to storm the breach, or make a dash to recover a fallen standard. An old missionary leader put the severest trials and the heaviest tasks before those who sought admission into his Society, and he never lacked a fit volunteer for any martyr mission or any herculean office. It is necessary but to mention the dangers of the way and of the work, to send a thousand Englishmen forth to the dark-parts of the earth, either as bearers of the Cross, or as pioneers of civilisation. Make, then, the service of the sanctuary a common thing, and common men will easily creep into it; but make it difficult of attainment, and its work constant and severe, and the noblest spirits in the land will take it as it

were by force.

But whatever the natural qualifications of the preacher, or the blundering through which he fell into his profession, it is beyond doubt his duty to fit himself for his work by every means in his Many rush into the silliest mistakes. Some forget they are men at all, and set the example of a Christianity at once ignoble, egotistic, and weak. Others fancy that God will inspire them to fulfil their duty without the common toil which awaits all who will excel. They are parsons, priests, ministers, and who shall criticise or refuse to bow? Or they have learned their Bibles and fixed their theology: why should they have anything more to do than to say out what they know? There is a worse than this; for indolence snatches too often the unwary mind away-suggests meditation, a quiet life of retirement and prayer, and prevents the laborious consecration of life by which the end of the ministry may be attained. It is no wonder that many a sensitive nature who thought nobly of Christian work, and hearts that longed for some word of direction, or some counsel of encouragement, should have been often driven aside, and turned into the Church's foes. What true man will take his stand before a congregation, and habitually utter commonplaces which he has never thought about, but only learned by rote? What man with any feeling of responsibility will talk and talk until the clock has counted so many minutes, and then pray that what he has preached without a purpose shall be followed with the greatest of God's blessings? Yet we see and hear these again and again, until our heart is sick. It is argued, indeed, that God does not need our human learning or elegance; but we may equally contend that He does not need our rudeness or our ignorance. Bad diction and misshapen sentences will never help in converting sinners. A listless, heartless delivery will never awaken the dead. A rambling discourse, ill-conceived and vilely finished, will never build up the saints.

What whispering of earth has suggested all the evils from which the pulpit is suffering, and which men are so willing to defend? If any man is to preach, he must work hard, and work constantly. He must know that great Hebrew Book as no other men know it, and he must know a hundred other books which connect it with ourselves. He must mould his language so that the simplest may understand, and the most learned may admire. He must shape his argument to convince the unwilling, and to instruct the expectant. He must deliver his message with all the force of manner and voice which care can suggest and art

bestow; and he will be a hapless man indeed if he is not requited with a great and constant success.

For all like him, I would be speak the sympathy and the prayers of his people. If he does not want them, he does not deserve them; if he deserves them, he will be lonely indeed if he does not receive them. He is working for them and praying for them. He loves them as man can seldom love other men, and he watches with devoted attention for their present and perpetual welfare. His heart bleeds when he witnesses their fall, or their resolute wish to sin; and no such joy is felt on earth as that with which he beholds their conversion to the Lord, or their patient walk in Christ.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
"T is that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

Such tears not unfrequently fall unbidden from other eyes, and such feelings rise and swell and

break in many a preacher's breast.

In some quarters it has been endeavoured to avoid the evil arising from the numerous tasks of the clergyman by constituting an order of preachers, whose work is to preach, and that only. Much may be said in favour of this, and much against it. On the one hand, it admits of study, research, and meditation; it enables the preacher to give undistracted attention to subjects, the simplest of which will baffle the keenest wit, and to think out the subtle and varied methods by which men may be attracted and saved. But on the other hand, it robs the preacher of much of that knowledge of man and that sympathy with his suffering and trials which are so essential to the truest We have recognised the difficulties and the advantages of both, for while preachers have dived into the deepest haunts of human misery to stimulate fervour, pity, and zeal, we have appointed missioners and evangelists, whose duty begins with the pulpit and ends there. Compromise, so often fatal in other matters, is perhaps the most satisfactory in this. Let the preacher live a man amongst men. Let him in wellregulated method go busily from house to house, bearing ever the censer of love, and entering into the troubles and the joys, the pleasures and the cares, both of rich and of poor. Let him consecrate the morning to study and prayer, and on the Sunday, and through the week, tell his congregation all he has learnt and felt and thought; and if at seasons he can command space for retirement, let him withdraw from the paths of men, and search into wisdom and learning, both human and divine, touching sadly and solemnly the marvellous truths that confront his soul, battling the stubborn difficulties of intellect and heart and will; con-

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templating the secrets of men that are gone, and framing maxims for the men that live; or, in lighter hours, gathering lore from bank and bush, from cloud and sky, from glowing heavens and from glistening waves, and let him then go back to the world refreshed and filled in mind and heart, and tell to all who will hear, the vision he has seen and the commands he has heard upon the mount.

Yes, to all who will hear: for, like the thundercloud in a summer sky, the awful fact comes forth, that many will refuse to hear. By no mechanism of spiritual administration, by no fiery zeal for the eternal welfare of man, can we There will rereach and convince every heart. main amongst the holiest saints some most hardened sinner; and where, enthusiasm-directed, the wisest purpose pursues the swiftest race for God, the bitter sneer, the cruel and unutterable scorn, will seek to prevent its progress or to ruin its results. Art thou responsible, oh, Preacher, for these? Wilt thou answer, Yes? then thine answer is not altogether wrong, for some other preacher could be found who would have forced the hardened Leart to yield. A word of thine one day, a look perhaps, perhaps some fancied affectation, created suspicion, prejudice, resistance, and thy ministry is ever after that unfruitful. Perhaps, too, thine intellect was too weak to cope with this difficulty, or thy sympathy too meagre to feel for that, and thou hast lost one, many, who might have adorned the Gospel of Christ. But if thou wilt answer, No, then indeed (if thy work and thy life are true), thou art more correct. For the preacher is but a man, and the quality which won these would have estranged others, and the total remains unaltered. Nay, rather, using thy manhood aright, and encircling it with all the grace and power which piety, and art, and learning can bestow, thou, doing true and faithful work with all thy soul, art drawing the most to Christ. The Nazarene Himself attracted not all: the strongest Apostle kept not an unspotted fold. Thy work is but to proclaim; God's work is to convert: and while a barren waste of men too often lies before thee, and all thy toil has been to thine eyes so scantily rewarded, wait thou with all the patience thou canst, pray with all the earnestness, preach with all the power, and by-and-by the lonely echoes of the desert will be exchanged for the crowded successes of the Jordan, and the few who knelt in the upper room will grow into the throng of

A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.



HE record of the many months that follow is but the record of a sick-room, with its fluctuations of depression and of hope. How the summer passed into autumn, and the autumn into winter, and the winter into spring,

bringing day

by day a measure of health and strength to our invalid, and to us lessons of hope, and love, and patience, and thankfulness. There is record of the day when he could once more leave the dreary confinement of a single room to which the excitement consequent on seeing Edwin and

Doretta reduced him, when he was carried downstairs by Ernest and Claude. Then of the day when he could walk down slowly by himself, and get out into the garden. Then of the time when he could be allowed to go out unattended, and the traces of his illness were almost obliterated to strangers, and only to be seen by us in the stiffened gait and straitened speech. At this point he became stationary, and the doctor strongly advised our going into the country. Aunt Robert would have been very glad to have usthat is papa, Aunt Monica, and I; but we did not think it would be desirable for papa to go to her, so near the place which must awaken many painful emotions, and we have never suggested it to him. Both Ernest and Lizzie have been at Highwood since papa came home. I have never been away at all; Aunt Monica and I have not once left him. When we go, we must go together,

Edwin has never brought Doretta to see us again. At intervals he calls to inquire after papa, but he does not often see him. Lizzie and Aunt Monica, but Lizzie most frequently, go to see Doretta. Baby was very ill one day, and she sent for them, and since then another little one has come, a girl, and Lizzie is

more in request than ever.

Lizzie reports that Doretta is in high spirits at present. She has long been wanting Edwin to take a

house, and furnish it for her, alleging that if he should be taken from her, she would have nothing to fall back upon. She does say the most outrageous things. And at length Edwin has yielded to her wish. She has persuaded him that it will be quite as cheap as living in lodgings, but she is very mysterious as to their ways and means, and as to where the money is to come from which is to furnish the new house. She tells Lizzie that she need not ask, as, at any rate, they will not be indebted to their fine friends.

We had taken lodgings in a pretty cottage on the Sussex coast, and Aunt Monica and I had accompanied papa thither. But we were not destined to remain long in our new quarters. One morning Aunt Monica, having sat down to breakfast with that tender pink flush on her thin cheek, which always faded as the day advanced, opened the letter beside her plate, and quickly laid it down again, all white and trembling.

My father sat opposite, and did not appear to notice it, and I could only wait, with palpitating heart, for what I feared were fresh tidings of evil.

It was only for a moment. Then Aunt Monica rose from her chair and went over to my father's side, and laying her hand softly on his shoulder, while she put the letter into his hand, she said the one word, "Henry—" He looked into her face and finished the brief sentence for her—" is dead."

We are busy preparing for the change, perhaps the greatest change of all that has taken place in our lives, changeful as they have been. My father has already been down to Highwood and provided for the funeral, while we are getting ready suitable mourning. We are to be present when this uncle of ours is laid in the family vault. My father will omit no honour which he thinks ought to be paid to the dead. I do not believe it is a mere matter of family pride with him; I fancy he feels, besides, the natural sorrow and compunction which men of generous impulse feel towards a fallen enemy. As for us, we may put on mourning outwardly, but we cannot help rejoicing, not over the event itself, of course, but over all that it brings to us. Our father restored to the home from which he has been so long a stranger, and from which he was harshly, if not unjustly banished in his youth; Aunt Monica, returning to the same old home, to be repaid for all the sacrifices she has made for us by taking the foremost place in our hearts, as well as in the new household we shall make there, just when she might have been turning her back upon it and seeking for some place in which to spend her solitary days. It has all turned out so happily that it is impossible for us to sorrow; only Aunt Monica is really sorrowing, and she is grieving not so much for what is, as for what might have been.

Once more we are at home in the midst of entirely new surroundings. It is indeed a changed scene into the midst of which the river of our lives has borne us. On a hot July day our whole party, clad in funeral black, started for Highwood. After a short journey by rail, we stopped at a little station, where a carriage and pony phaeton awaited us. Papa and Aum Monica got into the former, as also did Lizzie and I, leaving the latter to "the boys." No longer boys, though the old name will come uppermost, sadly reminding us of the time when there was no estrangement between them. I wondered just then if our uncle's death would bring about a reconciliation, and I was glad of the arrangement which had thrown them together and alone.

We drove along a broad road, shaded by trees, and ascending and descending in long gentle slopes. Soon the enclosed fields receded, leaving waste green corners, in a prodigal fashion which gave one a delightful sense of space and of freedom, that feeling of there being enough and to spare of the good things of Nature which refreshes the souls of the dwellers in pent-up cities more than anything else perhaps. Here they only formed a threshold to the loveliest of sylvan scenes.

We were nearing a village set in the midst of crowning and encircling woods. The woods showed darkly green above the yellowing harvest-fields, and the round white clouds seemed to repeat the outlines of the masses of foliage upon the deep blue of the sky. The village lay warm in the sunshine, and the sunshine rested on peeps of white and creamy wall, laced with pear-branches hung with ripening fruit; it basked on red-tiled roofs and glanced through orchards full of gnarled old apple-trees to reach the red apples and make them glow among the shrivelled leaves; but its full blaze fell upon the central green, where it was flashed back from the mirror of a pool as clear as crystal.

The sunshine and the scene, so full of the rejoicing life of Nature, was in strange contrast with our errand and the sombre garments we wore. Skirting the village, we passed through a pair of iron gates thrown open to receive us by an old couple who stood bobbing and ducking at the lodge door; and I heard the woman say, "Miss Mona—God bless her!"

Under the noble trees, we swept up the avenue, and stopped in front of the mansion. It is not old Elizabethan, or old anything in particular, but a plain well-built house, long and rather low, with only two storeys—the lower containing the public rooms and offices, the higher the bedrooms and dressing-rooms. The house is set upon a little hill, surrounded by lawns, and flanked with trees, the upper windows looking out over the undulating forest; but its aspect when we first saw it was anything but cheerful. The drawn blinds gave it a peculiar blank look—a look as if it declined to welcome us within its walls.

The servants were standing in the hall, also in black, waiting to receive us, as we entered softly and silently, knowing that, within, the master of the house lay dead. Aunt Mona's tears fell on the threshold, and the sight of her weeping made the

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women weep. It was altogether a chill and sombre home-coming, and I will not dwell upon it, nor yet upon the morrow, when we saw our unknown uncle laid in the family vault, in the midst of a concourse of strangers.

Among those who came to the funeral was Mr. Winfield, but I cannot say that his presence added to the solemnity of the occasion. He has a habit of whistling when in perplexity or anxiety, and, being anxious to preserve the proper amount of gravity, he made one or two attempts, and when suddenly recalled to the consciousness of impropriety by the frowning stare fixed upon him, became so red in the face that I dared not look at him.

All the next week we received visits of condolence. Aunt Monica and I had to stay at home for the purpose; papa and Lizzie taking leave of absence, and Ernest and Edwin having returned to London. Mr. Winfield came, telling us, to our great relief, that he was left alone for the present, Mrs. Winfield having gone up to London with Edith.

But the whole neighbourhood is thickly studded with country seats, and we seem to have some

pleasant people near us.

I am delighted with the Misses Amphlett. They are the sisters of a neighbouring baronet, and one is deaf and the other lame, and both are quite poor; but not only in spite of, but because of these drawbacks, the happiest of mortals. Each is constantly trying to supplement the other's deficiency. Miss Bell is constantly occupied in shouting to Miss Nancy, and Miss Nancy as constantly employed in lugging Miss Bell along. They are full of life and energy, and delight in making ends meet.

It is wonderful what they do with their small income, not in the way of keeping up appearances, but of securing actualities in the shape of comfort and

niceness.

They live in a neat little cottage close to the village, separated from the road by a garden hedged with yew and laurel. Their domestic economy is peculiar, for they have two maids, one of whom, Aunt Mona tells me, is generally the most refractory girl to be found in the parish. The old ladies fondly think they can reclaim her to ways of virtue and order by the authority proper to their age and rank, and no amount of insolence or deception on the part of their protegées can disabuse them of their belief.

"They have a profound faith that they have been planted here to assert the blessedness of a social order," says Aunt Mona. So Miss Bell and Miss Nancy promenade the village daily at the slowest of paces, to exercise their authority. "Unpaid members of the force," a neighbouring magistrate calls

them.

I have already been with them on their rounds, and the very dogs of the village seem to fear their stout parasols, and the slatterns curtsey at their doors, and are repaid for their courtesy by kind inquiries, the answers to which are echoed by Miss Bell to Miss Nancy in tones which have the effect of

enlightening the whole community on the private affairs of the parties interrogated.

There seems to be a general disposition to make friends with my father, which he, however, is far from unreservedly returning, appearing to prefer to hold somewhat aloof.

The Rector of Highwood came to call upon him. and to Aunt Mona's great distress was closeted with him for more than an hour; and all that transpired concerning the interview was the simple announcement that he had thought it proper to state his views to Mr. Lloyd, that the ground on which they might hereafter meet might be unmistakable. But what was our delight and astonishment when the very next Sunday, being our first Sunday at Highwood, my father accompanied us to church, quite simply and naturally. When we came down we found him waiting for us in the hall, with one glove on, and the other in his hand; and he helped us into the carriage, and then stepped in himself. Arrived at the church, he led the way to the family pew, in which he had not sat since he was a youth, and remained throughout the service an attentive and reverent listener.

Aunt Mona took his arm as they left, and there was a sweet content on her face as she looked up to him, saying, in a low voice—

"Thank you for coming with us, Benjamin."

"You have Mr. Lloyd to thank," he answered, hastily, for he was the most silent of men. "If I had always been treated with equal consideration, I might never have left the old ship."

After a pause, he continued-

"Yes, he made me see that one belongs to it as much as one belongs to one's country. One is bound to sail under the right flag, you know—to stand up to the enemy, even if one can't agree on every point with one's commander. And I have lived long enough, Monica, to see for myself that the side you and some others I know are on is the right side, after all."

The Rector of Highwood had not impressed me greatly, but he was evidently a sincere and amiable man. He had been at Highwood for the last twenty-five years, and had made himself generally liked, though it was some time before I could account for Aunt Monica's loving regard for him, even with the help of her reading of his life and character.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RECTOR OF HIGHWOOD,

THE REV. CHRISTOPHER LLOYD, by no means an old man yet, had, as a young man, been considered a special favourite of fortune. He had been singularly handsome, he was well connected, and one connection was in a high clerical quarter, from which promotion was to be expected. He had married a beautiful woman, possessed of the private fortune which he lacked, and which his friends said was just sufficient to make him independent. According to Aunt Monica, they ought to have added, save of his wife.

Sanguine individuals among them predicted that he would undoubtedly die a bishop; but not the slightest step towards such a desirable result had been made when death visited the high clerical quarter, and the vista with the bishopric at the end of it, closed for ever.

Mr. Lloyd had not been bitterly disappointed. He was not ambitious by nature; but humble, affectionate, and unselfish. Perhaps he thought, says Aunt Monica, that his son, then in the nurse's arms, would be a great man, a dignitary of the Church; it would be better than being one himself, and far less troublesome. It was a pity for Mrs. Lloyd, she added, who would have borne being a great lady, who, indeed, found it difficult to be anything else, and it had made her husband anxious, as if he had disappointed her in some legitimate expectation, that as much as possible of their joint income-and her share of it was twice as great as his-should be spent upon her personal requirements. And these requirements were all of the most perfect order. She could not bear anything that was rough, or coarse, or inartistic. The pillow on which she laid her cheek was of cambric, edged with lace. Whatever touched her, or was touched by her, must be smooth, soft, and beautiful. She was never over-dressed; but all she wore was pure, fresh, and dainty. Cashmere, silk, and cambric were the only fabrics she liked, and she would not have worn other in an episcopal palace. "Beatrice had never been accustomed to anything inferior," her husband would say when choice of anything for her devolved upon him.

As for their children, Aunt Monica says that Mr. Lloyd has taken all the trouble concerning them. Beatrice could not be troubled with them, he would say; she had not been accustomed to children. Their first child was a boy. Mrs. Lloyd, it seems, did not try to get accustomed to them. She did not nurse her boy, but got a young mother from a maternity hospital to do it for her, who rocked him to sleep with unhallowed songs, while she was singing sacred words to heavenly nusic in the room below. Then, after a few years, a girl was born, and no more followed.

Mr. Lloyd, on the contrary, was exceptionally fond of children. He was oftener in the nursery than Mrs. Lloyd was, and indeed, those nursery days were, Aunt Monica believes, the happiest of his life. "I wonder you can be so absurd, my dear," his wife would say, after finding him lying on his back as Gulliver, or going on all fours as a great bear, with the two little ones by his side. And of course it had its absurdity from Mrs. Lloyd's point of view, for a man who had had the remotest prospect of a bishopric, to be down on his hands and knees playing at bears.

At the age of eleven, Charles Lloyd had been sent to school. Up to that time his father had taught him. No very easy task, says Aunt Monica, for he was a self-willed and self-indulgent boy. Mr. Lloyd had taught Linnet too, but she had given him not the slightest trouble; not that Linnet is particularly docile, says Aunt Monica, but she was and is the embodiment of bright intelligence and sprightly affection.

I long to see this Linnet, of whom Aunt Mona has often spoken, and always speaks so fondly. She bears not the slightest resemblance, it appears, to either father or mother. Her name belonged to her grandmother on the father's side—"a very absurd name," her mother had said; but she did not insist on a finer one, as the child would be Miss Lloyd.

Later, when Charles Lloyd was settled at Eton, Mrs. Lloyd determined that Linnet must go to school. Could he not go on teaching her? Mr. Lloyd had pleaded, with just a little instruction from some one—his wife he meant. But Beatrice had not been accustomed to teaching, he explained to Aunt Mona, and so his plan, as well as the proposal for a governess, was negatived, and Linnet was sent to school.

Mr. Lloyd took all the trouble of selecting one, and he himself took her there. The stranger, says Aunt Mona, into whose hands, after searching inquiry, he gave his treasure, was moved almost to tears to see the man tremble so when the child sobbed upon his breast at parting, and she cried altogether when he came for her on the morning of her first holiday, and received her into his arms with a heart-hunger in his face.

It is impossible to hear of Mr. Lloyd's love for Linnet without feeling an affection for him and understanding him better. He is one of the people who are always misunderstood; and but for the danger of doing him injustice, I do not think Aunt Mona would have allowed me to know so much of his private history, involving as it does so much of blame to his wife.

The years had passed since then with but little change. Mrs. Lloyd was settled at a distance from her family and friends, but she endured the comparative dulness of Highwood with much equanimity. It was not society she had been brought up to please; it was herself.

When I first saw her she was reclining on an easy-chair in her own drawing-room, dressed in a graceful and somewhat youthful fashion. Her muslin gown showed a glimmer of a fine white neck and beautifully moulded arm. Her hair had scarcely a touch of grey among its glossy folds, and there were no lines on the small well-shaped forehead. The delicate features still retained their perfection; and it was only round the mouth, and at the corners of the eyes, that wrinkles told the tale of half a century of mortal life.

There had, however, been one change in their conditions of life, which had stood instead of a great many, and that was the necessity for a curate. Mr. Lloyd had been ageing rapidly, and a rather severe attack of illness had recently rendered such help imperative. He would gladly have dispensed with it, but found himself unable to do so; for the present curate was the third of his line, and it had not been

a brilliant one. He had clearly missed his vocation in the art of healing. Besides bringing the poor people about the rectory in the most reckless fashion, he had pervaded the house with the unpleasant odours which issued from his room, as he brewed the potions which he expected the sick to drink down.

He was constantly treading upon forbidden ground. Unfortunately there was much forbidden ground in the rector's domestic paradise. His fussy interest in household matters, qualities of food and wine, domestic expenses and arrangements, etc., would have led him to discuss them with pleasure: it seemed hard that he should not be allowed to do so, since they were left entirely to him. Mrs. Lloyd had never been accustomed to anything of the sort. Then his harmless gossip about the parish and the poor had been forbidden likewise, and the curate would persist in giving details of all the troubles which befell the rector's flock. This most troublesome man was never out of the cottages where any infection happened to be going. Mrs. Lloyd could not be expected to put up with it. She had never been accustomed to such things. He would have turned the drawing-room into a dispensary, and thrust a pestle and mortar into her dainty hands (as he did to his wife when he got one), and she was first cousin to a countess. But, worse than all, the most distant allusion to religion was tabooed. Mr. Lloyd could not open his mind on the subject of sermons, if indeed he had cared to do so. And all this had been done, without any harshness, by a steady gentle pressure, acting as sweetly and unconsciously as one of the forces of nature.

It struck Aunt Monica, as the present curate of Highwood is on the eve of departure, and his place has not yet been filled up, that Claude might like to come here. She thinks Mrs. Carrol and Clara would like it, and would come too, if a house could be procured for them, and she has written to Mrs. Carrol to propose it, and, at the same time, mentioned the matter to Mrs. Lloyd. Mrs. Lloyd was graciously pleased to approve of Claude, as far as Aunt Monica's recommendation went. She hoped he was a gentleman, concerning which we could assure her. According to her, the present holder of the office was "Did you ever see such hands?" she said. "They cover his plate completely, and you would think he had never worn a pair of gloves in his life. I cannot tell you how thankful I am that I shall not be obliged to dine daily in company with them."

This was not, it seems, exaggeration. To such a complexion had she come, through sheer self-indulgence, that the poor curate's big brown hands would have been a positive and growing annoyance to her, and would have actually overshadowed her every neal.

Contrary to my expectation, Claude seems desirous of making the change. His health seems to be suffering where he is. His mother writes full of

thankfulness for the prospect. She evidently urges it, and promises to follow him to Highwood whenever they can get quit of their present abode, and he feels settled enough to allow of their coming to him. I have done nothing to forward this. It is for Claude to determine whether he would care to be so near us. It cannot hurt Lizzie. I have kept his secret, even towards himself have kept utter silence concerning it. I feel sure he has not ceased to love her. Does he love her in despair, or hope? I almost fancy he might hope to win her. She cannot be suffering. I believe she is quite happy. Perhaps it was only a childish fancy which the brave child conquered for my sake at once and for ever. Thank God that she has not suffered-not as I have done. She is full of sweet content, and takes up every duty cheerfully and simply.

Claude has been in communication with Mr. Lloyd. The latter was good enough to go up to London and see him, and Claude has come down for a final interview with his rector before entering on his duties. He is staying with us for a day or two; yesterday he dined at the rectory. He is charmed with Mrs. Lloyd. Only the day before Mrs. Lloyd had been lamenting the necessity for receiving him, but then she received him with the most perfect sweetness and cordiality; while Mr. Lloyd, who came into the drawing-room somewhat late, seemed oddly hesitating and uncertain.

Mr. Lloyd, who is very short-sighted, has an unpleasant way of looking at the contents of his plate, as if he were very much engrossed with the food set before him, and Claude, like everybody else, at first sight thinks him very inferior to his wife. He was deprecating and fussy, too, while she sat at the head of the table the very picture of serene repose. The servants, it is true, waited on her assiduously, indeed, seemed so occupied in supplying and anticipating her wants as sometimes to neglect their master, but Claude set this down to her superiority. They liked best to wait on her, of course.

Had Claude never seen a well-bred woman before? We were tempted to ask him the question. His mother, a gentlewoman by birth, was that, and much more; but he was very sensitive to perfection of any kind, and Mrs. Lloyd's beauty and breeding were very perfect in their way.

He was glad, however, to be left alone with his rector for the rest of the evening, for he wanted to speak about his duties and the part he was expected to take in the services. He had been aware that Mr. Lloyd had kept him aloof from the subject in his nervous way during dinner. But as soon as we ladies were gone, and Claude had seated himself, after closing the door behind us, he appeared more at his ease, and, as if relieved from some restraint, lay back in his chair, and became at once familiar and kindly.

Mr. Lloyd began on the topic of lodgings, which we had already discussed with Claude, Aunt Monica pressing him to stay with us till he could settle himself comfortably, and he declining firmly to be our guest for more than a few days, and engaging Aunt Monica to provide for him in the village.

"My curates have hitherto lived under my roof," said Mr. Lloyd, "and I should have been glad to arrange it so for you also, as suitable accommodation

except that he was not wanted—a very sufficient one, which he felt that he had no right to resent.

Having expressed his polite acquiescence in all that Mr. Lloyd had said, Claude asked, by way of saying something practical, if there was any place in the village, or any farm-house in the near neighbourhood,



"At the girl's feet lay a great white hound."-p. 398.

is difficult to find here; but the fact is, it disturbs our plans to have any one with us. Mrs. Lloyd is very fond of quiet, and we must keep rooms for my son and daughter, both absent at present. Then we have had to throw two of the rooms into one, as Mrs. Lloyd found her bedroom inconveniently small, and as her maid sleeps on the same floor, there are only the servants' rooms left."

All this was said in a rapid yet hesitating way, Claude in vain attempting to assure him that there was no need to trouble himself. There were too many reasons in the rambling apology, which of course set Claude thinking there was no reason at all,

at which he could lodge. He was not at all particular, he said. He had begun his work as an East-end curate, and had lodged in Whitechapel.

"A Bluecoat boy takes some time," he added, " to acquire fastidiousness in regard to bed and board."

"True, true," Mr. Lloyd replied, with a preoccupied air; "still, I wish I could have found something better for you."

"Then you have found something?" said Claude.

"Well, yes," was the answer, "there is one house in the village where you could have rooms; a nice little parlour and bedroom, but I don't much like your going there. The mother and daughter are very well; they come to church regularly. Indeed, Mrs. Bower once did me a great service, a very great service; saved my child's life, in fact. But the man, Mr. Bower, bears a very bad character, and he is a complete atheist."

"Is there any need for us to avoid his house on that account?" said Claude. "There is a great deal of infidelity abroad," he added, "and we ought to lose no opportunity of meeting unbelievers on their own

ground, I fancy."

Mr. Lloyd looked up in alarm. "I hope you are not inclined to controversy, Mr. Carrol," he said. "It is a thing I never meddle with; it seldom does any good; and there is no need for it here, I assure you. With the exception of John Bower, and—and—one or two others," he added, with greater hesitation than ever, "I do not think there are any infidels in the parish; men like John Bower can't understand, and the educated unbelievers of our day won't listen to evidences. The only evidence they can both alike understand is a Christian life. Let us set them an example of that." He spoke these last sentences with a force and dignity contrasting strongly with his forner manner.

"I preach the morning sermon myself," the rector went on; "you will conduct the rest of the service, and preach in the evening. The congregation in the evening is entirely composed of servants and villagers. You will have to preach the Gospel to the poor."

"I could not have nobler or more congenial em-

ployment," Claude replied.

"You can see that controversial subjects would be useless, if not hurtful," Mr. Lloyd continued, "and that plain practical Christianity is all that is required."

"A vast enough requirement," thought his hearer,

but he kept silence on the point.

"Do you think I should be subjected to annoyance if I went to this person's home to lodge?" he

asked, changing the subject.

"No, I don't think so," replied the rector; "though Mrs. Dutch, at the 'Great Hart,' won't allow him to frequent her parlour, on account of his blasphemy, I believe. I don't know what to say about it. Perhaps you had better see Mrs. Bower, and judge for yourself."

The responsibility was evidently too much for Mr. Lloyd, and he laid it on Claude's shoulders. He was suffering under a deep-seated and long-standing paralysis of the will, and it was painful to him to

exercise the diseased function.

It was a great relief to him to be told that Aunt Monica had already undertaken to help in the matter, and that there was no need for him to trouble himself in the least. When they passed on to higher topics, Claude was astonished to find that he was talking to a man of larger mind and wider culture than he could have believed possible, co-existing with such curious defects of character.

"And he has," added Aunt Monica, "a large measure of the almost forgotten grace of a true humility."

CHAPTER XXVII.

CURATE AND CARPENTER.

AND so Claude is settled down in the village, after having been with us for a week. It was on a Saturday he was expected, and he would not let us send the carriage to meet him. He said he preferred walking and having his luggage fetched, as there was a box of books too heavy for the carriage. His coming in this way was the cause of an encounter which has made a great impression on his mind.

The afternoon sun was hot, and the road white and dusty, but on either side the corn and pasture-fields runs a broad belt of grass, sprinkled plentifully with the shade of spreading trees, and soft and pleasant to the eye and foot of the wayfarer. On one side walked Claude, carrying a black bag in his hand, and before long he was aware of another young man walking on the opposite side, also with a black bag. They passed and repassed each other as they walked apart, till an amused smile grew upon Claude's face.

I know exactly how he would look. Claude's is not a handsome face, but it is one which irresistibly attracts you; a face alive in every feature with the mind it indexes. His head looks bigger even than it is, with its immense masses of wavy light brown hair. His grey eyes are large and soft, but they are deep set in his head, and shaded with thick eyebrows. His nose is nondescript, and the mouth and chin too prominent for beauty; but it is these irregular features which give its power of expression to the face. The quiver of the wide nostrils, the tremulous movement of the lips, are full of a sympathy swifter and keener than is well for their owner's peace of mind or repose of body. Young as he is, there is already a worn look about Claude, heightened by his extreme slightness of figure, a slightness which borders on emaciation; and yet the expression is not of suffering. He says he has never had a bodily ailment in his life that he can remember. It is rather of joy as of one who drinks deep of the keener delights of the Spirit.

I can fancy what a contrast he presented to his wayside companion; for Claude has pointed him out to us already. He hopes to make a friend of him; but his recognition of Claude's friendly bow was a rather surly one. He is not older than Claude in years, this young man, but he looks older in experience of life, somehow. More manly, some would undoubtedly call him—an altogether finer animal. He belongs to a different class of society. You can see that at a glance, though his clothes are better than Claude's, and more carefully put on. He is handsomer, too, after a type seldom seen except in the workman and the noble, the ease of the intermediate classes evidently not tending to produce it. His features are fine as a piece of sculpture, and lofty and disdainful in expression. His complexion clear, but a little too fair and florid, and his hair of a rich golden brown, curled closely round his neck, which is burnt brick-red with exposure to the sun.

These two had been ascending a gentle slope, and

when they reached the crown of it a little dilemma occurred. The grassy belt on one side of the road became narrower and narrower, and at length entirely disappeared, leaving one of the pair on the bare and dusty highway. It happened to be the smiling pedestrian who was thus cut off, and who thereupon smiled more decidedly, crossed over to the other side, and greeted his fellow-traveller with a friendly nod.

"We seem both going the same way," he remarked; an original observation which was echoed by one equally so on the state of the weather. Then they congratulated each other on the harvest, with the gravity of men who had a stake in the agricultural prospects of the country, and then they marched on in silence.

The road swept down only to ascend again, and this time on the crest of the undulation they came in sight of a village.

"That is Highwood, I suppose," said Claude, pointing forward.

"Highwood on the Green," replied the oth "Highwood is on this side, about a mile off."

"Oh, I did not know there were two Highwoods," rejoined Claude. "Are there churches in both?"

"Churches!" was the answer, or no answer; "there are plenty of them, for all the good they do."

"You are chapel, I suppose," said Claude, and I think I see the gleam of humour in his eyes as he said so.

"Neither one nor other," said his companion, with energy. "I count them all alike, deluding the people with old wives' tales, and making a very good thing of it for themselves."

"That is not true," was the retort, flung back, I have no doubt, with dilated nostrils and head in the air, as if the speaker enjoyed the prospect of combat; "making allowances for men's faults and failings, and for their failings more than their faults, the clergy are sincere and disinterested. I am a clergyman, and I am not going to make a good thing of it. I should have made a much better thing of it, in your sense, by taking myself elsewhere than the Church. The world is by far the best paymaster, I fancy."

"It won't pay much longer for humbug, at any rate," said the other.

"Humbug!" repeated Claude. "You cannot think that we clergymen stand up in the pulpit and deliberately declare what we know to be false! You must give us credit for believing what we teach and preach, and any sincere belief is at least worthy of a hearing—is at least not of the nature of imposture."

"You would not grant a hearing to mine," was the

"I certainly should," was the rejoinder, and the two stood still, regarding each other keenly, but certainly with strangely different feelings, while the young man poured forth his hatred and contempt of Christianity in a strain of perfect passion.

"But it was for Christianity as he had known it

in some obscure and narrow sect," said Claude to Aunt Monica, "and I was glad to notice that he passed over the name of Christ in a silence that savoured of reverence, and spoke in glowing terms of the Bible as the Book of Books."

Then, as they walked on, the young man began the old controversy concerning the contradictions between science and theology about the record of Creation—that inspired poem, Aunt Monica calls it, not capable of contradiction by any revelation of science.

And, so talking, they entered the village of Highwood, which at that hour was so quiet as almost to seem deserted. The green was left entirely to the geese, who paddled over it, cropping the grass or sipping at the margin of the pool. Even when you know better, the afternoon quiet of an English village always appears the image of a perpetual Sabbath.

Something of this feeling passed through Claude's mind, as he exclaimed—

"Here is the place, but where are the people?"

"Here is one of them, at all events," said his companion, spurning with his foot a prostrate figure.

They were crossing one of the green corners already mentioned, and the man was lying on the grass, face downwards. Claude stopped involuntarily. The attitude of the man and his breathing were not those of ordinary sleep. He stopped, and, stooping down, managed to turn him over on his side.

"Leave him alone," said the other, contemptuously. "He'll sleep it off."

"I suppose he is drunk," returned Claude, as he looked down on the degraded form and bestial face of the man

"I should think so," was the reply, and the speaker moved on in advance.

"You know this place well, do you not?" asked Claude, again reaching his side.

"I was born and brought up in it, and my father before me," he answered.

"Is there much drunkenness in the place?" asked Claude.

"Where is there not? It is the curse of this country," replied the other, "and it's my opinion will be her ruin." He had got upon a theme upon which he could talk, it seemed, for he poured forth a diatribe on the working-classes to which Claude listened in astonishment and sorrow. Venturing to speak of their needs and their aspirations, he was met with a storm of words on their drunkenness, their idleness, their selfishness, their dishonesty. "Do you think I would abuse the class from which I sprang if I did not know that they are ruining themselves and their country?" he cried. "I ought to know. I employ hundreds of them, and am in daily contact with them till I am nearly driven mad with their disgusting folly-when I know that if they would but be temperate, and self-denying, and honourable, they might hold their own in equality with any class."

By this time they were in the village street, and

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Claude was walking behind his companion. "It was his way of asserting social equality," said Claude, "the pavement being too narrow for both of us," At the end of the street they parted, but not till Claude had sent a shaft into the armour of his antagonist

raising them to the condition of temperance, self-denial, and honour you think they might gain."

And saying this he bade him good-bye, with a profound interest easily to be accounted for by the nature of their interview.



"'Keep straight by the thicket there;' and he pointed before him."-p. 399.

—for antagonist he seemed determined to be—by saying—

"At any rate, the men you speak of don't belong to the Church of Christ. I hope we shall meet again, and that you will hear me try and prove to you that the religion you abjure might do something towards

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PHILLIS AND PRISCILLA.

On one side of Highwood Green runs the line of cottages called "The Street," and on the other the houses named for distinction "The Row," and, standing impartially between them where they draw

together, is the church. The village churchyard lies round the sanctuary, and behind it is the rectory, in the midst of its lawns and gardens.

Very lovely and peaceful it all looked on Sabbath morning, as Claude saw it from the crown of the unwooded slope which he had stretched across the stubble to gain, and from whence he descended as the bell sent its first clang upon the air, and he could hear it echoed from other hamlets hidden away among the woods. Fresh from the morning fields Claude came to the service of the church, and his hearers had seldom heard that service more impressively given than as he gave it, with a fervent simplicity which brought out its meaning as no fineness of intonation, no mere grace of elocution could do.

After service, with an interval for lunch, came the Sunday-school. Claude was expected to take the leading part there, assisted by the schoolmistress and a small staff of teachers, of whom Aunt Monica was one. She had taught in the school since her girlhood, and had resumed her work there gladly and at once. And Lizzie and I had accompanied her, really more as scholars than as teachers, though Lizzie already helped with the little ones, while I remained by Aunt Monica's chair.

The school, whither we conducted Claude, was a plain building with a cottage at the end for the schoolmistress. We passed into the wooden porch, garlanded with roses and honeysuckle, and opened the door; a rush of subdued voices coming out upon the air as we advanced into the room. Then the murmur gave place to silent staring. The schoolmistress, a slight girl, dressed in black, and not very remarkable, except for a look of patient endurance, came down the floor to meet us. Claude introduced himself, and we went to our places and our tasks, for we were a little late, and the discipline was unusually strict.

The school was indeed very well conducted, though the assistants were few. They consisted of an elderly gentleman, whom Claude had noticed in one of the front pews at morning service, and of two young girls whom he had not noticed, because they had been seated with the children in the little gallery. They might have been of any rank, for they were well and simply dressed, and both more than merely pretty. The one was teaching the small boys, the other the little girls. The schoolmistress and Mr. Martin offered Claude their classes, but for the day he preferred to remain unattached, so he took the little ones in turn, and made acquaintance with them and with their teachers, Phillis Bower and Priscilla Jewel.

Phillis and Priscilla were as nearly as possible of the same age. Both had passed their nineteenth birthday, and both from different causes looked older than their years. Phillis was tall and stately, slender without slightness, a large, softly-moving, beautiful creature. Her eyes were not black, but of an indescribable lustrous darkness. Her skin seemed a transparency through which one saw such delicatelyblended tints of rose and pearly-white, as nothing on earth ever equals, not even the inside of a shell. But what every one noticed even more than the girl's beauty was the peculiar quality of her voice. It seemed to caress the words it uttered, so that you longed to hear some simple word repeated, to fix in your mind the memory of a tone so sweet. Claude was very much interested in the two young teachers, and after the children had been dismissed, he made inquiries concerning them, which the schoolmistress and Aunt Monica were able to satisfy—the latter having known them all their lives.

Priscilla was the daughter of the village smith, a widower, with no child save her. She had left school at thirteen, having persuaded her father to let her keep house for him, the old woman who had kept it ever since her mother died having fallen ill, and gone to live with a married daughter at a distance. She had made a nice little housekeeper, the schoolmistress said, though left entirely independent of control; and she was doing her best to restrain her father from the sottish intemperance which had crept upon him.

Phillis' parents had been rather higher in the social scale. Her father had been a considerable freeholder on the border of the forest, and a grazier and cattle-dealer besides. He still dealt in horses and hounds, and let one or two fields for grazing; but the bulk of his property had been sold piecemeal, and they were in reduced circumstances-owning, indeed, little more than the house they lived in. Phillis and Priscilla had been all their lives devoted to each other, so that whatever the one did the other wanted to do, Phillis had therefore left school when Priscilla did. It was not the village school, but a small proprietary "establishment," kept by a widow lady in the Row, whose pupils had never numbered more than half a dozen, and had sometimes consisted of Phillis and Priscilla alone.

Phillis's love of children had prompted her to seek the Sunday-school, and Priscilla had followed as a matter of course.

The Bowers had let part of their house lately, but Phillis was not so much occupied at home as not to be able to spare an hour every now and then to help in the school; indeed, to help anywhere, if help was wanted. Phillis was a universal favourite.

"And they let part of their house," said Claude, suddenly recollecting and thinking at the same time, as he told us, that the home out of which this sweet and modest girl came could not be a very bad one.

"John Bower is a very bad man," remarked the schoolmistress, as if in answer to his thought.

"So I understand," returned Claude.

"He does not drink," she continued; "at least, that is not his worst fault. Priscilla's father drinks a great deal more than he does, but he has a terrible temper, and he is an infidel. He has been the ruin of his family. He has driven them all from his house, till only Phillis is left. You would be sorry for his wife, if you knew her, and for that matter for Phillis, too," she concluded.

Claude informed her that he was, in all probability,

about to take up his abode in this lion's den, at which she smiled grimly, but told him that John Bower would not interfere with him if he was not interfered with.

"But I can't promise not to interfere with him," said Claude. And, indeed, he confided to Aunt Monica that he thought his interference might be valuable at a crisis in the Bower family if he became an inmate.

Soon after, passing up the street, we saw the two girls, Phillis and Priscilla, walking arm - in - arm, and bowed to them as we passed. And Aunt Monica supplemented the schoolmistress's narrative by giving Claude a particular account of the families of both.

The last two houses in the village were those or the Bowers and the Jewels. John Bower's was a good eight-roomed house of modern date, but with front and back gardens old enough to be pretty. John Bower himself was the biggest and most powerful man in the parish, or in all the parishes round. He and his wife had been the handsomest couple in the district. She was a meek and quiet woman now, but she had been gay and high-spirited enough in her time. She was a farmer's daughter, and had brought her husband a few hundred pounds, which he had spent in a single year, gambling and running over the country coursing. He did not drink then-at least, not to excess-but he was subject to storms of passion, and remonstrance on his course of conduct never failed to rouse them. So it was whispered in the village that in John Bower's house murder would be done. Indeed, the pair led a life so unhappy at first that it was like to have come to an end one way or other. Mrs. Bower, on one occasion, was about to return to her father's house; but her husband vowed that if she did he would do her some mischief, and she evidently believed the threat, for she remained, though in mortal terror. Her life would have been unbearable but for her children. Curiously enough, when she began to have children, some strong animal instinct made her sacred to him. While she had an infant in her arms she was not only safe from violence, but secure of a certain rough tenderness. But as soon as the children got beyond infancy, and had strength enough to oppose his will or elude it, her torture began again. And then it was through them that she suffered. Many and many a time had she lied, with fear and trembling, to hide their childish faults from a violence that hardly stopped short of bloodshed. Her eldest son was but a boy of fifteen when he and his brother, a year younger, rose up one moonlight night, and fled away from home. Every effort was made to find them, but proved unavailing, and with a strange conflict of feeling their heartbroken mother rejoiced that they were not to be

Mrs. Bower had had thirteen children. Two daughters, before they were seventeen, made runaway matches, and had never crossed their father's threshold since. Then followed a troop of little ones who died, some in the hour of birth, some in tender

infancy—owing, perhaps, to the mother's vital energy being lowered through fear and anguish—and last of all had come Phillis, whom her father had hitherto treated with extreme indulgence, though there were times when his savage nature was as savage as ever, when he would wreak his fury on everything within his reach, knocking the furniture about, and breaking the crockery into fragments. But Phillis is always safe from his fury. He wants the girl to love him, and she has a soft caressing way with her which activities him. But love him she does not. She has an abject fear of him, and nothing drives him mad so readily as to see her shrink.

It was, however, agreed that evening that no time should be lost in finding out if Claude could lodge with the Bowers for the present.

On Monday morning, therefore, we started for the village, bent on negotiating for "the rooms," which a ticket set up against the flower-pots in the ground-floor window, announced as "to let."

A little maid, not too tidy at that hour of the day, opened the door for us, and ushered us abruptly into the parlour. It was a small square room, full of faded furniture, but filled with a soft green gloom from the half-drawn Venetians and the ancient geraniums which stood in the window, with their leaves all turned one way seeking the light, and in it sat Phillis Bower.

She was not doing anything, and yet she did not appear idle. She had already done her share of the household work and part of the little maid's, and was free to spend the rest of the morning as she chose. There was a cottage piano in the room, but it was closed.

Claude need not have cast a glance of apprehension at the instrument, for Phillis never opened it, indeed did not like its music at all; neither did she like the smaller sorts of needlework. I think she might have wrought a piece of tapestry, but she preferred making a child's frock to wool mats and bead baskets and the other things in vogue in the village.

Everything in the room was worn and faded, everything save Phillis and the flowers. The carpet, which had probably had an objectionable pattern, was now almost plain grey, with here and there a hint of departed floweriness. But the fire-place was filled with a mass of green bracken, and beside it Phillis rose clad in silvery grey. Her dress was of some light woollen stuff, streaked with green in the shape of trimmings, a dress like a flower-sheath, and out of it grew the lily throat and flower-like face. At the girl's feet lay a great white hound, her slender head resting on her long fore-paws, and her eyes fixed on her mistress's face. As she rose in answer to our greeting, the dog rose with her, and followed her from the room, which she left saying, simply—

"I will send my mother."

Our negotiations with Mrs. Bower were speedily concluded, with the result of engaging the vacant parlour and bedroom on the floor above. Indeed, we had very little choice in the matter, for no other lodgings were within reach. Claude liked the appearance of the rooms, for, though neither lofty nor luxurious, they were neat and clean, and he liked Mrs. Bower herself very much indeed. At the end of the week, therefore, his luggage—consisting of a carpet-bag, a leather portmanteau, and a box of books—was conveyed to John Bower's, and Claude found himself at liberty to begin his ministry at Highwood.

Claude comes into contact pretty often with the young carpenter—or builder, rather—whom he met coming into Highwood. His name is Thomas Myatt. He is considered quite a great man here, young as he is, for he is on the high road to fortune. He is very intimate, it seems, with the Bower family, but he is evidently averse to have anything to do with Claude,

The latter, who is extremely fond of walking, has several times encountered Myatt in his excursions in the neighbourhood. Once they dined together at one of the old inns to be found in the forest. Claude says it is a delightful old place, with the forest-the real unenclosed forest-coming up to its very doors. He peeped into the yard, with its hens and chickens and dove-cotes, and into the orchard, where a row of time-stained worm-eaten benches ran under the old apple-trees. An elderly landlady came out to the threshold to welcome her guests, and as Claude came up to her, he recognised Myatt. The landlady evidently knew them both, for she greeted Mr. Myatt by name, at the same time dropping a curtsey to Claude, and treating him with a cordiality finely tempered by respect. Mr. Myatt had to wait till Claude had ordered his dinner, and the former turned it off with a careless-

"Get me something at the same time."

"Very well," replied the landlady, with a good deal less of deference in her tone, which Claude could see the other was not slow to notice and resent, and which did not, in all probability, increase his kindly feeling towards him.

Still, the two strolled off together, the landlady coming out to warn Claude not to go too far into the forest—a warning which was not so superfluous as it seemed. Not many hundred paces off, they plunged into a maze of Nature's making, and Claude found himself treading on turf as soft as velvet, in and out among heaped-up masses of thorn and bramble, which seemed to choke the stunted trees, and which speedily deprived him of all knowledge of his point of departure.

"This is the first time I have ever been in a forest," he said, "and there is a kind of enchantment in it."

But Claude could get nothing from Myatt but monosyllabic answers, though he kept quite aloof from any allusion to their former meeting.

After wandering about for some time they heard a bell ringing vigorously at no great distance, and Myatt, followed by Claude, hastened in its direction. The stable-boy had come to the edge of the forest to ring it as a summons to their respective meals, which they found laid at respective ends of the table, with a whole desert of distance between them. When they had taken their places, Myatt at once uncovered and began to eat, while Claude bent his head over the meal with a murmured thanksgiving, and the contempt of his companion apparently culminated, for he resisted all Claude's attempts to draw him into conversation.

On another occasion nearer home the forest tempted him into its moonlight recesses, and he wandered there admiring the weird and lovely effects of the moonlight till he came upon a little aisle-like glade which it pleased him to pace up and down in meditation.

At length he began to think of returning to home, as the hour must be getting late. But how, became the question, for short as must be the distance, he had lost his way and must take one of the many paths about him with the merest chance of its being the right one. He smiled, for the dilemma did not appear a very serious one, but at the same time he ceased his meditations and roused all his active energies. Once more he stood still, trying to make out his bearings. How quiet it was; there was no wind, but every now and then the faintest sighing swept round and over him. His footsteps were almost noiseless on the grass, still he thought he heard some sound and listened again. He was right, some one was close at hand. "Who is there?" he cried, and a man's figure started out into the open space between him and the moon. With some amusement Claude recognised him, and doubtless at the same time revealed his own identity, for Myatt gave vent to an expression of impatience. Claude hastened to apologise.

"I came out for a stroll before going to bed," he said, "and have fairly lost my way."

"You're not far off it," said Myatt. "Keep straight by the thicket there," and he pointed before him, and then turned and strode away without another word.

(To be continued.)



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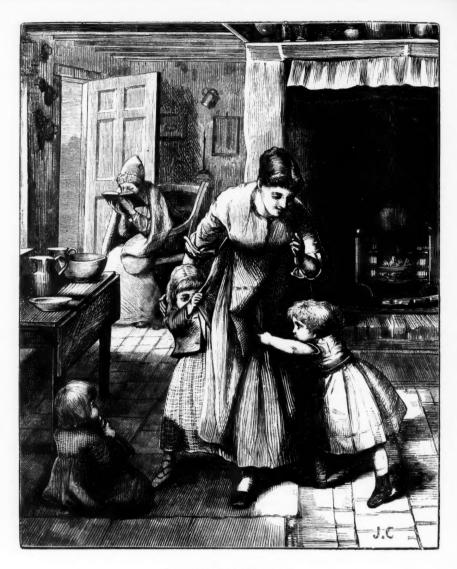
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A GOOD MOTHER.

HERE is no fairer sight—no sight so fair
As a good mother growing old in years,
Yet ever young at heart, whose griefs and fears
Are charmed to slumber by her children's care.

The step of Time but brings her near the shore
Of the eternal sea of endless peace,
Where all the storms of other oceans cease,
And Time, with thieving hands, shall steal no more.

And if the thought of loss her spirit stir—
Of that sad parting some day to be borne—
She looks on further, to that blessed morn,
When love shall break each binding sepulchre.

And sadness dies within her at the thought;

For while her children hung upon her knee,
She taught them of that great eternal sea,
And haven-ward their tottering footsteps brought.

And now the bread she cast upon the tide
Is coming shoreward, after many years,
And in the voices from that sea she hears
The songs of angels, chanting at her side.

O sweet good mother! would God there were more Such mothers; there were, then, more children fit To live, to die, and, by that death, to quit A changeful world for that unchanging shore.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

II.-THE SLUMBER.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, PADDINGTON, AND CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

"While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept."-St. MATT. xxv. 5.



E have all heard, it is likely, of the conversion of St. Augustine by means of a single text of Scripture. In his Confessions, he has given us an account of the man-

He had been for some little time the subject of very serious convictions. He was utterly miserable, without knowing why; till one day, he says, "being in a marvellous great agony and conflict, and being beset with many temptations, I felt impelled to rush from my chamber into the garden, where I prostrated myself upon my face, and called earnestly upon God." And in his prayer, he says, he heard a voice, as of a child, saying to him, "Take up the Book, and read." He went back to his room, where the Bible was lying open, and the first passage he cast his eye upon was that grand trumpet announcement—"And that knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep." And he did awake. The footfall of the coming Bridegroom could not have aroused him more thoroughly. In the reading of that one sentence, he declares, he felt as if a new life had been infused into him, and from that hour his conversion was complete.

The incident connects itself with the topic which, in this series of papers, will come next for consideration. We have seen the kind of preparation made by these ten virgins, in order that they might go forth to meet the bridegroom; how much of thoughtful forecasting there was on the part of the wise; what a lack of the commonest precautions there was in the case of the foolish, Our first thought would have been that a difference would have shown itself in the conduct of the two companies immediately; that, however much carelessness, or indifference, or sloth might take possession of the foolish virgins, the wise, at all events, would be all watchfulness; looking out continually into the dark night for signs of the bridegroom's coming; wishing to be first, and readiest, and foremost to give him right loyal welcome at his appearing. So we might have thought. But Jesus knew what is in man—what is to be found even in the best of men. Those whom we suppose to be meant by wise virgins are very far from being perfect virgins. They have their infirmities, their creaturely failings and imperfections. They may be able to keep their erring tendencies under better restraint and control than do the foolish virgins; but the weaknesses are in them, even as in others, "While the bride groom tarried, they all slumbered and slept."

I. "Slumbered and slept." The bodily states intended to be described under these two expressions, we can all understand. The first implies not sleep, but sleepiness; the feeling of sleep just creeping over us; the original word being "nodding with the head," just as persons are seen to do when overtaken by the sensation of overpowering drowsiness. The other expression refers to sleep of the profounder kind, where all the powers of the soul are steeped in dull unconsciousness; and under the influence of which, startling means have to be used before we can be aroused to the sense of our being living men in aliving world.

Both these states, it will be seen, are paralleled by certain conditions of the Christian life. The first takes place in the experience of some whom, according to our parable, we should designate as "wise" virgins. For it is not to be denied that believers have their slumbering times—seasons when the eyes are heavy, and the flesh is weak, and the will does its work feebly, and the heart allows its love to grow cold, and the mind permits lulling and soothing influences to come over it, till at length the soul drops off into a perilous condition of stupor, and formality, and spiritual declension and decay. All this is a bad preparation for the coming of the Bridegroom. We cannot, without the utmost peril to our souls, suffer our whole religious life to run on, as it were, in a groove; not taking pains, from time to time, to look at the condition of our lamps, or to see that our loins are girded for a sudden surprise. The great danger of slumbering and indulged drowsiness is, as in the case of the body, that it should increase and deepen until we fall into a sound sleep. We are apt to forget that the great enemy never sleeps, whatever we may do; and that, in fact, he becomes more wakeful and active, in exact proportion as he sees our drowsiness taking its more confirmed and settled form, In the parable of the Tares, we read, "It was while man slept that the enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." Even so it is he deals with slumbering souls now. He does not fail to observe when we are living, from year to year, a mere mechanical and routine life. He finds us sleeping on duties, sleeping on privileges, sleeping on former tokens of the Saviour's love to us, sleeping on the remembrance

of what we once were; and this sleep he encourages, in the hope that it may deepen into the sleep of the second death. But it should be ours to hear a voice constantly speaking to us, even as to Jonah in the storm, "What meanest thou, O

sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God."

It is a bad sign when we are consciously losing our interest in spiritual things, and, in doing the work of God, are becoming "wearied and faint in our minds." "Thy will be done in earth, as it is done in heaven," is our daily prayer-that is, constantly, as it is done there; unweariedly, as it is done there; without intermission or pause, as it is done there. True, in these respects, we can but follow the pattern of heavenly service afar off. We cannot make the lamp with which we go forth to meet the Bridegroom, burn at all times with the same uninterrupted brightness. With all our trimming and tending, it will sometimes grow sickly and pale and dim. Our spirits will languish, and become cold. Weakness of body or mind will, at times, hinder the comfortable exercises of faith. The soul seems to cleave to the dust, through the harassing trials and worries of daily life, and the heart, in its desolateness, mourns an absent God. Yet will the good Lord pardon these infirmities, so only that we do not give over our service; do not resign ourselves to a condition of spiritual lethargy and supineness; do not, in very impatience of the Bridegroom's coming, have recourse to the perilous relief of sleep. Times of despondency and sadness are signals for a renewed and more vigorous putting forth of faith in the promises. They tell us it "is high time to awake out of sleep," and call upon Him who never slumbers and never sleeps. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

II. But the deep sleep has its parallel in our spiritual conditions also. All sleep is not the same sleep. Indeed, there are some souls, concerning whom it may be said, that they have never been awake yet. A spirit of heaviness has rested upon them from birth. In relation to spiritual and eternal things, they have been, all their life long, as fast asleep as Adam on the first Sabbath of creation, or Samson in the lap of Delilah, or Sisera in the tent of Jael. They hear They dread no sound, they feel no rousing. neither danger, nor surprise, nor foe. Hence all the ordinary appliances for infusing life into their benumbed and dead sensibilities fail of their effect. The warnings of Providence may break upon their startled ear; sickness may tell them that the foundations of their earthly tabernacle are giving way; the preached word, winged with light and clothed with power, may rouse them for a moment, and, as with Felix, may

even make them tremble; but, the shock past, they wrap around them again their mantle of false security, and cry, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the arms to sleep." And yet all this confirmed spiritual insensibility may consist with a life of fairest religious seeming; with a form of godliness as demonstrative, and with a lamp of Christian profession burning as brightly as that of the foremost of those who go forth to meet the

Bridegroom.

Very perilous is the condition of a person of this class. The man seems to have poisoned himself with that which is other people's food. He has deadened his religious feelings at the streams which to others have been as the waters of life. And if that man is laid on a bed of sickness, or is brought near to his latter end. we have nothing to ply him with. The old truths of repentance, and faith, and the renewed mind, and the need of the Holy Spirit to change his heart, he is as familiar with as we are. He has heard them set forth again and again for years: and they will no more move him than any loud noise would move a man who had spent all his life by the side of a mill-stream. No: by the Divine blessing on faithful ministrations, we may hope to arouse the heathen, or to shake the confidence of the infidel, or to quicken to grateful emotion those who have long lived without the knowledge of God. But our hope of success in these cases rests chiefly on the newness, to them at least, of the truths we have to bring before them. It rests upon our being able to present them with a simple exhibition of the wonders of the Cross-the love that was displayed there, the truth that was vindicated there, the law that was magnified there, the grace, the peace, the pardons, the crowns which were there purchased and secured for all that would look up to Christ and live. But these things affect not the habitual, formal lamp-and-flame follower of the heavenly Bridegroom. He has slept over them, and slept through them often. It would require a new Gospel, a new Saviour, a new heaven, a new hell, to rouse him from his deep soul-trance, or to give him ears to hear that word, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." "Better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment given unto them."

III. Let us say a word, in conclusion, on the peril and misery and infinite loss to our own souls of these slumbering conditions, whether in their earlier or in their more confirmed stages.

And first, the thought should be fully realised by us, that the "sleep" is the natural consequent of the "slumber." It is the seed bringing forth fruit after its kind; and, as a rule, it must be owing to some violent and sudden check from without, if the man who yields to spiritual sloth and drowsiness does not gradually sink into a dead sleep. Mercy, unspeakable mercy, is it that we are not unfrequently aroused before things come to this pass; that, by an alarming sickness, or a grievous sorrow, or the inroad of death upon a bright home, we are made to feel something of the near

approach of the Bridegroom.

But if the Master do not thus awake us beforehand, if we are content to live on carelessly and thoughtlessly, and slumbering and at ease, even though at His coming we should be found in safety, we shall not be found in peace. We shall be "saved only as by fire;" we shall have bands in our death; we shall begin looking at our title, but it is doubtful; we shall try to gather up past tokens of acceptance and reconciliation, but long disuse of these pleas has made them so that they cannot comfort us as they once did. Once we were able to get behind the Cross, and its shadow thrown upon us-"the shadow as of a great rock in a weary land"-was always a safe covert from harassing fears and temptations, from tempest and wind and storm. But we seem as if we could not take refuge in this shelter now. Our long sleeps, our permitted decays, our ungrateful slights of the Saviour, our strange forgetfulness of Bridegroom, or lamp, or oil, all seem to tell us that we have not the same hold on the Cross of Christ as we had aforetime, nor the same right to And Satan is at hand to endorse these fears, and show the reasonableness of them. We have "sinned wilfully after we have come to the knowledge of the truth." Our lost peace comes of Christ veiling His face from us, and the grieved Spirit withholding His tokens from us, and the awful fact brought home to the awakened conscience, that the Bridegroom is even at the door. Oh! miracle of love and goodness is it, that when the poor dying believer is in this state-buffeted, crushed, afraid, well-nigh overwhelmed-he is

permitted to look up, and behold Jehovah-Jesus, his High Priest, appearing for him against the adversary, and saying, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan, even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem, rebuke thee. Behold, I have caused his iniquity to pass away from him. Is not this a

brand plucked out of the fire?"

But who among us would wish to pass out of this world as "a brand plucked out of the fire?" who, even though he should be saved at the last, would choose to die under the overshadowing cloud of a veiled Saviour, and an all but forsaking God? Wherefore, in order that we may not sleep, let us have a care that we do not slumber. Let us be on our guard against the beginning of spiritual decays; let us be very honest in examining ourselves, from time to time, as to what our spiritual state is-our hopes, our experiences, our actual growth and progress in the Christian life. And if memory bring back to us some time of our life when there was a fervour in our love to Christ which there is not now, a realised pleasure in religious exercises which we have not now. a tender and watchful fear of the Divine displeasure which we have not now-let us lose no time in rising to trim our lamps. Such a discovery of our state tells plainly of a commencing decline in our religious life; a commencing coolness and estrangement between our souls and Christ; of a perilous sleepiness stealing over all the powers of the soul, from which we may only first be aroused by the trumpet-cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" Our spiritual condition at such times is but too faithfully represented by the condition of the church at Sardis; and, as to the angel of that church, should we hear the words spoken to us by Him that hath the seven spirits of God and the seven stars-"I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God,"

TWITTERS: A BIOGRAPHY.



ITTERS had one talent, though she did not know it-a turn for making the best of things. Her profession (she was in the water-cress line) afforded abundant scope for the exercise of this faculty, and the bright face she carried round her beat often counted in the balance of her profits.

Her family, or parentage, were shrouded in mystery. There was a shadowy legend current in the court where she generally stayed, that her father had been a sailor and lost at sea. Twitters herself did not consider it a matter of sufficient importance

for discussion. She was not quite alone in the world, she had one friend that, she was privately convinced, was more real satisfaction than several fathers and mothers. Those she had observed amongst her circle of acquaintance were anything but unmixed blessings to their offspring. Whilst she had Tubbs, she could dispense with the others very comfortably.

Tubbs was a dog: a dingy, one-eyed mongrel, not a handsome dog, by any means, except in his mistress's eyes. Neither was he remarkable for intelligence; but the two understood each other, and Twitters could converse more freely with him than with any of her own species. She had found him years before, a miserable starving puppy, cowering amongst the sawdust in a corner of one of the dry docks, and taken him into her baby heart; and never since, in all their vicissitudes, had the pair been separated—even for a day.

She was not an educated person: she understood the value of copper coins very well indeed, and some silver ones, and the most judicious way of laying them out. In all other respects, her education could scarcely be said to have begun. The ragged-school had made one effort in that direction, but they did week of bright sunshine, and uninterrupted prosperity instead; and the two Ishmaelites rejoieed in it with all their hearts, and put all thoughts of winter past or future, out of their minds.

Coming home one sunny September evening with tired bodies and contented faces, they stopped to watch a big South American unloading. "You see, Tubbs," explained his mistress, "that is cotton, and some of the bales are bu'sted. Won't that be a chance for us to-night! Haven't we always the luck?"



"They took their supper on the dock wall."

not admit dogs. Twitters thought the matter over to herseli. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were good things, doubtless; still, she could exist without them, she could not without Tubbs—so the ragged-school gave place.

Still, a certain degree of happiness is not incompatible with ignorance, and Twitters and Tubbs were very happy. Contentedly they trudged their rounds together—Tubbs' stumpy tail wagging joyfully at every sale. Together, on fine nights, they took their supper on the dock wall, and watched the ships go up and down with the tide; or on cold wet ones crouched together for warmth under the shelter of some doorway. There had been few drawbacks of that kind this particular summer. Week after

She stood on tip-toe to look at a bigger one than the others that was appearing above the hatchway. Just as it swung over, the chain gave way suddenly, and the huge package came crashing down upon the exact spot where Tubbs had seated himself to watch the proceedings. It was the work of a second, and then the men hurried down, and dragged it off. Tubbs was lying there, a panting quivering mass!

Twitters cried out at the sight—a great passionate cry—"Oh, help him, somebody! Do something for him."

"It's no use," spoke up one of the men; "all the doctors in the country couldn't help him, poor little beast! he ought to be put out of his misery at once. It's cruel to keep him; let me take him."

"No one shall touch him," spoke Twitters, very quietly; "I'll do it myself."

And she did. They showed her how to bind up the little body securely in a piece of sail-cloth, and weight the corner, and then she gathered her little friend up to her face for one last minute, and dropped him over.

It seemed to her as if a long time had gone by, and she had grown old, when she turned away at last from the dark waters, and went home. Home! It would never be home any more. He was only a dog, but something went out of her life that night, that no coming days would ever bring back.

There were not many in store for her. The winter dragged by wearily; the spring had gone out of everything. She never spoke of her lost treasure, and when the court children teased her about her dull face, she said she should be all right when the spring came. Perhaps she might have been, but on one of the bleak March mornings her foot slipped on a piece of ice at the dock gates, she fell right under the horses' feet, and there her professional career ended.

They took the little creature up with rough kindly hands, and carried her to the nearest hospital.

All the afternoon she lay there, very still. Just at the edge of dusk, one of the nurses, who had noted the grey shadow creeping over the childish face, bent over the bed, and began "Our Father" softly. Twitters listened, with blank unseeing eyes. It was something she had never heard of—did not understand. When it was over, she turned her face to the wall with a little murmur about Tubbs, and died. May God send His light to many a poor living Twitters.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF JOHN FORBES, D.D.-IV.

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., EDINBURGH.

PON the certain report of the coming of the southern army to Aberdeen, I went to Corse upon the 25th day of March, and returned to Aberdeen the fifth day of April, at even, where understanding the hard and threatening manner of dealing used by the Covenanters in requiring men to join with them in their e, and that there had been a summons against

in requiring men to join with them in their course, and that there had been a summons against me given in at my dwelling, I took journey that same night secretly and went to Buchan, where I remained till the southern army was retired from Aberdeen southward; and I returned to Aberdeen upon the 16th day of April, and understanding that the provincial Synod was sitting in New Aberdeen. I went to it.

And thereafter, upon the 21st of April, being the Lord's Day, I preached in Old Aberdeen, upon these words of our Saviour-"Come unto me, all ye that labour," etc. Not long after I preached in New Aberdeen upon these words of David-"I know, O Lord, that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me." In the mean time I taught my ordinarie lessons in divinity in the College twice every week, and when I looked for quietness, behold, a new citation personally delivered to me, to compear* before the Committee to be holden in the King's College in Old Aberdeen upon the 15th day of May, threatening me with the censure of the Kirk in case of absence; whereas the king's majesty had commanded all his subjects, by public proclamation, that, under pain of treason, they should not acknowledge those committees from that assembly holden at Glasgow. In this strait I prayed to the Lord to direct me, and give me a fair outgett. The trouble at Turriff betwixt the Covenanters and their opposits (when their opposits had the better for the time) did hinder that Committee that it held not. And those barons anti-Covenanters coming to Aberdeen, and the ordinary pastors being absent, I was employed by the magistrates of the town to preach, which I did the 21st day of May, upon these words of the Apostle (Philipp. iv. 4, 5). After this, upon the coming of the southern armies, I went landward the 24th day of May, early in the morning, and they having retired, I returned from Corse to Aberdeen upon Monday, the 10th of June, and being, as before, employed by the magistrates of the town, I preached in New Aberdeen the next Sunday, the 16th of June. My Lord of Aboyne being also hearer, for he had returned unexpectedly from Stentryve the evening My text was Phil. iv. 6, 7.

Upon Wednesday, the 19th of June, the brigs of Dee and Aberdeen were taken by the southern forces of the Covenanters. I went that night to Corse. Peace cometh to Aberdeen. Letters from the king and from the Covenanters declaring the same, which letters were delivered in Aberdeen upon Thursday, the 20th day of June, in the morning—early, whereby the town was wonderfully delivered from present ruin. I returned to Old Aberdeen upon Saturday, the 22nd of June.

A solemn thanksgiving to God for the wonder ful deliverie was celebrated in Aberdeen, the 30th day of June; where, being desired, I preached in New Aberdeen upon Ps. xciv. 17, 18, 19, and being again desired, I preached the 14th of July in New Aberdeen, upon Esai. xii. 1. And upon the next Tuesday, being the 16th day of July, I concluded my school lectures of Divinitie in the King's College for the summer.

* Appear.

Upon the 12th day of August, the General Assembly began in Edinburgh, the Earl of Traquair being the king's Commissioner, and Mr. Dayid Dickson Moderator of the Assembly.

Upon the 16th day of October, 1639, in the morning, early, upon my bed, thinking of all these troubles, and difficulties, and terrours, and remembering my many and grievous sins, I weeped sore. And in my prayer to God for mercy and grace for direction and deliverance, and His presence and peace, I watered my couch with my tears; and the Lord heard me from His holy Temple; my cry came before Him into His ears, He caused me to hear His loving-kindness in the morning, and greatly comforted me. Blessed be His holy name for ever and ever. That same day a brother who had the employment came in a friendly manner to me, and sought back the summons whereby I was charged to appear before the Committee, and reviewed it in a more calm form, leaving out all the reproachful expressions wherewith I was unjustly charged, and now summoning me only to compear before the Commissioners of the General Assembly, at the College Kirk of Old Aberdeen, upon the seventeenth day of October instant, there to give evidence of my obedience to the Constitution of the last General Assemblie, and to answer for my acquittal in my profession of divinitie within the said Universitie.

Upon the 17th day of October, 1639, I compeared before the Commissioners of the General Assembly, according as I had been summoned, and the judicatorie was continued, and I was charged there, apud acta, to compear againe before them in that same place upon the 14th day of November next, which I promised to obey, God willing. I came home, and thanked God for the present quyetnesse, and humbly prayed that I might know the way of truth and peace, and be constantly conducted by His Holy Spirit, and the Lord would give unto me mercy and grace in His sight, and mercy and favour in the eyes of all those with whom I had to do. And the same also I prayed to be given to all my brethren who were likewayes charged. We are in a great strait, being loath to offend the Kirk, and on the other part fearing to subscryve and sweare anything whatsomever, either against our consciences, or with doubting. Lord, help us, bring our soules out of prison, that we may praise Thy I continued in these meditations and prayers the next day, and was sore dejected before God the night following, and I cried almost all night unto God, and upon the 19th day of October I did prostrate myself in my secret house of studie before the Lord, and with heavie groans and tears besought the Lord our Saviour to save me and my brethren.

Upon the 14th day of November, whereunto we were charged to compear before the Commissioner of the General Assemblie, I went to the place appoynted, and finding no Commissioner there, and understanding that that committee was not to be held at that time, I returned to my house, and being apairt, I praised and thanked the God of heaven, who had given unto us this present relief and quyetnesse, beseething Him to confirm His love towards us for ever. To Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Upon the 7th day of December, 1639, intending to communicate again at the Lord's table the next day, and thinking upon the great mercies of my God, I was about to repeat that song or hymn of the Seraphims, Esai. vi., but feare came upon me, and sorrow took hold on me, when I remembered that the holy Seraphims when they did pronounce this song or hymn, had their faces and their feet covered, and Esaias, having seen the vision, said, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips," etc. . . . I remained all that night in a holy reverence, and durst not recite that hymn. But I prayed humbly to God, and the next day, which was the eighth day of December, as I was in the kirk in the morning prayers, I was much comforted; and thereafter, in the forenoon, I heard Dr. Scrogie preach a very comfortable sermon on that parable of the wedding feast. After sermon I went with a vehement desire to the Lord's table, and after great abundance of tears, I received the Holy Communion with new increase of unspeakable comfort, and being returned to my seat, I did humbly give thanks unto God for His wonderful mercyes towards me, acknowledging myself to be unworthy of the least of His mercyes, and I besought the Lord to touch my lips with a live coal from His

Upon the 7th day of Februar, 1640, being assaulted by some brethren concerning the Covenant which they told me was to be required to be subscryved* by all; and again upon the 11th day of the same month, with insinuation of human terrifications against all refusers, and particularly against myself if I refused; I answered that I am so careful of the public peace that whatsoever I can do for it, unhurting my conscience (which God direct and preserve), I will heartily do it; but seeing for the present I find not warrant in my conscience to subscryve that Covenant in such manner as they require, but only to subscryve it with a written declaration insert before my subscription, which I perceive will not be acceptable to the requirers, I prayed them to think it more convenient not to require any more of me but a peaceable behaviour. And I told them that human terrifications are but for assaulting our weaknesse, against which assaults we have no strength of our own to stand, but only we cry humbly to God to uphold us, and not to leave us

^{*} Subscribed.

to ourselves, but to perfect His strength in our

Upon the 28th day of May, 1640, thinking upon the restless threatening of our Covenanters, who menace with the coming of an armie under the conduct of General Major Munro, whereby to subdue all to their course (which armie came to Aberdeen that same day), I had recourse to God, who mercifully and plentifully comforted me, and strengthened me, and renewed to me those sweet and sure consolations, which in the like case I had in God my Saviour, which are written in this book. And I read some places of Scripture wherein God forbiddeth His servants to fear the faces or forces of men, and promiseth deliverance and strength against all our enemies; by reading whereof comfort and strength were added to me.

Upon the 13th day of June, 1640, when I understood that same night last bypast, some armed men, sent from General Major Munro, had come to Mr. Thomas Lillie his house, and there taken the Laird of Gight as he was in his bed (who afterwards escaped from them), and brought him hard by my doors, and alongst the windows of my house, I being sleeping in my bed all the while, and perceiving nothing of that was done; when I understood this upon the morne, and finding that God had moved the hearts of these men, and of those that sent them, to pass by without offering any molestation to me or to my house, I entered into my studie, and praised God for this new experience of His constant mercy and Fatherly providence toward me, and I humbly prayed to God to continue this His loving kindness to me, and to make me thankful.

Upon the 24th day of June I received a summons to compeare before the Commission of the last General Assembly, to be holden upon the 9th day of July next, within the King's College in Old Aberdeen, which summons I brought with me into my studie, and spread it before the Lord, humbling myself upon my face to the ground, and praying that the Lord would be merciful to me and to my brethren, and plead for us, and shew us His salvation, and teach us the right way, and lead us therein, and also I prayed that the Lord would be merciful to these our brethren who trouble us, and keep them from sinning against God in wronging us, and not to lay to their charge any sin, but to give them and us godly repentance unto salvation (2 Pet. ii. 9;

Ps. iii.; 2 Tim. iv. 16, 17, 18).

Upon the 2nd day of Julie, 1640, on these words of the 86th Psalm, "Shew me a token for good," etc., I sought of the Lord this token, that by His grace I may love myne enemies, and blesse them that curse me, and pray for them which despitefully use me and persecute me, for this He hath declared to be the token of the children of God (St. Matt. v. 44, 45, etc.). Also that the Lord

would make me meek and lowly in heart, like Christ my Saviour, and cause me to take willingly and joyfully His yoke upon me, and to find His yoke easie and His burthen light, and to find rest to my soul. The Lord did graciously hear me, and did shew me that this same asking of charitie, and humilitie, and meeknesse, is His gracious gift, and a sure token for good.

Upon the 3rd day of Julie, 1640, seeing the publik promotions in both the Colleges were already celebrated, and publik diets to be holden next week for Church affairs, and the number of auditors became very small, I ended that year's course of my publik theologicke lessons in the King's College in Old Aberdeen, and after the lesson I praised God, and made supplications and vowes publikly with the hearers that were present—Omnipotens et clementissime Pater, quam pretiosa est misericordia tua, etc. (a Latin prayer).

Upon the 9th day of Julie, 1640, being the day wherein I should compeare before the Committee of the General Assemblie at the College Kirk in Old Aberdeen, I prayed humbly that God would stand with me, and strengthen me and my brethren who are also cited, and also to save the Commissioners from sinning against God in any of their proceedings, and I was greatly comforted by these words of the God of our salvation (Gen. xxxii. 28; John xvi. 33; Ps. xxxv. 3; Matt. ix. 2; Heb. xiii, 5; 2 Cor. xii. 9), and finding it written in Jeremiah xviii. 17, "I will shew them the back, and not the face, in the day of their calamity," I trembled and humbled myself before the Lord, and said, "O Lord, shew me not the back, but the face, in the day of my calamitie, and at all tyme. O Lord, hide not Thy face from me, and put not away Thy servant in anger. Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation." And I did find grace in His sight. Also God did plentifully renew unto me the former consolations which I had the day preceding. . . . After this I compeared before the Committee in the College Kirk in Old Aberdeen, where I was bidden compeare again before them that same day afternoon, in the Sessionhouse of New Aberdeen, where compearing I was challenged for not obeying the ordinance of the General Assemblie anent the Covenant. I answered that I had in my practice given obedience thereto, But the Moderator insisted that a part of the ordinance of the Assemblie is that all subscryve the Covenant; whereunto I replied that this being only a difference of opinion concerning some poynts, wherein diversitie of opinion was tolerable in men possessing their opinion peaceably, and not making therewith any trouble or disquyetnesse, I wished them to consider kyndly hierof, that I could not swear that I am convinced in my conscience of such an opinion, while as my conscience telleth me that I am not convinced

thereof; and that I would reverence the brethren and their opinion, but I could not swear it except I were persuaded thereof in my conscience. I was charged there, apud acta, to compeare before the General Assemblie in Aberdeen upon the twentie-nynth day of the next month of August, and in the mid tyme to forbeare the exercise of my profession of divinitie till then, which I was not to exercise howsoever until the expiring of vacancie; but some brethren who compeared there also being suspended from the exercise of their ministrie till the Assemblie, the like was said to me concerning my profession.

I returned home in peace, and praised God for His mercy toward me, beseeching His Divine Majesty to be with me also at the General Assemblie, and to give a comfortable, and a merciful, and a peaceable, and a blessed event

thereof.

Upon the 18th day of Julie, 1640, meditating on the feare and distresse of Jacob, because of the coming of his brother Esau to meet him with four hundred men, and his fervent prayer to God for deliverance, and the wrestling which he had with God, and his prevailing, and the blessed assurance which God gave him, and the comfortable meeting he had with Esau, and happie deliverance from that great feare and danger, and his thankfulnesse to God, with gloriation in Him in erecting an altar and calling it El-elohe-Israel, (Gen. xxxii. and xxxiii.; Hosea xii.)—I meditating thereof and considering that my countrymen are partly in arms round about me, and partly are coming to hold in Aberdeen a National General Assemblie, and to begin the said Assemblie upon the 28th day of this instant month of Julie, and that they have openly professed their anger against me for the "Warning" and for not subscryving their Covenant, and have given out sore threatening against me, and also that in the last General Assemblie holden in Edinburgh they have ordained all members of this Kirk and Kingdome to subscryve the Covenant under all ecclesiastical censures, and, as we are informed, the Estaits in Parliament have ratified the said Act of Assemblie, adding civil sanction thereto. I sought the Lord, and called upon His name in this my feare and distresse with very grievous groans and gushing tears, and I said, "O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, and God of my father Israel, and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and my God and Father in Him, the Lord which saidst unto me when I was abroad, Return unto thy country and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee; which saidst unto me when I had been transported from this profession, return unto this publik profession, And I will be with thee; I am not worthy of all Thy mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant, for I passed out of this country poor and base, and now Thou hast

brought Thy servant hitherto, giving me this plentie of means and respect, and multiplying unto me Thy strong consolations, and hast brought me near to Thee in Thy great mercy. Deliver me, I pray Thee, from the anger of these my brethren, from the anger of my countrymen, for I fear them because they have threatened to cast me out of Thyne Inheritance, and to take away my life and my estate; and all my confidence is in Thee, my God, who hast said unto me, Fear not, I am thy Salvation. Pleade for me mercifully and powerfully; and speake unto them in my behalf as Thou didst speake unto Laban in the behalf of Thy servant Jacob. Move and turne their hearts to brotherlie kyndnesse toward me as Thou didst turn the heart of Esau toward Jacob, and whatsoever wrestling it shall please Thee, my God, to exercise me with, put strength into me and uphold me, and make me in all things more than victorious through Christ Jesus my Lord. And make me thankfulle that I may walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance shyning continually and graciously upon me, through Jesus Christ my Lord; I may rejoyce in Thy name all the day, I may be exalted in Thy righteousnesse, and may ever triumph in Thy praise. El-elohe-Israel. Abba, Father."

Upon the 28th day of Julie, 1640, began the General Assemblie, which was holden in the College Kirk of New Aberdeen; and that day they kept a fast, and had sermons in the Kirk. The morning sermon was preached by Mr. David Dickson, who had been Moderator of the last General Assemblie at Edinburgh, upon these words of the Apostle, "For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified" (1 Cor. ii. 2). I did keep the fast that day with the Assemblie, and I cried upon God both there and elsewhere; and I found

joyful comfort, praised be God.

Upon the 29th of Julie, I remained a hearer in the Assemblie all that session, and about the end of the session, my name, with the names of some others who had been charged, being called, I answered, and offered to come nearer to the Moderator; but I was stayed, and bidden to attend the Assemblie every day, and to remain without the Assemblie House, which I promised

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Upon the 30th day of Julie, 1640, in the morning early, revolving what had passed yesterday, I found that in my words before the Assemblie there were some which I should rather not have spoken, and that I had omitted some words which had been very convenient to be spoken. And fearing lest any offence have arisen thereby in the minds of any brethren, I prayed and wept unto God for mercy, and that He would remit and remove all offences given by me to any one, or taken by any at me that day or at any time, and to be with my heart and with my

mouth, and to grant me mercy and grace in His sight, and convenient mercy and favour in the

eyes of all with whom I have to do. Upon the 1st of August, 1640, I compeared before the Committee of the General Assemblie, and being questioned about many things, I found God's merciful presence so evidently with me, as notwithstanding of my scruples concerning the Covenant, and of my writings, yet they were pleased with me. Also they took in good part my answers to other questions upon the fourth and fifth dayes of the same month. Now all the dayes of this Generale Assemblie I prayed every day with groans and tears unto God to be with me, and give me a comfortable outgett and a blessed event, and to forgive all my sins; and the Lord heard me. Praised be the Lord!

Upon the 5th day of August, 1640, I was called, and I compeared before the General Assemblie; and the Moderator thereof, Mr. Andro Ramsay, said to me in name and in presence of the whole Assemblie, that the Generall Assemblie had found me ingenuous and orthodoxe, and neither Papist nor Arminian; and as for my different judgment concerning the Covenant, they should intimate their will unto me the next morning. When I heard this I answered and thanked God, and thanked this venerable Assemblie for this testimonie of me, and I promised to set myself to give them all contentments sincerely, so

far as my conscience would permitt.

Upon the 6th day of August, being called, I compeared again before the Generale Assemblie, and the Moderator thereof did give me again publickly, in name of the Assemblie, that same testimonie of ingenuity and orthodoxie, which they had given me the preceding day, and declared unto me that it is the will of the Assemblie that I take journey and go to Edinburgh some dayes after the Assemblie, and there confer with the brethren of that Presbyterie anent the Covenant. I acknowledged this to be a favour done unto me, and promised to obey, requesting withall that, whether after the conference we agreed or not, they would continue their love to me upon my good bearing, and I promised to hear and consider sincerely and impartially all the reasons that should be represented unto me. And that no wilfulnesse or hardnesse of heart, nor honour or dishonour, nor any other respect shall hinder me from embracing and professing that which I shall find to be true; I shall pray to God and I trust in His grace. And when I desired them to continue their loving affection to me, they answered me kyndly, that I might expect favourable usage so far as might consist with the publik good of the Kirk of Scotland, which they must prefer to any private man. I answered, It is very good reason. And thus I was dismissed with love and unanimous good lyking of the whole Generall Assemblie, and of all the members thereof, both of laitie and of the clergie. And I came from them rejoicing and praising God, who hath had mercy upon me, and hath given me this loving favour of the Assemblie, and hath comforted me so plentifully above all that I asked or thought, and hath made my friends to rejoice and praise God with me and for me, and mine enemies He hath made to be at peace with me and become my friends, and He hath confounded my spirituall enemies, and hath made all the beholders of this great mercy of God towards me, to admire and magnifie the wonderful providence of God, and His most excellent loving kyndnesse, and the truth of His salvation to all those that trust in His mercy, and call upon His name. El-elohe-Israel. Blessed be the Lord, for He hath showed me His marvellous kindnesse in a strong, strong citie.

After this, that same day, I being alone in the field and meditating on all these things, I fell down upon my face and praised God with tears of joy. He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battell which was against me, for there were many with me. O Lord, Thou hast pleaded the causes of my soul, Thou hast redeemed my life. . . "Lord, lead, preserve me and blesse me in this intended journey to Edinburgh, and bring me home again in peace with a good conscience." This I asked fervently with tears, and the Lord graciously heard my prayer, assuring me that He will go with me, and bring me again in peace, and He will show me His salvation, so that I shall finish my course with joy, and depart in peace in the sight of His salvation. I was hereby exceedingly comforted in the Lord my God against the feare of this journey to Edinburgh, and of my weaknesse and of the assaults attending me there, and against the fear of death. Blessed be the name

of the Lord, for ever and ever. Amen.



OUR NELL.

CHAPTER I .- ELM-TREE CORNER.



HE farm-house at Elm-tree Corner is a grey old place, and much out of repair. In front its rows windows. running up into the steep brown gables, look out from the clustering ivy upon a pleasant garden, and let in the fragrant scent of lavender and musk.

But here at the back its aspect is not romantic; the house is sunk a few feet below the level of the home field upon which it gives; the bare grey walls rise from a flagged pathway running up to the pump and the kitchen door, from which a flight of worn stone steps leads up to the short-cropped grass of the meadow. Nothing under the sky, however, can remain prosaic at this moment, for a fiery sunset has just blazed itself away behind the dark woods of Beechover Hall, and now the world is turned to fairy land in the mellow after-glow. The clear softness of the light, and the softer dimness of the shadows, give grace to the rugged outlines; the reds and browns and mossy greens glow in a yellow haze; and the great old elm at the corner shows a yellow lining to its flickering leaves.

Mrs. Masters, standing at her kitchen door, with a big brown stocking on her knitting-needles, is not out of harmony with the gentle radiance of the scene. Mrs. Masters is a matronly woman of middle age, retaining enough of her youthful appearance to justify some solicitude concerning the colour and freshness of her cap ribbons. And now, as she stands in the evening light, and looks at her children before her, motherly pride and love shine out from her face and make it beautiful.

Nell, too, as she sat on the top of the steps, had her share in the transfiguration of Elm-tree Corner. Nell was eighteen, and lacked the rounded outlines and dimpled softness that ought to grace that age; the outlines of her figure were too angular for grace, yet, now, in the softened light, it could be seen that time might do something for the girlish figure. Nell was not looking at the sunset; if you had suggested this object for her contemplation she would probably have looked in your face with her grey eyes to see if

you were serious, and then she would have laughed in a very frank and hearty manner.

She is laughing now, as she rides to Banbury Cross the little brown urchin on her knee. Her short curly hair, of a light shade of brown, is brushed straight back from broad fearless brows. The grey eves beneath look out upon the world with equal fearlessness, the fearlessness of eyes that have everything to discover, with nothing to tell. Inquiring, sagacious, grave, there is little to be seen in them; but with them, much can be seen. Their owner uses them to read the world with, and they do her good service; nevertheless, she errs often in her reading, for she has not yet learned to read herself, It is well that Nell's forehead and eyes give no hint of baseness, for the firm decisiveness of lips and chin says plainly that what the mind conceives, that will the will carry out. For the rest, she has a clear skin, though tanned and freckled; and she shows a row of even white teeth as she laughs.

At present, her mind is wholly bent upon coaxing Master Bobby to forget his grievances, and bring his mind with resignation to the prospect of bed. Bobby, with a blissful slice of bread and jam, and much fun provided for him, deems it expedient to enjoy these good things while they last, but with a sense of suspended tears, and a lurking consciousness of woe. For had he not been ruthlessly dragged from the glories of the hav-field, where he had toiled with all his little might the day through? while Jack, in virtue of superior age, was left behind for the crowning triumph, to ride on the back of old Jenny as she leads the team, bringing home the last wagonload of the happy day. But at that moment, when the fun has reached its height, and tears of laughter have chased the tears of woe from Bob's brown cheeks, he is borne up to bed so fast that he has not breath to cry; and just as he is thinking he will have time to do it when he gets into his snug cot, behold, there he is, and fast asleep as soon as his curly head touches the pillow.

So now the laughter and the merry voices cease, and as the shadows deepen, Elm-tree Corner is left to quietness, complete but for the tune which Nell softly hums as she proceeds to "look" the supper. For Sally is, like the rest of the world, away in the hay-field, and hungry as hunters will they all return.

Nell moved briskly in and out the great flagged kitchen, and the cool sombre pantry, where the yellow butter lay fresh and dainty in its green dockleaves, and the elm-twigs tapped against the lattice.

Her mother was still standing in the doorway, when the click of the gate which divided the fieldpath from the road, struck sharply on her ear, and she lifted her eyes from her knitting. "Nell!" she said, quickly, "come here, love."

Nell went to the door, and, following the direction of her mother's eyes, saw, outlined darkly against the pale sky, the figure of a young man crossing the field with rapid easy strides.

"Do you think as that's Mr. Oliver's new relation that was expected from foreign parts?" asked Mrs. Masters. "He can't be going anywhere but to the Vicarage, passing here at this time o' night; and there's a foreign look with him, too."

"Yes; it must be," answered Nell. "Any way, I know he's there; for when Martha fetched the butter yesterday, she said she hoped it was good this week, as Miss Lettice's cousin was to arrive that afternoon. I might have heard the whole story, no doubt, from the colour of his hair to what he likes to his breakfast, only Sally knows I hate her gossip."

"Well, love, you're quite in the right to stop that girl's talk. Her tongue runs on like a clock, if it once gets set a-goin'; though, as likely as not, she'll stand and stare, without a word to say for herself, if you ask her a question. But I do think we might take interest in Miss Lettice's kin, and not be over-curious."

The sound of heavy wheels in the distance put a stop to further talk, for Nell was off at a tangent round the corner of the house, and down the bit of private road that ran between the farm buildings and the house, skirting the length of the garden wall on the one side, and the farm-yard on the other, till it joined the turnpike road at the bottom. Here Nell, out of breath, unlatched the gate, and, with a gay expectancy in her face, leant back upon it to keep it open.

It was now nearly dark, but the heavy crop of the ten-acre field had been harvested that day, and, though not a drop of rain had yet fallen, the weatherwise shook their heads about the morrow. Above the filbert hedge which parted the garden from the road, Nell could see the top of the hay-wagon, swaying from side to side, with a goodly array of pitchforks stuck into it, and Job, the shepherd, enthroned in the midst. Then the whole cavalcade hove in sight, the top-heavy fragrant load leaving fluttering wisps of hay in its track; Jack's proud position on the back of the leader calling for much shouting of, "Gee-up, lass," and "Gee-whoa, Jenny," and much digging of his young heels into Jenny's broad patient sides. At her head plodded William, the ploughman; while the women; with their rakes, in sun-bonnets and cotton gowns, came along at the side. Mr. Masters walked behind and apart, with slow steps, and using his stick carefully.

Nell had eyes for her father only. Letting the gate swing back after the wagon, she sprang to his side, and tucked his arm under hers, with a fearless confidence which none but Nell would have used towards him. A quiet, "Well, lass!" was his greeting. Evidently there was a good understanding between father and daughter.

CHAPTER II.-THE NEW ARRIVAL.

THE sun shone forth next morning from a blue and cloudless sky, and had already spoiled the thirsty earth of its store of gracious dew, when Miss Lettice, the Vicar's sister, gathered a bunch of yellow tearoses for her breakfast-table. Breakfast was laid, as usual, in her little parlour, and as Miss Lettice placed her roses in their china bowl, she surveyed the table with a smile of content. Snowy linen, dainty old china, bright red strawberries with their leaves, golden butter, and richest cream, combined to make a good effect; through the window, the view of the lawn, and its standard roses glowing in the heat, enhanced the shady coolness within.

The sound of a quick step on the stairs, with a kind of spring in it, found its way into the parlour, and Miss Lettice's smile shone full and cordial. The door opened, and a young man presented himself, in a flannel suit, with the freshness of the morning bath and toilet still upon him.

"My dear cousin, you see me for once thoroughly ashamed of myself; and when you have progressed a little in your knowledge of my character, you will agree with me that this is saying a good deal. I am quite aware that a punctual eight o'clock is your breakfast-hour, and yet here am I making my appearance at half-past nine, the second morning after my arrival. But I do trust you have not waited," said he, glancing at the table.

"If I had," said Miss Lettice, "you would have found me such a very sorry companion, that I hope you will pardon my rudeness in consideration of my infirmity. If I do not break my fast at the ordinary hour, my temper suffers from it all day. I fear I can make no such apology for James. The dear man was sore put to it to wait the half-hour on your first morning. He is down at six o'clock regularly for a walk before breakfast, and the study swallows him up for the morning by nine o'clock."

"Well, really, cousin, this ruthless invasion of your domestic peace is positively barbaric. But what are we to do? I feel assured I shan't come down any earlier to-morrow morning."

Here the young man's brown eyes looked at once so penitent and so helpless that Miss Lettice was fain to laugh.

"I am afraid you are somewhat fatalistic, Walter. But come and eat your breakfast in peace. I have no doubt we shall find some way of getting out of the difficulty."

Miss Lettice took her place at the table, and proceeded to pour out the coffee with that complete air of leisure which is more often to be observed in a thoroughly busy person than in an idle one.

"You put a premium upon late hours," said Walter, as he took his seat; "this table is simply perfection. No one but you could have turned breakfast into a poem. These strawberries—ah! I have not seen anything like this since I was in England last. It is a downright sin to eat such a meal, unless one could paint it first. I'll have a try some of these days."

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"You are a pleasant visitor, Walter, in spite of your late misdeeds. It is really a comfort to have one's efforts appreciated. James' dear old eyes are blind to everything short of a parishioner or a serter. But now, tell me, how are you going to amuse yourself in this out-of-the-world little hamlet, with an ecclesiastical cousin and his old-maid sister as your only companions?"



"Nell could see the top of the hay-wagon, swaying from side to side."-p. 411.

mon, and he relishes cold mutton equally with my most delicate dishes."

"Well, I think I can assure you that, whatever faults you may find in me, a lack of discriminating appreciation will not be one. I do flatter myself that I know how to enjoy."

"A somewhat dangerous knowledge, cousin Wal-

"Ah, I perceive you don't know me yet. In the first place, one must have bad taste indeed not to appreciate you; and in the second, I must tell you that I have such a capacity for idleness, that——"

"My dear Walter, forgive my interrupting you, but as you seem bent on trying to enlighten me as to your disposition, I must warn you that I never form my judgments of a person's character from what he sees fit to tell me of it."

Walter laughed, and rubbed his hands.

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"Perfectly right, cousin; but I fancy you have already seen enough of me to perceive that in this instance I am not misleading you. I assure you I can kill any amount of time. A box of cigars, my sketch-book, some half-dozen volumes of literature, and plenty of room to knock about in, in-doors and out—I don't want much besides; and when I have my mother's best friend, and almost my only one, the good cousin Lettice, of whom I have heard so much," and here Walter put his hand affectionately on Miss Lettice's shoulder, "what more can I want?"

Miss Lettice was touched. She had loved the young man's mother with the protecting love of the strong for the weak, and now her keen grey eyes softened in a mist of feeling, and the firm shrewd lines of her face melted into tenderness. She took

the hand that rested on her shoulder.

"You remind me of your mother," she said, softly. But, with Miss Lettice, feeling was never allowed to remain long on the surface.

They were standing at the open French window, and now Miss Lettice stepped out and busied herself in breaking dead roses from the bush which climbed round it.

"Well, now, cousin, let us come to an understanding," said Walter, leaning against the lintel. "You are to make a stranger of me no longer. I would gladly be of use, if I could" (here Miss Lettice smiled), "but I know exactly what kind of a morning is before you, and it strikes me that if I took myself off to that tree over yonder I should probably be of the greatest use to which I could put myself just now. Don't I know the domestic and parochial confabulations that await you, the salts and senna for the old men, and the flannel petticoats for the old women?"

"Come, come! surely epigram does not demand such gross anachronism. Even old women do not crave flannel petticoats in this June sunshine. But I will take you at your word, Walter, and, as your stay is to be a long one, we will agree to pursue our separate avocations, and see no more of each other than is good for us. I shall see you at two, for dinner; though I am afraid you will hardly be ready for it at our primitive hour?"

"Haven't I told you that I enjoy everything, heartily including a two-o'clock dinner? I find there is nothing like sunshine for making one hungry. Good-bye, then, cousin; I am about to make myself useful by smoking the buds of your rose-trees. I am sorry you disapprove of smoking, for I fear I am hopelessly incorrigible. It is characteristic of me. I am the sort of man who always smokes."

"A man of your age has no excuse for it. You will find me very strait-laced, I warn you, cousin Walter;" and Miss Lettice gave the young man a smile which contradicted the words.

Two hours later, Walter Derwent began to experi-

ence the monotony of existence. He was lying full length under the beech-tree on the lawn, dreamily watching the kaleidoscope leaves dance on their background of blue. He cast about for a sufficiently cogent motive for a change. It was characteristic of the man that the required impulse should come from the world outside; Walter was more often moved to action from without than from within. A little breeze rufled the leaves, and played with his brown hair. It was odorous with new-mown hay. He sniffed, stretched, and finally betook himself through the shrubbery and into the high road, with an idea of finding the place whence the breeze had caught up its scent.

His reflections were of his cousin Lettice.

"That is a good woman, and a clever, and she has the faculty for making one comfortable, mentally and bodily, which every woman ought to have. I fancy she never treads on one's corns, and that will be a comfort, if I am to stay here long. My vanity is not susceptible, thank Heaven! but there's something perfectly horrible in a gauche woman; they seem as much out of nature as the ugly ones. But, somehow, for all her good qualities, she's not exactly my style, She's too positive a woman-a little too much common-sense, perhaps. A woman should be sweet. Now, my mother was adorably sweet. Ah! and so was Annette. Now I come to think of it, I never loved a woman that was not sweet, and, I suppose, never shall. But Annette would have nothing to say to me. I wonder how that was."

Walter's reflections were here cut short, for he attained the aim of his wanderings. The tall hedgerow, tapestried with honeysuckles and dog-roses, in the shade of which he had been walking, now gave place to the open gate of a field. Walter leaned his arms on the topmost bar, and looked about him. Three stalwart mowers sat under a hedge, discussing their midday meal with stolid satisfaction, sharing amongst them a can of home-brewed.

Shrieks of merriment came from the other side of the field, where Nell and Bob were enjoying a frolic, before setting off home with the empty can. Nell was on her knees, smothering Bob in a haycock. Derwent watched them with interest. Presently they started to go home, Bob perched on Nell's shoulder, scattering grass from his pinafore and curly locks.

"Have done, you little rascal! Behave yourself, or down you go again to be smothered," cried Nell, as Bobby gleefully pulled her hair over her eyes with his chubby little fist.

"My word! that's a nice girl!" said Derwent to himself. "What a voice! as bright as a bell. And she walks like a young huntress of Diana. Her mind as healthy as her body, I'll be sworn. Too thin, and not a beauty, but as breezy and fresh as a spring morning."

Nell came on with her decisive swinging step, till she caught sight of the stranger. At sight of him she came to a dead stop, and coloured high; for Nell was proud, and deemed her attitude undignified. Bobby was quietly lifted down to his usual position, but three feet from dusty earth, and without any remonstrance on his part; for Bobby was shy, and was glad of the shelter of his sister's gown.

"Good-morning to you," said Walter, with a plea-

sant smile, raising his cap.

"Good-morning, sir," answered Nell, giving him a grave full look from her steady eyes, as she passed by him into the road.

CHAPTER III.-MR. MASTERS.

WHEN Nell awoke in the morning from her sound and dreamless sleep, it was usually with a sense of life and gladness. The day before her always held plenty of work in it, and for some girls would have held few pleasures; but Nell exulted in work. Activity was her element, and the sense of having something to accomplish was to her a necessity.

But one morning, before the close of the hay harvest, Nell awoke without this jubilant sensation. For the first time in her life, the morning brought her the dull consciousness of a trouble which a night's rest could only suspend, and not cure. She was too sleepy at first to understand the feeling which possessed her, till the wet crumpled hand-kerchief lying on her pillow reminded her how she had cried herself to sleep.

Nell knew nothing of sorrow. The sea of human suffering that surged up to her very door had not yet crossed its threshold. Her mother, it was true, was given to making moan and lamentation on occasion, but as the causes of her affliction were matters of indifference to Nell, she set down this tendency in her mother as one naturally belonging to advanced life; a period which she thankfully reflected was far enough from herself.

She had no fear of the possibilities life might hold for her. Nell lived in the hour, reflected little, and had besides a large share of that blind trust in our own future which is born with most of us, and which it takes a great deal to crush out. We have an instinctive belief that the terrible nature of certain calamities is enough to insure us from them.

This rude philosophy, which Nell held none the less firmly that she held it quite unconsciously, had received its first shock.

The blow was the more stunning that it came upon her through her father, who had more of her love and honour and trust than any other human being.

His sight had long been failing, and Nell knew that when he had been over to the county town on business, he had several times been to see Dr. Pettigrew, the clever young doctor.

But he had never spoken of the result of these visits, and no one liked to question him.

Of late, his stick had become a necessity to him whenever he moved; once he had stumbled over his arm-chair, which was standing out of its usual corner; and it was now an understood thing that Nell should go to be eyes to him in his daily trudge over the farm, should write his letters, and read him the news from his weekly paper.

His habitual self-repression, however, and the gradual way in which had come about these concessions to his increasing blindness, had combined to keep the household from realising it.

But the night before, Nell had gone to say goodnight to her father as he sat in his arm-chair, and he had got up and put his two hands on her shoulders and turned her face to the light, and then he had gazed into it with so wistful a straining of his dim eyes, and so yearning a tenderness in his usually stern face, that Nell could scarcely draw her breath for awe and wonderment.

And then he had said, "Nell, I shall not see thee long," and had kissed her in a solemn way, such as he had never done before.

And she had answered nothing, but had rushed away, with hot tears in her eyes that would not fall, and a suffocating pain at her heart. It seemed but a few minutes ago that that had happened; she could feel her father's kiss upon her forehead still. And yet how like a dream it was!

This morning's sights and sounds were just like other mornings'. The cocks were crowing, and the hens clucking, out in the farmyard; Sally passed under her window with a clatter of milk-pails, and an exchange of jovial greetings with Job and William. The morning sun streamed into her room, and shone upon the queer birds in the wall-paper, which had charmed her in childish days; upon the hanging bookshelves, with the worm-eaten dusty books in it that no one ever read; and upon the old oak press, in which she had kept her frocks ever since she could remember. Nell loved light, and it comforted her, and the familiar aspect of things reassured her. The trouble seemed to belong to the girl who lay sobbing in the dark last night, and not at all to the Nell who now sprang out of bed, and began to make herself ready for the bustle of the cheerful day.

Night intensifies alike our joys and our pains. We hug them to us in the darkness, and abandon ourselves to our imaginations and emotions; but when the morning comes, we are apt to feel ashamed of them-they seem pitiful and unreal, and we rise up and cast them from us. But Nell's nature was of more persistent stuff than this. The horror and the despair had gone with the darkness, but the burden of care remained. Nell had no impulse to shake it off, but rather set her shoulders firmly to sustain it, and tried to realise it in all its aspects. By the time she opened her door to go down-stairs, the conflicting thoughts within her had resolved themselves into one-a longing desire that her father might meet it with open recognition. Nell's first impulse, with regard to any situation in which she found herself, was to look it firmly in the face. To shirk, in matters great or small, was foreign to her. She felt that if this, which had befallen them, might be no more a thing to be guessed at, to be shuddered at in secret, to be ignored in family talk, the sting would

be taken from it. As she set about helping Sally to get the breakfast she had her father's face before her eyes, as she feared to see it, with the veil of stern reserve upon it, which had been so strangely uplifted the night before. Full of anguish as that moment had been, Nell dreaded to see her father's pain shut back again within himself, cutting off the possibility of that common sharing of grief which is the divine right of love.

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When Nell carried the toast into the parlour, she saw her father in his usual place at the table, at her mother's right hand. The emotion of last night had, indeed, passed from his face, but there was a new expression there; there was a relaxation of the hard lines, as of a bent bow let go. Jack and Bob—who feared their father rather than loved him, and were wont to tone down their turbulence when he was by—unconsciously acted upon his different mood, and rioted secure from check.

After breakfast, Nell and her father started on their usual morning round. A night of pouring rain had succeeded many days of blazing heat; and they passed through the kitchen door into a world green and cool as from a new birth. The sultry haze, which had so many mornings blurred the hills, had given place to a pure clearness of air, in which outline was distinct, and colour brilliant. The very earth sent up a grateful fragrance, and at every step a new perfume was carried on the breeze.

Now it was the elder-trees by the pond, now the wallflower in its cranny, or the heads of clover in the It was impossible not to feel an impulse of new life in this new-created world. The swallows sailed around in graceful abandonment, the finches twittered their loudest in the hedges, and the yellow ducklings dipped their little heads and plumed themselves, rejoicing in the swollen waters of the pond. By the time they reached the field where the Irish mowers were at work, the oppression in Nell's breast had insensibly lightened, and the calm in her father's face had grown deeper. The work of the haymakers was at a standstill, for though the greater part of the field had been mown the day before, the grass now lay waiting for the sun to dry the ground before it could be spread abroad.

"It's a good job we got in the Brook Pasture crop yesterday. I doubt we've had the best of the weather."

Mr. Masters spoke, after a long silence, with his every-day manner, and a mind wholly bent on the prospects of his harvest.

Nell felt a sharp pang of disappointment. Her heart was yearning for expression on her side and on his,

On their return to the homestead, the young stock must all be inspected, and the round of the premises made, for Mr. Masters had a hearty belief in the slipperiness of hirelings when from under the master's eye. Finally, they went into the stack-yard to inspect the stack of hay that had been finished the night before. It was a goodly sight, firm and eveu,

and covered up safe from the rain. But as they were turning to go, a puff of wind lifted an inch or so of the canvas. A quick intelligence lit up Nell's eyes. On the other side the stack, Mrs. Masters could be heard with her "chuck-chuck-chuck" to the fowls, and a scatter of handfuls of corn. Bobby was officiously helping her by driving the fowls like a flock of sheep, and scaring the more timid ones out of their wits. Nell made as though she were going to her mother, and said—

"I'll be after you directly, father."

As soon as her father was at a safe distance, she darted to the ladder that rested against the stack, climbed swiftly to the top, and thrust her arm under the canvas. The hay was soaked with rain. From the stable, which had a window looking into the stackyard, a quavering whistle struck her ear. Job must be there. Just then Mrs. Masters came round the stack, her yellow basin emptied, and Bobby caught sight of Nell descending the lower rungs of the ladder.

"Nell, Nell: wait for me," he cried, as she walked rapidly from him towards the gate; but she heard neither his call nor the piteous cry which her de sertion wrung from him. With burning cheeks and flashing eyes, Nell strove on, unconscious of anything around her, till she reached the door of the stable, where Job was leisurely swilling the floor, and William stood cleaning his gig harness.

"Eh, miss, what's t' matter?" ejaculated Job.

"Matter enough, when men like you turn out sneaks and cowards. You find it easy enough to cheat the master, now his eyes are going. Why should you think to cover up the stack at night when the fault can be mended in the morning? It's easy to cover it up with the rain in it, and save the blame and the bother."

Old Job, who had known Nell as a baby, was too thunderstruck to utter a word in reply, but remained standing, mop in the air, with his eyes and his mouth getting larger. William tried to look away, but could not, and only shifted his feet uneasily.

"Yes, you may look at me, both of you; and the longer you look the better, for you'll be more likely to take it in, that though your master's blind, there's some one that isn't. I've got to be my father's eyes from this time, and you and me will have to work together, and if we can do it pleasantly, why, so much the better. For shame that we should have men to work for us that wants a girl to look after them! And you, Job, for shame! that's been with us all these years! Go and get off that cover, and do what you can to set right the mischief that's come of your carelessness."

Nell turned to go; and now that the spell of her eyes was off him, Job murmured—

"Eh, but t' little miss be for all the world as bad as t' feyther. I allus meant to take the cover off when t' master's back were turned."

As Nell crossed the threshold, the fire within her died out, and her heart leapt to her throat, for her

father was standing outside. He must have heard it all. He would be angry and hurt-how hurt and angry she did not know-for not only had he found out that his men took advantage of his blindness, but would he not also think that she could cheat him too, that she had tried to trick him out of the knowledge of it? But, whatever he thought, Mr. Masters said nothing. He took Nell by the arm, and walked hastily towards the house. Nell felt the grip on her arm, and feared to look up at his face. When she did so, a thrill went through her, for tears were running slowly down his cheeks. He was not angry; but, oh, what pain it must have given him! When they reached the parlour, Mr. Masters sat down in his chair, keeping Nell close to him.

"Nell, my lass," he said, "I've something to tell

Coming after the late suspense, and the power of anger which had quite died out, the tenderness of his tone overcame Nell. She knelt beside him sobbing.

"Nay, nay, lass; it is nothing to grieve thee. I have it in my mind to tell thee how things stand wi' me. I've just made up my mind to face this trouble that's come upon me, and to bear it like a man; but there's a deal of pride in me, Nell, and it's been a bitter fight-a bitter fight; and if I've been a bit hard on you and the others of late, it's been because I was hit hard myself. But I've been thinking there's a many things that would be worse to bear than this; and till the worst has come upon a man, there's little to be said for him if he lets the spirit go out of him. How should I stand up under it if it was a thing that would bring shame upon me, if I'd done a wrong, or if any that belonged to me had done a wrong? And it's not as if I had needs be beholden to any one, for as long as I've got my Nell here, I canna want help or pity from strangers,"

CHAPTER IV.-AN INTRODUCTION.

WALTER DERWENT, during a ramble one morning, found himself before the farm-house at Elm-tree Corner, and the desire to sketch it arose in his mind. When he came to the garden gate, he stopped, and looked over it. He saw paths of glittering grey spar, a clump of tiger-lilies by the side of the gate, and a lawn beyond, gay with flowers. To his right was a path, damp and shady, under tall evergreens and Trusting himself to this, he soon found himself at what was evidently the front entrance. The door stood open and disclosed a passage very cool and retired, containing a solemn-faced clock, an antiquated barometer, and a stuffed dog in a glass case.

"This is unpromising. I must try the back door," he thought. "In this kind of place life centres in the kitchen. If one wants to study the habits of this species in nature, and not under the influence of best parlour manners, one must go there."

He found his way to the back door. Here, this hot June morning, had Mrs. Masters, with flushed face and floury hands, been scurrying these two hours to and from flour-bin and pastry-table, larder and preserve-kettle.

Already a row of pies stood on the dresser, with the browning of a delicate baking on them, and a great beef-steak pudding simmered over the fire. It was eleven by the kitchen clock, half-past ten by the day, and care sat on Mrs. Masters' brow, for the week's baking was yet before her. Derwent knocked at the door and introduced himself. Her habitual complaisance towards the gentry, struggling at first under the pressure of her morning's work, and a discomposing sense of her work-a-day cap and gown, needed only Derwent's pleasant speech to fully gain the day. and it was with a beaming face that she said-

"Well, to be sure! Come in, sir-come in. To think of your coming to the back door, and me in

the midst of my cooking!"

"Pray don't apologise, Mrs. Masters. I only came to beg permission to sketch this charming old place of yours. I have quite fallen in love with it."

"It's very kind of you to say so, sir, I'm sure. If we'd known you was coming, we'd have had the garden done up; it's but untidy, I doubt, for it gets neglected when the hay's about."

When Nell returned from an errand in the village, Derwent was established in the shade of a clipped box-tree in the garden, using his pencil swiftly. Nell beheld him over the garden wall, and marvelled how a man could be idle at that time of the day, if he had any muscle in him.

In an hour's time he had had enough of his occupation, and set off for the kitchen, in search of amusement there. In that region business was in full swing again. The bread was set down to rise, and Nell was in the dairy, making up the butter. Plainly there was no room for him.

"I shall-take the liberty of coming back to finish my sketch some day soon, Mrs. Masters. No, thank you, I won't come in. I should not like to hinder you one moment from the composition of those appetising dishes which I can see and smell, But my cousin tells me you have a 'holy well' on your farm, which used to be much visited by the curious, and which I should like to see for the sake of the pretty dell in which it lies. Can you make it clear to me how I am to get there ?"

"It's t'sick well I expect you mean, sir; but I doubt you'd never find it yourself. love," called Mrs. Masters, going to the door of the dairy, "put on your hat, and show Mr. Derwent the

way to t'sick well."

Nell appeared, but not with great alacrity. Her level brows were contracted, and a little furrow showed between them, which was her usual sign of inward discomposure. The butter was on her mind, and she had an aversion to the necessity of putting on company manners to attend a stranger. She reflected that Sally might with more propriety have been selected for the office.

Walter patted the shaggy shepherd-dog that lay basking in the sun outside the door, and smelt the

bunch of wallflowers that stood in a jug on the window-sill.

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"Some one has an eye for colour in your house, Mrs. Masters. What an admirable arrangementthe two set out. Nell, with a sense of compulsion within her, walked behind on the narrow field path. This did not suit her companion, who was accustomed to be on friendly terms wherever he found himself.



"'What do you call that house on the hill over yonder!" - p, 418.

the deep red of these wallflowers against the dark blue of the jug. The effect is perfect."

Nell was taking her hat down from its peg behind the door. As Walter said this, he looked up, and discovered her eyes upon him, with a keen look of scrutiny in them.

A cordial farewell exchanged with Mrs. Masters,

"I believe you know my cousin—Miss Oliver?" said he, moving to one side, that she might walk on a line with him.

"I ought to, for she's lived in Hazlewood ever since I was born, sir."

Nell made no movement to join him, and Derwent had a sense of discomfiture. Miss Lettice as a

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subject seemed unfruitful. He tried something else.

"What do you call that house on the hill over yonder?" and now he stepped back to walk by her side.

"Why, you must mean Beechover Hall," Nell laughed. "Don't you know that?"

"You forget I haven't lived here ever since you were born."

"But long enough to know the name of the hall, sir."

"You uncompromising young savage!" was Derwent's inward comment. "I will try what equal coolness will do." Then, aloud, "Well, to tell you the truth, I did know, but as you would not talk to me, you see I had to talk to you, and that struck me as something to say."

Nell experienced a growing wonder. Here was a man who felt himself so much obliged to talk that he would talk nonsense rather than not talk at all. Derwent felt somewhat uncomfortable under her steady gaze. He had intended to make acquaintance with this girl much as a naturalist inspects a new species, and now he had a vague sense that the girl regarded him in like manner. As Nell said nothing, he continued—

"Well, whatever be its name, the hall is a picturesque old place; I must walk over there some day. There must be some fine old trees in the park, are there not?"

"Yes, there's a deal too many of them. It's but a

gloomy place, to my thinking."

Evidently this girl was difficult to talk to, and Walter did not like difficulties; they walked on in silence. He had not thought her a girl of this kind, as he had watched her in the hay-field. A vivid recollection came to him of her merry face and musical laugh. He must find some way to make her look at him like that. Presently they came to a stile. Walter vaulted it first and held out his hand to Nell, who came over with as much agility as he, and without need of assistance. At the moment when Nell could not avoid looking at him, Walter said, with a smile—

"What a temper you were in when your mother sent you with me!"

Nell looked at him with astonishment for a moment, quickly changing into a friendly comradeship. "Yes, that I was!" said she; "and I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir."

"It is I that should beg your pardon, and thank you for your kindness in coming with me, in spite of your reluctance."

"Nay, you can't think there 's any cause for thanks, since mother sent me against my will."

"Well, then, we are quits, and understand each other. Shake hands, and be friends with me."

Nell coloured, and shrank back.

"The proud little monkey!" thought Walter. "I have lost my ground again."

Here they came out into a lane, against a row of cottages. The door of one stood open, and Derwent stopped before the little gate to admire.

"What an exquisite study of colour!" he exclaimed. "Just come here, where I am standing, and look at the delicate blue tone of these walls, and the vivid scarlet of the geraniums; the spotless floor and the oak settle complete the picture. Who is fortunate enough to live in this most charming of cottages?"

Walter turned for Nell's answer, and saw a look of pained dismay on her face.

"Do you think it's right, sir, of a gentleman like you to come and make game of people like us? I doubted you were making fun when you talked like that about the jug, and now I'm sure of it."

Walter burst out laughing, in spite of efforts to keep his countenance. Nell observed him gravely,

and tears of mortification rose to her eyes.

"You'll find your way easy from here, sir, if it's the sick well you really want to go to. And I'll say good-morning now, for there's my butter wanting me." Nell walked away with more than her usual dignity.

"Miss Nell, oh, please don't go away like that," cried Walter, suddenly sobered. "How shall I convince you that I am in earnest about the cottage? Have you never dreamt of such things being thought pretty? Ask my cousin Lettice, ask any one, and they will agree with me about it. Indeed, I assure you the way in which you regard it is quite as strange to me as mine is to you."

Nell looked him full in the face with a penetrating gaze. Apparently she was satisfied, for she said, before she turned to go, "There's a many new things for me to learn, I think."

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 13. Dedication Prayer.

Chapter to be read, 2 Chron. vi. (part of).

NTRODUCTION. So far, have read of sacrifices being offered, hymns sung, and praise offered to God for Solomon's being permitted to build the Temple. We now have the king's prayer of dedication.

1. THE PRAYER. (Read 12-21.) So far, apparently,

Solomon had been standing at door of Holy Place. Now goes down, and stands before the altar. Where was this altar placed? What was it made of? What was it used for? Would be the ordinary daily altar for sacrifices for sin. Picture the king near it, in presence of whole congregation. First standing at top of sloping plane leading up to it, then kneeling

down before all the people on stone floor of courtnot afraid of spoiling clothes-not too indolent to kneel, now stretching out his hands in earnest supplication and beginning his prayer. Let us take up the points in his prayer. (1) To keep His promise. With whom had God kept His promise? Israelites were now in the "promised" land. David had been allowed to prepare the Temple, and Solomon to build What special promise had God made to David? (2 Sam. vii. 12, 16.) But what condition was made? This promise, therefore, of nature of a covenant. But how can Israel keep God's laws? He is so great, even heaven cannot contain Himmuch less this house. How had that been already shown? Still, what does Solomon ask God to do? To look upon His house, listen to the prayers offered in it. and when He hears, to forgive. But some will be at a distance-cannot always pray in the housewill God hear them when they pray towards this house-i.e., pray as if in God's House? (2) To respect oaths (22, 23). Sometimes men require oaths of each other-as now kissing the Bible is the way men swear they are speaking the truth, this oath was to be made before the altar. (3) To receive penitents. (Read 24 — 31.) What event does Solomon first speak of? Why would they sometimes be worsted before their enemies? that defeat is a punishment for sin. Remind how this was the case when fighting against Ai (Josh. What second judgment is named? No account of such at present, but afterwards, in reign of Ahab, no rain for three years (James v. 17). prayed for rain then? So also read afterwards of famine in Samaria (2 Kings vi. 25); of Jerusalem itself being besieged by Sennacherib (2 Kings What does Solomon ask in all these cases? That the people may be moved to pray, that God would hear, that God would forgive, that the people would then fear God, and He would be glorified. For one instance of this happening, remind of King Hezekiah taking the insulting letter of King of Assyria, and spreading it in the Temple before the Lord (Is. xxxvii. 1-7), and of God's answering the prayer, and destroying the enemy. (4) To receive strangers (32, 33). Who besides Israelites might perhaps come and worship in the Temple? Perhaps attracted by the service of prayer and praise-perhaps merely by the splendour of the buildingwould God hear them-then would His name be known, and His kingdom spread through all lands. As an instance of this, see St. John xii. 20, where the Greeks came up to worship, and asked to see Jesus. May be sure, went away blessed. (5) To remember captives (36-39). How Solomon seems to have thought of every possible event; for were not the Israelites carried captive into Assyria? Who was it in Babylon that prayed three times a day towards the Temple (Dan. vi. 10)? And did not God hear the prayers of the exiles? (See Ezra i.) Remind how Cyrus was moved to restore them to their own

II. THE CONCLUSION. (Read 40—42.) King ends with a Psalm (exxxii.). Probably he recited the first few verses, and the priests and people took up the refrain—as in song of Miriam and Moses (Ex. xii.). Again prays God to come to His resting-place; for in His presence alone is salvation. Will He also bless His priests—clothe them and His saints with holiness?—thus alone will this be a holy house of prayer.

III. THE LESSONS. (1) Prayer includes repentance. What does Solomon say in each case? Is God to answer always? No; people must first repent—confess sin, ask for pardon—then God will forgive. So, too, now, prayer without penitence a mockery—must first confess sin, then ask forgiveness (1 John i. 6). (2) Prayer includes intercession. Solomon did not only think of himself—prayed for all sorts and conditions of men. So St. Paul teaches also (1 Tim. ii. 1, 2); so Christ prayed for Apostles (John xvii.); and for Peter, when He knew he would deny Him. Shall read next time of the solemn sacrifices.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Where did Solomon offer up his prayer?
- 2. What was the first thing he asked God to do?
- 3. Name some people for whom he prayed.
- Give instances of strangers coming to the Temple.
 - 5. How did the prayer conclude?
 - 6. What lessons may we learn?

No. 14. SOLOMON'S GREATNESS.

Chapters to be read-Various.

Introduction. Last lesson spoke of Solomon's prayer. On what occasion was it? Where was it spoken? To-day we are going to speak of him in different ways.

I. SOLOMON THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH. (Read 1 Kings viii. 54-56.) All this took place after the dedication of the Temple. Where had the King been kneeling? Now he rises up and stands facing the people. What does he do to them? Blesses them with a loud voice, so that all may hear. What does he remind them of? God's goodness in the past. What has failed of all God promised them? Nothing; therefore can trust Him for future. What effect will this have on other nations? They will hear, and fear God. Now the prayers and the dedication and the blessing over, what followed? What were the principal sacrifices? Seem an enormous number, but probably as many as 100,000 people present: each would bring one animal at Where ought the animals to be sacrificed? But not room at brazen altar for all, so where else were they slain? Probably at a temporary altar in middle of court. What a remarkable sight-the large numbers of oxen and sheep-the animals being led to the altars; the priests killing the victims; the

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people confessing their sins; the elders laying their hands on the animals (Lev. iv. 15); the smoke ascending to heaven. Then the feast on the flesh of the animals—kings and priests and people all eating together, and some of the meat being sent to those not present, all over the country. How long did the feast last? Probably services going on in the Temple too all the eight days. What a happy time; how often would look back to it with happy remembrance.

Lessons. (1) The blessedness of a pious king. Shall read in future lessons of kings inciting people to idolatry and wickedness. Solomon leads them to piety and holiness: so the nation under him was blessed. We too are blessed with a pious Queen; should pray for her constantly, and for all the Royal Family.

(2) Religion brings happiness. This rejoicing and feasting all connected with the services of the Temple. Whole nations concerned in building the Temple—their house of prayer. So should our worship in God's house bring a joy into our whole lives, so that we may be glad when they say "Let us go into the house of the Lord" (Psalm exxii. 1).

II. SOLOMON THE WISE AND GREAT KING. (Read 1 Kings iv. 21—34.) Ask children about Solomon's first dream, and what was promised him; also remind how his wisdom was shown as a judge in the case of the two babies. See here how else his wisdom was shown. What wise book did he write? These Proverbs in common use still, even by people

who are not religious. What else did he speak of? But to know about trees, and birds, and insects, must have studied them—shows he was a student of natural history—loved to find out all he could about God's creatures, because he loved God. What was the result? The tidings of his wisdom spread—people from other lands came to hear him, thus they learned about God. Shall read in next lesson about a queen coming to him.

Lessons. (1) Wisdom well used a great blessing, Solomon's wisdom gave him great influence. Children often ask, "Why need I learn?" Solomon's example the answer. The more we know, the more can influence others for good. (2) Responsibility of riches. So far have not read of Solomon making a bad use of his wealth—shall see presently how he did. But money must have an account given of it, as much as of any gift of God. Let each ask, How am I spending what God has given me? What part am I giving back? Am I using it well—for myself only, or others also? Am I making a display of what I have, and so looking down on others? Then only is money well used, when God is glorified.

Questions to be unswered.

- 1. What did Solomon do after his prayer?
- 2. What sacrifices were offered up?
- 3. What lessons may we learn?
- 4. With what countries did he trade?
- 5. Give instances of his knowledge.
- 6. What lessons can we learn from it?

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOUR.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. J. FAITHFULL, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, LEICESTER.

"Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the flery darts of the wicked."— EPH. vi. 16.



HAT is faith? Faith is that quality by which the soul is enabled to rise beyond itself and its immediate surroundings, unto God. It is belief acting upon the affections of the man who believes, producing active and passive obedience to God; and hope living under trying circumstances.

It requires but the simplest study of the contents of the New Testament to know that God regards it as the substratum and basis of all Christian virtues. Without faith God-pleasing is impossible. Why it is that St. Paul in this list does not mention faith as the first of the Christian attributes, we cannot tell: but the expression "above all," or as it should be, "in addition to all," or perhaps "over all," shows the real estimate which he puts upon it. Whatever other graces I might be

possessed of, whether of "truth"—viz., that integrity of purpose toward God produced by the Holy Spirit; or of "righteousness," that righteousness which is the outcome of justification; or of that "preparedness" which is the result of an intelligent reception of the "Gospel of peace;" if I were lacking faith, I should be without the first essential characteristic of soul-life. It is faith that gives the other qualities their vitality. It is faith that produces integrity toward God trusted, that precedes and accompanies sanctification by the Spirit, that gives a man preparedness to live and die

Picture to yourself, if you can, a Christian seeking to engage in the conflict with self and sin without faith. It is as unreasonable a supposition as that of a Roman soldier's going to battle without a shield. If he were to attempt to do so, his

captain would send him home in disgrace. Just so Christ will not allow His servants to engage

in His warfare without faith.

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The word used for shield in this passage is derived from another word meaning "a door," namely, that which closes an entrance. It was oval in shape, about four feet long and two feet broad-just large enough, when properly handled, to protect the whole surface of the body. It was generally made of wood covered with hide, but occasionally of metal. Often would the enemy's javelin have gone crashing through the other pieces of armour, if it had not been received by the solid skilfully-wielded shield. Such is the office of faith when clouds come between the soul and God: when all around is black and lowering, when the enemy is active to rob a man of his integrity toward God, to prevent his being made holy, to put him off his guard. When reason is weak, then faith interposes itself and protects the When bitter temptations assail, when a man loses sight of the fact that he is a pardoned sinner, when the devil aims his sharpest arrow straight at the breast-plate of righteousness, the sorely bestead soldier cries out, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief," and the enemy's power is broken: faith unstaggering receives the blow. So, too, when a Christian man is oppressed with the weight of his terrible responsibilities, when he finds incessant watching so wearisome, and unqualified obedience so burdensome; or when he is weakened by the bitterness of previous conflict, wondering whether he can hold out until the end; or when he looks forward to the last hour, then he looks up in all his helplessness to God, he recalls to mind the infinitude of the love of Jesus, the successes which Christ has already enabled him to gain, and the promise of final victory to all who trust in God, and he gains strength and comfort from the thought, "At any rate, I can trust Him, though I can do nought else." Holding up the shield of faith, he finds that he is still ready, by the grace that God bestows, to bear every burden laid upon him, to do whatever he may be called upon to do, to go wherever he may be told to go, to suffer whatever God may inflict upon him. Such is the office of faith-to encourage in times of failure, to protect in times of danger, to strengthen the other qualities of the Christian character, none of which are strong enough in themselves to quench the fiery darts of the evil one.

I may have them all, and yet, if I lack faith, I am nothing, for I have not the power by which I can finally resist temptation. I could not have integrity towards God, unless I had perfect confidence in His character. I could not act as God would have me act, unless I were convinced that He looked upon me with favour. I could not be ready to obey, to advance, to fight, to suffer, or to die, unless I had faith in the cause; unless I were persuaded it was a cause worthy of any sacrifice on my part.

And when St. Paul speaks of faith, he does not mean that vague, indefinite trust in a god which a heathen might have (and which in his case may result in his ultimate salvation, as he knows nothing of Him that is the true and Living Way): but in something far more distinct and reasonable. It is faith based upon something real, tangible, living: faith resting upon an object which can be relied upon; that object being a Person, that Person being Christ--the Word -God's Eternal Son; His work, His sacrifice, His life. This is the only power by which we can withstand temptation; the only power by which integrity towards God may be secured, righteousness accomplished, and readiness maintained. Not only are we to flee to Christ in the hour of trial for that grace which we constantly need, but we are also to use His name and work as the means by which to defeat the wiles of Satan. Let faith bring Christ's work to bear upon man's moral being; let it convince the soul that pardon is secured in Him; that His perfect obedience won for man the favour of God; that His death was a full atonement for the sin of the world; that His resurrection is a guarantee that God has accepted that atonement which His death wrought; that His presence in heaven at the right hand of the Father is a perpetual witness to that guarantee; that His Spirit is now active to resist the operation of the evil spirit, and is ever present in the heart of every one that trusts in Him, empowering him to conquer sin and self. Let a man really grasp these facts, let them take possession of his moral being, and he cannot fail to walk safely through all the snares and traps that Satan sets. Let the devil assail me as he will with the javelin of doubt, or by appealing to the lower instincts of my fallen nature, or by misdirecting my conscience; let him act when, where, and how he will, I have a ground of confidence in Christ which he cannot altogether sweep away. He tried with all his power to assail my Saviour in the weakness of His flesh, but failed, failed signally, and now he tries to assail me in my weakness. Ay, and what is so terrible, he not seldom succeeds. Why so? Why is it that he so often makes successful thrusts, denting my breastplate, injuring my belt, and hindering my progress? It is because I am unskilful in my use of the shield, so sluggish and half-hearted. I step out of my standing in Christ, so to speak. I wander away from my position of safety. I indulge in this, or that, or the other, putting away for the time my shield. The result is, I prove myself a bad soldier of Christ. But for the unparalleled forbearance of my Captain, I should have been dismissed from the service long ago, being accounted unworthy and incapable.

anything else. We put it aside in the hour of danger, we throw it away in the thick of the fight. And when we use it, it is too often without success. Our very faith is but a step removed from unbelief. Depend upon it, God's holy word is true, and it tells us that "this is the victory that overcometh the world-even our faith." If, then, I incur loss, if I am not living an overcoming life, there can be only one reason: it is because my faith is failing. Whether it be that I am relying upon myself, or upon some broken reed of my own choosing, or perhaps upon nothing at all, I have ceased to rely upon Christ. It must be so: for there is no real moral power for me severed from Him. United to Him, I may have all the power I need. "If ye abide in Me" (this means nothing else than "if ye continue to exercise faith in me"), "and My words abide in you"-that is, if they sink deep down into your heart, fastening themselves upon the memory, directing your actions, inspiring your motives, controlling your judgment, occupying your affections-"ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." What more can I have than this? "What ye will." If I win not, if I fight not with success, it must be for one of two reasons, either because I am unwilling; because I don't desire to win (and God knows it is not that in the case of the Christian);

or else it is because I don't abide in Him; in other words, I am failing to use the shield of faith.

Faith is the progeny of faith. It grows stronger and stronger by being exercised. This is what the Apostle means when he speaks of "the righteousness of God being revealed from faith to righteousness of God being revealed from faith to faith." Themore I believe, the greater is my capacity for believing; and the more I doubt, the more difficult it becomes to exercise faith. Nothing is more fatal to victory than unbelief. Let me begin to distrust God, let me begin to have doubts as to His ability or His character, and I shall lose spiritual ground, for "by faith we stand." It is only by looking to Christ, by earnestly and incessantly invoking His interposition on our behalf, that we can resist the attacks of the evil one. It is only by exercising faith that we can conquer "self," the ground upon which Satan operates.

Let me really look out beyond myself, up at my crucified, risen, and ascended Lord; let me draw confidence from His finished work, and power from His Holy Spirit, and I shall go on from strength to strength, taking one stronghold after another, until, after years of conflict, I receive from my Great Captain the reward of those successes which He himself enabled me

to gain.

A TRUE WOMAN.

REN'T you ready yet, Julia? We shall be late again."

"I wish I might stay away altogether,"
pouted Julia, laying down her book reluctantly, "I am quite sick of these trial
young men, such a set of noodles as they
have been!"

"We may be more lucky to-day," suggested Mary, the elder sister, "and, besides, Julia, you know how papa dislikes our being late. Do be quick, or I

shall go without you."

"If I might or could go comfortably to sleep!" sighed Julia; "but who would be seen nodding, with her mouth open? Oh, for the days of comfortable old square pews, in which you could hide yourself from the eyes of your neighbours."

"Going to church doesn't seem to make much impression upon you," Mary remarked half reprovingly.
"I doubt whether you ever listen to the sermon at all."

"As a rule I don't." Julia replied, with nonchalance. "I can tell in two minutes whether it will be interesting, and if it isn't I amuse myself in other ways, and I don't see why I mightn't as well be at home with a book."

Mary would not venture upon an argument at this late moment, but urging Julia to use all speed; waited impatiently in the hall.

"These children," she said to herself, wonderingly, "they have no awe or reverence for anything, or anybody. If I had dared at fourteen to criticise a sermon or a preacher: But it is always the way; the young ones are allowed any amount of license."

Julia appeared in due course, and the two sisters hastened along briskly, arriving at their own pew just as the service was commencing, and were greeted by a frown and a reproachful glance from their father and mother, who had been long enough ago in their places.

The church, of which their father was church-warden, had been for some little time without an assistant minister. The vicar himself was growing old, and every year less equal to the arduous duties he had so long performed alone. He was, perforce, obliged to leave a very great deal of the work to his assistant, and at all times to depend upon him for the regular order of the services. The first one had abused this trust, and had, therefore, been dismissed to a more congenial sphere. The congregation were naturally fastidious about the choice of his successor, and the young men who had so far appeared as candidates for the vacant post had certainly displayed very poor abilities indeed—in the matter of preaching, at any rate.

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"'We are so glad to see you again, Edward."

young man," as Julia had disrespectfully called them.

Their old friend Mr. Temple was in the readingdesk when the sisters entered; and as the stranger was in the chancel, beyond their range of vision, they saw nothing of him at present.

He came forward to read the first lesson. Julia uttered a low exclamation, and touched her sister's arm. Mary was bending over her Bible. She, too, looked up for a moment, as a clear resonant voice gave out the chapter; only for a moment, and then her eyes were fixed more steadfastly than before upon the sacred page.

Julia was in evident excitement. She shifted about, laid her hand on Mary's Bible, then dropped it again in a few moments, and at last, edging up to her sister, whispered—

"Do look! it's Edward."

"I know," Mary returned, with a quiet smile, which exasperated Julia, who wondered how her sister could be so quiet over such an astonishing occurrence.

Two hearts, at least, throbbed nervously when the "trial young man" mounted the pulpit stairs, but they need not have been frightened for him. The congregation had already been pleased with his reading, and they settled themselves to the sermon with very critical faces indeed. Fortunately, the preacher was unconscious of the eagerness with which each of his words was being listened to and weighed in the balance of their judgment, or he might not have done himself justice. His sermon was plain, earnest, and practical, devoid of the flowers of rhetoric with which the other candidates had so plentifully besprinkled their discourses.

Mary glanced at her father's face when the concluding words fell upon her ear. It wore a look of pleased content. She took a hasty glance round, and thought she discerned only approving faces. What would be Edward's fate?

Outside the church doors Julia's hardly repressed excitement broke out.

"Mamma," she cried, "did you see who it was? Edward Farran, mamma! To think we should see him again, after all this time. Oh! I do wonder whether they'll have him. Wouldn't it be fine, Mary?"

"I recognised Edward," Mrs. Bentley replied, with a smile, "and thought how greatly he had improved. He preaches and reads well, and seems altogether to have fulfilled the promise of his boyhood."

Mr. Bentley joined them before they had reached their own door.

"Well, mamma, and what do you think of young Farran?" he asked. "Mr. Temple is delighted with him, and, indeed, I think we may consider him as good as appointed."

Julia smiled approvingly.

"It was a nice sermon, was it not, papa? I believe I heard every word of it, and I could even remember some of it."

"I have begged Mr. Temple to allow Edward to

come to us for supper to-night," Mr. Bentley continued, as they reached their own door.

"Doesn't he look nice!" Julia exclaimed to her sister; "and so good. Did you ever think Edward would have turned out like this?"

"He always was good," Mary replied; and then she added, after a moment's thought, "I am glad papa has invited him. I was wondering whether he would."

For Mary remembered how different their present position was from the one they had held when Edward Farran had been their friend and play-fellow. Her father was now a rich and influential man, who mixed with rich and influential people. When Mary was a child, they had been comparatively poor, and it was then that they had known the Farrans, who were also poor. Then a change had come. Fortune had dawned upon the Bentleys, and they had removed from their former surroundings to a new sphere, in which they were now firmly established. The old acquaintances had gradually died away, and even the Farrans were as if they had not been. Long distance and a hundred other circumstances had broken the pleasant friendship. Thus they had not even heard that Edward had fulfilled the ambition of his youth till he appeared suddenly before them on this Sunday morning.

In the evening he read the service, the vicar preaching. The girls and Mr. Bentley hastened home, that they might receive their guest.

Mr. Bentley brought him in, uttering a few words of introduction.

"You remember young Mr. Farran, mamma and Mary; Julia hardly, perhaps."

"Certainly not," replied Julia, with a flash of her dark eyes. "I don't remember any 'young Mr. Farran;' I remember an Edward, who used to give me swings and lollipops."

Mrs. Bentley uttered a warning, "My dear!" but Julia was not to be daunted. She held out her hand warmly, and said—

"We are so glad to see you again, Edward! You will stay, I hope."

Mr. and Mrs. Bentley received their guest with courteous but elaborate welcome. He perceived at once that the old footing was gone. Mary was Miss Bentley, he was Mr. Farran, only Julia persisted in calling him Edward. They added to their goodnight a polite hope that he would come again if he remained in Hessle, and, the door closed, fell to making an estimate of him.

"Isn't he beautiful!" cried Julia. "He's better than ever. I'm sure he has lots of fun, though he didn't show it to-night."

"He has a very refined, nice manner," Mrs. Bentley remarked; while Mr. Bentley observed that young Farran was certainly clever, and must have been persevering.

Mary alone said nothing.

The following week Edward was formally appointed, and took up his residence in Hessle. He

speedily became a favourite with most of the families who attended the church; and before he had been six months in the place, might have been out every night in the week, had he been so inclined.

But Edward Farran was of a studious turn. He felt deeply how much more there was to learn before he could in anywise consider himself a worthy exponent of sacred lore. His whole heart and soul

Julia was Edward's most constant companion. Her own two brothers were away at college, and Edward filled the gap. He liked the bright saucy girl, who was clever and affectionate, and his very staunch friend withal. So he was a frequent visitor at The Elms, and, through Julia's influence and agency, an intimate one.

With Mary he did not get on so well. Something



"'Will you take this?' he asked."-p. 425.

were in the career he had chosen; and he desired only peace and freedom to pursue his studies when the day's work was done.

His popularity was not without its effect upon the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Bentley. They could not but be pleased when he accepted their invitations and excused himself from all others, alleging that they were such old acquaintances; nor were they above a little secret satisfaction at the envy of their neighbours, who would have been only too glad to secure the tall handsome young clergyman for their "at homes," and croquet, and lawn-tennis.

seemed to have grown up between them since the days when they had played together as girl and boy. He could not have believed that his gentle clinging little companion of former days would thus change. How often he had lifted her across brooks and over fences in their country rambles, picked black-berries for her, and led her home by the hand from the woods when she had been fatigued! Then it had been "Thank you, Teddy;" now it was "Mr. Farran." The pretty, gentle little creature had developed into a quiet dignified womanly girl, of whom he was more than half afraid. Yet, catching glimpses of the pensive

face, he could not say that he regretted the development. It only set him pondering and longing to know the thoughts that were passing beneath that calm exterior. She had grown beautiful, in a way that Julia, pretty as she was, never would. The delicate colouring and grace of outline were such as to satisfy the most æsthetic taste. The wave of the hair was what no art could emulate; the eyes large, deep, and tender; but above and over all was the entire feminineness of Mary's face. It was what the moss is to the rose-its greatest charm. This was Edward's analysis. It was in vain he endeavoured to place himself upon a more intimate footing. She was always the same quiet reserved creature, kind and polite, but that was all. The old days might not have existed, and, indeed, for his part he had never dared to allude to them.

A summer shower had driven a dozen or more excited young croquet-players from the garden. Mrs. Bentley, with Julia's assistance, was pouring out tea for them. Edward brought a cup to Mary, who was gazing absently out into the twilight.

"Will you take this?" he asked, handing her the cup, and then seating himself in an empty chair by her side.

"Thank you; but you have none, Will you not fetch yourself a cup?"

"Thank you, no," he replied, not adding that he would not run the risk of losing his position for the sake of a cup of tea.

"Miss Bentley," he said presently, coming at once to the subject uppermost in his thoughts, "I have been wondering whether you have quite forgotten the old times at Forest Gate."

"No, I have not forgotten at all," Mary replied, quietly.

"Remembering them, it seems so absurd that we should be 'Mr. Farran' and 'Miss Bentley,' does it not?"

"I think it does, perhaps,"

"May we not go back to the old form?"

"I should think we might," Mary replied, wondering all the while how her father and mother would like the arrangement.

Mrs. Bentley's eyes were even now turned towards them, piercing anxiously through the twilight gloom.

"Mamma is wanting you," she said, hastily divining her mother's thoughts; and Edward reluctantly obeyed.

Mary sat on in her far-off corner, gazing out at the shrouded world. "Then he has not forgotten," she was thinking, "and he thought I had."

They only met again for farewell.

"Good-bye, Mary."

"Good-bye."

And he was gone! Mary saw his tall figure disappear; then, excusing herself, disappeared to her own room.

As Edward walked rapidly along his homeward road, a revelation dawned upon him. He recognised for the first time what had drawn him to the Bentleys' house, and why he had been so interested in reviving the past in Mary's mind. But the discovery, sweet though it was, was tinged with more than pain. This girl with the gentle beauty was as far beyond his reach as if he had been the poor beggar who was even now soliciting his alms. He had known when he chose his career that he was giving up all hope of worldly prosperity; for advancement in position was not likely to fall to a man without friends, interest, or exceptional ability-so he told himself. He had thought the sacrifice a slight one, and rejoiced to make it in so high and noble a cause. Was he already to waver in his allegiance to his high calling? Edward met the temptation manfully, and prayed that he might, through tribulation of spirit bravely borne, render his service acceptable to the Master te whom he had devoted all the energies of body and

From that evening he avoided the Bentleys' house as much as he dared without creating suspicion. It was impossible to read from Mary's quiet face whether she remarked or was affected by the change. He found himself earnestly seeking for some clue as to her feelings towards him, but he could not flatter himself that she was even interested; and with his bitter disappointment was mingled a certain relief that she should be spared the pain that had crept into his own life.

Was Mary indifferent? Under that calm quiet exterior flowed a depth of thought and feeling that few guessed. No word or look of her old companion and play-fellow had escaped her. She had watched and observed, and at times been alarmed for him and for herself. Need she have been? she was asking herself of late. He came but rarely now, and no longer endeavoured to find moments of conversation with her. The fancy of the moment had passed, and it was better so, for she knew that it must have brought sorrow to both if it had lasted.

And yet the reflection was a bitter one—how bitter, she, who had cherished the remembrance of those past childish days through all this time, alone knew, but she, too, would bear her pain bravely.

(To be concluded.)



ANIMALS AND THEIR INTERPRETERS.

BY THE REV. W. HARRIS, M.A.



HE lower animals, the brute creation as we call them, constitute a subject of inexhaustible interest.

When have they not done so?

In the earliest memorials of civilised man, the Egyptian monuments, we see how that interest in crea-

tures which shared his earthly life and seemed subject to many of his own feelings—as love, fear, joy, rage, but which the absence of human language seemed to enshroud in deep mystery—at length clothed them with superhuman attributes, and made themobjects of idolatrous worship. The animal looked out upon man, as he does still, with eyes sometimes expressive of tenderness, sometimes of wonder, not seldom with a fixed stare, as that of a Sphinx, which seemed to defy analysis.

It was easy for the untaught imagination in early days to conclude that that calm look covered an unfathomable mystery. Since something not human was there, the conclusion was easy that it was divine. This is, perhaps, in part the explanation of what appears to us a monstrous and ridiculous form of religion—the animal-worship of ancient Egypt. It accounts for the beginnings of the system, which, once started, was developed by the natural growth of superstition.

That system was indeed developed to a marvellous extent in times before history, properly speaking, can be said to begin. When history withdraws the curtain that hides the past from us, we find, as the Bible informs us, that shepherds were "an abomination unto the Egyptians." * And it is a remarkable and interesting fact that the records of the succession of divine bulls at one particular centre of worship, which records have only been deciphered in recent years, furnish one of the means for fixing the dates in Egyptian history.

In another quarter of the world the same interest and mystery in animal life led men to a different superstition. Attracted rather by what was evidently common to men and animals, than by the differences between them, they came to the conclusion that the latter are really men in another shape. Every animal was supposed to be tenanted by the spirit of a human being who had already passed through life in human form. So powerful is the spell of this superstition, that, down to the present day, it is believed by thousands of our own fellow-subjects in the far East, who, in consequence of it, religiously abstain from taking animal life, even the life of vermin.

It is this superstition that Shakespeare has in his mind in "Twelfth Night," when the Clown, personating the Curate or parish minister, catechises the unfortunate Malvolio:—

" Clown: What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

"Malvolio: That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

"Clown: What thinkest thou of his opinion?

"Malvolio: I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion."

We observe that Shakespeare exhibits the real sanity of Malvolio by the answer which he puts into his mouth.

Independently of superstition, literature has felt the effect of the same interest. Every one is familiar with fables of two classes in which it plays a part. There are the fables like Æsop's, which endeavour to convey instruction in an entertaining form by attributing human language to birds and beasts. And there are the fables frequent in Eastern literature, with an aim similar to that of the former class, but which imagine the animals to employ a language of their own, which some fortunate dervish or other human being is endowed with the power to understand. It is plain that in neither class of fables shall we get much help in our attempts to understand the animal nature.

It is the human character that the writers seek to explain and illustrate. In doing so they seldom portray or make use of any but the most superficial traits of animals, and not always these. When, for instance, we hear the "croak!" of the frog, what true idea of the tenant of the marshes is suggested by the story of the frogs who petitioned Jupiter for a king? The fox and the stork, again, who each invited the other to a repast for the purpose of laughing at the unsuccessful efforts of that other to partake of it, are like nothing in nature. The fable-writers, in fact, do not attempt to be interpreters between the so-called irrational creature and the rational.

There are two scientific methods by which the subject has been approached in our own time. The one method examines the nervous system and the cerebral conformation of animals, and draws inferences from the presence of certain nervous elements corresponding to some which are observed in the human frame; the other pays particular attention to the actions of animals, and from them infers faculties such as memory, the power of drawing comparisons, and the like, all which faculties used to be disposed of under the single term "instinct," but are now believed to be more akin to reason than was supposed.

This slight mention of the two scientific methods will suffice for this part of the subject. For whatever knowledge may be acquired by means of them, and expressed in language, will not bring us much nearer to our friends, will not much help us to understand them. There is only one way by which that

^{*} Gen, xlvi, 31,

can be effected, and this is by living with them. Some of them are evidently adapted for becoming the companions of men. In that companionship, when the human friend contributes sympathy and kindness to the bond (and a little consistent kindness goes a great way), a body of knowledge respecting the animal, a power of mutual understanding grows up which it is almost impossible to analyse and express in words.

What description will explain or fully give an account of the mutual understanding between various kinds of dogs and their owners? The dog who is as eyes to the blind; the dog who shares the labours and the exciting pleasures of the sportsman; the shepherd's dog, in which class the Northumbrian Collie deserves particular honourable mention; the dogs of so many different breeds that share and appreciate human luxury—pet dogs; the costermonger's dog; the dog whose only title is the "poor man's friend;" all are witnesses to the understanding that may exist between dog and man. It may almost be said that every mood and character amongst men may find a kind of shadow or parallel in the dog.

Some persons appear to have a peculiar and personal gift enabling them to form friendships with animals. The following incident, which came under my own observation, but is not of a very uncommon kind, will illustrate what I mean. It happened that a family, consisting partly of little children, went to occupy temporarily a country house. On the morning after their arrival, as the paterfamilias was passing across the lawn, he was cautioned by the gardener not to approach too near to a certain dog which was chained to its kennel in another part of the garden. After expressing his thanks for the friendly caution, he walked on. As soon as he came in view of the kennel, he had reason for thinking that it had been no unnecessary warning, for the dog-no diminutive specimen of his kind-rushed towards him as far as the chain would allow, barking furiously.

Carefully keeping his distance, and vainly trying conciliatory language, he was proceeding about his business, when, on coming in front of the kennel, and getting a view of the interior of it, he saw, not without some alarm, one of his own little girls within. A moment later, the dog, suspending his efforts to get loose, had run back, and perched himself on the top of his little house, looking as if, so far from being annoyed at the presence of his intruding visitor, he was proud of it. It is scarcely necessary to say that the young lady was gently warned not to make too free with strangers; but in this case, I believe, a longer acquaintance never diminished the friendship which had been formed at first sight.

The foregoing anecdote illustrates a sort of individual sympathy in the case of domesticated animals. But something of the same kind has been observed even with regard to wild animals. There have been persons possessed of a peculiar power of winning their confidence. Such a man was Thoreau, an American of French extraction, who built himself a

hut in the woods, and lived for several years not only apart from men but even without domestic animals, He kept, he says, neither dog, cat, cow, pig, nor hens, and you would have said that there was a deficiency of domestic sounds, not even rats in the wall, singing of kettle, nor hissing of urn; only squirrels on the roof and under the floor, a whip-poor-will on the ridge-pole, a blue jay screaming beneath the window, a hare or woodchuck under the house, a screech-owl or a cat-owl behind it, a flock of wild geese, a laughing loon in the pond, and a fox to bark in the night. Thoreau had two qualities which helped him in his communion with the animal world-sympathy with Nature in a degree very rarely possessed, and untiring patience. He would sit on a rock unmovable as if he were a part of the rock, until the animal which his coming had frightened away would return and resume its occupation without regarding him, or would even come and watch him, under the influence of curiosity. Unfortunately, Thoreau never put into systematic shape his knowledge of the animal world, though that was such intimate knowledge that he has been likened to a certain apiologist of whom it was said that "either he had told the bees things or they had told him." Occasional anecdotes and expressions of his sympathy are all that he has left behind him in illustration of our subject. He tells us, for instance, of a certain mouse, belonging to a species which may be called wild in comparison with our domestic visitors, whose home was under the floor of his sylvan abode, and which became by degrees so intimate with him that it would run up his dress and feed out of his hand.

Curiosity seems to be the motive, and therefore the explanation to us, of that fixed stare so often to be observed in other varieties of animal life. Who has not seen an intelligent dog, who undoubtedly understands the meanings of many words (my dog always knows when itself is the topic of conversation between its human companions)-who has not seen a dog staring, not vacantly, but thoughtfully, as if it were trying with all its might to understand what people are saying? Cows and sometimes sheep have a way of directing a fixed look upon any intruder into their pastures, which seems to ask, as plainly as it is possible for inarticulate language to ask, Who and what are you? and what do you want? The attitude and expression of the bird, his head on one side, and his fixed look, are often ludicrously indicative of curiosity. Lastly, does not some one sing-

> Busy curious, thirsty fly, Drink with me, and drink as I?

There is probably a little poetical exaggeration here, in attributing curiosity to the fly. For it seems clear that insects have more in proportion of mechanical instinct, wonderful as this is, which performs its appointed tasks without any variation, as they have less of that power, which looks like reason, of adapting action to special and changing circumstances, and consequently they must be credited with more restricted curiosity.

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THE CHILD AND THE FLOWERS:

A PARABLE.

BY THE REV. JAMES CORNFORD, M.A., RECTOR OF PEPER HARROW, GODALMING.

HE storm was raging with unusual force. The wind had risen so high as to threaten to blow down the cottage where little Margaret liyed. And as she lay in her little cot and listened to the blasts which shook the casement near which it stood, it seemed to her as if the trees outside were moaning in their despair at being unable to stand against such a terrible

power. She heard them creaking as they bent before the gale, and every now and then a large branch would fall off with a startling crash.

"Oh, my poor flowers!" the child said to herself, "What will they do? They will all be killed."

She was so fond of her flowers. She took great care of them, and only the day before she had been amongst them and put her little garden in order though it scarcely needed it—because papa was coming home, and she wanted him to see it at its heat

It did seem very hard to her that the pitiless storm should come, and the wind and the rain sweep over those pretty little fuchsias and geraniums and roses just as they were looking so gay, and papa was coming home.

She was just falling asleep when she heard the garden gate open, and her father's step upon the

ravel.

Presently he came up-stairs to see his little girl.

He had no other children now. Four little green mounds in the churchyard told where the others were. So little Margaret, or Daisy as he called her, was especially dear to him.

"What! Daisy, not asleep yet? darling, how is this? and crying too! Why, what is the matter with my pet?" and so saying, he kissed the tears away as he bent over the cot.

"Oh, papa, papa!" sobbed the child, as she threw her arms round his neck, and returned his kisses, sobbing as she did it, "my poor, poor flowers! they will all be spoiled. I did want them to look nice for you, and now this naughty wind and rain will kill them all, and I shall never, never see them again;" and she cried still more bitterly at the thought of her favourite roses exposed to the rain which came in torrents against the window.

"Don't cry about it, dear," said Mr. Grant; "the wind and the rain do not *come* of themselves, they are *sent* by One who knows much better than we do what is good for us and for our flowers too. Don't you remember what we were reading about last Sunday, the lilies and how they grow, and how God cares for even the little sparrows which hop about the garden? Go to sleep, my little Daisy, and in the

morning you will see that your flowers are not dead; God will take care of them."

And so he left her, and the little maid sank into a quiet sleep which lasted till the storm had passed over, and all was still again.

After breakfast Mr. Grant said, "Come along, Daisy; let us go and look at your garden. I want to see how nice you have made it look since I have been away this time."

Little Margaret put on her garden-hat, and they went out together into the pleasant old-fashioned garden of Rose Cottage.

Every here and there they came across traces of the storm of the night before—branches of trees lying across the path; fruit, still unripe, shaken from its hold—and some of the taller flowers bending very low, from the force of the wind, or the weight of the rain beating upon them.

But when they came to the little sheltered nook where Margaret's garden was, you would scarcely have known there had been a storm at all.

True, a few of the heavy fuchsia blossoms were splashed with the wet soil: some of the largest rose blossoms had been knocked off; one or two scarlet geraniums looked rather weather-beaten; and there were deep marks in the ground where the heavy raindrops had fallen.

But when Mr. Grant had put a stick to support this drooping shoot, lightly brushed the leaves of that splashed plant, cut off a dead blossom or leaf here, and put a few skilful touches with the rake there, you would have said the little garden looked all the better for the rain—it was so fresh and green and bright.

And so Margaret thought, as she stood watching her father removing all the traces of the storm which had alarmed her so much the night before as she thought of her dear flowers all exposed to it outside.

"Why, papa," she said, smiling, "my dear darling flowers are not much the worse, after all; I think they look all the fresher for the rain. I was going to water them yesterday, only John said we should have web before night. Oh, thank you, papa! It does look so nice now, and my pretties aren't dead, after all."

"Daisy, my darling," said her father as they moved on down one of the side-walks, "you must try and trust the great Gardener, my child, who sends the rain and the wind as well as the sunshine. There was a time when four other little flowers besides my precious Daisy grew in my cottage garden, and were a daily and hourly pleasure to me as I watched their growth, and took care of them—my poor motherless darlings. But one day a great storm came, such blinding hail, such roaring raging wind and tempest, as I pray you may never see, my child—when no sun nor stars for days appeared. And my little flowers—tended with such love and care,



"The little garden looked all the better for the rain."-p. 128.

watched over day and night with prayers, my little flowers were taken from me, and for a while I cried, dear—as you cried last night—in my darkness and in my fear, for it seemed as if I had lost them, as if they had been wrecked by that cruel storm which took them all away. But in the morning my weeping changed to joy. God had spared me my little Daisy, and as I clasped you to my arms, dear,

your little baby lips asked me where brothers and sisters were, and I could only say, 'In heaven.' You taught me then, my child, what I am teaching you—to trust. And now I know my little darlings are transplanted to a better soil than this, where everlasting spring abides, and never-withering flowers—where no storms come, but all is calm and rest and peace. May little Daisy and I go there too!"

POEMS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

V.-POETICAL ELEMENTS IN OUR LORD'S TEACHING.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—CANT. ii. "
"I am the bright and morning star."—REV. XXII. 16.

HRIST is spoken of in both these texts.
In the motto from the Song of Songs, the word rendered "rose" is, perhaps, the narcissus (if old commentators are right), a bright reddish flower; or, more probably, a white-and-violet crocus-like flower, or the meadow saffron. The "lily of the valleys," in the original two most picturesque words, may be translated almost literally—

Marble or lawn-white lily t pale Of many a low and deep-sunk vale.

In the verse from the Revelation, Christ speaks of Himself as the Morning Star. Surely it may be said, without any undue exercise of fancy, that in such images as these, Christ promises to satisfy the poetical aspirations of humanity.

We have been speaking of the Poems of the New Testament—let us proceed to consider why Jesus Himself wrote none of these.

I. Jesus was not a writer. We are nowhere told that He ever wrote a single word, save on one occasion, when He stooped down and with His finger wrote on the ground. † He did not bend over books, and out-watch the stars in the silent vigils of study. He went out into the throngs of men. His wisdom naturally uttered itself in parables and dark sayings. It was characteristic of the superhuman method of the prophets, not to give their thoughts the form of abstract philosophy, or of transcendental speculation, but to clothe them with the flesh and blood of parabolic teaching.

This was the method which our Lord adopted. The Evangelist St. Matthew, whose nature was most deeply saturated with

the mystical interpretation of the Old Testament, saw in it a Messianic coincidence.* Jesus went with the crowds, and uttered words for the most part broad and popular—a stream of wisdom gushing copiously as outpoured waters. His deeper and more mysterious utterances were reserved for the more highly educated men of Jerusalem, or for the inner circle of His own disciples.†

Now, our Lord's abstinence from writing may seem singular, when we consider both the analogy of the elder dispensation, and the intrinsic superiority of written to spoken thought. This superiority appears to be symbolised by God Himself in the old dispensation. For much emphasised stress is laid upon the "tables of stone, written with the finger of God." † Written thought is, it may be, more finished and more accurate, and must be more permanent than spoken thought. We ask why these considerations were over-ruled in the case of the Divine Teacher.

One reason is derived from the very nature of Him through whom God spoke finally and perfectly. That which we admire in books is not their bulk materially. A big book is not necessarily a great book. A pewter bell, however huge, is pewter still, and can never produce a silver tone. We do not care for mere accumulation of facts. The book which is to live must start from a preliminary search after truth, laborious and sustained. It must be, in the last result, a mass of materials, compressed and fused by the fires of genius. "I propose the search after truth as the business of my life," wrote Bishop Butler at twenty-two. No one who has not made this his motto has ever written an "Analogy," or a "Criticism of the Pure Reason,"

• Childrilith. This curious quadriliteral word occurs only here and in Isaiah xxxv. 1.

† Shoōshăn, "lily," is connected with shōosh, an unused root—whiteness; hence shēsh, white byssus and white marble, and shoōshăn. See Gesen. Lex, p. 812.

* St. Matt. xiii. 35; Psalm lxxviii. 2.

t St. John viii. 6.

[†] Hence the *style* of the Saviour's teaching in St. John's Gospel, which mainly records this part of His discourses, is *necessarily* different from the style of His teaching in the other Gospels.

[;] See Exod. xxiv. 12, xxxi. 18; Deut. iv. 13, v. 22.

or a "Method of the Human Understanding," or a work like "Pearson on the Creed." But the possession of truth is not, with our Lord, the result of effort—the reward of search. He does not say-" after prolonged investigation, I have worked out a system which I propose for the acceptance of the public." He says, "I am the Truth."

And so His thoughts are preserved and made permanent, in a way which, after all, is grander than if He had Himself condescended to give them the form of a human literature. It is singular that the two men who have influenced philosophy and religion more powerfully than any others outside Christendom, have not left a single page in writing. Socrates was not an author. Cakya-Mouni never appealed to India in a single published document. Christianity, indeed, has a book of supreme authority; but Christianity is not a book. Christ has a vicar upon earth; but that vicar is His Holy Spirit. It has been contemptuously asked, How can we ever be sure that we possess the discourses of our Lord with even an approximation to accuracy? Had the Apostles note-books? Were they capable of stenography? St. John preserves one significant declaration of Jesus about the Holy Ghost. He makes no comment upon it. He leaves the church to do so for herself. "These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."* In every soul which that Spirit sanctifies, He reiterates these words again and again. He does not take a sheet of metal, or a fold of paper, for the purpose. But He prepares a human heart, with all its aspirations and sorrows. He cuts and writes His thoughts and words deep down into it. And after the wounded conscience, and the blood-drops from the very heart, the prophecy is fulfilled in which it is said of the days of the New Testament, "After those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts."† Such are Christ's living epistles, "written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart.";

II. But, if our Saviour was not a writer in general, He was not a poet in particular. One clause of the Te Deum is little understood, from the form of the translation. "When Thou tookest Manhood-Man-upon Thee § to deliver it, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb." And, because He took, not the nature of this or that man in particular, but human nature-Man -His gifts and powers were not out of balance, so to speak-exuberant in one direction, deficient in another-but in perfect equilibrium, and complete universality. The powers of human genius are finite. His infinite powers and capacities cannot be compared with those of limited mortals. The Man Christ Jesus was not, and could not be, technically, philosopher, poet, or artist, with the restrictions which even these grand endowments necessarily imply.

But He scattered, in the illimitable fulness of His powers, the first germs of thought, the seeds which have become mighty trees, covering the earth with a beneficent shadow, and whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations. Equally did He give the first germs of all that is most Not merely the beautiful in modern poetry. poetry of His works and life. Over all the awe, and tenderness, and depth of it there does, indeed, bend the blue of poetry. But that which makes modern poetry most beautiful is prepared in the teaching of our Lord.

The ancient classical poets can scarcely be said to have loved nature. They describe it beautifully, but coldly. Homer has, perhaps, no more delight in the moonlight scene than in the shield of Achilles. In the Christian fathers first appears that tender sympathy with nature which is one characteristic of modern poetry. The words of our Lord first gave the impulse of sympathetic delight in flowers, which gives such a charm to Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," and to Tennyson's "Maud." "Consider"-learn through and through-"the lilies of the field,"-the wild flowers, not the pampered children of the garden-"how they grow"-how tall and graceful-"they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these"* -not merely not like a bouquet or collection of them, but not even like one single flower. modern poetical character peruses the sky with solemn love and admiration, and loves its starry or golden sunsets, and the changeful colour of its Think of that first sky-piece in the Gospel, which paints the lurid clouds, and the sullen scowl, and the living "face of the sky." It finds types in Nature, an extension of the principle of parables. It loves children and their little ways, the games in which they draw their tiny charts, and broken fragments of human life. Modern poetry leaves heroic tales, however grand, and tragic situations, however classically perfect. It feels that a thousand dramas are being enacted every year beside us-in our homes, which are full of a rare human pathos, and touch a tender interest. The exemplar of such is in the parable of the Prodigal. The modern poetical spirit aspires to understand the poetry of history. The sacred rites which for the masses are an unspiritual superstition, and which hard people sneer at contemptuously, modern poetry loves to sympathise with and to interpret. What else did He do at the Feast of Tabernacles? A beautiful

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^{*} St. John xiv. 25, 26,

^{‡ 2} Cor. iii. 3.

[•] St. Matthew vi. 28, 29.

ceremony had come to accompany that feast. Each morning a priest descended from Moriah with a golden pitcher to draw water from Siloam. He went up with a choir chanting, "With joy shall ye draw waters from the well of salvation." * The ceremony concluded by pouring out water from the pitcher, with solemn prayer for rain in due season. The rite was intended to remind the spectators of water brought from the rock by the rod of Moses. But the memories of the past were used to awaken living hopes, and a dead history became a symbol of present happiness and future glory. Therefore this invitation meant this-" you renew a memory of the waters that gushed from the rock. Are there none among you smitten with a deeper thirst? Are there no pilgrims' lips which are parched? Long ago the prophet uttered the invitation, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come to the waters.' In Galilee, I Myself promised, 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." There was nothing fierce or fanatical about our Lord. Not voice but thought is great; earnestness is moral, not physical. Hence there was a noble quietude about His teaching. Save those cries of majesty, by the grave of Lazarus, and from the cross, never did He "cry" but thrice, and this was one of the three occasions. † "Jesus stood and cried, saving, "If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Our Lord does not condemn the golden pitcher, and what else of rite had grown up by way of accretion, which was not superstitious: He accepts and spiritualises it. Once more, it is a characteristic of modern poetry to consider nothing human alien from itself-to have its graceful interpretations of, and sweet apologies for, emotions and acts which the world treats with scorn, and which common-place good sense is disposed to criticise acrimoniously. A new sense, a golden key to the interpretation of these tender shrinking weaknesses was given by Him, at whose feet the woman which was a sinner "stood behind weeping, and began to wash them with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment." ‡ A similar construction was given by Him to the beautiful impulse which led another woman to break the alabaster box, and pour the precious nard upon His head. "Why trouble ye the woman? For she hath wrought a beautiful work towards Me." It is the glory of the intensest love to be folly in the eyes of matter-of-fact materialism. "What good is it? Why this waste?" It is an old objection. The justification of the woman's action by our Lord is the justification of Christian art in every form. It

is the instinct that has led people to rear the shafts and pillars that will not screen from shower and blast. It is this which has prompted the pencil to work its useless marvels, and the singer to build up the sacred poem, which is neither a religious lecture, nor a lecture on the evidences of Christianity, nor a sermon, nor even capable of being "utilised" as a collection of hymns. Our Lord teaches that beautiful actions have their place in His religion, and that they are not to be ruthlessly ejected by an acrimonious utilitarianism.

Our Lord, then, is not—could not be—a poet. For a poet is not humanity, but a specimen of one beautiful individual department of it. He is poetical, not as Milton, or Dante, but as heaven and earth are poetical. But if He is not a poet, He is the Fountain and Creator of poetry—of the highest beauty as well as of the highest truth.

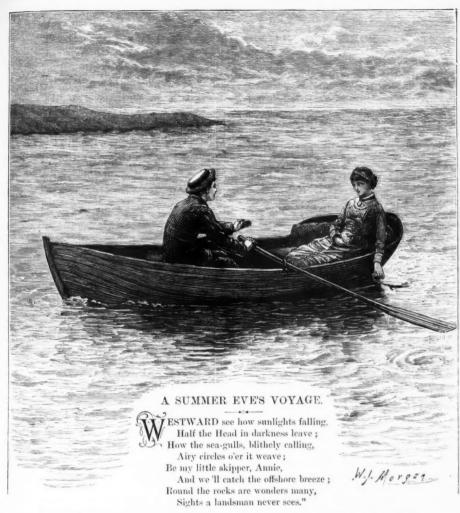
III. These thoughts may well direct our attention to one aspect of our Lord's teaching. His end in coming to earth was to save us. His name is Jesus, who divinely saves, not Bouddha who greatly knows-though in Him "are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden." came to "seek and to save that which was lost." In doing so, He traversed every path where souls were straying, and spake in every tone which could bring them to the feet of God. He has, indeed, words which are very terrible; * words which are not painted feathers, but arrows that "are very sharp in the hearts of the King's enemies."† But His teaching has also its elements of the noblest poetry, beginning from that part of it which shows us that we may find-

In the meanest flower that blows, Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Sermons are praised and blamed, even by Christian people, for strange reasons. If mere eloquence is little recommendation of a sermon from the highest point of view, assuredly its being poetical is a yet more questionable claim upon approval. Yet there are poems in the New Testament meant for the Church to sing. So far as we cannot feel the words of Mary, of Zacharias, of Simeon, of the angels, we are not true to ourselves and to our privileges. Why are we cold and absent in church while these glorious canticles are chanted? Evil, unholy, worldly thoughts; pride, hatred, covetousness, uncleanness, vanity-these darken all the glory, mar all the delicacy, spoil all the beauty. These untune the organ. These render even the poems of the New Testament dull and heavy. We have tried to suggest thoughts which may give an interest to these familiar poems. But there is an inner shrine of beauty even in the Church below, into which "nothing that defileth can enter."

† Psalm xlv. 5.

^{*} St. Matt. vii. 22, 3, xxv. 41; St. Mark ix. 44-48; St. Luke xii 4, 5.



Soon they cleave the bay, scarce ruffled, Soon lie off the headland's verge, See the rocks in oar-weed muffled, Mermaid-gardens 'neath the surge; Living star, and flower, and feather, Blooming, waving, far and wide: Faces—boy's and girl's together— Mirrored meeting in the tide.

Round the headland, careless drifted,
Float they where the shadowy swell,
Fitfully 'gainst rocks uplifted,
Back in silver torrents fell;
And they watched the gleaming shingle,
With the fishers' cots above;
Till blue heaven, grey earth, commingle,
And o'er ocean star-hosts move.

Why doth Annie dip her fingers
Pensive through their homeward track?
Silent, too, the oarsman lingers
As he rows his skipper back;
Fragrant eve and moonlight's glory—
Has their subtle magic wrought
Foretastes of "the old, old story"
Aye to young affections taught?

Happy, who thus seeking beauty,
Hand in hand like children find
From its quest love blossom, duty
In its outward forms enshrined;
Happier they, life's voyage ended,
Who attain the welcome Shore,
Where united hearts are blended
In the peaceful evermore.

M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

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HOMES AND HAUNTS OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.

JOHN BRADFORD.



E very name of Manchester is redolent of cotton goods, and calls up before our mind's eye a vision of factory buildings, tall chimneys, and ginger-bread houses, in which pale-faced, stunted "hands" live, crowded together, in squalor and misery in the smallest possible space that is not absolutely illegal. The

air is thick and murky, there seems to be a perpetual mist of cotton particles, and an eternal smell of oil, while the alternate whirr and thud of machinery make a dull humming sound, less soothing than the sea, less musical than the noise of falling water, but equally suggestive of turnoil and unrest.

Yet it was not always thus, for Manchester is not altogether of mushroom growth, but has a history of its own, dating as far back as the year A.D. 79, when Tacitus records how Agricola, after wintering at Chester, invaded Lancashire, and established a military station at the confluence of the rivers Irk and Irwell, which he called Mancunium. Nearly nine centuries later we read that Edward, King of Mercia, fortified Manchester against the Northumbrians; hear of it again at the Conquest, and under the Norman sovereigns; and find Leland-in the time of Henry VIII .- describing it as the quickest and most populous town in the county, having but "one parish church, several stone bridges, and a very fair builded college." The present cathedral is the church here alluded to, and is an ancient edifice in the style known as Perpendicular Gothic, though being of exceedingly soft stone, it has undergone such a continual process of repair and rebuilding that hardly any of the original structure remains. It is strange to stand before the western door, and, looking at its present surroundings, to recall that it is endowed with eight tenements, with parks, woods, and pastures, two manors, two mills-one for flour, and the other for dyeing-and a common bakehouse, at which it was formerly compulsory for the burgesses to bake. There is a curious mockery in reflecting that there were once rights of turbary (turf-cutting) over what are now stony streets! In this flourishing town was born, towards the latter part of Henry VII.'s reign, one John Bradford, of pious memory, who was destined to become a famous preacher, and to ascend from the martyr fires of Smithfield to the heavenly mansions in the very prime of life. His parents seem to have given him a good practical education, and he, perhaps, received it at the free grammar-school of his native place, founded by Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, whose literal instructions concerning his endowment were that no male infant of any age was to be refused. Here young Bradford became a fluent Latin scholar, learned to write a clear clerkly hand, and obtained some knowledge of figures, all of which accomplishments must have been supplemented by

that mother-wit which is so necessary to what is usually termed success in business. When old enough, he entered the service of Sir John Harring. ton, who was treasurer of the royal camps and buildings, and appears to have acted as secretary or comptroller under him, auditing accounts, and doing whatever writing was needed, both in his public and his private capacities. It was a good position for a young man, and would no doubt have led to something still better had not Bradford felt himself called to the ministry, in the furtherance of which purpose he left Sir John, and betook himself to the Temple, that he might give his mind entirely to study. This abode of lawyers did not, however, give him the opportunities he sought: so he removed to Cambridge. and there acquitted himself so well that in less than a year he received his degree of Master of Arts, and was immediately afterwards chosen to be a Fellow of Pembroke Hall.

In the merry old days of mail-coaches, passengers from London to Cambridge, as they were whirled along Trumpington Street on entering the town, caught a glimpse of the venerable front of Pembroke before any other college came in sight, while on the opposite side of the road their attention was quickly called to Peterhouse. It is one of the most ancient foundations in the University, and owes its existence to the piety and liberality of Mary de Valencia, the broken-hearted young widow of that Earl of Pembroke who was murdered in France, whither he had gone in attendance on Isabel, the Queen of Edward II., when she left her foolish husband, and retreated to her brother's court. The gateway leads into the old court, on the north whereof is the library, which was in Bradford's time the chapel, and on the east the hall, between which and the butteries a narrow passage leads into a second court, on the south of which the present chapel, the master's lodge, and the cloisters form a third and smaller quadrangle.

Let us enter the hall, with its high-arched windows on either side, and ancient oaken wainscots, and look at the portraits on its walls. The most conspicuous is that of its foundress, surmounted by her coat-of-arms, but more interesting to us are those of Nicholas Ridley, fifteenth master of Pembroke, the most learned of the martyrs who suffered death under the Marian persecution, and of Bradford, the hardiest amongst them. John Rogers, the first witness for the truth in that noble army, was also a Pembroke man, but of him there is no picture.

Bradford seems to have been tall and slender, with no superabundant flesh on his bones, of a ruddy complexion, and with auburn hair and beard. An energetic open-handed man, sleeping but little, and always to be seen with a book, which accompanied him to bed, and was again eagerly studied in the morning. His great friend at Cambridge was Martin Bucer, a German divine, and Regius Professor of Divinity, who commenced his work there in 1548, and died after somewhat less than three years of it. Perhaps feeling his own strength failing, he was anxious to send younger shepherds forth to preach to the Lord's flock in the wilderness, and endeavoured to persuade Bradford to devote himself to that work, but was continually met by his protestations of being too unlearned. Bucer's invariable answer to this plea was, " If thou have not fine manchet bread, yet give the poor people barley-bread, or whatsoever else God hath committed unto thee." He was not the only person who thought that the new Fellow of Pembroke had all the powers necessary to make him eloquent in the pulpit, for Ridley, who had by that time been advanced to the post of Bishop of London, pressed ordination upon him, gave him a preacher's license, and made him a Prebendary of St. Paul's.

Thenceforth Bradford went from one end of England to another, reproving sin, impugning errors, preaching Christ crucified, and inciting his hearers to a godly life; but he seems to have had no settled place of abode, nor to have met with any remarkable adventure, till the incident occurred which led to his

long imprisonment and painful death.

In the northern part of St. Paul's Churchyard. where the citizens of London were accustomed, in the Dark Ages, to hold their assemblies, there stood, when old Stow wrote his chronicle, a pulpit-cross of timber, mounted on stone steps, and covered with lead, from which (while as yet there was no printing, and few who could read) announcements, notices, and harangues of all kinds were delivered to the people. When men's minds began to be stirred by great religious questions, it was but natural that sermons should be preached from Paul's Cross; and the first record of its being used for that purpose is 1299, though the conflict waged between the old and new faiths was principally during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his two immediate successors. Here "Father" Latimer spake in his terse vigorous English to the crowd of men, women, and children who were always gathered together when there was a rumour that he would be the preacher of the day. Here Dr. Ridley officiated on the afternoon of All Saints' Day, 1552, using for the first time and explaining the new Book of Common Prayer, in the official presence of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and City companies; and here Bradford, by his appointment, preached from time to time, becoming exceedingly popular and much beloved by his hearers. Great was the excitement, when, at the beginning of Queen Mary's reign, the time-honoured pulpit was again occupied by Roman Catholic divines, inveighing against the doctrines of the Reformation, and offering to the expectant congregations the apples of Sodom instead of the bread of life. Great tumults arose, and the preachers were insulted, especially on one occasion when Bourn, the then Bishop of Bath, addressed the people, who were so enraged at his words, that they almost tore him out of the pulpit. In vain Bishop Bonner-who had succeeded Ridley in the diocese of London-besought them to be quiet, and in vain did the Lord Mayor command them to restrain their wrath. A dagger was hurled at the preacher; and, in fear of his life, he turned round and besought Bradford, who was behind him, to come forth, stand in his place, and speak to the furious rabble. So he stood up, and exhorted them to godly and pious obedience, and was received with a joyful shout of, "Bradford! Bradford! God save thy life, Bradford!" One man, with strange prescience, cried, "Thou savest him that will help to burn thee;" adding, "I give thee his life. If it were not for thee, I would run him through with my sword," But in spite of the noise and disturbance, he gained a hearing, and reasoned so effectually with the throng, that they were quite appeased, and departed quietly every man to his own home. Still, so great a crowd was a long while in dispersing; and the crestfallen Bishop Bourn placed less faith in the escort of the Mayor and sheriffs than in Bradford's presence, so he accompanied him to the shelter of the house occupied by the master of St. Paul's School, and there left him.

Later in the day, Bradford preached in Bow Church, Cheapside, renowned for its peal of bells, its fine old crypt, and the stone arches whereon it is built, which give the name "Court of Arches" to the well-known ecclesiastical tribunal. From that place he spoke of the tumultuous conduct of the out-door congregation as seditious misdemeanour; but was nevertheless summoned three days later to appear before the council in the Tower, and there accused of having, on the previous Sunday, taken upon him "to rule and lead the people malapertly, thereby declaring that he was the

author of the sedition."

This was of course a mere quibble, but it served as well as any other as an excuse for his imprisonment, and he remained in the Tower for nearly eighteen months, and was then called before the Lord Chancellor and others, undergoing a second examination a week after in the church of St. Mary Overy, then a beautiful structure, some portions of which remain incorporated in the present St. Saviour's, so well known to every one who passes over London Bridge with his eyes open, as it lays half-buried in its hollow on the western side of the Borough High Street.

Here it was that the dread tribunal of bigots sat when Mary Tudor was Queen of England, and here Bishop Hooper and John Rogers were examined, excommunicated, and remanded to prison on the 28th of January, 1555, only to be brought up again with Bradford on the following day to receive sentence of death. The execution of it was, however, delayed some time longer in his case, though a passage in one of his letters, written early in February, says, "This day, I think, or to-morrow at the uttermost, hearty Hooper, sincere Saunders, and trusty Taylor, end their course and receive their crown. The next am I, which hourly look for the porter to open me the gates after them, to enter into the desired rest,"

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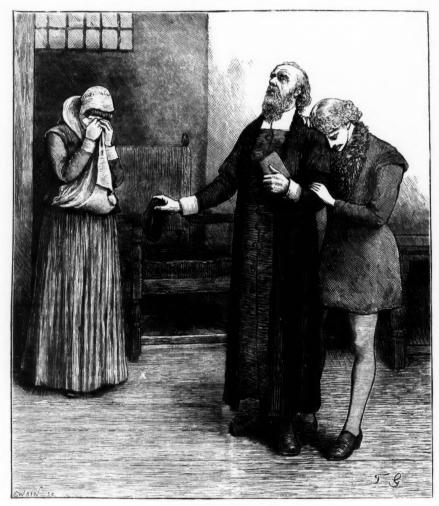
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The last six months of his life were spent in various London prisons, first of all at the King's Bench in Southwark, at the back of which lay the tiled buildings of the Marshalsea, wherein Lawrence Saunders and Bishop Ferrars were confined. Here, though a

the hour appointed by the officer who had him in charge. A friend once asked him what he should do if it were possible to procure his pardon and release, and he replied that in that case he would marry and abide still secretly in England, teaching the people



"'I thank God for it."-p. 437.

doomed man, he enjoyed comparative liberty, was allowed by his keeper to breathe the fresh air of the pleasant fields, gardens, and marsh that then fringed the Borough, to meet and converse with his companions in distress in the neighbouring prison, and even to visit a sick friend on the other side of the Thames. Opportunities of escape were thus numerous, but being one of those who loved honour more than life, he always returned rather before than after

as opportunity offered; and as we read the tender language of a letter to "my Joyce," we cannot but wonder whether she was the woman he had chosen to be his wife if it had been permitted him to have a loving partner in his journey through this trouble-some world.

From the King's Bench he was removed to the Compter in Bread Street, where he was in such good favour with his gaoler as to be allowed to preach twice daily

and administer the Sacrament, as many coming to hear him as his room would hold. He suffered a good deal from cold and rheumatism, and had a very poor appetite, seldom eating more than one meal a day; but the nearer his life ebbed towards its close, the brighter burned the gentle spirit within. Prisons were wretched places in those times, and though through the kindness of the keeper and his wife he had whatever comforts could be obtained, there were criminals in the other division of the Compter with whom things were very different, as indeed was only right, considering that they were reaping the reward of their evil deeds, while Bradford had done nothing amiss. To them he paid many a visit, beseeching them to turn from their sins and follow Christ, and recommending his doctrine by distributing the contents of his purse among them.

In the month of June a young man, named John Leaf, was committed to the Compter, by an alderman of London, in whose ward he had been living, and he was probably the friend with whom Bradford was walking and talking in the keeper's room, when that official's wife came in, breathless and half-amazed, crying, "Oh! Master Bradford, I am come to bring you heavy news!" "What is that?" asked he. "Marry," quoth the woman, "to-morrow you must be burned; and your chain is now a-buying, and soon you must go to Newgate." On hearing this, he took off his cap, raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "I thank God for it; I have looked for the same a long time, and therefore it cometh not now to me suddenly, but as a thing waited for every day and hour; the Lord make me worthy thereof."

Then, after praying by himself for a while, he came forth and talked with his companions till evening, when a few friends came to see and bid him farewell. The wife of one of them had made him a new

shirt, which was also to serve as a shroud, and he put it on like a wedding garment, spoke last words and made little presents to all in the house, and was taken towards midnight through the streets to Newgate. The distance was short and the hour late, but the news of his removal and impending fate had got abroad, and numbers of people stood watching along the route to exchange a last adieu with the martyr, who, they heard, was to suffer at four o'clock the next morning in Smithfield. A large concourse was gathered together by that time, but Bradford and Leaf were not led forth till nine, and casting themselves down on either side of the stake, spent a minute or two in prayer. Bradford then picked up a faggot and kissed it, and taking off his outer garments, asked that they might be given to his servant,

The sheriff promised him that this should be done, and seeing that he was beginning to speak to those around, silenced him,

Then Master Bradford asked all the world forgiveness, and forgave all the world, begged the people to pray for him, and, turning his head round to John Leaf, said—

"Be of good comfort, brother; for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night."

He then embraced the bundles of reeds encompassing the stake, and exclaiming, as the fire laid hold upon his limbs and body, "Strait is the way and narrow is the gate that leadeth to eternal salvation, and few there be that find it," was soon out of pain.

With such victims were the bale-fires of Smithfield fed, and thus were sown in England the seeds of that hatred to Popery which finally bore fruit the expulsion of the race of kings the last of whom would fain have brought it back again to the country he mis-ruled.

RELIGION AND INTELLECT.

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART, STRETFORD, MANCHESTER,



AN is distinguished from all other creatures by his possession of mind—his powers of thought, judgment, and memory. As he receives impressions through the

medium of his senses, so by means of his mind he acquires knowledge, forms ideas, and acts with intelligent design. By its exercise he has penetrated to the depths of the earth, and brought to light her innermost secrets. He has informed himself of the elements of which it is composed, and of the laws by which it is governed. He has traced the path of the planets, measured the magnitude and distances of the stars, and revelled in scenes of

overwhelming grandeur. He has reclaimed waste and desolate places of the earth, and erected upon them cities of stately magnificence. He converts the raw products of nature into articles of usefulness and beauty, draws from them unfailing supplies of food and clothing, and makes them minister to the conveniences and comforts of his home. He has laid down in every civilised country a network of communication which takes him over enormous distances with an ease and at a speed which a century ago would have been deemed incredible. His ships traverse the ocean, and in mastery of winds and waves link together the remotest places of the world. He has stretched from con-

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tinent to continent, over lofty mountains and at the bottom of the sea, his electric wire, and can flash his thoughts from one end of the earth to the other with a rapidity which vies

with the lightning.

Every object in the physical universe, every creature possessed of animal life, every action of his fellow-men he brings within the sphere of his research, so that he may understand the structure of all organisms, unveil all material processes, and comprehend all motives. Historians bring before our minds the events of the past, give us an insight into its struggles and triumphs, and enable us to grasp the principles of its progress. Poets embody in verse their visions of ethereal beauty, and lead us through the stately realms of imagination. Philosophers seek out the causes of things, and strive to unveil their deepest essence. The discoveries of physical science, the inventions of mechanical art, the productions of poetical genius, are, indeed, wonderful, and by his exercise of this strange power, man has vindicated his right to the dominion which God assigned him at his creation.

What, then, is the relation of religion to this great power? Is it friendly and helpful, or is it in any measure hostile? The question is, in one view, superfluous. A principle of conduct which binds us to God cannot impair one of the noblest parts of His work. If we live in communion with our Creator, we must be in sympathy with the design of our creation, and allow to all our instincts and powers their legitimate scope. We shall neither ignore nor indulge them, neither overthrow their reasonable authority, nor consent to their usurpation of a position to which they are not entitled, and which they cannot occupy with impunity. Religion, therefore, must be favourable to the development of intellect.

A contrary impression has, indeed, widely prevailed, and to some extent it has doubtless been fostered by the language injudiciously used by certain advocates of religion. The acceptance of Christianity by men of the highest genius and learning, the civilisation which has everywhere followed in its train, and the manner in which it has quickened the mental no less than the moral power of the races who have received it, are a practically conclusive proof that the impression is

erroneous.

The position we shall here endeavour to establish is that Religion on the one hand insures the highest culture of the intellect, and on the other prevents its undue exaltation.

Religion honours our intellect by insisting on our conscientious use of it. It regards all our powers as bestowed on us by God for wise and holy ends, and requires us to use them in obedience to His design. The fact that they are derived, and not self-created powers, suggests the manner in which they should be employed.

Among our faculties, the mind holds a distinguished place. It is higher than all animal instincts and affections, and is intended to rule. not to obey them. It is the instrument by which we control and conquer nature, discern the existence and harmonies of truth, and appreciate the laws of beauty. Its exercise is involved in the operations of the conscience, and the play of the spiritual affections. The revelations of Scripture are addressed to the intelligence as well as to the heart of man, and without its aid we should be as powerless to contemplate the realities of the kingdom of heaven as is a man without sight to discern the garniture of beauty in which the world is robed, or to distinguish the brilliant light of noonday from the grim darkness of night,

A faculty so noble in itself and so important in its office cannot be neglected by those who are obedient to God. He would not have conferred upon us so kingly a power for a weak or frivolous purpose. Its inherent greatness and its possible achievements measure our responsibility in regard to it. We cannot suffer it to lie in disuse without despising Him whose will is the supreme law

of our life.

The plea which in recent years has been so persistently urged in the name of Culture—that it should be man's aim to perfect himself by training to the uttermost all his faculties, is, in its true form, thoroughly Christian. The Gospel de-preciates none of our powers. Its ideal is higher than our highest thought. God Himself is our prototype. The boldest imagination cannot advance beyond the command, "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Neither among ancient philosophers nor modern naturalists has there been the discernment of a sublimer ideal than Christ's. It comprehends whatever is good and true in all other aims. It conducts us to a path of endless progress, and points us to a goal which we may approximate but can never reach.

In the pursuit of such an aim as this, intellect must be persistently used. The powers which are wrapped up in our nature must be unfolded. In understanding, in knowledge, in judgment, we are to be men. We must have a well-informed and carefully disciplined mind. Religion is no friend to intellectual sloth, to weak and maudlin sentimentality. It has no jealousy of truth, from whatever quarter it approaches us, but gives it a generous welcome. It censures those timid and indolent habits which lead men to shrink from manly and honest thought, and subject them to the sway of dull and sluggish prejudice. It lays its hand on all our powers,

and claims them all for God.

Religion further honours intellect by the preuliar scope it affords for its exercise. It makes strong demands upon its service for the comprehension, the exposition, and the systematic arrange-

ment of its truths. To understand the nature of these truths, to discern their connections and harmonies, to show their bearing on the interests and duties of life, requires vigorous mental activity. They are the loftiest and most inspiring which the mind of man can grasp. no easy task to form a worthy conception of God, the King immortal, eternal, invisible. To estimate the meaning of events greater and more wonderful than those which have determined the rise and fall of empires, to bring ourselves under the sway of powers which our senses cannot apprehend, to form an adequate idea of the spiritual world, to master even the rudiments of Christ's doctrine is not the privilege of an Apart from the opposiintellectual sluggard. tion which Christianity has had to encounter, and the consequent necessity of answering the objections which have been urged against it, its teachers require for their task a mental equipment in no way inferior to that which is possessed by the teachers of science. We cannot definitely realise in thought, or express in words, the truths of the Divine revelation without The Gospel has strenuous mental exertion. this peculiarity, that while it at once commends itself to the conscience of universal mankind, it incites the mind to continuous activity, and opens a path for the profoundest research. A merchant can avail himself of the aid of the electric telegraph, though he knows nothing of the nature and laws of electricity; but ought he, as an intelligent man, to rest satisfied with such ignorance? Or should he scorn the path of knowledge because he can succeed in life without the toil and trouble of treading it?

Religion, as a life, is independent of profound and scholarly research, but, as a science, which it also is, it demands such research. A thoughtful, conscientious man cannot passively acquiesce in a traditional creed. He will be constrained to examine its foundations, he will strive to represent definitely to his mind the truths which have previously stirred his heart. He dare not belie a God-given element of his nature, or impose on himself a restraint against which he will con-As his intelligence and piety tinually chafe. increase, these themes will possess for him a growing attraction, and he would be unfaithful alike to God and to himself were he to turn from their contemplation. Can a man pretend to a knowledge of the earth when he has simply glanced at the grass which clothes its meadows, at the corn-fields from which we reap our harvests, and at the trees which yield us their fruit? Is there no need for the minute and patient labour of the botanist and geologist? And however much we may rejoice in the sight which gladdens us as we survey the surface of the earth, we must dig deep beneath the surface if we are to learn anything of its structure, and obtain possession of the metals which are stored up for our use. The choicest treasures in the natural and spiritual worlds alike are concealed from the view of the indolent and indifferent observer, and only he who searches for them as an explorer in a new land, or as a merchant-man in quest of goodly pearls, will

acquire them for his own.

The idea that the Gospel can be best appreciated by ignorant and uncultured minds, that ripeness of knowledge destroys the bloom of our piety, robs it of all simplicity and fervour, is erroneous. Is a student of science more incapable than a ploughman to discern the beauty of the dew-drop as it glitters in the sunshine? Does his knowledge of the process of its formation and of the forces, powerful even in their gentleness, of which it is the result, take away the charm which entrances him? The botanist who labours diligently in his herbarium to understand the principles of growth in the vegetable world, to watch the formation of cellular and vascular tissues, of stem and of leaves, and who further classifies the various specimens he has collected, that he may trace the operation of one great law under manifold diversities of form, is he debarred from admiring the wild luxuriance of Nature, or rendered insensible to the majesty of her forests, the graceful forms of her plants, and the exquisite colours of her flowers? The astronomer who has mastered all the hard and dry details of his science can delight in the gorgeous splendour of the heavens not less than the simple-minded rustic of the last generation who knew no distinction between a star and a planet, and who would have stood aghast at the thought that the earth moves round the sun. Knowledge enhances our conceptions of the greatness of the universe, produces in us feelings of profounder veneration for the majesty of its Creator, and clothes our thoughts of His love in the hues of a richer glory. And so it will be found that a scientific acquaintance with the facts of religious life will by no means divest them of their wondrous and many-sided charms. The strong glare of knowledge will not dim their splendour, or reduce them to a level of dull common-place. If we keep true at heart, we shall not lose the child-like simplicity of our faith, or be deprived of a full and spontaneous joy in our communion with God.

But if religion thus honours intellect, it no less effectually controls it and saves it from the excesses to which it is prone.

It insists on the development of our whole nature, the emotional no less than the intellectual, and so deprives the intellect of the exclusive supremacy which has been falsely claimed for it. The heart, equally with the mind, is the gift of God, and we are as much bound to afford play to its affections as we are to gratify our thirst for knowledge. Religion protests against all extremes, and sanctions no departure from the ordered harmony of nature.

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It is undoubtedly an error to depreciate culture and rely for guidance solely on our simple and untutored instincts. But we shall not uproot that error by falling into the opposite extreme. There is in intellectual, as well as in other labour, a tendency to one-sidedness. Learning does not of itself secure the balance of our powers or curb the violence of the passions. Great scholars are often men of maimed and stunted growth, disfigured by weakness, selfishness, and vice. The prevalent disposition to idolise genius, to regard it as the chief criterion of worth, and to treat with complacency its moral lawlessness, is on every ground to be deplored. When the intellect has thrown off the restraints of moral principle, when it is not balanced by a warm loving heart, and allied to a vigorous will, there will be an inner discord more harsh and hurtful by far than the ignorant but conscientious believer can possibly know. The contrast between a man's intellectual and moral strength is in many cases startling and deplorable.

Man is not all intellect, knowledge is not the whole of life. The clearness of our perceptions should be illustrated by the purity and nobleness of our deeds. No amount of culture can exempt us from the laws of morality, or justify our moral delinquencies. The common affections of mankind, the primal instincts which place us on an equality before God, are sacred, and without their aid the light of the most refined and accomplished mind will be cold and chilling as ice. Religion demands the service of the whole man; not of a fragment of him, however noble. And in the end we shall find that "'tis noble only to be good," A higher value attaches to moral and spiritual power than to intellectual. The possession of a pure generous upright character is of greater moment than comprehensive knowledge and clever dexterous judgment. Purity of heart rather than accuracy of thought, unflinching integrity rather than infallible insight; godliness rather than greatness, is the order of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Religion further prevents the usurpations of the intellect by the submission of its claims to a spiritual and not to a simply intellectual test. The truths of science are apprehended by purely scientific methods. Honest and persevering observation, working with adequate instruments, will insure for us all that we require. The power which infallibly reaches the desired results is centred in the intellect rather than in the heart. But in the sphere of religion it is not so. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." Men of genius are not, of course, disqualified from the discernment of spiritual truth, but they require other capacities than genius can bestow. The instruments and methods which have led to such remarkable discoveries in physical research are not equally applicable here; nor can we submit to their

decision the great problems in which we are so profoundly interested. We have faculties which natural science cannot call into play, wants which it cannot meet, and it is to these that religion makes its final appeal.

This mode of procedure is in no sense arbitrary. We cannot test the worth of a great poem by its conformity to the rules of mathematics, nor solve a problem of Euclid by the intuitions of our moral sense. It would be an act of folly for a blind man to deny the existence of colours, or to laugh us to scorn when we tell him of the gorgeous tints of sunset. A deaf man may deny the charms of music, but who would give heed to his denial? Colours cannot be heard, sounds cannot be seen, but they exist nevertheless, and their existence is not affected either by our knowledge or our ignorance, our faith or our unbelief. Scepticism on these points would arise simply from the defects and limitations of our own nature

There are also realities which the scientific method can neither discern nor test. Man, as a spiritual being, has other than intellectual powers. The Gospel does not ignore his intellect, but it refuses it unlawful authority. It is addressed to man in the entirety of his being. His mind yearns for light, his heart for love. His conscience binds him to God by a strong sense of duty, and yet torments him by its accusations of guilt. There is imprinted on his heart an ideal of perfection which he strives in vain to reach. He is swayed by aspirations which transcend the range of the seen and temporal. He longs for immortality, and feels that without it life is a perplexing riddle, and the thought of perfection a dream. Why should we enthrone intellect as the supreme arbiter, and allow no voice to the conscience and spiritual affections? It is as unscientific as it is suicidal to suppress the religious emotions. Whether they are obeyed or resisted, we cannot escape their influence. Fichte has said that our system of thought is often no more than the history of our heart. To a larger extent than we know the judgment is swayed by the affections. Christ promised the vision of God to the pure in heart, made knowledge dependent upon obedience, and reserved the glories of His Gospel for them that love Him. The critical and argumentative powers have important functions to fulfil in examining the evidences of Christianity, in discussing the origin and authorship of its sacred books, in expounding its truths, and arranging them in their mutual harmonies. But when that work has been successfully accomplished, and the most rigorous demands are satisfied, we shall still be on the mere threshold of the temple, in the outer precincts, and not in the innermost Holy. Ability to explain the structure of a telescope will not reveal to us the glory of the heavens; we must look through it, we must use it, or we shall be no

wiser than the men who trust to their naked eye. So the Bible demands not merely speculative curiosity, critical analysis and scientific exposition, but loving and trustful self-surrender. It can fully be interpreted only by the life. To approach it in a tone of dictatorial authority, or display towards it an air of patronage, is utterly unseemly. Christ reveals to us a mercy to which—sorely as we need it—we have no claim. He establishes a process of renewal, which alone can end the conflicts and harmonise the discords of our life. He clothes us with strength for which—apart from Him, we sigh in vain. He makes us sharers of His own immortality, and our dependence upon

Him for these supreme blessings should surely be borne in mind.

To those who view the Gospel from afar, doubting, criticising, speculating, its precepts and promises are a dead letter. Those, only, who enter the temple that Christ has built, know how solid are its foundations. They see for themselves its fair and graceful proportions—the glories with which it is adorned, the treasures in which it abounds. They know that it is in truth the work of God, and that here He communes with men; and often is it given to them, as they worship at the sacred shrine, to see the King in His beauty, and the land that is far off.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.



HE day dawned like other days—that is, like others of its kind, there was nothing remarkable about it. How was I to know what would come to me before its setting? The fact is, we never do know what may happen.

It was a wretched February morning. Shivering I rose and dressed, an hour earlier than usual, feeling as dull and dismal as ever I had done in my life.

I had been into North Wales on business, which I had conducted successfully, and I was now about two thousand pounds the richer. But money cannot buy happiness.

Business again called me, and I was returning to town. I caught my train, settled myself in a convenient corner, arranged my rugs, etc., as comfortably as might be, and prepared for a tedious journey, musing discontentedly meanwhile.

The rain poured steadily down; everybody who entered the compartment looked wound up to a purpose. Very few were the remarks made: the weather did not invite geniality. Soon I withdrew my mind from making observations on those around me, and became entirely occupied with my own thoughts.

Why should I trouble myself any more about money-making? was my first query. I had enough now for my modest wants. I was only a crusty cross old bachelor, with red hair, freekled face, long limbs, sullen awkward ways, and cantankerous humours indulged in on the smallest provocations. I was angry now, because I had to turn out so early on a nasty damp February morning. I was angry, and envious also, because no pleasant home awaited me at the end of my journey; because there was no one in the wide world to care whether I got back safely or not.

I saw fathers with pockets stuffed out with toys for their children, and I envied them also. I watched husbands buying presents for their wives, and I felt inclined to complain bitterly of fate because I had no wife.

Of course there are some men-though of only a poor middling kind for the most part, as I take it at least-who will laugh at me, and call me a fool for my pains. But what do I care for them? Their shallow merriment betrays them. In rashness or folly they have made an unwise choice, or, perhaps. instead of catching they have been caught; and now they are ready to declare, just because they have been deceived, that there is no such thing as truth in the world. Wise deduction, certainly! But I am truly sorry for them. These lifelong mistakes are terrible things, and by no means fit subjects for merriment, either on their part or mine. Though I may say that I have no intention of making merry: I have no patience with the mean conceit of those men who would insinuate that they are better-that is, that they have more goodness, more constancy, more long-suffering and loving self-denial and true courage-than women! Pshaw! They let the light in upon their own secret hearts again, and betray how little they know of the race of loving helpmeets, whom their Maker has placed beside them. They show to all who will take the trouble to observe them that their poor ignoble natures have no power to appreciate or even to discern what is best in women; and many and many a loving heart-too gentle and too noble to disdain and despise them, as they deserve-will nevertheless fall from them in inevitable and absolute coldness and indifference that can never be warmed into love again so long as life shall last. Say these women, "We thought that men were better than ourselves, and doubtless as a rule they are; but these are not." To which a nobler-natured man, thoughtful and truthful, replies, "Doubtless, dear hearts, the man is the stronger animal of the two, and, as such, has the more powerful brain and nerves; but in the subtle delicate inner nature, full of all that belongs to the world immortal, with its holy aspirations, undying faith,

and tender, unselfish, unwearied love, here women surely bear away the palm!"

And which is the better and higher of the twobody or spirit? living soul or dead clay?

But in these thoughts I had hit myself, and hardly, and I felt more ill-tempered than ever. My disappointment in life, my aimless days, and lonely state of bachelorhood, were entirely my own fault.

As I sat there in the draughty carriage, with strangers who cared not a straw for me (ah, love and care are two wonderful powers!) coming in and out, and putting down and taking up their wet umbrellas and wraps, I looked back, and I saw myself ten years younger. I was a boarder at a certain house, in a pretty country village, not too far from town. In the evening I returned from business, and sat down at the big table, as comfortable and as much at home as if I had been really one of the happy family congregated around it.

Father and mother, brothers and sisters—I watched them all, and loved them all. I had never known any of my own relations. A solitary waif and stray, I had so far made my own way in the world.

And I fancied that sometimes she felt for me that is, the eldest daughter of this family, pretty Jeanette Warder—my little fire-sprite, as in my secret heart I called her; and a fire-sprite indeed she looked, in her warm crimson dress, with its pretty trimmings and laces.

Always neat and tasteful, always merry and lively, and withal a perfect little lady, was Jeanette Warder. Ah, I regretted her now as I thought of her! Why did I let her go? I had watched many young girls-heedless, thoughtless, almost heartless I had thought them all. But not so Jeanette. had left her girlhood behind, but not her innocence and youthful lightness of heart. A noble woman was Jeanette, and many a half-hour I spent in musing over her perfections. Yet I did not speak. I was indolent, easy-going, "Time enough yet," I thought. I had but little coming in then, and I dreaded poverty, and having to fight for a living, "like a coward in a corner," as some one says. I had little of the quality denominated Push, and I determined to wait a while. At last there was a talk of removal, and I became alarmed. But they stayed on. Months passed, and I went away for a summer holiday. For a month I was absent, leaving no address, in my indolence; and when I returned they had left the village. My few possessions had all been taken good care of, there was a letter of explanations and of farewell left for me, and strangers now rented the house. I was vexed and disturbed, and put off writing from day to day till, I honestly own, I felt quite ashamed of myself. But when I did begin to write, of course I wanted the address, Ah, that tiresome letter! I hunted high and low for it, but I could never find it; and I always supposed that in my vexation on reading it I had inadvertently thrown it into the waste-paper basket.

Well, as time passed on, I felt that as a wife no

woman but Jeanette would ever suit me. Many a time as I sat lonely and tired in the evening by my lodging-house fireside, I tried to paint Jeanette's portrait in a chair which I had drawn up opposite. Crimson dress, purple-black hair woven in a crown of braids, olive-tinted complexion, soft changing colours in the pretty rounded cheeks, dark sparkling expressive eyes, beautiful open brow, and mobile lips. And then the slender brown hands—how often I had watched them in their light yet busy labours; but I do not think that Jeanette ever knew it.

And Jeanette had her faults also; but they were faults that, as I thought, only made her the more lovable. She was quick-tempered, exacting, impetuous, impulsive, but, oh, so loving! I have noted her many a time when she probably supposed that no one saw her—noted her and envied the warm caresses she bestowed on every one in that house but me.

With a shrill whistle, and with startling shricks and snorts, the train came to a stop once more. I alighted; I had no luggage, and I walked at once to see a man with whom I had an appointment just outside the station.

The rain had ceased, but everything looked sodden and wretched. I soon returned, and amused myself by walking up and down the platform. I had an hour or two to wait for my train.

Many others were waiting beside myself. Of these only a few attracted my notice. I observed a young couple, evidently newly married, looking as if they could not pay each other attention enough; yet they played off little jokes at each other's expense, which I thought a mistake. But perhaps that was because I was a serious old bachelor, who had almost forgotten how to laugh.

Then I observed a young wife, with pale worn face and great sad eyes. She had two little children with her, and a baby in arms. If I had wife and children like these, I was just thinking, how I would love and cherish them. Then up came her husband, and I soon saw that he was chiding her. He stayed with her about a quarter of an hour, making himself as disagreeable as possible, as I considered, and then walked off to a bookstall. I saw the young wife's eyes glisten; but no tear fell. Then she moved her baby-a bright pretty little fellow, but very restless -probably he was wondering why neither father nor mother spoke to him in this strange place. The other two children, both young, now leaned on their mother's knees, and looked up at her wistfully, as if feeling that all was not right. She did not meet the childish eyes; more tears were gathering in her own now. She appeared wearied, too, with her baby, and sighed half-impatiently as she changed his position once more.

Sometimes I stood still for a few minutes as I mused and pondered; then I resumed my walk to and fro on the platform. Probably that sorrowful careful young wife had once been a happy bride, her husband's pride and joy, his first consideration on

earth. And now I glanced once more at the young couple whom I had judged to be enjoying their honeymoon. They were sitting together in the refreshment-room, with cake and tea before them, about which, however, they did not seem to care, their pleasure appearing to consist solely in each other's looks and smiles.

Would he ever frown at her he loved, and feel satisfaction in chiding her? Would her young happy face ever grow careful and sad, and would her bright eyes ever fill with tears at the hard words of him who had sworn to love and cherish her? It was not unlikely, I thought. They teased each other even now in their love. What would they do by and by when their first eager affection had cooled?

How did these changes come about, I wondered? In the majority of instances I suspected that common politeness failed first, and that would make the rest only too easy. The husband grew less attentive—the wife perhaps more capricious. Each expected too much of the other. Ah, earthly love is largely mingled with the dross of selfishness!

Little things, little things! what power they have over us! winding their webs and soft yet terribly strong bonds ever more and more closely about us, making or marring us daily. A smile or a frown, a kind word or the miss of it, a glance of exacting jealousy, or a look of gentle trust and patience, these are some of the hinges on which life turns for good or ill.

I was a dreamer in those days. I was recalled from my reverie by the sound of a voice that startled me strangely—at once quick and plaintive, pleasant, yet touched with fretfulness. And it was not a young voice—whose was it, and what had it to do with me that I should start at the sound of it?

"You are tired," it said. "Perhaps you will allow me to relieve you of the little one for a few moments? I am fond of children, and they are generally good with me,"

I could not see the speaker's face, for it was covered with a thick fall. Involuntarily I glanced at her dress. It was grey. Eagerly I scanned the small figure as I stood still now, a little behind the bench on which sat the weary young mother, her little ones, and the stranger.

"It is Jeanette!" I thought, as I watched her with the child, and my heart gave a great bound of relief and entire satisfaction, mingled with my surprise.

The little one did not approve of the thick fall. Jeanette removed it.

Yes, it was indeed Jeanette. And I watched her long. Her face was sad, her checks had lost their roundness and colour; she was changed, yet it was her very self.

At length I walked away to exult over my dis-

But why had she discarded her pretty crimson dresses for dull sober grey? And why had she the look of one alone in the world? and also the air of one who has no need to study appearances?

And then—I hated to put the question even to myself, yet I put it—had any one in the world more right to her than I? "No!" I answered, fiercely; and now I suddenly grew calm, while I smiled at my own folly.

This idea roused me effectually. I felt angry, sulky, ill-used, unreasonable, and all softer feelings left me for the present. Jeanette, indeed! What was she to me, or I to her? And I would not return to my old post on the platform, but marched instead into the refreshment-room. I had had no dinner, and, in a voice that commanded instant attention, I ordered a chop and potatoes; and going on into an inner room—almost deserted now, but clean and cheerful, and having a good fire burning in the large grate—I sat down.

And—will the reader believe me?—nearly opposite me sat Jeanette. Her gloves had been removed; there were no rings on her hands. There was a cup of coffee before her, and a sandwich; but she was occupied with some letters—so deeply occupied that she had not even glanced up at my entrance.

My chop was brought, but now I did not care for it. I ate a mouthful, felt thankful that I had missed my train, wondered what I should do next—and all the while my eyes were fixed upon the little figure before me, with face turned towards the fire, and little feet on the fender.

How wonderfully destiny sometimes woos us human beings! and how perversely we often behave on being so wooed!

She had not seen me yet. The chop was cold, the potatoes were watery—my stupid doubts and tormenting fears and suspicions came back—I rose to go. She and I were the only persons in the room now. I reached the door, I heard her sigh; and then came the crackle of the letters as she re-folded them, and as I glanced round I saw her putting them into a little black bag which she had beside her.

That glance did for me. She saw me, recognised me, gave a great start, and half rose to her feet, then sat down again, with a lovely colour as of old in her thin cheeks; and as she crossed her hands on her lap before her, I saw that they trembled.

With scarcely less trepidation I turned, and advanced towards her. She rose and held out her hand immediately, with the proud yet cordial grace I had always admired in her.

I took the little hand and kept it for a moment.

"Miss Jeanette Warder?" I said. She bowed.

Then we sat down, and at least an hour passed quickly by, while we interchanged inquiries and

explanations, satisfactions and regrets.

And I found that the woman I loved—for I did love her—was really, like myself, alone in the world. Her father had been dead for years; her brothers had emigrated to Australia; one sister had died; and she, Jeanette, was returning from Liverpool, and from seeing her mother and only remaining sister off to join her brothers, who were doing exceptionally well in Sydney.

And Jeanette herself had not cared to go. Why not? I did not know, but the mere fact that it was

so gave me courage,

We missed another train; and in that same refreshment-room we drank a cup of tea together, in remembrance of old times and our old friendship for we had always been good friends.

I ignored business for the time being. What did it signify? There would be time enough to-morrow,

no doubt, for all I cared to do.

Jeanette, I found, was going to London (as I was), to a family with whom she held a comfortable situation as governess to three young children.

We were in the train at last. The night was clear, the rain-clouds of the morning had all rolled away, and the sky was bright with stars. Jeanette and I said but little now to each other. She was near me; for the present that was enough; and we watched trees and fields and hedges, and scattered villages and scattered lights, and dim outlines of houses flit past, in silence.

Nearer and nearer we drew to our journey's end. I was no longer a lonely man. An instinct, strong and certain as if a voice from the unseen world had spoken the words aloud, said, "You have beside you your other self. Be happy."

At last the train stopped. I sighed a long, long sigh of regret. I got out, and as I assisted Jeanette, I whispered—

"Jeanette, the only woman I have ever loved, you will be my wife, darling?"

I had to wait for my answer, but I got it before I left her; and then, having seen her safely to the house which I resolved should be her home very little longer, all being well, I returned to my lodging—my two untidy rooms—exultant. What did I care for untidiness now, or cold silent rooms, or for the necessity of putting up with paid service? I should soon, I trusted, know what it was to have a home, and a woman I loved to rule in it!

And as I laid my head on my pillow I thought:—
"Wonderful day! I have lived a little life in it!
And I can scarcely believe that it was only this very
morning that I rose ill-tempered, lonely, with only
stupid money-making as my object in life, and with
not a soul to love me!"

For a little while Jeanette's letters were my joy, and then I had herself. And often we went over the history of that one day—eventful day for us both; and as often as we did so we offered up our thanks where thanks were due.

My Jeanette sits by me while I write; looking over me while she mends the children's socks and pinafores. There is no cloud on her brow yet, and I hope there may never be—of my causing, that is.

"Husband," she says—and I love to record her words—"while you write of the happiness of earthly love, do not forget to say one little word for the love that shall last for ever."

"I will not, Jeanette."

And in deep reverence I write it.

God gave us love—holy, heavenly gift. Let us not in the gift forget the Giver.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

CANNOT want if Thou, my Shepherd King,
Dost call me forth by name to follow Thee;
Stilled is my heart, beside the water spring,
Calmed in green pastures, where Thou leadest
me.

Oft as I faint, so oft by Thee restored,
My feet are led in paths of rightcousness;
To crown Thy Name with glory thus, dear Lord,
Dost Thou have pity on my waywardness.

How could I know such love as Thine and fear?

E'en though my soul death's shadowed valley wends,

I have my comfort, and my path is clear:
Thy Staff supports me, and Thy Rod defends.

Thou in the mocking presence of my focs
Dost like some powerful Host prepare me meat;
My whole life's cup with mercy overflows,
And Heaven-sent ointment shields from noon-day
heat.

So dost Thou ever, mindful of their needs, Grant to the fainting Life-sustaining Bread; And from the Heart that for our grief still bleeds, Pour the Anointing Blood so freely shed.

Surely Thy goodness and Thy mercy, Lord,
As they have followed, will pursue me on,
Till lengthened days are passed, and I, restored,
Quit Thy Courts here, to leave no more Thy
Throne.

CECIL MOORE, M.A.

Jesus, Lead Us.



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SHORT ARROWS.

EDUCATION IN EGYPT.

ST now, when public attention is being directed to Egypt, we may profitably note a very important work which is being quietly but successfully carried on there. This is the establishment of schools on Christian principles, conducted by one of our countrymen. The schools include accommodation for pupils of both sexes and

varied nationalities, amounting to about five hundred; a large proportion being Moslems, who are instructed in the Scriptures, and in general subjects. There is every hope that these advantages will be still further extended.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

Noble work is being done, and done unobtrusively, amongst our sailors by Miss Weston. Her modest account of her working in the Navy is most interesting. We learn that she is in correspondence with officers and men on board every one of Her Majesty's ships; and her accounts of meetings on board, held in such unlikely places as engine-rooms, and even in the maintop, prove how the good is spreading in all directions. The influence of the monthly letters (known as "blue-backs") is very great, as the circulation averages ten thousand a month; and it is hoped this number will soon be doubled, as the demand from all branches of the service is rapidly increasing. At the last meeting, Admiral Sir W. King Hall spoke of the great and lasting benefits which, under Providence, Miss Weston was conferring, and stated that she was beloved throughout the Navy for her noble and blessed Christian efforts,

A PROTESTANT SYNOD IN PARIS.

A great ecclesiastical event took place not long ago, viz., the closing of the session of the Synod of the Reformed Church in France. The result may be looked upon as a great gain, and we may congratulate ourselves upon its success. The Synod has voted a complete organisation of all represented churches. A fund has been started on voluntary principles, and the resolutions voted by the several commissions can be carried out independently of State assistance. This practically brings matters to a crisis, as the result tends to create a Free Reformed Church, which is apparently a paradox. But this will sooner or later bring about the enfranchisement of the Protestant evangelical party in France from the official limitations which at present surround it. When this happy time arrives, we hope to see the Reformed Church triumphant in France,

A KAFFIR CHURCH.

A few miles from Middleburg, in the Transvaal, there exists a very interesting little colony of Christian Kaffirs. For a period of twenty years M. Marensky, of the Berlin Lutheran Mission, has been working in this field, now so blessed in its fruits. There is now a handsome Church erected by the Kaffirs, which affords ample accommodation, and of which nearly two thousand worshippers avail themselves. Besides this, there are schools for the young; and the land, at one time a howling wilderness, is now divided into farms, and resounds with the noise of industrial pursuits and the voices of a happy Christian community. The diligent planting and watering and the sowing of the good seed have been blessed with a hundred-fold increase in that far-distant land.

TRAINING-SHIPS.

The Member for Leominster (Mr. T. Blake) has been lately visiting the training-ships at the various stations, and it is very satisfactory to learn from him that, as a rule, the boys are so well-looking and healthy. When we remember that most of these lads were formerly idle street Arabs, ignorant if not criminal, we may congratulate ourselves that the training and treatment our sailors of the future receive is such as to fit them for a useful life as defenders of their country at sea, and, we trust, as champions of her Church as well.

WOMEN'S WORK IN INDIA.

In the reports from Barrackpore of the good work done by lady missionaries, we read of a very interesting family gathering of Brahmins. When the reader goes to the house in question, many native women assemble, and gladly listen to the Gospel tidings. On one occasion, when speaking of the cleansing of the leper, and being asked if they would not ask Jesus to make them clean, one compared the god Krishna to Christ, but was reminded that the former meant darkness, while the latter was the Light of the World. One person in particular was most anxious to learn, and actually "drank in" all that was told her. She is learning to read, so that she may study the Bible for herself; and the women generally much regret the departure of their instructress. pray that they may have "bright eyes to see the Bible truths," and it is said they all take a great interest in the teaching of the Gospel. Surely, here we Christians at home have much cause to be thankful. A little anecdote will show that the teaching is making way even with children. One little girl actually brought her doll, and asked that it might be sold to pay for the new books she required, as her father could not provide them. When we consider the treasure that a doll is to any child, we can estimate the self-sacrifice of the young scholar, who wished to remain at school. Testimony is not wanting from other sources that the Gospel is making sure and certain progress amongst our Hindu fellow-subjects.

COFFEE-STALLS IN THE DOCKS.

A new movement, and one that deserves mention, has lately been initiated in the London Docks, where coffee-stalls are now placed for the refreshment of the labourers. The plan has succeeded admirably; the men are kept from the baneful influences and associations of the public-houses, while endeavours are otherwise made at the Railway-arch Mission Hall to win their souls to the better life. Efforts are made to relieve bodily distress, as well as spiritual destitution, and the success hitherto attained tells us that the labour has not been in vain.

THE GOSPEL IN FRANCE.

The spread of the Gospel in France is fast extending. In Brittany the ranks of the Christian soldiers are being rapidly filled. At St. Denis, St. Ouen, Elbouf, Havre, and other places, Gospel tidings are preached, and eagerly heard. In the Department of Oise, one village at least has lately invited pastors to instruct the people in the truth, and other villages are uniting in similar requests. From Lyons and Marseilles the influence is extending to surrounding districts, and in the former city great numbers are joining the Church. At Cannes and Bordeaux we have verbal testimony to the power of the Gospel when even only a portion of the English preacher's address is at first understood by native listeners. Houses are voluntarily opened for Biblereading, and the visitors are cordially welcomed. It will be found important to glance at the prospects of the Church in France. There are four religious sects supported by the State, viz., Papal, Lutheran, Reformed Church, and the Jewish. The nominal adherents of the first-named naturally outnumber the rest, but the following statistics show the numerical strength of the Protestants. Prior to the war of 1870-1 there were about 300,000 Lutherans in France. This number is now reduced to about 70,000, as the majority are residing in Alsace and Lorraine. Out of that 70,000 about one-half are in Paris. Of the Reformed Church it appears there are 630,000 members; but the old Reformers are divided into two parties-the Orthodox and Rationalistic. It is a difficult question to answer when one is asked respecting the future of the Church in France. Still, we can see that progress is made, and rapidly made, and we are justified in hoping for the best.

THE RAILWAY FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

Of especial interest to many of our readers is the newly-sanctioned line of railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, which Baron Albert Rothschild has engaged to support. Let us trace the projected line, or at any rate look at the districts through which it may be expected to pass; districts celebrated in Bible narrative. A crowd of memories surround Joppa (Jaffa). Here Noah is said to have built the Ark, here Hiram landed the cedars for Solomon's Temple. Here Jonas the prophet embarked for Tarsus, and St. Peter came here from Lydda to restore to life Tabitha, whose dwelling is still indicated. Here lived Simon the tanner, by the seaside, From Jaffa there is a way direct to Jerusalem, and it enters that city by the Jaffa gate. Coming out of Jaffa we reach a sandy district through the territories of Dan, and soon a swelling plain opens before us. Next the Vale of Sharon is seen and the village of Gazun will be reached. Here the prophet Gad is said to be buried, and near the present road, to the right, is Beit-Dagon-the House of Dagon of the Philistines, and not far from Ashdod, where the Ark was deposited before the fish-god, and triumphed. Proceeding onwards, we pass Sarapend, and soon come in sight of Arimathea (Ramleh), a city of dust and ashes and sand, as its present name implies. It is a good-sized town, and from here a view can be obtained of the plain of Sharon from Samaria to the sea. Leaving behind us two villages, Berea and Kubab, we shall reach Emmaus (Nicopolis), scarcely the Emmaus of Luke, for this is about 30 miles from Jerusalem. Further on is Latrun, the Modin of the Maccabees; and Aynab, or the Well of Job, which is just half-way on the journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem by the path or road. Thence we proceed to Kirjathjearim, and probably following the direction taken by the bearers of the Ark from the Philistines. This place might be the Emmaus mentioned by St. Luke, as it is nearly eight miles (or "threescore furlongs") from Jerusalem, a three hours' walk. Lower down can be seen the tomb of Samuel, and after a time the tower on the Mount of Olives becomes visible, and then by the Jaffa gate we enter Jerusalem. The railway will scarcely follow the above track, but it will probably pass within sight of all the places mentioned, which are so full of holy memories for the Christian traveller,

AN AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN.

From the report of a very interesting specimen of the Kindergarten system in Boston, Mass., we learn that it is the means not only of amusing and instructing the children of the neighbourhood, but of bringing in strangers to the truth from the highways. In the room used for religious meetings, children's classes are held during the afternoon. In these classes the children are taught domestic duties by means of toys. Ladies come, bringing with them all things useful to the management of kitchen or housewifely duties. After certain practice—tidiness in work being a feature specially attended to, and cleanliness insisted upon—the committee endeavour to procure situations for the most deserving girls. There is another side to this institution, however. While domestic lessons are cheerfully learnt, religious topics are touched upon; and thus into the daily life Christian teaching is pleasantly and successfully introduced.

THE BLIND ORGANIST.

We lately heard an interesting account of a blind lad who played the organ in the Capuchin church at San Sebastian. He was very glad to be read to by one of the female attendants at the Protestant Bible class, and prayer was made for him. The young woman urged the lad to attend the Bible meetings, and, after some hesitation, he at length consented. He was by no means a promising case; apparently it was not until the conclusion of the prayers that the Divine light shone into his soul, and he felt the Holy influence in his heart. His simple childlike confidence in the answer to his prayers is very touching and remarkable. All this time nothing had been hinted to him about his own faith; but he voluntarily relinquished the organ, and found other work. His home is at enmity with him, even his mother hid his clothes to prevent his attending the meetings, but he came in his ragged suit, and persuaded his sister to "taste and see how gracious the Lord is."

Society may be observed in such a way of sobriety and grandly true hospitality, that angels, much more Christ and God, will gather to it unawares; or in such a way of ambition, flashiness and worldly assumption, that the Holy Spirit cannot get room in it for any smallest dispensation of His gracious impulse, — Horace Bushnell,

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

90. Give the name of a false prophet who is mentioned in the New Testament.

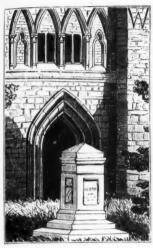
91. "A Sabbath-day's journey." Where is this given as the distance between two places?

- 92. Quote a passage from one of the prophets in which is set forth the sins of Sodom, for which God destroyed it,
- 93. Who is it speaks of Adam as the "Son of God"?
- 94. What event followed the death of Saul at Gilbon?
- 95. When David the king ordered the numbering of the children of Israel, who were exempt?
- 96. Give two instances in which the Midianites and the Ishmaelites are mentioned as one and the same people.
- 97. Mention the first occasion in the Bible where a blessing is accompanied by the "laying on of hands."
- 98. What remarkable event in the history of Israel is connected with the separation of the tribe of Levi from the other tribes?
- 99. Who was it obtained a blessing for himself and his posterity, because he was jealous for the honour of God?
- 100. From what passage may we conclude that Jacob must have had a severe struggle with the Amorites some time during his travels?
- 101. Who is it gives us the only definition of religion which is recorded in the Bible? Quote passage.
- 102. Quote a passage in which Jehoshaphat shows his great confidence in God at a time of great danger.
- $103.\ \mathrm{On}\ \mathrm{what}\ \mathrm{Mount}\ \mathrm{did}\ \mathrm{Jesus}\ \mathrm{stand}\ \mathrm{when}\ \mathrm{He}$ wept over Jerusalem ?

- ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 384.
- 76. The chief captain, Lysias, for he tells us he purchased his freedom as a Roman "with a great sum" (Acts xxii, 28).
- 77. "Behold, this Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against" (Luke ii. 34).
 - 78. The cave of Adullam (1 Sam. xxii. 1).
 - 79. Enoch, the seventh from Adam (Jude 14.).
- St. Thomas, when he saw Jesus after the resurrection says, "My Lord and my God" (John xx. 28).
- He [Jehu] did not put away the golden calves which Jeroboam had set up (2 Kings x. 29—31).
- 82. "And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity" (St. Matt. vii. 23).
- 83. Moses, in recording God's answer to his prayer, says, "But, as truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord" (Num. xiv. 21).
- From St. John, in the Book of Revelation (Rev. ii. 14).
- 85. St. Luke tells us that "Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep;" also that on the next day they came down from the hill (Luke ix. 32, 37).
- 86. The Psalmist says, "He rained flesh also upon them as dust, and feathered fowls like as the sand of the sea" (Ps. lxxviii. 27).
- 87. "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn" (1 Cor. ix. 9, and 1 Tim. v. 18).
 - 88. The prophet Jeremiah (Jer. vi. 16).
- 89. King Herod was punished by God with a fearful disease because he listened to the voice of flattery, and delighted therein (Acts xii. 22, 23).

ROBERT RAIKES, THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

A CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION.



HEN we see the large, well-regulated, and flourishing Sunday-schools attached to churches and chapels of all denominations throughout the United Kingdom, it seems almost impossible to realise that they are only the growth of the last hundred years, and that in 1780 the idea of a Sabbath-school was a mere

gern, a novelty looked upon coldly by those who dreaded excess of zeal, despised by others for its insignificance, and totally ignored by the greater part of even the religious world of that period.

There had recently been a time of rousing and awakening in the land from the long lethargy in which both Churchmen and Nonconformists had been slumbering. Whitefield and the Wesleys had travelled and preached, and raised a wave of fervent piety which, perhaps, reached its fullest height in the western counties. "Farmer George," as his rural subjects loved to call the king, had expressed his wish that every poor child in his kingdom should be taught to read the Bible. The philanthropist Howard was in the midst of his prison crusade, and Christians generally began to realise that faith ought to manifest itself by works, and that in the streets and lanes of the cities were multitudes of young souls to be saved, and stray lambs to be gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

The father and founder of Sunday-schools was Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, a well-known and honoured citizen, who was in a peculiarly advantageous position for undertaking and carrying through any scheme for the benefit of his fellow-men, and without whom we might, perhaps, never have seen the movement assume its present proportions. In order to estimate rightly his place and influence in the old cathedral city, we must go back to the previous generation, and see how it came to him both by right of inheritance and force of habit and training. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the son of a Yorkshire clergyman settled himself at Gloucester

as a printer. He was a public-spirited man, with a considerable share of enterprise and a dash of independence about him, who thought the condition of his adopted city as deplorable as its capabilities were great. The narrow streets were unpaved and filthy-almost as full of unsavoury odours as those of Cologne; and though people did not then couple dirt and disease together, Gloucester had an unenviable reputation for ill-health. The gabled houses, with their overhanging upper storeys, were eminently picturesque; there was no crowd of shipping at the quay, though small foreign vessels occasionally sailed up the Severn, and a wherry went to Worcester twice a week; and as there were no coaches, communication with the rest of the world was extremely limited. Bull-baiting and cock-fighting were in full force, rogues and vagabonds were flogged weekly through the streets; and this state of affairs, far from being local and peculiar, was the normal condition of most country towns. Raikes the printer, as he was called, was the first to ventilate these evils, and did it by setting up the Gloucester Journal, which was only the ninth provincial paper that appeared in England, and was hardly larger than a sheet of foolscap. It was a breath of new life blowing in upon the stagnant pool, for wherever a good cause could be advocated, or a bad one cried down, the Journal was foremost in the fight. It was open to intelligence from every quarter and to correspondence from all classes, it aided charities by publishing their claims and by inserting their subscription lists without charge, it called attention to the terrible condition of the city and county prisons, and was so unworldly and at the same time so well-to-do that paying advertisements were never suffered to encroach on the space allotted for news, and were sometimes left out entirely rather than that any unusually interesting budget should be curtailed. George Whitefield, who after being a thievish boy was developing into an exemplary young man, frequently dropped an effusion into the proprietor's letter-box, and it need hardly be said that so outspoken a paper, like every other thing or person worth his salt, had a tolerable share of enemies. How Mr. Raikes got into hot water with the House of Commons for presuming to publish accounts of its proceedings is matter of history; but he and his news-sheet managed to survive and hold their heads above water.

Somewhat late in life the successful journalist married a lady twenty-five years his junior, who made him an excellent wife, and became the mother of three boys, the eldest of whom, and the one in whom our interest centres, was born in a modest house within the cathedral precincts, which still exists, and was long inhabited in more recent years by the late

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Dr. Wesley. The father saw no more pleasant nor honourable pursuit for his first-born son than his own, and gave him a liberal education, which was called into requisition betimes, as at the age of twenty-two he succeeded to the editorship and proprietorship of the Journal, and the management of a large printing and publishing establishment, which was carried on in a quaint old timbered house, now standing in a capital state of preservation, in Southgate Street. Here he became one of the most influential men in the city, and ten years after his father's death married a Gloucestershire lady of a good county family and connections. It may be said, that pursuing a good work bequeathed to him by his parent among the miserable inmates of the two gaols, led indirectly to the development of Sunday-schools. The wretched condition of prisons at that time has been graphically told both by John Howard and Mrs. Fry, but perhaps it was nowhere worse than at Gloucester. Men and women were huddled together by day in a room twelve feet long by eleven broad, the state of which, when it contained fifty or sixty inmates, may be better imagined than described. At night they were consigned to two equally horrible apartments, in which the felons were provided with beds, clothing, and three-pennyworth of bread daily; while the debtors had no allowance either of food or money, slept on straw if they could not afford to pay for wretched beds, and, unless they retained a little money of their own, were entirely dependent on charity. This was in the castle or county prison; and things were as bad morally in that belonging to the city, except that the debtors there received rations of bread, and a money allowance for the purchase of food. For some little time before Howard became interested in prisons, Robert Raikes was working quietly in the two that were open to him, soliciting assistance for the frequently starving portion of the inmates, receiving subscriptions at his newspaper office, making public appeals through its medium, and pointing out the defects of a system which provided so inadequately for them. Not content with ministering to their bodily necessities, he went among them as a brother man, lent good books to such as could read, persuaded the latter to try and teach the more ignorant, endeavoured to find employment for those who could work, giving them little rewards in money, and procuring for them such small indulgences as their situation would permit. Above all, he strove to soften the ferocity of their behaviour to each other, which was best done by the example of his own thoughtful kindness,

These were his personal labours, and his continual denunciation in the *Journal* of the want of proper accommodation, cleanliness, and occupation in prisons was not without its weight in upholding and strengthening the hands of Mr. Howard and Sir George Paul, through whose exertions two Bills were passed through Parliament which effected a permanent change in the treatment of criminals.

During the hours spent by Mr. Raikes among these outcasts, he could not but observe the slowness and dulness of scholars unaccustomed to bend their attention to anything but mischief, and see how they had grown up to men's and women's estate in utter ignorance of both the duties and restraints of religion. Of one young man, who was hung for burglary, he tells us, "He had never received the smallest instruction, never had offered up a petition to his Creator, knew not how to pray, and was totally devoid of all sense of a future state." One Sunday, a gentleman from Dursley, who had come to Gloucester in the hope of being allowed to visit two prisoners who were under sentence of death, called on Mr. Raikes. They walked together, conversing on the subjects on which they both felt so deeply, to the lowest and worst part of the city, where they saw boys playing at all kinds of sports. "What a pity the Sabbath should be so desecrated!" sighed the stranger. "But how is it to be altered?" questioned his friend. "Sir, open a Sabbath-school, as I have done at Dursley, with the help of a faithful journey. man," was the reply. Mr. Raikes, knowing the other to be a follower of Whitefield, said he did not think it would do for any one outside the Church to do it, This, of course, had reference to Gloucester being a cathedral town, and one in which feeling was likely to run so high, that the Church, under whose wing such schools would have the best opportunities of success, would refuse to take them up if started by those who were without her pale.

On another occasion Mr. Raikes went into a suburb near the pin factory in quest of a gardener, and, while waiting to speak to him, chatted in his genial pleasant way to the wife, saying how sorry he was to see such wretched groups of ragged children playing in the streets. She told him how far worse it was on Sundays, when those old enough to work at pin-making were free to make as much noise and riot as they chose, to play at "chuck-farthing," and curse and swear in the most horrible manner. Some few, she said, were indeed put to school during the week by Mr. Stock, the good curate of the parish, but on Sundays they joined the rest, regarding the day merely as one on which they were loosed from their tasks, and at liberty to follow their own inclinations.

This conversation gave further impulse to a project which had no doubt been forming itself in the good man's mind for some time, and he inquired of the woman what dame-schools there were in the neighbourhood, and was speedily directed to four, with the mistresses of which he agreed that they should receive as many children as he should send in upon the Sunday, and teach them to read, and to say the Church catechism. For these services they were to receive a shilling apiece, and were well pleased with their bargain. Mr. Raikes next called on the clergyman who had been mentioned by the gardener's wife, told his story, and found ready assistance, as he at once offered to go round to the four schools every Sunday afternoon to see what progress was being made, and endeavour to enforce order and decorum, All that now remained to be done was to secure the goodwill of the parents, among whom the proprietor of the Journal was more or less known as "the poor man's friend." From house to house he went, reasoning with them on the too certain consequences of their children's growing up in ignorance and vice. No one was better qualified to speak than he, and they knew it. The greater number pleaded poverty, and the want of clothes, as a reason why they could not send the boys and girls either to school or church. But Mr. Raikes persuaded them that clean faces and hands, and neatly-combed hair, would always be sufficient passport to the Sunday-school; and in a few weeks they saw the advantage for themselves, and sent the children regularly. Mr. Stock, who had entered so heartily into the plan at first, bore a portion of the expense, and soon secured the cooperation of one or two other clergymen, one of whom undertook to hear the Sunday scholars say their catechism in church once every three months, and rewarded those who acquitted themselves to his satisfaction with a little present.

The very first of these schools, in order of time, was opened in St. Catherine Street, Gloucester, in July, 1780, and it is consequently the hundredth birthday of the movement that Christians all over the world are now invited to remember and celebrate. It was held in the house of a Mr. King, whose wife taught it for three years at the small stipend of eighteenpence a Sunday, being the original shilling offered by Mr. Raikes, with sixpence added by Mr. Stock. After three years Mrs. King died, when her husband undertook her office, and discharged it most

conscientiously for many years. The second school was established by Mr. Raikes alone in his own parish, St. Mary de Crypt, and nearly opposite his own house. It was taught by a Mrs. Sarah Critchley, who lived next door, and became known to posterity as "Raikes' own." The children ranged, as to age, from six to fourteen; the hour of assembling was 8 a.m., and the curriculum consisted of reading lessons from the New Testament, portions of the Church catechism, and of Watts' hymns, but of course there was always a detachment who could only spell and be taught a few lines by word of mouth. The founder was generally present himself when school began, and took a certain share in the teaching, though less in the way of what is ordinarily deemed instruction than in exhorting his rough pupils to be kind to each other, dutiful to their parents, and to give up the habit, then so prevalent among all classes, of cursing and swearing. Now and then there was a distribution of small books, combs, shoes and other garments, to the most diligent. After a time, many of the children, knowing that their benefactor usually attended early morning prayers at seven o'clock in the Ladye Chapel of the Cathedral, expressed a desire to go too, so they used to assemble at the house of one of the mistresses, walk before her two and two, and after service went round to bow to Mr. Raikes, and, if any disputes had arisen

among them, to make their complaints. Then they would walk with him down the nave, while he gave away sweets, gingerbread, or pence among them. These dainties were probably the attraction to the greater number, but it must not be forgotten that children have bodies as well as souls, and that a very sure way to the heart is through such means. The Dean and Chapter of Gloucester at the present day would hardly sanction such an introduction of eatables into their holy and beautiful house!

It was at the end of 1783 that Mr. Raikes first began to call attention to his scheme in the columns of his paper, which by that time had a wide circulation. His paragraphs were copied into many others, and letters came pouring in upon him from all parts, asking for further information, which he was always ready to give. One of his letters was forwarded to and published in The Gentleman's Magazine, another in The Arminian Magazine, and a third in The European Magazine. The movement was adopted throughout England, and in four years after it was made public in The Gloucester Journal there were 250,000 children collected in the various towns and villages to receive instruction every Sunday. Queen Charlotte took a warm and kindly interest, and hearing on one occasion that Mr. Raikes was staying near Windsor, sent for him to come to the Castle and tell his own story. Mrs. Trimmer, whose "History of the Robins" is not unknown even to children of the present day, not only wrote her praises, but collected and taught a large Sunday-school at Brentford; and Mrs. Hannah More, whose writings were rather the fashion of her time, did the same on a smaller scale in the neighbourhood of her Somersetshire home.

In 1786 one of Mr. Raikes' friends and fellowworkers-a Mr. Fox, who began life as a crow-boy on a Gloucestershire farm, and lived to become a wealthy London merchant—propounded a scheme for establishing a Sunday-school Society; and, in connection with some of the good laymen of the day, such as Thornton, Hoare, and Hanway, it was not only founded, but in such good working order that within a year it had started five schools in London alone, and in the course of nine had supplied 91,915 spelling-books, 24,232 Testaments, and 5,360 Bibles, to 1,012 schools. It must be remembered that these indispensables were far more expensive then than now, and the cost of hiring teachers even at so low a price as one or two shillings per week was a heavy drain on the funds, and in fourteen years amounted to £4,000. Money was not subscribed, either, as freely as could be wished, and a time at length came when Sunday-schools languished for lack of the sinews of war. It is said that the idea of voluntary and unpaid teachers first arose at a meeting of some zealous Wesleyans, who, fully alive to the value of the institution, were lamenting their inability to pay the necessary teachers. Suddenly a voice was heard, saying, "Let us do it ourselves," and a number of earnest men and women threw themselves into the

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breach, and thus gave the system the most powerful influence it had received since its commencement. Even in Gloucester itself the same difficulty checked the work for a while, until six young men, hearing of the success of the new plan, determined to carry it out in their native city. They belonged to the Countess of Huntingdon's connection, and applied to their minister for leave to use the chapel as their school, but he replied that the children would be too noisy. They next had recourse to the trustees, but

Gloucester about a year before its original founder entered into his rest.

The Sunday School Union dates from 1803, and the Bible Society from the following year; and how much the latter has aided the former work can, perhaps, hardly be estimated. Time dealt gently with Mr. Raikes; but, though hale and hearty, he did not care to toil on at business to the end of his days, so at the age of sixty-seven he bade farewell to the Journal, retired to a house in Bell Lane, and went



they said the building would be soiled and damaged. Nothing daunted, the six then addressed themselves to the congregation, but were again discouraged by being told that they would be able to find neither children, teachers, nor money. Rebuffed on all sides, they met one evening near the spot where Bishop Hooper suffered martyrdom, clasped hands, and declared to each other, with the solemnity of a vow, that, under God's blessing, Sunday-schools should yet be re-established in Gloucester. They then subscribed two shillings and sixpence each, and canvassed the streets for children, collected a hundred together at once, and rejoiced Mr. Raikes' heart by their success. The great institution was thus new-born in

gently down the hill of life in the bosom of an affectionate family—one of those happy ones which have no history. He himself described them as "six excellent girls, and two lovely boys." Two of his daughters married, the eldest son went into the Church, and the younger into the army. Not long before the end a young Quaker, since well known to the world—Joseph Lancaster—called on Mr. Raikes, and after many inquiries about the origin of Sundayschools, accompanied the old man to the spot, in a back street, where it first came into his heart to try what could be done for the ignorant little ones who swarmed in its gutters. Lancaster, knowing well how actively Mr. Raikes had interested himself in

the prisons, asked whether, out of the 3,000 children who had passed under his eye in the various schools, any had ever encumbered the gaols. Looking back, and appealing to his excellent memory, he confidently replied, "Not one." It is granted to but few men to see so much fruit of their labours as to Robert Raikes; and he went to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, in 1811, at the age of seventy-five. Death gave him scarcely an hour's warning, but he was ready, and had long before set his house in order, even to giving instructions that his Sundayschool children should follow him to the grave, and that each of them should have a shilling and a plumcake. His work, indeed, lives after him, and has grown to larger dimensions than he could have foreseen, more than fulfilling Montgomery's lines :-

Once by the river side A little fountain rose: Now, like the Severn's seaward tide. Round the broad world it flows.

Some few others before him, both in England, Germany, and America, had gathered together and taught a few on the Sunday, though they were usually scattered again after the death of the individual instructor; but it remained for Mr. Raikes to take up the project in earnest, give it a definite shape, and introduce it to the public. The spirit of the day, and the growth of the Evangelical and Methodist movements, furthered its growth, and perhaps no efforts to Christianise the masses have ever gone so far, struck so deep, nor borne such abundant fruits as those of Sunday-school teachers.

E. CLARKE.

TREASURES, LOST AND FOUND.

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HASTENING Time, that fleetest from us, tho' We catch thy skirts, and fain would stay thy feet :

So we might make our own thy moments sweet, And rare and precious. If thou e'en must go, Why bear away thy hoards of stolen wealth ?-The rapture and the beaming eye of youth,

Enthusiasm, love, and ruddy health,

Pure innocence, and dreams which knew no ruth, Those morning friends, with dear unjudging eyes, Who faded ere the sun reached noonday skies

"O Time, where are our treasures? Give them I cried in anguish. Time made answer thus:

"These are but lent thee here. To realms of love I bear them. Ye shall find them all-Above." FRANCES E. NESFIELD,

HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC,

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN OLD STORY



NOTHER Christmas is at hand. It will be here in a fortnight, and we are already looking forward to it. Ernest is coming, of course; but he has asked Aunt Monica if he may bring Mr. Temple with him, and she has written to say she will

be happy to receive him. We are going to have several guests. Mrs. Carrol and Clara are coming,

and we must have Claude to be with them. Why can I not be happy? I have found out that change of circumstances, however much for the better, does not make one happy. It is only when one has all the love and all the work one wants that it is possible to be so. I don't think the love would make one quite happy without the duty, which is only love in action; and, then, all love of a natural and noble sort brings duty with it-and I am quite sure the duty would not without the love. Aunt Monica is my ideal of happiness; her spirit is the very spirit of love and duty. And now her outward life is in perfect harmony. Her days are one round of love and duty. She knows all the people here, and goes among them, always ready to do the right thing, and speak the right word. Then she has her hours of devotion-that word with two meanings, one of service and one of love, or worship, and the two meanings interchangeable. I know that she is happy, and I know, too, from whence her happiness comes. In her own words, "The only true and abiding joy of life is the sense of a divine sympathy, a divine companionship. When this is attained, all

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life flows into a new order, a new activity, a new repose."

Lizzie, too, is happy. She is full of service. Claude finds plenty of work for her to do—reading to the old people, and helping in the school and in the choir. I also help in the latter; and the singing in the church, we are told, has already much improved.

The greatest drawback to our Christmas programme will be the absence of Edwin. What a strange thing is character! What a strain of unbending will there is in all our family, except, perhaps, in me. I fancy I have it somewhere, like the beam in a pair of scales, but it is always being weighted down on one side or the other. Here is our father, who has himself tasted all the bitterness of alienation from his family, and yet he will not take the slightest step to bring Edwin back to his allegiance.

Doretta behaved very ill to papa, but I am sure he would have forgiven it-forgiven is not quite the word, I am learning to attach a deeper meaning to that-but overlooked it, for Edwin's sake. If he had only come to him as of right, and allowed his wife to take her own way about it, he would have been gladly received. There is a coarse insolence about Doretta, and in her narrowness she is incapable of respecting the rights of others, or even of estimating the results of her conduct to herself; so she held him back from us, drew and kept him away from us with all her might. It is impossible to press our father to make advances to him, and Edwin himself makes none, for what passed between them last week makes it almost more hopeless than before.

Lizzie and I went up to see Doretta and the children. We have been several times without seeing him, though we wrote to say we were coming, and stayed as long as we could in the hope of doing so. She received us pettishly as usual. The children looked ill-cared-for, and were fretful, and the house and its mistress slatternly in the extreme,

Doretta boldly complained that they could not make ends meet. For the first time we learnt that there was a bill of sale over the furniture, that there was a bill of sale over the furniture, that furniture of which she had made such a mystery. It had simply been ordered without being paid for, and the furniture dealer had taken this method of obtaining interest for his money. Edwin was not well, she said. He often—indeed, nearly always now—went without dinner, got a cup of coffee and a bun in the middle of the day, and came home to supper. Our hearts ached at the picture she drew of his life; perhaps it was meant to harrow our feelings, but for the most part it was unconscious.

Lizzie and I could bear it no longer. It was I who went to papa and told him that Edwin was in debt, and suffering actual privation.

"He has not asked me for anything," was our father's answer.

"And if you wait till he does?" I asked.

"Yes, I understand," he said, "I may wait for

ever. It would have been my own case. But with me he has only to ask in order to have; I would have asked in vain. However, I should not like him to be in want. Let him know from me that he shall have a cheque for £50 quarterly."

I was overcome with joy. Papa did not do things in a half-hearted way. I thanked him fervently, and on my own behalf and Lizzie's as well. Edwin will not be with us at Christmas, but we shall know that he is in a position of comparative case and comfort.

That very day my father put an envelope into my hands containing the first instalment of his bounty. At first Lizzie and I thought we should like to send it to Edwin on Christmas Day, but we felt that it would be cruel to postpone relieving him from anxiety and care. So we rushed into town again, but this time we sought Edwin himself in his dingy quarters.

After much climbing of broad shallow steps, and much staring-at from clerks and porters, we were shown into his office. It was an old-fashioned house, and close and dirty, as if nobody ever thought of air, or light, or cleanliness, in connection with business. Edwin rose as we entered, and greeted us with his old sweet smile; but he turned deadly pale, and staggered to his stool again. We quite forgot that one side of the mere box of a chamber was glass, and that any number of eyes might be onlooking as, one on one side, and one on the other, Lizzie and I held him, and kissed his dear sunny head.

He was first to recover and smile again, for we were, to tell the truth, crying over him. He shook himself free, and pointed to the glass wall with a look of comic consternation, which brought us to our senses.

"We have brought you a bit of good news," said Lizzie, eagerly.

"Let's hear it," he said. "Heaven knows I have need of it. I'm almost tired of my life."

I put the envelope into his hands, telling him that our father had decided upon allowing him two hundred pounds a year, and that we had brought him the first quarter. For a moment he looked bewildered, incredulous, and then he laid his head upon his desk, and broke down completely, crying like a child.

"You don't know what it has been," he said, when he had succeeded in calming himself a little, "and I can't think what it was coming to—people dunning and threatening us, waiting for me here, waiting for me at home, and Doretta grumbling that we should soon have had neither food nor clothes, and the children keeping me awake all night, till I could hardly get through my work. Never mind; it is all over now. It is good of him—dear old dad! You know I couldn't have asked it; but I will write and thank him. Wait here a minute," he added, "and I'll go and ask for a half-holiday, and see you into the train, and then get home with the tidings."

He got the half-holiday, and came with us to the

station, talking all the way with a kind of excitement which was quite new to us in him. He did not ask us to go home with him; he was probably aware that we might not be welcome. So we got back to Highwood, glad and yet sorry—glad that we had been able to see him relieved from his painful position, and yet sorry that his life contained so few of the elements of happiness—he who was always the brightest of us all, for whom any one would most certainly have predicted the happiest lot.

Mr. Temple has declined the invitation, at which Ernest is somewhat offended. I did not think it could have wounded me, but it has. I have been dreaming again, vain and foolish dreams, turning my life into a fool's paradise; but they are gone for the present, and in a day or two we shall be in the midst of what are called the festivities of the season. Half a dozen dinner-parties abroad and one or two at home are among them.

The Winfields have returned to the Court, and we shall have to meet them; indeed, we dine there the day after Christmas. Ernest has declined, but it will be quite impossible to prevent him from meeting Edith. Linnet Lloyd was expected home, but she is not coming now until after the new year. We have not seen her yet, and are full of desire to see her, for her own and her father's sake. She has been abroad with one of her mother's sisters, somewhere in the south of France,

Another interesting neighbour has presented himself, one concerning whom our interest is of a more than ordinary kind. One day last week papa came into the drawing-room saying, "Whom do you think I met to-day, Monica?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," she answered unconcernedly.

"I met Benholme, and asked him to dinner. He has just returned after a long absence. Poor fellow, he has met with a sad accident this autumn."

My father had gone on speaking without waiting for answers, while he glanced through some papers on the writing-table which stood in one of the windows. Aunt Monica did not reply immediately, but she looked troubled and distressed.

"What has happened to him?" she asked, in a low tone, while a red spot began to burn on her delicate cheek.

"His sight has been nearly destroyed by an accident on the moors, and what is left appears to be gradually quitting him."

"I am very sorry," said Aunt Monica, simply, but with much agitation of voice and manner.

"It reminds me of old times, Mona, to meet him here. He was your chum, though. Do you remember he used to cry for you till they were obliged to send the carriage over to fetch you to play with him? and we used to look out of the window in the rain, and see you driven off in solitary state, when you were so small you had to be lifted on to the seat."

"We shall see him this evening, then," said Aunt Monica, quietly, and immediately left the room. She quitted us so swiftly and softly that my father did not notice her going, and continued, "By the way, he took after me. I think that was the cause of the rupture between him and our family, was it not?"

When he looked up, and found that she was gone, he said, "You will like Mr. Benholme, Una," and then relapsed into silence.

I had heard of him and of his collection of pictures, always to be seen in his absence, which had been latterly prolonged for nearly three years, but I was not aware that Aunt Monica had known him. She had never mentioned his name, or offered to take any of us to his place, though it was in the near neighbourhood, and was famous for its woodland views, as well as for the treasures within its walls.

Accordingly, in the evening Mr. Benholme came, He had a great green shade over his eyes, to preserve, I suppose, what little of sight remained to him, and which, from the wavering way in which he sought our outstretched hands, could not have been a great deal. There was not much of his face to be seen, but his smile was singularly sweet, and his voice had a special charm. We had Claude to meet him, and he was particularly delighted with him. Lizzie, too, fancies that he is something like what her favourite Mr. Ruskin must be. He invited us all to the Park, to see his pictures, and asked Claude to inspect his library, and make any use of it he can.

He was extremely deferential to Aunt Monica all the evening, while she was her own sweet and serene self; but there was nothing to tell of the tender intimacy that had been between them, as I came to know. It was Miss Amphlett who told me. Mr. Benholme had called on the old ladies, as he always did, and they were full of his praises when next I saw them.

"He knows we can't afford to buy pictures," said Miss Nancy, "and so he has brought us these." And she drew my attention, already indeed caught by them, to a pair of small landscapes which adorned the wall. "He wanted to encourage a young artist, he said, and give us the benefit of his taste."

"Ah, my dear," said Miss Bell; "your Aunt Monica ought to have been mistress of the Park, and its master would have had something else to do than run after artists and foreigners. It has never been a home for him since she gave him up. He is here to-day and away to-morrow; and I don't know what will become of him if he loses his sight."

I could not ask questions, but I looked the interest and sympathy I felt, for Miss Nancy went on—

"You may look sorry, child. It's long ago; but it made our hearts ache that these two, who had been bound up in each other from the time they were babies, should have been parted. She gave him up because her father wished it, and her mother could not bear any more strife in the family. It was killing her, I believe."

"Monica could not have done anything else," said Miss Bell,

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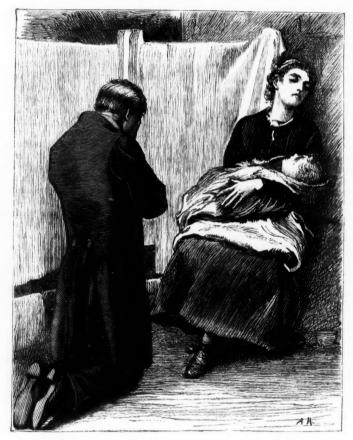
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"He never would believe that she had really cared for him, though," said Miss Naney. "By that time he had neither father nor mother himself, and he could not feel the strength of the pull upon her which put them asunder. He always thought she had left off caring for him, and she never gave any of us the power to interfere. And then he went abroad for

CHAPTER XXX.

LINNET LLOYD.

So much has happened since Christmas Day that I hardly know where to begin the record of events, Ernest came down, having evidently made up his mind to treat Edith Winfield with complete indifference. He did not try to avoid her in the least. He



"Claude thought the last moments were passing, and kneit in silence."-p. 458.

years, and only comes now and then to look after his pictures. They are not much company for a man. Not but that they are very nice—at least a few of them—but they're not like real men and women and real trees and grass," concluded Miss Bell, echoed by a shake of the head from Miss Nancy, as they looked at their pictures; by which it was easy to see that the two old ladies were but lukewarm in their devotion to the art of painting.

And so at last I know the story of Aunt Monica's youth—tender, and dutiful, and pure.

was neither cold nor haughty, but assumed the manner of a mere acquaintance, from whom she might expect the ordinary courtesies of society, and nothing more. It was not a safe position to assume, seeing that it was so unreal; and I feared its passing into a covert hostility, productive of greater misery between wits like theirs, which could wound at will, and tempers which might easily be brought to have the will to wound. But my fears were groundless. That which has really happened is something which I did not fear at all, which it never entered into my mind to imagine. That Ernest should renew his

relations with Edith was not in all my thoughts. And yet this is what has come to pass. He has renewed his relations with her, and they are evidently far graver and tenderer than before. For this time it is not his affections alone that are involved. The love is not on his side only. When the situation dawned upon me, I felt utterly at a loss how to take it. I was alarmed, and less this time on his account than on hers. I was half-inclined to doubt his sincerity in the matter; and I feel sure that Edith has in her nature an unlimited capacity for suffering. It was wonderful to see her so transformed by happiness, so elevated into a sweet and gentle gravity.

Neither of them has spoken to me as yet, but during the last week of Ernest's stay their preference for each other's society was not in the least concealed, neither is Ernest reticent as to the fact of his correspondence with her.

Closely following this came Claude's illness. He has been seriously ill.

Mrs. Carrol and Clara failed to come to us, as had been arranged, because the former was suffering from a rather severe attack of bronchitis. Then, immediately after, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd went to pay a visit to the sisters of the latter, with whom Linnet was residing—Linnet, whom I can hardly now think of as a stranger, so much is she at home with us already.

Claude was, of course, left with his hands very full, both of Sunday services and week-day visiting, as there happened to be a good deal of sickness in the parish.

Our old couple at the lodge have a son a gardener, whose children unfortunately had taken the measles, and Claude considered it his duty to ask after them almost daily. They had taken ill early in the week, and at first he could see very plainly that he was not wanted. He was not admitted to see them, though they were his school-children, but was detained in the cottage kitchen by the mother, a woman of a rather different type to the rest of the village mothers. Mrs. Curd is hard and grasping where they are careless and easy-going, and stern and ill-tempered among her children while they are mostly the reverse. But she is cleanly and thrifty where they are dirty and improvident. She would have no doctor; a doctor was not wanted, she said; all that was necessary was to keep them warm enough. They (the measles) had come out on all but Johnny, and they were doing very well.

At the end of the week, however, Johnny was very ill. We were kept informed of their condition by their grandmother, who had the most profound distaste to her daughter-in-law's system of management, and indeed, I shrewdly suspect, to the daughter-in-law herself. Johnny was very ill, and would Miss Lancaster see what could be done for him? for his grandmother was sure that her darling would die if he wasn't seen to. Johnny was the baby, the beauty, the mother's as well as grandmother's pet, between whom there was a terrible struggle for his baby affections. So one day I went to the cottage, and

entered it along with Claude. Claude was welcome now, however, for the mother needed help for her darling. Would we come and see him?

Into a back room, the atmosphere of which was sickening, we followed the mother. We were told that the others had got through, but how they ever got through, not the measles, but the atmosphere of their room, which was heated like an oven, we could not imagine. Mrs. Curd took care to shut us in too. before she showed us the child, guarded by a screen from every breath of air. The other children were dressed and sitting on the bed, very ugly and speckled, but already in an advanced stage of convalescence, which they proved by greedily munching apples; but Johnny was lying in his little cot unable to lift his head. He was really a pretty child, and his round cheeks were not spotted or speckled, but beautiful with the brilliant flush of fever. He was delirious too, which had frightened the mother more than anything.

"You ought to have the doctor," said Claude, "at

"You think he is very ill, then?" said the woman, an agony of apprehension in her face and voice.

"And you ought to let in some purer air," he ventured to add.

But she had a fixed idea on this point, and would admit no air whatever, for fear of chilling him.

"Let me go for the doctor, then," said Claude, and his offer was gratefully accepted.

So Claude went for the doctor, while I, after saying as much as I could to comfort the mother, went home to send some jelly to the sick child.

Sunday intervened, and Claude preached and went through his other duties under the influence of a very bad cold. It did not prevent him, however, from going to the Curds' a second time that day, after he had finished his supper, for little Johnny was dying, in spite of the doctor's care.

Nothing more could be done for him, poor little fellow. He had lain for the last twelve hours on his mother's lap but feebly conscious of life; and not at all, the doctor said, of pain. He would have been more comfortable in his little bed, but his mother would keep him in her arms, as if she could hold him back from death, though he was three years old, and she had to lean against the wall to support herself under the strain. The doctor had kindly laid a pillow across her knees, and the child on that, that he might be easier, and so she sat holding him. The fever flush had faded, and the white face looked small and pinched, and was now and then slightly convulsed, at which a quiver of pain passed over the mother's face, every other sign of which she controlled.

It would have been the greatest relief to the passionate and undisciplined woman to give vent to her grief in sobs and cries, to beat her breast and tear her hair; but she sat there silent and motionless, till nature almost sank beneath the strain. No food had been prepared in the cottage that day. The

man, coming and going, but mostly sitting silent, with his head bent down and his hands upon his knees, watched his wife, and the children watched their parents with subdued and awe-stricken looks, eating the bread put into their hands without a nurmur.

"Don't speak, sir," said Mr. Curd, respectfully, as he led Claude into the cottage. "She won't speak, nor let any on us speak, fear o' disturbing him;" and Claude hushed his steps, and went in and sat

down in perfect silence.

Mrs. Curd only shook her head, when at length he advanced softly and looked at the dying child. The breath was coming quick and faint. Claude thought the last moments were passing, and knelt in silence. No one knelt with him. The man sat looking at the fire, the woman at the face of her child; only, when he rose from his knees, and all was the same as before, Mrs. Curd's face was harder and more set than ever. What did it matter that these people did not worship some triple-headed hundred-handed idol? their attitude towards the Unseen was much the same as if they had. Mrs. Curd resented that prayer, knowing that, as far as she was concerned, nothing would come of it-that her child would still die. At last she seemed almost fainting, leaning her head back against the wall, and closing her eyes, while her breast began to heave, as if the sobs must

"I wish you would take something, Jane," said her husband. "She hasn't had anything but a cup of tea as the day's gone," he added, turning to Claude,

"She ought to have a little cordial," he whispered back; "have you got any in the house?"

They had none; and, without further words, Claude went out and got some. He got it at "The Great Heart," and Mrs. Dutch gave him of her best; and when he tendered payment, would have none of it. When Claude returned there was still no change, and he poured out some of the restorative, and held it to the woman's lips. She shook her head, but he whispered, "It will give you strength." She knew what he meant—that the end was near—and took it from his hands. He was himself faint and shivering, and he put a little more into the cup, and drank it with her. The action touched her more than anything else, and two large tears fell upon the child's bosom.

Once more Claude looked into the wan little face. The eyes had been some time closed, as if he had been asleep, but just then he opened them, and looked up in Claude's face, bright and conscious. Then he turned them on his mother, and smiled sweetly, and with a gentle sigh he was gone!

There was a pause, till the mother's grief found vent in frantic outcries. Her husband tried to calm her. The children—whom no one had heeded for hours, and the youngest of whom had already fallen asleep—cried and clung to her in terror.

Claude tried to pour into her mind the consolations

of religion, but she would have none of them. He spoke of the will of God concerning us being wholly good, the going forth of His love to us.

"It's no use telling me that," she said. "He's taken Johnny, and what had he done to suffer so

much ?"

He spoke of the spirit that had just returned smiling to its Giver, freed from all the cares and troubles of life—from all its hardening and corrupting influences. But she would not hear; she could not receive it; and, powerless to comfort, weary and sick at heart, Claude took his leave of her.

For a whole week Claude went about, stiff and sore in body, and, as he said, once more confiding his troubles to me, with mental and moral feelings somewhat analogous. On Sunday he had to go through the same work as on previous Sundays, but he had not the same spirit to bring to it. A deadness seemed suddenly to have fallen upon him, and he struggled with it in vain. The service he read was the same service, the same simple and solemn, the same grand and consoling words, but the words seemed to have lost their meaning, and to have become but empty sounds. He questioned if it was right for him to utter the language of prayer. His sermon, short and simple as usual, sincerely conceived, and worded with the modesty of a fine understanding, how should he read it? In his present mood it was dry as dust to him, bereft of thought and feeling, a mere jumble of barren phrases. He had never before experienced such a darkness, and it seemed to him, as it seems to every one who has felt the like-and who has not ?-that it had fallen down upon him never to be lifted up again.

The next day the doctor was called in to see Claude, who was too ill to get up, and the doctor pronounced, with a smile, but to the great tribulation of Mrs.

Bowers, that her lodger had the measles.

That evening Aunt Monica wrote to Mr. Lloyd a letter which recalled him, and brought us Linnet.

"Why should everybody smile because a young gentleman has the misfortune to take the measles?"

This was Linnet's account of the reception of Aunt Monica's letter. Every person at her aunt's breakfast-table had smiled at the announcement, which Mr. Lloyd had made as he read it.

"And nobody answered my question," Linnet, went on, "only papa said he should have to go home at once; and then I pleaded to go with him, and I was so glad to come. Do not think me hard-hearted; I am very sorry for Mr. Carrol. Don't you think he has a funny name, almost as funny as mine—'Lintet'—'Carrol,'" and she laughed a bright musical laugh.

"Does he sing?" she asked, chattering on; for she had lost her first shyness with us.

We made answer that he did, and well.

" And is he nice?"

"We are very fond of him," was my answer.

"Then I am sure I shall be. I am very glad, for I have scarcely done anything but think about him.

Mamma would hardly let me come, for fear of the measles.

"What has made him take the measles?' she asked, when she came down and heard about it; and she did not smile at all. She thought people only had them in the nursery; and Aunt Lucy, who is always reading books about medicines, told her that people could have them more than once, only mamma had never had them at all. She escaped by not being born when the rest of the family went through the ordeal. But of course papa did not wish her to hurry home, and he promised to take such care of me.

"So the next day, you know, we came down by the two o'clock train, and were here in time for dinner.

"I am quite safe," she went on, "for I had them not many years ago, at Miss Pope's. A whole roomful of us were shut up together, and we had a merry time of it.

"But of course papa had no sooner had his dinner than he went off to see after Mr. Carrol, and came home in such a terrible state of mind that in spite of all I could do he would not allow me to sleep a single night in the house, but insisted on bringing me to you."

It was true. Mr. Lloyd had come back from visiting Claude in a state of the greatest perturbation. He had been assured that the disease was of so infectious a character that he might get it into his clothes and bring it home, and not only give it to his household, but to the whole parish. As it happened, Claude was at his worst, did not appear to know him, and was indeed very seriously ill. He would not admit Linnet into his study till he had changed his clothes and undergone various ceremonies of purification, in addition to which Linnet insisted on fumigating him by dancing round him with a whole shovelful of burning pastils.

But in spite of her gaiety, Linnet was very much concerned about her father's curate, and shared in her father's anxiety when the terrible thought occurred to them both that he might die while as yet his friends had not been warned of his danger. In every wakeful and lucid moment he insisted that his mother should not be told.

Father and daughter were deeply moved at this aspect of the trouble, and it is not to be wondered at that Linnet's last thoughts at night and her first in the morning were of Claude. Her being with us, however, was a perfect farce. She was flying down to the rectory the first thing in the morning, and coaxing her father to allow her to go with him into the village to inquire for Claude. Of course Linnet had her way. With a troubled conscience Mr. Lloyd gave permission. He would only inquire at the door. But it was Phillis who opened it, and Mr. Carrol was much better. He had been asleep, and woke up himself again, and would Mr. Lloyd go up and see him?

So Mr. Lloyd went up, and Linnet remained in

the doorway chatting with Phillis, who gave it as her opinion that Mr. Carrol was a miracle of goodness, and Phillis's eyes looked unfathomable things, as indeed they could; so that Linnet declared herself positively awe-stricken.

Then her father came out looking radiant with reassurance.

"Mr. Carrol," he said, "is quite sensible now, and so glad that we did not send for his mother. She is an invalid, he says, and it might have done her a great deal of harm."

In his exhibitantion Mr. Lloyd forgot all about the infection, and walked home with Linnet at his case, a forgetfulness for which he paid with days of compunction, culminating in dread, when on one occasion he happened to hear her sneeze.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. BENHOLME.

CERTAINLY Claude did not suffer from neglect. He got rapidly better-got to the stage of being ashamed of being ill, and wanted to get up and go But the doctor and Mrs. Bower would not permit him to leave his room under a fortnight, and he had to submit with as good a grace as possible. He could not have been very dull there; he had his own favourite books, and Mr. Benholme sent him some he had particularly wanted to read. Benholme seemed to have all the books he wanted, and so he had-at the booksellers'-and he would take the trouble of cutting them open before sending them to the invalid. Mr. Lloyd saw him daily, and Mr. Benholme would have seen him daily also, but I suppose he considered it might be too much for him, and came to inquire of us instead. But he sent him grapes and hot-house flowers, which Phillis carried in and arranged temptingly. Claude wrote to his mother that he was in a fair way of being completely

"I am terribly hungry, and could dine off bread and cheese," he wrote, "but I have all sorts of good things. Phillis is always bringing me something she has cooked herself, and she does it so nicely."

He had explained who Phillis was, but evidently without conveying a correct impression; for his mother and sister laughed at the romantic name, and pictured the contrast to it which the stout and homely bearer must present.

Phillis and her mother had indeed devoted themselves to their lodger, and it was the former who kept us best informed about his condition.

When the fortnight was over, Mr. Benholme proposed, as the weather was still very cold and stormy, that Claude should come to him for a change before venturing out of doors. He came to us, as usual, to negotiate the matter, and found Mr. Lloyd and Linnet with us.

"I have seldom come across a young man who interested me so much," he said, "You won't be afraid of me, Mr. Lloyd? I promise not to make the smallest attempt to proselytise."

"I can trust you," said Mr. Lloyd; "and I trust also that he could hold his own against your dreary negations."

Mr. Lloyd might in some things be weak, but he was sincere, and paid to the truths he taught the homage of believing them able to cope with error.

I noticed, on that occasion, how shy Linnet was with Mr. Benholme, and her father, it seemed, had noticed it also, for when he had gone he rallied her upon it.

"Why, Linnet, you had absolutely nothing to say to your old friend," he remarked.

It was the first time they had met in his presence; but Linnet had seen Mr. Benholme several times before. The first time they met he went up to her frankly, and, holding out his hand, said, evidently trying to scan her as distinctly as he could, "I doubt if I shall ever see you again." He could not see the brilliant colour which emotion brought into her cheeks, or the quiver of the sensitive mouth, or the moisture in her dark eyes. He could see none of these. And he could feel that, instead of clinging to his hand, she gently withdrew her own, and sat down at a distance. I noticed then how sad Mr. Benholme looked. It was curious, with that big ugly green shade hiding all but the mouth, how much its delicate lines expressed - more than the whole face would have done, it seemed-the smile lighted them so swiftly, and the sadness fell so sharply and clearly defined.

Mr. Benholme had, it appeared, been a great favourite with Linnet, and she had not scrupled to declare it by every childish art. She had been very fond of walking with him, her hand in his, especially of walking up and down the picture gallery at the Park while he discoursed of art and artists, making no difference because she was a little girl. And the last time he had seen her she was a little girl still, brown and thin, with big clear eyes, and a tail plaited down her back. "He would have been astonished at the change the last two years have made, if he could have seen it," Aunt Mona says; "she is not so much bigger, but she is altogether brighter," bright with the dawn of womanhood, a late dawn, for though she is the same age as Phillis Bower, she looks ever so much younger, and the objectionable plait at which Mr. Benholme had freely laughed, had given place to a dignified Grecian knot.

Mr. Benholme had asked us all to dine with him on the first evening of Claude's stay at the Park, and Linnet and her father were to be of the party. All this time Linnet had never seen Claude. This was to be their first meeting, and as soon as Mr. Benholme was gone, Linnet, ignoring her father's remarks about the latter, pretended to be in a flutter of anticipation concerning her meeting with the former. For a whole fortnight this invisible being had been invested with a variety of interest for her. She had written amusing letters to her

aunts retailing his perfections, wondering what he was like, telling of the attentions which, being unknown, she paid him, and of the way in which he appreciated them, eating up in a single day a dish of "universal satisfaction," which she had got the cook at the rectory to make for him. It was all done and said quite openly, and was, of course, pure innocent nonsense, only Aunt Monica shook her head over it, and tried in her gentle way to put a stop to it. She knew that, innocent as it was, it would annoy Linnet's mother, only her mother had gone to pay another and a more distant visit, and Linnet's letters to her contained nothing of the sort.

And now that she was going to meet the paragon, she declared that it would cost her a great deal of thought and care to dress as befitted the occasion. The result, however, was not very formidable. She put on a plain black silk, with plenty of white lace about her slender throat, and fastened a bunch of pink and white azaleas in the braids of her hair behind her ear. And so dressed Linnet is charming, Not beautiful; there is not enough of colour in the face, nor even of striking delicacy in the lines of it, but there is grace and purity, and some secret charm, which is fixed in spite of her changefulness. Her motions are light and quick, though devoid of restlessness, and you can see that the whole nature is responsive in the extreme. She would be quite lost in a brilliant crowd in the midst of which her mother would move like a queen. No one would notice the little brown thing, and she is very shy with strangers, though speaking and acting with a quick spontaneousness and absence of consciousness when with those she loves. It is then she shows to advantage, and I have the very best and brightest and sweetest of her, for I have won her love without any effort of mine.

When the evening came Lizzie elected, I know not why, to stay at home with papa, and I went with Aunt Monica and Linnet. Mr. Lloyd was the only other gentleman beside Claude and our host.

We six dined at a round table spread with fruit and flowers in low *plats*, so that our talk was free and unimpeded—the pleasant natural talk ever welcome to unsophisticated human beings as bread to the hungry or water to the thirsty.

After dinner we three ladies rose and retired, Linnet demurely enough. There was something strange in our being there in the mansion without a mistress, just the touch of strangeness which begets romance. I wondered if Aunt Monica felt it. We ascended the broad stair-case, and entered the softly-lighted drawing-room, where the fire was burning brightly, the lamps on the tables, the candles lighted at the piano. Linnet had brought a little music with her, which she had caught up in the hall, and held in a roll in her hand; but here was some of the best and newest music arranged on the stand, and not only the new music, but old songs of her own, girlish songs which she had sung here years before. He must have remembered and procured them.

"It is so like him," she said, delightedly.

She ran her fingers over the keys, and found the instrument in perfect order. Then she wandered all round the room, and looked at the well-known pictures that adorned it; caught sight of her own slight

when the gentlemen entered the room. Mr. Lloyd came in, followed by Claude, looking still something of an invalid, and lastly, by their host, with his shaded eyes and uncertain movements.

The rest of the evening was devoted to music.



"Linnet remained in the doorway chatting with Phillis."-p. 459.

figure and brown face in one of the mirrors, and nodded half-merrily half-wistfully to the reflection, and finally came and sat down on a low stool at Aunt Monica's feet, who had followed her movements with a look of peculiar tenderness.

We had not been ten minutes alone, however,

Linnet sang well and sweetly, as befitted her name. She did not seem at all afraid of Claude; and Mr. Lloyd claiming my attention, while Aunt Monica and Mr. Benholme sat chatting at the other end of the room, they were soon engaged in singing bits of duets and snatches of song together, leaving off and beginning

just as caprice or memory dictated. The only things they sang perfectly were a few hymns, and Aunt Monica and Mr. Benholme, as well as Mr. Lloyd and I, ceased talking for a while to listen to their voices blending in the simple melodies.

A few days after this we all lunched at the Rectory, and the next day the whole party lunched with us, and so on it went for a whole week, a happy week of almost spring sunshine and warmth. Not a day passed without some communication between the three houses.

At the end of that time Mrs. Lloyd returned, and these communications somewhat abruptly ceased. The weather, which had been unusually mild for the season, suddenly became cold and wet again, which might have had something to do with it. Of course, Linnet returned to her mother, and so our lives resumed their ordinary routine. Claude was so far recovered as to be able in part to resume his duties; and Mr. Benholme was preparing for a sojourn in London, where he was about to undergo an operation in the hope of restoring his sight, or, rather, of preserving what remained of it.

Loss of sight must be to Mr. Benholme the greatest of earthly calamities. He is a solitary man, living much alone, though at intervals he mingles freely with the most intellectual society of London. The few ties of his early life have been severed by death, and he has formed no new ones. He is evidently one of those who prefer solitude to uncongenial society, but then it has hitherto been a solitude full of society-that is to say, he has had his books and art, and the treasures of art with which he has surrounded himself. If the operation proves unsuccessful, what a terrible deprivation it will be to be cut off from all these resources, and thrown back entirely on himself, finding his beloved solitude an intolerable blank. As it is, he lives in a perpetual twilight. He says he is schooling himself to believe that the alternative of complete darkness will be but little worse, and it is this which the great surgeon he has consulted tells him he must risk in order to regain his sight completely.

But this darkness, which threatens the world without, is as light compared to that which has fallen on the spirit and threatens to settle there. Without God and without hope in the world describes it literally. And thus constituted, life is fast becoming to him a thing which no beauty of nature or of art can redeem, from which he begins to turn with terrible loathing, which, even as a brave man, he does not feel bound to conquer, for there is in it nothing of abjectness or fear.

CHAPTER XXXII. REBUKED.

CLAUDE is at a loss to account for the treatment he receives from the Rectory, and especially from Linnet Lloyd. Linnet had appeared to him all that was bright and sweet, frankly kind and frankly

responsive to kindness, when suddenly she had become the very reverse of all this, chill of manner, cold of speech, almost resentful of bearing. Claude did not know what to make of it. There seemed to be two Linnets, and both could not be true, and either being untrue, left the true Linnet false. I do not think he makes too much of it, but he evidently feels it, and, unfortunately, it cannot be concealed from any of us.

Claude never thought of connecting his perplexity with Mrs. Lloyd's return. How should he? Mrs. Lloyd had not changed toward him—was still, though somewhat aloof, faultlessly polite and kind. And yet it was her work. There were indeed two Linnets. The first was Linnet herself, acting on her own genuine impulses, which were simple enough—impulses toward life and motion and pleasant companionship. The second Linnet was Linnet swayed by impulses which were quite foreign to her nature, and which only succeeded in misrepresenting and warping it.

If Mrs. Lloyd had been told that her influence on Linnet was likely to be most mischievous, that she might only be narrowing her daughter's heart, and spoiling her daughter's temper, while she tried to improve her manners, she would have been simply

incredulous.

How could she sour any one's temper, her own having always been perfect? Linnet's was by no means so. That her calm sweetness might irritate and mortify more than the bitterest wrath, would have appeared the veriest malice of falsehood.

On the eve of her return to Highwood, a little accident had happened which had given an unfortunate turn to Mrs. Lloyd's thoughts concerning her daughter, and which was destined to produce much mischief and misunderstanding. A letter had arrived from Linnet to her Aunt Lucy on the day when Linnet's mother had returned to her sister's house, as a resting-place on her homeward journey.

Mrs. Lloyd had seen the letter delivered, and had recognised the writing, and very naturally expected that it should be handed over to her; and her sister had at once placed it in her hands, with, however, just enough of hesitation to rouse the feeling of distrust, which her words may have deepened, for she

did it saying-

"You must not mind Linnet's nonsense; her letters to me are always full of it."

The unfortunate letter was written in Linnet's brightest and gayest style. It was giving an account of her first and subsequent meeting with Claude, and was rather more laudatory than might have been good for him to know. It certainly was not a model letter, after Mrs. Lloyd's standard, but it was full of sheer innocence and gaiety of heart. There were no formal messages of respectful affection to her aunts, no remembrance of her mother, to be forwarded or otherwise, no neat remarks or aspirations for the health or happiness of her relatives; only a few details of her simple pleasures and overflowing admirations.

Mrs. Lloyd had kept the letter; she showed it to Aunt Mona, repeating all that she had said on the subject to her unsympathising sister Lucy, with tears in her dove-like eyes.

"Where can she have learnt to be so pert and forward? I never could have written such a letter," she exclaimed.

It was perfectly true; she could not, any more than a dove could sing. "But there is no harm in it from her." she had been assured.

"I fear it is the way of girls nowadays," she had sighed.

And even Aunt Monica had waxed wrathful over the idea of Linnet being a girl of the period.

"How I hate the phrase," she said, "confounding the greatest of vices and the greatest of virtues. Linnet is a fresh happy child. Girls nowadays are not so strait-laced as when we were young. But it is easier to tell what they are made of," she added.

We could not help feeling ourselves placed in a very difficult and delicate position, with Mrs. Lloyd pouring forth her grievances to Aunt Monica, and Linnet hers to me. I think Mrs. Lloyd afterwards felt that she had gone too far, even with that letter in the back-ground, of her knowledge of which Linnet was not to be made aware. Aunt Lucy had been obliged to give up the letter, but she had begged that it might not be made a casus belli in the dispute which was impending. This Mrs. Lloyd had promised not to do, but she had returned a day or two earlier than she had intended—a proof of her unusual perturbation. She did not quite make the lights burn blue at the little dinner. Her presence was the reverse of ghostly, and she dressed in spite of fatigue, and did the honours of her table as faultlessly as usual; but the electric chain of sympathy was broken, the simplicity had become meagreness, the informality almost savoured of disrespect, the gaiety seemed foolish, and hid itself in common-place instead of clothing itself in wit and humour, and the whole was flat, stale, and unprofitable.

It was her mother's first evening at home, and Linnet had run up-stairs after her, and had remained in her dressing-room, expectant of caresses. And Mrs. Lloyd had stood with her hands pressed on the girl's shoulders, looking down into her upturned face, and had spoken, sweetly, oh! such bitter things! Linnet's brow flushed, and her ears burned at the very thought of them. They had been to her heart, at the moment of utterance, like the pain of a branding-iron.

She had said, "Linnet, my dear, I am grieved to have to tell you that you seem to me to provoke undue familiarity."

And Linnet had stared, astonished and uncomprehending,

"Mr. Carrol was much too talkative with you this

evening; and from what I saw, my dear, I think you must have given him encouragement."

"Mamma!" Linnet had cried, in an agony of shame and reproach, and she had shrunk from the hands that held her. Then there had come indignant tears and indignant words; for Linnet was like the bird of her name caught wild, and would beat her breast to bleeding against any gilded bars. She was conscious of perfect innocence; but she could not be sure that she was not liable to misconstruction. How should she act so as not to incur such a liability again? Her delicate judgment was thrown off its poise. She was unable to assert her perfect simplicity. She did not know that hers was the noblest and truest of modesty, because making no suggestion of modesty itself. Then her mother was so much of a stranger to her-so altogether different in nature, and so much admired-that it seemed to the poor girl that she embodied what must be the opinion of all admirable people concerning her.

No wonder then that the next time Claude met her Linnet was utterly changed, gave him a limp little hand to shake, and spoke in a cold and measured tone, with eyes upon the ground. He asked himself vainly how he could have offended her, and resolved to ask her on the first opportunity; an opportunity which she of course avoided. Nor was it possible for us to offer him the slightest explanation. Still, at times, Linnet evidently forgot her rôle, and would beam on Claude with the spring sunshine of her smile, and speak to him in her happiest tones. She and her father were always together. He saw nothing of this by-play. To him she was all sunshine, all music. It was pleasant to see the delight they had in each other's society.

What walks they took in all weathers! Linnet always wearing some dark unspoilable thing. Indeed she preferred dark and plain things on all occasions, which she had a way of lighting up with a ribbon or a flower in a picturesque fashion of her own. How they sped along the frost-bound roads, what tracks they made in the mud, what Sloughs of Despond they crossed in the forest paths. Mrs. Lloyd, sitting at home, could only allege inprudence; and as Linnet never caught the predicted cold, she was allowed to continue her excursions. Mr. Lloyd having been duly warned to keep Claude at a distance, Lizzie and I were their frequent companions.

But Mr. Lloyd, in the open air and with Linnet by his side, though he did turn the cold shoulder upon Claude at the outset, was apt also to forget his instructions. They would meet him in the village, and Mr. Lloyd would lay his hand within his curate's arm and carry him along with him, interested in some village problem, and Linnet, on the other side of her father, would listen to their talk, and forget too, and join in it eagerly.

(To be continued.)

Woo pe the Trumpet.



CHRIST IN THE HEART.-I.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY.

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new,"—2 Cor. v. 17.



you will cast a glance at the verses which immediately precede our text, you will find that St. Paul is speaking of the change that has taken place in his own personal experience since the time of his acceptance of the faith of Jesus Christ. Some people, and these probably some of his former associates and companions, are at a loss to understand the meaning of the enthusiastic energy with which he throws himself

into Christian work. Remembering with what bright prospects he started in life, and how everything has been sacrificed to adherence to a strange and unpopular cause, they cannot but suspect that the balance of his mind has somehow or other been unhappily disturbed. They are too well acquainted with him to have any doubt of his sincerity. That their old friend and fellow-student, whom they knew in the university of Tarsus, whom they encountered again in the class-rooms of Gamaliel, when Gamaliel was teaching in Jerusalem, and whose fearless honesty of spirit was ever one of his most distinguishing characteristics-that he should play the part of a deceiver and a hypocrite, or even of an interested schemer for influence and popularity, was simply incredible. But the other supposition they thought was a likely one, and would easily account for what had taken place. Powerful minds are sometimes unhinged, especially when a dominant idea gets possession of them. Yes! that must be the explanation of the matter. Saul of Tarsus was beside himself. Much learning, much study, much controversy, much brooding over the difficult problems of human existence and duty, had driven him mad!

To this allegation the Apostle replies that he is indeed under the influence of a strong and absorbing master-passion, but that this master-passion is the not unreasonable one of a devoted attachment—a profound self-consecration to his God, and to the interests of his fellow-men for God's sake. The love of Christ, he says, constrains him. It hems him in, and drives the current of his being into a particular channel, and he cannot escape from its power, even if he were inclined to do so. He must move in the direction in which it urges him. And what is it which has produced this feeling? The conviction, which one day came

down upon him with irresistible force—taking possession of his whole heart, and soul, and mind—that the death of the Incarnate Son of God—that mysterious event—was an event in which he was personally and individually concerned; and that the intention of it was to alter the whole previous purpose of his life, and to cast it into another and a nobler mould. "We thus judge that if One died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them, and rose again."

From this moment, he says, his estimate of things was completely changed. Occupying a new standpoint—a fresh post of observation—he could not fail to see the world with different eyes. Formerly, he stood *outside* of *Christ*—in another region from Christ—in another orbit. Now, he is "in Christ," and the difference of position makes itself felt. Christ is not the same to him that He once was. Once Jesus of Nazareth, He is now the risen and glorified Son of God. Men are no longer the same to him that they once were. He knows no man after the flesh: in the Jew, he has lost sight of the Jewish nationality; in the rich man, of his riches; in the learned man, of his learning; in the slave, of his servitude. All that he thinks of now is the relation of the man to Christ. And thus, by shifting his point of view, he has become a new creature. He has new aims, new objects, new aspirations, new desires. "Old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Such is the course of thought in the passage under consideration. Let us proceed to discuss at greater length one or two of the leading points which it seems to suggest.

I. In the first place, then, we gather from the Apostle's statements, that the acceptance of Christ's death as a matter of personal interest and concernment to ourselves, removes us into an entirely new spiritual position, and places us (as the Apostle expresses it) in Christ. It will be understood, of course, that we speak of something more than the mere intellectual acceptance of the tremendous fact. We, all of us, who call ourselves Christians, believe, in a sense, in the reality of that sacrifice once offered for sin upon the cross of Calvary. We believe that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only-begotten of the Father—co-equal and co-eternal with the Father—Who

took upon Him our flesh, and was found in fashion as a man, suffered an agonising and humiliating death as a malefactor; and submitted to that death voluntarily, for the purpose of bearing, and bearing away the load of human guilt. But the very gentlest and tenderest charity could hardly be prevailed upon to admit that this belief exercises in every instance a transforming influence upon character and life. Yes! we feel that the truth must be appropriated, that it must pass through the vestibule of the intellect, into the inner recesses and shrine of the heart: that the Spirit of God must give it living power, and carry it home to the affections, and the conscience, before that result can be produced of which the Apostle speaks, and we shall live unto Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us. Let me believe that Christ died. Well, a certain effect may be produced upon me. I may be filled with admiration of the heroic act of self-sacrifice, and of the grand and loving patience with which the suffering Man submitted to it. Or, it may be, I may feel detestation and abhorrence of the priestly intolerance, and the popular fickleness, and the calculating policy, which drove Jesus of Nazareth to the death of the cross. But these sentiments will not in any way change me, will not divert the current of my life into another channel. shall be just the same man that I was before I entertained them. But let me believe that Christ died for me. The belief involves so much, such a revolution in my way of regarding myself, such a revolution in my way of regarding God, that I cannot possibly remain as I was before. If I may so speak, I shall have shifted my centre. Before, I lived unto myself. To that one end everything tended, everything converged. I was a selfseeker, and self-worshipper, Now, the idol has been cast down, and Christ has been enthroned in the place which it occupied; and I live (as the Apostle says) not unto myself, but unto Him who died for me, and rose again.

Now, it is just this step, this removal out of one spiritual region into another, which puts us in the position described by the Apostle in the text. You have observed, of course, the peculiarity of the expression. The true disciple believes in Christ, and loves Christ, and follows Christ, and obeys Christ, and imitates Christ. But more than all this, and, indeed, as the foundation of all this, he is "in Christ." He begins by being in Christ. I shall have something to say, hereafter, about the meaning of this remarkable expression, but, for the present, let me content myself with reminding you, that to be "in Christ," is to be placed in a post of observation, viewed from which, all things, whatever they may be, things temporal or things eternal, are changed in appearance, and produce a different effect and impression upon us from that which

they produced before.

II. We pass on to consider, in the second place. some of the definite particulars in which our estimate of the world is altered, by the fact of our having assumed the position of which the Apostle speaks in the text. To begin with, then, Christ Himself is changed to us. Is it too much for us to affirm that, in the opinion of a very large proportion of professing Christians, the existence of the Saviour is, to all practical intents and purposes, restricted to two particular periods -the past, and the future? That He, the Son of God, was born, Son of man, in Bethlehem; that He lived, and preached, and suffered, and died, and was buried, eighteen hundred years ago and more, in the land of Palestine; and that He rose from the dead, and ascended into heaven-about all this they entertain no manner of doubt. Nor do they question, for a moment, that He is to return some day in His glorious majesty, to judge both the quick and the dead; and that, before His dread tribunal, all men will be assembled, to give account of the deeds they have done in the body. But, as to the intermediate space, the time present, the time elapsing between the first and the second coming, the time during which Christ is unseen—is not that too often a blank, as far as any true realisation of the Saviour is concerned? Does not Christ seem too far away from us, too indistinct, too shadowy, to produce any appreciable effect upon human conduct? Well, that mistiness has been removed, that blank has been filled up for the man who has been placed in the spiritual position of which the Apostle speaks who is "in Christ." Christ has become to him a living and a present Being; not One merely, whom he shall meet with at some perhaps far-off day in the future, but One who is with him now, One who is actually concerned in all the events of his every-day life, and Who has been lovingly engaged in ordering all things for him, from the first day even until now.

The change of feeling which such a conception produces in us, when we grasp and retain it, is absolutely tremendous. Instead of the dim abstraction, instead of the misty figure-ruling in the remote heavens, and managing the affairs of distant worlds, we have a real personal Saviour nigh at hand, accessible at all times, if we are willing to have it so, ever ready to supply our need, and to protect us from harm. Our past career we find has been watched over by Him. When we were wandering like lost sheep, and stumbling upon the dark mountains, reckless of the dangers that beset us there, or of how another step might plunge us into an abyss of irretrievable ruin, His eye was resting upon us, His loving care was exercised on our behalf. calculating the best moment to interfere, and the best method of interfering. And when we turned our steps homeward, weary of our wilfulness, and longing for rest, we thought, indeed, that the

originating impulse came from ourselves; but we know now that it was not so. The Good Shepherd was seeking His sheep. Yes, feet cut and bleeding, for sharp and flinty was the road He had to tread; hands torn and scarred, for cruel were the thorns which lined the passes; heart aching with anxiety; the strong frame bent and worn with long-protracted and exhausting efforts, He yet pressed up that steep, craggy, stony path, peering into the darkness, and held on in His pauseless search, until at last He had found what He looked for, and carried it on His shoulders safely home. It was the living Christ who did this for us! not the dead Christ, who hung upon the cross so many centuries ago; not the coming Christ, who will set up His great white Throne in the face of a shuddering universe, and shatter the lids of the grave by the blast of His archangel's trumpet. No, the living Christ, the present Christ-Who has started out from the cloudland to which we had banished Him by our unbelief, and become a power in our lives, and claimed them for His own.

And now, what is He to us? or rather, what is He not to us? If we can resist temptation, and put the world under our feet; if we can check and rule the evil in our hearts; if we can speak a manful word for Him, or do for Him a stroke of honest work; if we are cheered by bright hopes that never visited us before, or are conscious of aspiring after an ideal of perfection, of which once we never dreamed in our former careless self-indulgent life—it is to Him that we it owe all. We can do it, because of the fulfilment of His own promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Observe, in the next place, that our estimate of men is changed, as well as our estimate of Christ. We "know no man after the flesh;" we penetrate through the appearance into the inner reality. The man that stands before us-what do we see in him? Not the rich man, if he be rich, or the learned man, if he be learned; not the gifted man, or the man high in social position, or the man whom we are to respect or despise on account of his nationality, or whom we are to like or dislike on account of his belonging or not belonging to the party to which we have attached ourselves. Not this. Much less do we see in him the being who shall minister to our pleasure and be made to subserve our own selfish purposes. But we discern in that man one for whom Christ died, and who-at least, in the intention and purpose of God-is an heir of that eternal Kingdom to which we ourselves belong.

Again, our estimate of our life is changed. It is not enough for us now to get on as well as we can in the world, avoiding as far as possible what is disagreeable, and gathering round us what comfort and success we can contrive to lay our

hands upon. We are not, indeed, ascetics; we do not profess to undervalue worldly prosperity; we would rather, far rather, have pleasure than pain, health than sickness, success than failure, competence than poverty, honour and reputation than the obloquy and dislike of our fellow-men. But we are able, we hope, to value these things at their proper worth, and to keep them in their proper place. And now life has become to us full of the most solemn meaning, because through our relation to Christ, through our being "in Christ," it has a bearing on the eternity beyond. It is the seed-time, of which we shall reap the full harvest hereafter. And thus what seems petty, trifling, insignificant in itself, is invested with an awful significance which is hardly possible for us to over-value. Why are we so watchful over our young children? Because, a slight injury inflicted now, may produce incalculable consequences of mischief hereafter. Because, the evil thought indulged now, may spread like a leprosy through the young heart, and corrupt and corrode the entire nature. Because, the bad habit unchecked now, may issue in the ultimate and irreversible ruin of the soul. Because, good impressions communicated now, are likely to abide and deepen. Because, the instruction given now will not pass away and be forgotten. Because, we may hope, God helping us, that the germs of good implanted now will spring up some day, and bear the glorious fruitage of eternal life. That is why; and we, even the oldest amongst us, are just in the infancy of our being, and what we do, what we suffer, what we think, what we allow in ourselves, now tells upon that never-ending future beyond the grave.

III. And so the man who is "in Christ," by the very fact of his being "in Christ" is a new creature; not completely made all over againno, that cannot be; he remains himself still. Paul, Peter, John, James, may be recognised, after conversion, as well as before, by their own peculiar characteristics; intellect, temper, tastes, dispositions, idiosyncrasies-all are there, but they are differently arranged, and directed to different ends. If your views on all subjects, or at least upon all subjects bearing upon your highest interests, are changed; if your estimate of them is quite different from what it once was, what are you if not a "new creature?" The world is altered to you, and you are altered to the world; you stand in a novel relation to it. God is altered to you. Well, perhaps it is not right to say that, for God is unchanging in His tenderness and love, but you are altered towards God; and an alteration of the attitude towards God makes, to an immortal spirit, all the difference in the world. Why, you are a "new creature." The material is all there, but it has been worked up in a different fashion; the tendencies are all there, but they are carrying

you in the right direction and not in the wrong; the character is there, but it is elevated and ennobled by its consecration to God. To the outward eye you seem much as you were before; you go to your counting-house, or you attend to the duties of your profession, as before; you cast up your ledger, you make your bargains, you engage in your business enterprises, you read your newspaper, you study the money article, you lay your plans, and give your directions as before. But all is done in a new spirit, with higher motives and nobler aims. This you yourself are conscious of, and the world becomes conscious of

it too, presently. The world finds out that a change has come; not at first, perhaps, but by and-by. And how has this change come? By the fact of your being "in Christ." And how have you come to be "in Christ?" By accepting through the testimony of the Spirit the grand fact that One died for all, and therefore for you; in other words, by appropriating to yourself the dying of Jesus Christ on the cross of Calvary. And so, being in Christ, you are a new creature. Old things have passed away for you, and, behold, all things have become new.

A TRUE WOMAN.

A SKETCH .- IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.



HUS the months passed on, and another summer came round. Croquet and lawntennis were again in full force, and Julia was determined that she would sometimes have herfavourite partner. Edward came seldom, but he could not altogether refuse, and so it happened that he was among the guests at a small gardenparty, given in

honour of Julia's birthday. The day was intensely hot, and Mary looked wan and drooping. After the first game most of the young people wandered off in pairs—only a few inveterate players were left on the lawn. Julia and Edward came up to the seat where Mary was sitting, for she felt too tired to play.

"Let us go down to the river," Julia proposed.
"It is so beautifully cool there."

"But we ought not to leave our friends," Mary replied.

"They do not want us. Most of the wanderers would find us de trop, and a new game has just begun. We can be back before it is ended. Do come, Edward; I want to show you what a lovely little nook it is."

Mary thought Edward wished to go, but hardly liked to leave her here alone, so, to avoid any embarrassment, she assented.

They passed through a wicket in a secluded corner of the garden, and came presently to a plantation of trees, not extensive enough to be called a wood. After a few minutes' walking, they emerged on a lovely stretch of smooth turf, which sloped down to a narrow sparkling stream. Julia had not over-rated the beauty of the spot. The background of bright summer foliage, the delicious shade of a giant oak, the pleasant murmur of the river as it rippled swiftly by, the perfect stillness which reigned around, were each an additional charm. Julia was quite satisfied with the silent appreciation she read in Edward's face.

He turned to speak to Mary, and was struck by the pallor and tired expression of her face.

"I fear you are not well," he said, quickly. "Will you not take my arm?"

"It is the heat; it makes me feel so tired," she said, quietly, as she accepted the proffered support.

They had arrived at the water's edge.

"Perhaps, if you were to wait here a few moments in this delicious shade, you would feel better," Edward remarked, pausing on the shore of the little stream.

"Dear me! how slowly we have come; we have been twenty minutes already," Julia exclaimed, consulting her watch. "Don't you hurry, Mary; I'll run on, and you come back slowly."

Mary turned at once, but Julia and Edward combined against her.

"Don't let her walk fast, Edward," Julia said.

"She has not been at all well, lately; and, indeed,
Mary, you look just about as white as a ghost, like
you did the other night at Mrs. Arundel's when you
fainted."

"I will endeavour to take care of her," Edward said, gravely; and Julia sped away, wondering why Mary had such an unaccountable aversion to poor Edward

These two remained standing by the stream. It was a dangerous moment. If he had dared, he would have sought to read in those deep calm eyes the thoughts that were passing in his companion's mind;

but her face was bent down, and he could catch no glimpse.

He, too, bent his head, and gazed thoughtfully down into the clear water rippling along at their feet. For a moment he was startled to see how distinctly his face was mirrored there; the next he was stealing a furtive glance at another reflection as brightly imaged.

What could be the matter? He had never seen this troubled sad expression on Mary's face. Surely she was crying! He watched, with a thousand weary months of self-repression were as nothing; prudence and forethought were scattered to the summer breeze,

"Mary!" he exclaimed, in low impassioned tones, "tell me what distresses you; my darling, what is it?"

It was Mary's turn to be alarmed. She tried hard to recover her composure, but failed signally. The hand that she would have withdrawn trembled so, that Edward took it firmly in his own, making her lean more heavily upon him.

"I cannot bear to see you ill and troubled like



"They had arrived at the water's edge."-p. 403.

emotions springing into life, and yet not daring to speak. Presently Mary turned her head slightly, and saw that he was watching her. She drew back hastily.

"Mary, what is the matter?" he asked, quickly, now that he was discovered.

Mary was in one of those overwrought states of mind and body when tears flow unbidden at either harsh or gentle words. For some time she had, as Julia said, been far from well, suffering from an indescribable malady which doctors call "below par." She could not speak. The hand that rested on Edward's arm trembled violently, and the tears fell thick and fast, staining the bright ribbons of her dress.

Edward was alarmed, and forgot all caution. The

this," he continued, earnestly. "You know I would give up everything to see you happy. Tell me your grief, Mary; let me help you."

Still she did not reply, and suddenly there dawned upon him another sweeter revelation.

"Mary, you love me! Look at me, and tell me that it is true, my darling. Just one word, one glance!"

How could she resist such an appeal? All strength of resistance seemed to have died down within her, and she suffered Edward to draw her closer to himself.

What was there in the consciousness of that protecting arm to dry her tears, and make her feel strong and cheerful again? Was not the sweetness of

to

this moment sufficient atonement for all the past pain?

Alas, that the sweetness should remain so short a time unalloyed! Before they were back again among the croquet-players, it had forced itself on Edward's mind that he had acted foolishly, if not dishonourably. What prospect had he of marrying? None, absolutely. Then by what right had he claimed Mary's love? His heart sickened as he thought of the injury he had inflicted, not only on himself, but on her; and bidding her a hasty but tender adieu, he excused himself, telling her he would write to her all that he had no chance of saving.

Mary divined his thoughts with tolerable accuracy. Something of the same kind had risen in her heart, damping its joy, and clouding the future with evil promise. Edward was not alone in his sleepless night. Mary, too, was anxiously scanning the horizon

of their happiness, and making resolves.

She knew he was considered by her parents a poor man and without prospects, and she guessed now that it was this consciousness that had parted them so long; and after all this weary heartache, could she relinquish again the happiness that had dawned upon her? She could pretty well divine the nature of the letter Edward had promised to write, and her answer was already decided upon.

The letter came, and contained what she had expected—a request that she would not consider his rash avowal bound her in any way to him, for though he had only betrayed what had always been and ever would be the burden of his thoughts, he would not venture to request so great a sacrifice at her hands as that she should link herself with one who had little or no worldly prospects. He begged her forgiveness, and added that he was about to do what he ought to have done long ago—resign his connection with Mr. Temple's church.

There was no time for indecision. Mary had accepted his love, and given him hers in return. Could such gifts be lightly withdrawn? She wrote her reply quickly, not giving herself time to repent her decision. In it she told him, with modest candour, that she did not value worldly prosperity; that unless he wished it for his own sake, she had no desire to recall the events of yesterday; she had nothing to forgive him, and she hoped he would not decide to leave Hessle.

Her answer brought him to The Elms that evening. There was croquet going on as usual, and the two contrived to get a little uninterrupted conversation, during which Edward specified exactly what his means were, and asked Mary if she were not frightened at such comparative poverty?

"No," she answered, bravely; "I think I should like what you call poverty. If I have anytalent, it is for domesticity, learnt in the old days and fallen into disuse now. Do not leave me again, Edward. Let us wait."

"My brave darling!" Edward said, admiringly.

"But, Mary, I must think for you and myself. If waiting were any good—but in this case——"

"Do not be too sure," cried Mary, cheerfully. "Let us try it."

She was thinking, with secret satisfaction, of the modest portion that would become hers on her next birthday, but which for the present she was wise enough to keep from Edward's knowledge.

Edward was by no means so happy as she. How could he go to Mr. Bentley with such a pitiful proposal as he could alone make? That was out of the question for the present. And on the other hand, was he free to renounce the love which now belonged of right to the gentle trusting girl who loved him in return? He was no believer in romantic notions of self-sacrifice which entailed even greater suffering upon others, and it was too evident that her happiness was dependent upon him. He could only leave the matter in God's hands, and ask that he might be directed how to act.

"We will not seek to meet until we may dare to do so openly," he said before they parted. "Whatever happens, I shall always love you, Mary, and bless you for your brave womanliness. But remember always that you are free. I am and must be bound to you, and you only. With you it is

different."

"It is not," Mary said to herself as she entered the house. "My one and only love, if you will not bind me, I will bind myself."

Her mother was in the drawing-room alone.

"Was it Mr. Farran you were bidding good-bye to at the gate, Mary?" she asked, with a searching glance at the girl's bright face, so changed from a few days back.

"Yes, mamma."

"What was he saying to you, Mary?"

Mary drew herself up, prepared to equivocate, but only for one moment. It was unworthy of them both. She would make one brave venture for his sake and her own.

"He was telling me that we must not meet, because he could not venture to go to papa with only his poor prospects," she said, proudly. "And though he knew I would have given it, he would take no promise from me. He would have left Hessle altogether if I had not asked him to stay."

"Mary!" cried her mother, in shocked surprise.
"Did you say all this to him?—you, who were always so reserved and modest! And yet I have

been afraid of this."

"Afraid, mamma? Why?"

"Is it possible, my dear, that you have thought you could ever marry that young man?"

"Why not, mamma?" Mary asked, with unusual spirit.

Mrs. Bentley turned a pair of shocked expressive eyes on her daughter's face, and, with uplifted hands and hushed voice, said, impressively—

"My dear, think of his poverty."

Mary actually laughed.

"I shall have a hundred a year of my own; he has two. I do not call that poverty." "Has Mr. Farran reckoned how far your hundred will go?" Mrs. Bentley asked, sarcastically.

"He knows nothing of it," Mary replied, indignantly. "I am not afraid of Edward's poverty; but he has not asked me yet to share it."

"That is well," Mrs. Bentley replied, coldly. "Your

papa has other views for you."

"Mamma, I will never marry any one else," Mary replied, stung to rebellion, as quiet deep natures may be, "Please tell papa so at once."

"Tell papa what?" asked Mr. Bentley, who entered the room at this moment, looking flushed

and excited.

"Ah! what, indeed," sighed Mrs. Bentley. "Tell

your father yourself, Mary."

It was a cruelly hard task for the gentle reserved girl, but her spirit was roused, and she felt that she dared not lose this opportunity. In a few words she told her father what had so greatly disturbed her mother's equanimity.

He made no remark, but dismissed her quietly, saying he wished to speak to her mother alone.

All her courage vanished when she was by herself. Had she ruined their cause by her precipitancy? What would Edward think of her for blutting out their secret so unwisely? And yet, looking back, she could not see how otherwise she could have done.

The cause of her father's unusual demeanour was soon explained. Mr. Temple was dead. His churchwarden and he had been going through some accounts together, when the old man had been seized with a fit. He recovered sufficiently to give certain directions and express certain wishes to his trusted friend, and then passed quietly away. Here, then, was the answer to all Mary's hopes and fears. In a few weeks Edward would be gone, and who could tell whether she would ever see him again?

While the shadow of death lingered over the household, Mary hardly ventured to think of her own grief. The old vicar had been a dear and honoured friend, and they all mourned his death with tender gentle regret.

Mr. Bentley and Edward were the principal guests at the funeral. Mary was not a little surprised to

see them enter the house together.

It was hard to have to meet him before so many curious eyes, after all that had happened. But he showed no embarrassment. He rose and came forward to greet her.

"Mary," he said very quietly, while Mrs. Bentley looked on with hardly-concealed amazement, "your father has given you to me. I have come to ask you

to be my wife."

"Yes, my dear," Mr. Bentley said to his wife, "things are altered. Mr. Farran is now the vicar of Hessle. It was Mr. Temple's dearest wish that his assistant should be his successor, and for some time he had been using his influence to secure him the appointment. It was made to-day."

"I congratulate you most heartily," Mrs. Bentley

said, coldly as Mary thought.

Julia's delight was enough to satisfy the most exacting mind.

"And so we may not taste poverty," Mary said, with a sigh, when they were alone. "I almost wish we might, so that I might expend all my genius upon some tiny cottage home. I don't think I like you quite so well, Edward, as when you were poor."

"My darling, you and I shall never be rich, if you are the true wife I believe you will be," Edward said, earnestly. "I have wanted money to help on my work so badly, and now we will spend it together; and I do not doubt we shall be quite poor enough to please even you."

"It is the very life I would have chosen," Mary replied, gravely. "Let us make a solemn agreement that we will not spend on ourselves more than we actually need, and that will be the only better thing than having married my Edward in his poverty."

THE TEN VIRGINS.

III.-THE SURPRISE.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, PADDINGTON, AND CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him,"—St. Matt. xxv. 6.

UR last chapter dealt with the perilousness of yielding to spiritual sloth, whether in those incipient stages of it which we designate as "slumber," or in that confirmed stupor and insensibility which is the index of a soul fast "asleep."

The effect, in the case of the foolish

virgins, of giving way to this infirmity, we know. Slowly, stealthily, imperceptibly to themselves, the little light they had

in their lamps flickered, and waned, and all but died out. This is a law of the Kingdom. Religious declensions, in the case of those whose hearts are not established with grace, are accomplished rapidly. Their religion is all upon the surface. They have no deepness of earth—nothing to resist the scorching and withering influences of the world. Destitute of that holy oil, which is the unction of the Holy One, there is nothing to quicken or stimulate their routine life; to make them strengthen the things

which remain, and that are ready to die. And so they do die—die, and often make no sign.

But is there no warning in the parable to those whom we might call wise virgins? Does not our Lord bid them to watch also? True, as we know, these virgins did not, in consequence of their slumbers, lose their part or place at the marriage banquet in the end. But they ran a great risk. And so we all do, when we consciously slacken in religious diligence, when the heart is not kept entire for Christ, when the closet life is allowed to be encroached upon by the world, and the work of the soul is done sluggishly and heavily. For it may be that, just at such a time, the cry may be heard by us, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." And though, through the covenant mercies of our God and Saviour, our lamp may not have gone so far down as to be beyond the trimming, and, as we are assured, never shall be allowed to go out altogether, yet so faintly and feebly does it burn at the last, in consequence of our long sleeps, that for all the purposes of comfort to ourselves, of satisfaction to our friends, of honour to that Bridegroom whom we are going forth to meet, but little difference appears to lookers on, between the extinguished lamp of the foolish and the too long neglected lamp of the wise. Stand we then on our Christian watch-towers continually. As to the time when the Son of Man cometh, the wise know no more than the foolish. "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" The watchman said, "The morning cometh and also the night."

I. We come now to the next stage of this parable, which we may call "the surprise:" "And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." was at midnight, when the tired world is asleep; when a dead stillness pervades all nature, that these virgins were startled from their slumbers. The expression is introduced, no doubt, to heighten our anticipations of the Saviour's second coming to judge the world. It may not necessarily be midnight in the literal sense, but in the midnight of thoughtlessness, and sloth, and spiritual death, when men are buying and selling, projecting and planning, slumbering by unfed lamps, or sleeping in the lap of worldliness and sin, that a voice shall be heard penetrating to the most ancient grave, and to the deepest sea, saying, "Behold, He cometh," cometh not in incarnate lowliness, not in purple scorn, not in derisive majesty, not in wounds and scars, but clothed with light as a garment, and enthroned on the clouds of heaven. And there will be "a cry" made. The expression, as applied to the case of the parable, indicates the noise, and the shouting, and the running before of the multitudes which usually indicate the near approach of some great But here it is the King of kings and Lord

of Lords that is approaching. Ten thousand times ten thousand angels announce His coming; and the heavens and the earth, at His awful presence, will make to themselves wings, and flee away. And the sea and the waves roaring; and the mountains and hills scattered; and the sun and all bright things paling themselves in eternal eclipse before the Light of light, and the very God of very God, all these will proclaim with consentaneous voice to earth's inhabitants, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

But apart from the direct application of the words to the circumstances of the second Advent, let us look at the parable as it sets forth the conduct of men, be they wise or be they unwise, who, when grievous sickness is upon them, are told the hour is come for their near meeting with Christ: "Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps." The effectual trimming of the lamp consisted of two parts-the infusion of fresh oil, and the removal of any accretions which had gathered round and were clogging the wick, the latter being so important that a small instrument for the purpose, hung by a slender chain, formed part of the ordinary equipment of the lamp. One might almost think that the Church of England had in view this twofold trimming of the Christian lamp when, in her office of ministration to the sick and dying, she bids the minister pray first for the sick man, "Renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been decayed by the hand and malice of the devil, or by his carnal will and frailness"-that is, infuse into him fresh oil; and then afterwards bids him pray that "whatever defilements the soul may have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, being purged and done away, it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee.'

At all events, the point for notice is that, on the announcement of the Bridegroom's near coming, men, whether wise or foolish, instinctively set about trimming their lamps. Even to a good man the dying-time is a lamp-trimming time. He cannot help feeling that many things have become decayed through unwatchfulness, through infirmity, through what the Church calls his "carnal will and frailness." His shield of faith has become sorely bruised; his once firm grasp of the promises is weakened; he has not the power to prevail with God in prayer which he once had, and his helmet of hope suffices not to cover his head in the day of battle. He feels to want more strength, more life, more of the anointing of the Holy One. His lamp burns not brightly at last, not brightly enough for an assured and happy meeting with the Bridegroom. Still, in his case, the oil is ready, and, in the sharpness of his sufferings and pains, an instrument is ready for purging away any remainders of earthliness and defilement which, in the lapse of years, may have gathered

round his lamp, and made the flame fitful and unsteady. And now he can arise and go forth. His last hours are spent in reviewing mercies, in gathering up tokens, in renewing and sealing afresh his interest in the covenant, in throwing off and disencumbering himself of his last earthly care, in bracing up his spirit for looking at death calmly and without fear, in glorifying Christ, by witnessing to the sufficiency of His grace, and thus letting those around him see how a Christian

dies. His lamp is trimmed.

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But according to the parable the phrase applies to the foolish virgins also-that they arose and trimmed their lamps. How could this be? Why, it means that they tried to do so. And therein it represents most truly the vehement but despairful efforts which the most foolish procrastinator will make at the last to put light into an extinguished lamp. Long has the flame ceased to burn, long has the oil been spent, long has it been since his heart has known anything of loving or loyal affection for the Bridegroom, but on hearing the midnight summons he will arise to trim his lamp: persuade himself that there are some sparks burning still; until, in the abandonment of a spent light and a spent hope, he will make the piteous cry to some wiser virgin, "Give us of your oil: for our lamp is

"Is gone out," or, as perhaps it might be more strictly rendered, is "going out." The amended reading suggests the wide range of character which, in its applications, the parable may be made to embrace. Though five of the virgins were foolish, it does not follow that they were all foolish to the same degree. Some, on then awaking, might find their lamps not quite gone out, but just on the point of going out. There was a thin thread of flame just visible, and which might live if only a supply of oil could be found in time. And so, perhaps, the parable points to the duty, both of the dying man and of his friends, never to cease from praying so long as he is on the praying side of the grave. The things that remain are ready to die, but they are not dead. If the flax does but smoke, yet it is not entirely quenched. One whose mercy has never found a limit, may yet say, "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it," and hard as it may be to re-kindle an all but spent and exhausted flame at a time when the footfall of the Bridegroom is so very near, yet is there anything too hard for the Lord, that we should turn a faithless or disregard-

"Give us of your oil." Of course, it is not well to press the accessories and outer clothing of a parable into an enforced subserviency to the ends of spiritual instruction. They often break down under the strain, and the moral misses its point. This prayer of the foolish virgins for oil, for instance, together with the answer it elicited, is

ing ear to a dying fellow-sinner, crying, "Give us

of your oil, for our lamp is going out?'

hardly of the essence of the parable, and yet how much of truth and reality and fact does it set forth, as in a figure, when it represents dying men, who have all their life long perhaps been neglecting the work of their salvation, hoping to obtain from their fellow-men that grace and peace and pardon which can come from God in Christ Oh! yes, reader, all this part of the parable-picture is true, true to the very letter. For just as it is true that men who have never lived anything but a formal and worldly life, will, on a death-bed, try to trim a dead lamp, so it is further true that when this hope has forsaken them, when the dead black lamp of a barren profession stands before the eyes of the dving man in all its mocking reality, that he will cleave to the hope of re-kindling his soul's life at another's flame, and obtaining entrance into the Kingdom through another's prayers. Yes, to the parent whose counsel he has refused, to the pious friend whose companionship he has forsaken, to the minister of God whose warnings he has disregarded and despised, to any or all of these will the alarmed sinner turn, saying, "Give me, give me of your oil, for my lamp is gone out."

But no man can save another's soul, and therefore those who are appealed to must let that alone for ever. Such is the next lesson of the parable. The answer returned by the wise virgins to this request is to be considered as spoken not in bitter irony, not in harsh reproach, but in the solemn sadness of truth, and under the pressure of stern necessity-" We cannot give you of our oil, lest there be not enough for us and you." "Not enough!" the idea of works of supererogation, of one man having an overplus of merit which he can transfer to the account of another, is one which, except in the theology of the Romish Church, we never read of. Clean contrary is the only authentic utterance we have from St. Peter's chair upon the subject, and his words are, "If the righteous scarcely be saved [literally, if they "with difficulty" be saved], where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" No, every man must live by his own faith. The only thing ministers can do, or friends can do, to one preferring the request of the foolish virgins, is to tell them where the true oil is to be had, and to bid them go and buy for themselves. We must try to bring the man to a sense of his unutterable We must say to him, "you are spiritually destitute-go to Christ for gold tried in the fire; spiritually naked-go to Christ for white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed; spiritually blindgo to Christ for eye-salve, that thou mayest see." We must shake the man out of his leaning upon us, or looking to us for anything. Christ has emphatically said, in regard to the things necessary for pardon, "I counsel thee to buy of ME;" and whether a man lives a day or an hour, we must not allow him to suppose that it is to be obtained in any other way; as that ministers can procure it, or sacraments can confer it, or, except so far as God may put honour upon their prayers, that friends can help him in it. No work for the soul can be done by proxy. We may lead men to the waters, but it must be their own to drink; we may point them to the sin-atoning Lamb, but it must be their own to look up; may tell them where peace, pardon, salvation, eternal life may be purchased, and at what price, but there ends our function, and there our power to succour. "Go ye to them that sell, and buy for yourselves."

The one closing lesson I would draw from this part of the parable respects the folly of delayed repentance, postponed resolves, the putting off of the momentous concerns of our salvation from day to day. Foolish as these virgins were, their folly never went the length of supposing that a lamp would continue burning without oil, or that, however long he might tarry, the Bridegroom would not be sure to come at last. To what, then, are we to attribute their infatuated negligence? Manifestly to the fact that they were living on good intentions, staking their immortality on the chance that the Bridegroom might not come yet, and that when He did come His approach would be with observation, so measured and slow and gradual as to allow of their getting oil for their

lamps, even if delayed to the moment of His They were out in their reckoning setting out. in this, as in like case any of us may be. But, the folly of such conduct apart, let us look at its heaven-offendingness. Is it not like telling the infinite God that He has required us to give our whole life to a work which we can do in far less time? Is it not a deliberate proposal to give unto our God and Saviour the worst and most useless of our days, while we spend on self and sin the best? In a word, is it not as if we would offer, at the shrine of the god of this world, our manhood, our vigour, our freshness, our strength, and were content to lay on the altar of the Holy One an offering of weakness, and decay, and old age, and mental feebleness? Oh! my readers, stand we in awe of these perilous and God-insulting delays. And now, while it is called to-day, now, while for a season the Bridegroom tarries, let us arise and be getting ready. Let us stand with our lamps burning, and our loins girded, and our feet sandalled, and our staff in hand; ever looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, and laying our ear to the ground that we may catch the first syllables of that midnight cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh. Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing."

IT WAS WORTH WHILE.

A PARABLE.



AR away in the dark forests of Austria lay a small insignifican't-looking stone.

It did not mind its insignificance in the least; not it. It rather congratulated itself upon the fact that it was so insignificant; for when the men came, as they did sometimes, and took away the larger pieces of

stone that lay farther up the mountain, and bored into the mountain-side itself, they never thought of this small stone at all; never even saw it. So it lived in peace and quietness among its neighbours, and enjoyed its life thoroughly (if life it can be

called which does nothing either for itself or others).

It listened to the soft whisper of the summer wind among the trees, in the calm bright weather, and to the terrible sweeping roar of the forest, as it swayed and swung in the arms of the tempest, when winter and storms reigned in the land.

It watched, too, the fair summer sunrise as it swept in still golden light farther and farther over the land; and the wonderful gorgeous sunsets, flashing up red and orange into the shining evening sky, dyeing the whole earth scarlet, flaming among the fir-stems, touching even the massive gloomy forest with sudden glory, and fading away in sad and solemn crimson from the distant mountain peaks.

And the little stone, as it watched, was a very contented little stone; inert, lazy, and happy, prepared only to look and listen for ever. But this was not to be. One of the workmen, passing to his work one day, early his ere work.

day, cast his eye upon it.

He picked it up, examined it closely, and then, oh, woeful inhumanity! chipped a little piece out of one side. The result of this proceeding seemed to be satisfactory, for muttering, "Ah!" he put it in his pocket and went on his way.

When he reached the place where he was working, he took it out, and threw it on a large heap, where a great many other stones and pieces of black marble, veined with green, were all lying together; and when he had done this he turned to his work, and took no more notice of it at all.

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"Oh, dear!" cried the little stone in terror, when it fully realised its position, "oh, dear! what is going to be done with me? Something dreadful, I feel sure. Oh! I wish I were back again. How very unfortunate that that malicious man happened to cast his eye my way; only the day before I was quite covered over by a friendly leaf. I remember it, because I remember grumbling that I couldn't see. And now——"

Hitherto it had been lavishing its remarks upon the public generally; now, it turned and concentrated them on one individual stone, with a very knowing-looking knob on one side.

"Can you tell me," it asked, "what is going to be done with us all?"

Before the stone addressed had time to answer, a sudden convulsion of the stone heap landed our friends among quite different surroundings, and then before he had recovered the shock, he found himself being carried away with his new friends.

"Good-bye, good-bye," he cried, as he saw his old home fading into the distance. "Oh, how happy I was in you, my dear old home. I shall very likely never see you again. Good-bye!"

And the forest waved its thousand arms in the evening breeze, and sighed, "Farewell! farewell!"

And then the little stone felt very low; in fact, it was about as miserable as a little stone can be. It didn't cry, but then they say that the very greatest grief of all sheds no tear, so according to that the little stone must have been in a very bad way indeed.

So very wretched was it at being torn away from all it knew and loved, that it seemed to be quite unconscious of everything that was going on around it. It knew vaguely that it was being carried over land and sea, because it heard the other stones talking about it. But it never realised anything more until it found itself being chipped, and rounded, and chipped again, and polished, and altogether made extremely

uncomfortable. This, as one may say, brought it to itself again, and it began to notice that there were quantities of other pieces of marble being treated in just the same way, and that they none of them seemed to like it any better than he did; neither, it appeared, did any of them know what was going to be done with them in the end.

One day, however, the little stone was enlightened. Some one came in and took it up and carried it into a beautiful half-finished place that looked like a miniature cathedral, and there it was very carefully fitted into the floor.

After looking about it for some time, it began questioning its next-door neighbour, a piece of white marble streaked with red.

Then it learned that it had become part of a lovely building which was being beautified by a lonely loving woman in memory of one whom she will never see here any more, but whom she is in sure and certain hope of meeting again some day, with great gladness and thanksgiving, among the many mansions of her Father's house.

So the little stone was really part of this noble exquisite building. At first it could hardly believe it. And as day by day the place grew in beauty, the little stone's melancholy all melted away into a great wonder and happiness at its good fortune; and one day after the place was finished, when it had been watching the visitors wandering round with hushed voices for a long while, it bethought it of its old home. It remembered the happy idle life it had led there, and all the grief and misery it had suffered in leaving it. And then, as it looked round and thought of the great loving purpose of which it formed a part, it sighed thankfully to itself, "It was worth while."

Then from the distant choir the sweet boys' voices sounded, "No chastening for the present scemeth to be joyous, but rather grievous; nevertheless, afterward——" It lost what came after that, but the western sun, streaming in glory through the rich stained windows, filled in the rest of the meaning.

And where is the little stone?

Well, I dare say when you go into the building you will see it. F. E. P.

DORA PATTISON, THE NURSING SISTER.

N the 24th of December, 1878, there died in a small house in Walsall—in the Black Country—one of the most remarkable and noble-hearted women who have adorned the present century. The news of her death was received with intense sorrow by the people amongst whom she had lived and laboured; indeed, it seemed as if the whole

population of Walsall mourned for her. She was followed to the grave by dense crowds, composed of

all classes of the community—ministers and the representatives of the various municipal and educational bodies; while in addition there were hundreds of those who had at one time or other of their lives been hospital patients. "The poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind," were there; miserable women and half-starved children, many of whom had walked long distances to pay the last tribute of respect to her memory.

For the lady whose loss was thus extensively

mourned was a hospital nurse. Her real name was Dorothy Pattison, but the one by which she was generally known was "Sister Dora." A record of her life has been lately published, and the book is full of interest. It evidently affords a true portrait of a real woman, and the story thus related cannot but be of use to those who study it.

Dorothy Pattison was the youngest but one of twelve children. Her father was a clergyman in the North Riding of Yorkshire. She was a particularly clever child, and, like many clever children, very wilful. Her self-will did not show itself in violence and bad temper, but rather in a quiet determination to have her own way. This peculiarity distinguished her all through her life. If she could not have what she wanted easily, she by no means gave the matter up, but she would wait until she saw a favourable opportunity, and then try again. An amusing instance is given of this trait in her character. One winter, she and her sister were provided with velvet bonnets, which were, in their opinion at least, very ugly. The young ladies expressed their ideas freely regarding their attire, but their complaints produced no effect. Dorothy, however, was by no means content to wear the bonnet.

One rainy day she knew that her mother had gone out for some time, so she said to her sister, "Now is our chance for spoiling our bonnets." With this end in view the girls put their bonnets on and held their heads out of the window that the rain might spoil them. When they were well wetted, they drew their heads in, took off their bonnets, and put them away, soaking wet; of course they were not improved by the process. When the time came for wearing them again, Dora explained, "The bonnets are quite spoilt; we can never wear them again." But if the daughters were wilful, the mother was firm and judicious. The bonnets had to be worn, not only on that Sunday, but on many succeeding Sundays, and thus the girls were righteously made to suffer for their own misdeeds.

When Dorothy was a child, she was very delicate, and frequently had to suffer great pain. It was at this time that she developed the power of bearing suffering with fortitude, and of always looking upon the bright side of things. She was regarded as a quiet self-collected girl, but when well she was full of fun and humour. She was very daring, too. She delighted in driving, and in all outdoor exercises; especially she enjoyed a hunt, whether of hare, rat, or fox; she was a capital horsewoman, and was never tired of riding across country, and loved to follow the hounds. It is said that in after years she many a time delighted her patients-especially the boys amongst them-with stories of her rides across the Yorkshire moors. She had, too, a very great love for and a knowledge of music, and quite distinguished herself by the ability with which she managed the village choir.

It will be seen, therefore, that Dorothy was a highly gifted girl. And more than this—she was

exceedingly beautiful, and had an elegant graceful No one can doubt this who looks at the portrait which, by the kind permission of the photographer, we have been enabled to present to the reader. It must have been taken towards the close of her life-for she died at the age of 46, and the portrait represents a lady by no means in the first bloom of youth, and attired in the quaint cap and apron which are regarded as a badge of the profession she adopted. Yet the feeling one has on looking at it is, first, "What a beautiful face!" and then, "What a strong face!" Miss Lonsdale says that. though the picture will give some idea to those who did not know Dorothy Pattison, of the regularity of form for which her features were remarkable, it has lost somewhat of that subtle and beautiful expression by which her friends chiefly remember her face, and of the youthful softness and roundness which she never lost! There is no wonder, therefore-seeing that she was beautiful, elegant, witty, talented, a thorough lady, and possessed of "an indomitable will, that no earthly power could master or subdue"-that she was able to influence others, and to do an amount of good in the world such as few women have accomplished.

As might be imagined, this determined will very early brought Miss Pattison into difficulties. She grew weary of the quiet country rectory which was her home, and longed for a larger sphere in which to exercise her faculties and expend her energies. She very much wished to join Miss Nightingale, who at this period of her life was about to commence her work in the Crimea; but her father refused to allow her to do so. Later she became acquainted with some members of a large working sisterhood calling themselves Good Samaritans. These sisters kept a Convalescent Home at Coatham, near Redcar, and employed themselves in various works of mercy. Dorothy was eager to join them; her father was unwilling that she should do so, and did everything he could to prevent her, short of laving his commands upon her. But she persevered, and in the end she left home, and ultimately, though not immediately, joined the Good Samaritans.

In after years she bitterly regretted taking this step. On her death-bed, she said, speaking of her behaviour to her father at this time, "I was very wilful; I did very wrong; let no one take me for an example." And the affair ended sadly. While she was away engaged in her special work, her father was taken ill. He carnestly desired to see her, but through some misunderstanding or mistake—it is scarcely possible to say what—her self-chosen masters forbade her doing so, and her father died without her being privileged to be with him and receive his dying blessing. This was of course a fearful trouble to Dora. It caused a feeling of resentment to spring up in her mind against the sisterhood, and it was the beginning of a breach between her and them which was never thoroughly healed.

From this time she gave herself entirely to the work of nursing. The sisterhood of the Good Samaritans, with whom she was at first connected, was what is called a "secular" community. Its members were understood to be actively engaged, and to take no vows excepting that of obedience to their "pastor," and to that one of their number whom he appointed their superintendent. When Miss Pattison joined them, she was, according to their rule, put through a severe course of training, and called upon to do things that were thoroughly distasteful to her. She made beds, dusted rooms, cleaned grates, and at last became a cook in the kitchen.

At length she was allowed to gratify her taste for

nursing, and then she was satisfied. The remainder of her life was devoted to this special work. She did it so that she won the respect and the love of all who came in contact with her. She was skilful, patient, tender, cheerful, untiring, and accomplished so much that she was a wonder to every one.

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She worked in connection with the sisterhood for some years. An accident hospital was established at Walsall, near Birmingham; and the Good Samaritans were responsible for the nursing in it. At first it contained four beds, but the numbers gradually increased until at length it was found necessary to build a hospital, and establish the affair on a large scale.

Dora was here actively

engaged. She had not been long at work, however, before she caught small-pox. Indeed, during her life she had severe attacks of illness, and used to say of herself, "I always catch everything that's going." But as soon as she recovered, she began again. She worked indefatigably, and in 1874 took the entire management of the hospital, the sisters retiring from it altogether.

The work that she now accomplished was simply stupendons. She was accustomed to come down at half-past six every morning; and from that time until the day was over, every moment was fully occupied. She used to do all sorts of things—make the patients' beds, dress their wounds, serve their meals, read prayers (on the staircase, so that her voice might be heard in the various wards), set fractures, draw teeth, and perform minor operations and dressings. She rarely got a quiet meal; indeed, it was a wonder how she managed to get through such constant hard work upon the

meagre diet she allowed herself. She bandaged wounds so well that a surgeon in Birmingham called upon his students to study the bandaging of a man's head that was her work, as a model of excellence. She looked after the out-patients; and it was no uncommon event for from sixty to one hundred persons to pass through the rooms in one afternoon. She used to write her letters, and keep up a conversation with the patients at the same time. She preferred doing personally as much as possible of the work of her hospital; and always took the heaviest and roughest part of any employment upon herself. She

was even known to rejoice in being short of a servant, for she said, "Servants are such plagues, I would infinitely rather do all myself."

She was the first to be up and the last to go to rest, and thoroughly deserved the title given to her by the bishop of the diocese, "One-horse Chay."

The spirit in which she did all her work was reverent, earnest and cheerful.

Her biographer says that when she heard the bell tinkle that called her up in the middle of the night, she always said to herself, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee," and turned straight out of bed. She never seemed weary. In answer to the remonstrances of friends who wished her to spare herself, she said,

"Oh, I'm used to it. I always find I can sit up seven nights nursing, if I go to bed the eighth."

The most wonderful thing about her, however, was her power of seeing the funny side of things. It was a peculiarity of hers to invent a queer nickname for each one of her patients, who were usually quite proud of it, and did not care to answer to any other. Thus one man was always spoken of as "King Charles," because his face reminded Miss Pattison of Charles the First. "Darkey," "Cockney," "Burnt,"
"Thumb," "Hand," "Leg," "Stumpy," and "Pat" all knew their names. And she carried her humour to such an extent, that when she was on her death-bed, and, through impeded circulation, her right hand and arm swelled to double their natural size, and had to be supported on a pillow, she always spoke of the helpless limb as "Sir Roger," and gave peculiar names to her bottles and dressings, her sponges and towels. One man who was accustomed to give vent to his feelings



DORA PATTISON.
(From a photograph by Mrs. Williams, Wolverhampton.)

rather vigorously she called "Blow-ye-the-Trumpet." "My dear," she said on one occasion, "if I could not laugh at things, I don't know what I should do."

In February, 1875, small-pox broke out in Walsall, and spread with fearful rapidity. It happened that at the close of a former visitation an epidemic hospital had been built, and this was now standing ready to receive the patients. But it was found almost impossible to persuade the poor to send their friends to this place; they preferred to keep them at home. But at this point Miss Pattison came to the rescue. She had made up her mind to do what was in her power to prevent small-pox spreading as it had done before, and she now offered to leave her own work and to take charge of the epidemic hospital. Her offer was thankfully accepted, and her name acted like magic. The patients and their friends made no difficulty about going, as soon as they knew that "Sister Dora" would be their nurse. Arrangements were made for "supplying" not "filling" her usual place, and she set off at once.

For six months she devoted herself to this work. The only help she had was from the porter, an old man, who every now and then went off drinking, and two old women from the workhouse, who helped her to wash the clothes and bedding of the sick, and of whom she said herself, "One is so helpless I have to do the work for her." There were twenty-eight beds in the hospital, and it was not long before these were filled with patients in every stage of the complaint. One cannot even imagine what this heroic woman went through during this fearful time, fighting almost single-handed against disease and death. The doctor, who was one of the few visitors to the place (for of course every one gave the hospital a wide berth), said of her, "Sister Dora could sit up at night and work all day with little or no rest. Her strength was superhuman. I never saw such a woman." One night the porter had, as usual, gone off drinking, and she was alone with the patients, when "a tall heavy man, in the worst stage of confluent small-pox, threw himself out of bed, with a loud yell, and rushed to the door before she could stop him. She had no time for hesitation, but at once grappled with him, all covered as he was with the loathsome disease. Her strength and determination prevailed, and she got him back into bed, and held him there by main force till the doctor arrived in the morning."

Miss Lonsdale says, "It sounds almost incredible, but it is a fact, that she was in the habit of bringing back to life patients who had sunk into the first stage of the fatal collapse which often precedes death, by actually putting her mouth to theirs, and breathing into them until vitality was restored." When her work was over and the last patient had left, she cleaned the hospital thoroughly, and put it in order, that it might be shut up; then came away and returned to her former work as quietly as she had left it. It was, however, contrary to her own expectation that she did thus come back. She began the work with a conviction that she should fall a victim to the disease, and those who knew her best saw that a kind of disappointment clung to her that she had not been thought worthy to lay down her life for others.

It would be impossible here to enter into all the details of her noble career. The story of her hospital life is one long record of heroic achievement. But the time of rest drew near. During the winter of 1876-7 she began to feel a difficulty in lifting her patients. Finding that this did not pass away, she consulted a physician, and he discovered that she was the victim of a disease that must end her life. She knew well enough what "cancer" meant, and once or twice her heart almost failed her. But she made up her mind that as long as it was possible her condition should remain a secret. She did her work as long as she was able, and when she could do this no longer, but was obliged to lay up, she would not allow the members of her own family to be sent for, and when, on their discovering that she was seriously ill, they came over to see and nurse her, she would not permit them to do so, and they were obliged to leave. For many weeks she persisted in herself dressing her wound, and only ceased when she was actually compelled by weakness.

She had months of acute suffering, which she bore with wonderful fortitude. She even maintained to a large extent her high spirits, and would joke and laugh in the intervals of pain, so that some of her old patients, who did not know how ill she was, declared, "She was that cheerful and jolly, they were sure she would come round." She would listen with interest to accounts of what was going on at the hospital, and give the nurses directions as to what was wanted. Once she was told that a man had been brought in

with a broken back.

"Then," she said, "I will show you how to move him in bed," and, quickly doubling up a corner of her sheet, she laid her finger in it to represent the sufferer, and in a concise way told how he might be moved without hurting him.

One who was frequently with her said, "I feel that I cannot give you a true idea of those last hours that I spent with her, or of the vivid remembrance I have of her, as her brave and loving spirit waited for the moment when God would call her to the full unclouded daylight of eternity, into the dawn of which she seemed already to have entered."

When death really drew near, her pangs were terrible. Every effort was made to relieve her, but it was seen that they were of no avail. At last she said to those who stood round her bed, "I have lived alone, let me die alone;" and she repeated this, "Let me die alone," till they were forced to leave her. For some hours she lived on, and an anxious friend who remained watching through the half-open door only knew by a slight change of position that her life was over. Dorothy Pattison is buried in the cemetery of Walsall, the town where she laboured for fifteen years. It has been proposed to raise a statue in memory of her, but her noble life is her best monument. She lives in the hearts of those whom she benefited, and stands out as an example of the work that an earnest woman may do who is animated by the great principles of Love to God and Love to Man.

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Work that shall find its wages yet, And deeds that her God will not forget, Done for the Love Divine; These are her mourners, and these shall be The crown of her immortality.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 15. THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

Chapter to be read—1 Kings x. (part of).

NTRODUCTION. In our last lesson saw
"Solomon in all his glory." Who spoke of
him in that way? How was his greatness
shown? What was extent of his kingdom?
How did he use his riches? What else had

God given him? Which was best and most lasting? To-day read of a visitor coming to see him. I. THE VISIT OF QUEEN OF SHEBA. (Read 1-13.) What did Queen of Sheba hear? How could she hear it? How do we hear news from distant countries? By post or telegraph, and now even by telephone-actually hear words spoken a number of miles away. Were any of these things to be had then? How did news travel? By merchants carrying goods, e.g., Ishmaelites trading between Egypt and Canaan, who bought Joseph (Gen. xxxvii. 28). Perhaps Solomon had bought goods from similar Where did this Queen live? Show merchants. Sheba on map-south-west of Arabia-on borders of Red Sea. Perhaps some sailors of Solomon's fleet had visited Sheba, and talked about their king. Anyhow, tale of his greatness reached Queen's ears. What did she resolve to do? Easy enough to take a journey in our days-ticket by rail or steamer, every want supplied—journey cheap, pleasant and easy. But not so easy for this Queen. How did she travel? Long train of camels. What did they carry? Were they for merchandise? No. A royal present (2 Kings viii. 9). What did she want Solomon to tell her? (Ver. 1.) So would reward him for his knowledge. Now picture the scene, or read description, and show picture from books on Eastern travel. The long train of camels: the encampment at night: watch-fires; camels picketed; Arabs cross-legged, enjoying evening meal, etc. At last hills around Jerusalem appear in distance. Solomon hears of her coming; probably comes out to meet her; escorts her into Jerusalem; entertains her at his beautiful palace; tells her all she wants to know; receives her presents; shows her all about Jerusalem. What was there to see? The palace; the temple; the throne; the servants, etc. What effect did it have on the Queen? What did she say to the king? even his servants must be happy, because Solomon so great and wise king. See how she recognised God as Giver of it all. What did Solomon give her in return? (Ver. 13.) So this pleasant visit came to an end.

II. THE LESSONS. Let children notice about the queen. (1) Her spirit of inquiry. She heard in her own land some wonderful tale—could scarcely

believe it-not satisfied. What did she do? Went to see for herself. What was the result? Heard, learned, saw far more than expected. What a lesson to children! Even for this life, eagerness to learn always meets with reward, but for next life still more -"diligent soul shall be made fat," those "who hunger after righteousness shall be filled" (St. Matt. v. 6). (2) Her eagerness. She took a great deal of trouble about what she wanted. Long, difficult, dangerous, fatiguing journey. But gladly went through all to gain her end. So must all "run, if they would obtain" (1 Cor. ix. 24), as Christ told us we must strive to enter in (St. Luke xiii. 24). Shall meet with many difficulties, hindrances in doing right, still must endure to end, if would be saved. (3) Her satisfaction. What was she hoping for all the time? And was it all true? Ay, more than true. Found in Solomon more wisdom, more greatness than expected; was not disappointed, not sent empty away. How happy would be her future life; would go back and tell all about it; would be better able to rule her own people; would probably teach them to fear and worship God. So will it be with all who seek Christ. Sometimes children seem to doubt if worth while taking trouble about religion. Can Christ do to them and be to them what they hear? Let them only try. They will be taught (Prov. iii. 5, 6); they will be fed (Prov. iii. 18). They will be satisfied (St. Matt. xi. 28). They will desire to teach others also. Are we thus seeking God?

III. THE TYPE. (St. Matt. ii. 9—12, xii. 42.) Was this Queen of same nation as Solomon? No; a Gentile. As such type of those other Gentiles who came to Jerusalem; what were they called? and how were they like her? They heard, came, saw, believed, departed more than satisfied. They gave gifts, worshipped, and found a Saviour. They, like her, searching diligently till found what they sought. What a lesson to all. No hindrances ought to delay. Nothing will satisfy till have realised all wisdom and happiness to be found in Christ. This Queen and these wise men were Gentiles—probably till that time heathens; shall we be less earnest than they in seeking wisdom? in seeking Christ?

Wisdom? in seeking Christ?

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Who came to see Solomon, and why?
- 2. Describe her journey.
- 3. What did Solomon show her?
- 4. What three things do you notice about her?
- 5. Of Whom was she a type?
- 6. How can we copy her?

No. 16. Solomon's Fall Chapter to be read—1 Kings xi.

INTRODUCTION. Let children name some of things for which Solomon was noted. He was wise, as shown by his Proverbs and judgments; learned, as seen by his knowledge of trees and natural history generally; powerful, as ruling over a great kingdom; famous, as receiving visits from neighbouring sovereigns. Who gave all these things, and why? So long as feared God, he was happy. Shall to-day see how he fell into sin.

I. SOLOMON'S SIN. (Read 1-8.) Whom did Solomon marry first? What did he build for her? How long did this house take to build (vii, 1)? Far longer even than the Temple. Was he content with Pharaoh's daughter? Seems to us very strange to read of so many wives. What harm did they do to him? Made him think too much of this world-its pleasures and pursuits-so made him think less of God, Did they worship Solomon's God? So what did he do to please them? What a strange sight! Read in a previous lesson about building of Temple on Mount Moriah; beautiful sight-joy of whole earth (Ps. xlviii. 2). Now look across Jerusalem to another hill-what is seen there? Two other temples in high places-conspicuous to all. But for what gods are they? Gods of the Sidonians and Ammonites. And what did his wives do in these temples? (Ver 8.) So that worship and sacrifice and incense were being offered up in same city at same time to the true God and to those false gods, all owing to Solomon.

Now let us see the cause of Solomon's sin. (1) Influence of others. He was young and amiable, wished to please others, so was led into sin by not being able to say "No;" did what was wrong rather than refuse his wives anything. This very common, children especially do not like to refuse-think will be called unkind. But must learn to be firm-always refuse to do what is wrong, even to please some one very dear. Better give pain than sin against God. But what made him thus tempted? (2) Mixing with other nations. God had forbidden Israelites to marry those of other nations (Ex. xxxiv. 16), lest should be led to idolatry. Solomon did so, and was led astray. Therefore may learn to avoid the beginnings of sin. Never know to what one wrong step may lead. (3) Undue love of pleasure. This a very common fault. Remind of parable of rich fool who took all his pleasure in this life (St. Luke xii. 20). So with too many now. Must often pray, "Turn away my eyes, lest they behold vanity" (Ps. exix. 37).

II. Solomon's Punishment. (Read 9-13.) How did God regard all this conduct of Solomon? Had been watching him all the time, seen his gradual falling away. How had God shown special favour to Solomon? Now He speaks to him for third time, not in words of blessing, but warning. What special command also had God given him? Which Commandment forbids worship of other gods? Had Israelites ever done so before? (Ex. xxxii. 3.) Who had made the golden calf? Aaron the priest; and now Solomon the king leads the people astray. Remind how the people were punished then because most to blame-now the punishment rests on the king. What is it to be? This great kingdom is to be divided. Who is to reign after Solomon? What a blow to his pride-to be succeeded by a servant. But is he to have the whole kingdom? No; in midst of judgment God shows mercy. How much shall be left to Solomon's son? One tribe-Judah (including also Benjamin, and so generally called two tribes). For whose sake did God do this? See how God loved David-the man after His own heart-and Jerusalem. Had been the praise of all the earth. There was good justice-a house of prayer-a peaceful and contented people. Now all changed, Adversaries are stirred up against the king (vers. 14-23), idol temples built-kingdom divided. Such is the punishment for sin.

III. SOLOMON'S DEATH. (Read 41-43.) Remind of one of the promises made to him-should live long (1 Kings iii, 14) if kept God's covenant. But what had he done? So God broke His covenant, Solomon died at sixty-two years old. May perhaps ask, "Did he repent before his death?" most persons think he did. Book of Ecclesiastes believed to have been written by him shortly before death. But the very uncertainty should be a warning not to depart from God; know not whether may have opportunity to repent or not, We, like Solomon, have many advantages. Are taught to fear and love God-can worship in His house-have every opportunity. Is there anything drawing us away from God? love of money, of pleasure, of ease, etc. Seek the Lord whilst He may be found (Is. lv. 6).

Questions to be answered.

- 1. For what was Solomon noted?
- 2. What was Solomon's sin?
- 3. What were the causes which led to it?
- 4. How was Solomon punished?
- 5. At what age did he die?
- 6. What warning may we learn?

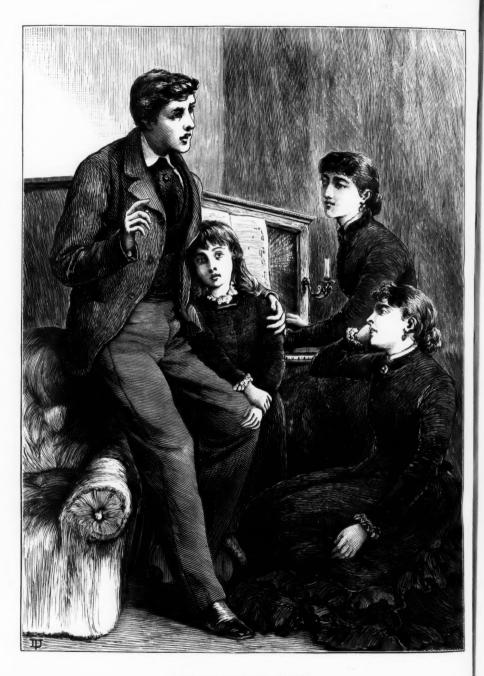


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"And weary hearts forget their pain, In that forgotten singer's lay."

THE SINGER.



SINGER sang a little song
Of patient cheer, when thinking long,
To ease his heart oppressed with woe—
And it was long ago.

Some simple notes of heavenly love, With words of faith and hope, he wove, That rose on wings of joyful prayer Above this world of care.

The singer died—and none can tell
His name; but still on windy swell
The breathing sound of those sweet notes
Adown the ages floats.

And trembling tongues take up the strain, And weary hearts forget their pain, In that forgotten singer's lay

That comes from far away. Who would not wish to wear a crown So bright, and win such high renown— To sing to sorrowing hearts that waver In strong sweet words for ever!

And may not we, with heavenly speech, Strike some sweet chord whose sound may reach From heart to heart, lone grief assuage, Thus live from age to age?

What though our fame be all unknown, If year on year may bring some tone For one grand harmony at last, When Heaven sums up the Past!

Then we shall hear it, and rejoice
With many another joyful voice
Whose weeping notes we turned to praise,
To last eternal days.

J. HUIE,

OUR NELL.

CHAPTER V.-TALK.



N the dusk of a showery evening Miss Lettice sat at the open window of the drawing room. The soft patter of the rain upon the leaves made music without, and Beethoven made music within. Walter was at the piano, playing the So-

nata in A flat. Miss Lettice's hands were idle, and her mind, as a rule so firmly under control, had surrendered itself to the master-musician, to be borne on the tide of melody, hither and thither, and whithersoever he willed. When the solemn forceful chords of the funeral march had died out, and the air seemed empty, as though some presence had departed from it, Walter's voice broke the silence—

"Do you know, I fancy James does not like me as much as I like him."

Miss Lettice felt a painful jar. Was there no purifying power in such passionate harmonies which could sweep, even for a moment, a man's soul clean from his egoism? Her tone was colder than usual, as she replied—

"I think he likes you, but perhaps he hardly approves of you."

Walter was idly turning over the leaves of the music-book. The sudden cessation of his occupation, and a certain rigidity of figure, showed that the answer was unexpected, as well as unpleasant. He shut down the piano sharply, came across to the window, and stood in front of Miss Lettice with a look of discontent, which sat oddly on his pleasant

"Not approve of me?" he questioned.

Miss Lettice did not answer.

"And why on earth doesn't he approve of me?"
Miss Lettice paused a moment before replying.

"For instance—do you think an carnest parish pastor, devoted to his work, would be likely to have much in common with a man who says, as you did at dinner to-day, 'Give me three books—to wit, "Wilhelm Meister," Shakespeare, and Shelley, and you may make a bonfire of all the rest'?"

Walter ruffled up his hair petulantly.
"Perhaps you disapprove of me, also?"

"I have more tolerance than James," said Miss Lettice, adding, in a low voice, "perhaps because my convictions have cost me less,"

"Well, I must confess, cousin, that you astonish and disappoint me. I had given you both credit for remarkable breadth. If I had had the slightest idea I was shocking you, I should certainly have been careful not to speak so freely. I hope you know that I could not have been guilty of such bad form."

"I assure you that you have not shocked either of us; that was not at all what I meant. Do not begin to try to disguise yourself, for you could not do it,

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my dear boy;" and Miss Lettice smiled up at him cordially.

"Yes," said Walter, "at any rate I am candid." The vexation had quite cleared from his brow, and he threw himself back in a low chair, prepared to enter with zest into a discussion of his faults and virtues. "But, come, tell me exactly what you and James complain of in me."

Miss Lettice did not answer immediately, and Walter continued—

"I cannot believe that you would be so narrow as to condemn me simply because I enjoy 'Wilhelm Meister.' Do you never read Voltaire because of his scepticism? As well say that you can't eat an oyster without swallowing his poisonous beard."

"I do not admit the analogy. If a cup of milk were poisoned, you couldn't drink the milk and leave the poison. However, you have not yet understood my meaning. I quoted your speech as an indication of something important, rather than as important in itself. A man's tastes are an infallible key to his character."

"Well, I can't say I agree with you at all. I feel inclined to paraphrase Pope—how does it go?—

In moral books let bigots take delight, He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

I don't see that what a man reads can matter, if he acts rightly; and I don't think you and James can have found out anything very bad about me."

The young man's frank smile and direct gaze would have carried conviction of innocence to a more sceptical person than Miss Lettice. Her answering smile was full and bright,

"Nevertheless, Walter, a rudderless vessel is ready for shipwreck. If you do not train your mind to answer readily to the call of principle, some day you will find your impulses run away with you at the critical moment when principle and inclination are at issue. Don't drift, my dear boy, whatever you do."

"But, then, you see that's just my unlucky temperament. I never do anything else."

"Really, Walter, I have no patience with your incessant bemoanings over your temperament. If you were born with an unfortunate one, make up your mind to the fact like a man, and try to amend it. Our temperaments are none of them perfectionthe world would not be the school it is if they were -but they are given to us in order that we may do the best we can with them, and they are all improvable, thank God. Surely, you might get that idea from your favourite, 'Wilhelm Meister.' Self-cultivation is the main idea of the book, as, I suppose, it was of the author; and a sickly, heartless, egotistic idea it is. You talk of Shakespeare and Goethe in the same breath. As well compare the creations of Raphael with a child's daub, under which it is necessary to write, 'This is a man!' Goethe's figures are throughout the book the mere puppets of Wilhelm's boyhood. They are ticketed and supplied with a list of attributes, according to which they act and talk. Shakespeare, on the other hand, makes known to us a world of living men and women, acting out before us their real human joys and sorrows. And the difference is that Goethe took the world to be food for his own personality, while Shakespeare lost his own personality in the interest he took in the world. No, the best thing for you, after all, Walter, would be to forget yourself altogether, if you could. Ah, if you only had to get your own living! How can you endure to idle your life away like this?"

"My dear cousin, only tell me what I could do. I

am fit for nothing.'

"Fit for nothing, you ridiculous boy! with your talents? Why not study for the bar, as your mother wished you to do?"

The brightness faded from Walter's face for a moment,

"Even my mother, angel as she was, did not understand me. Surely in this case you must admit the question of temperament. You can see how totally unsuited I am for a barrister's career. No one could achieve success in a calling for which he had no taste. With all my respect for James, now, I don't suppose he would have filled his position here so admirably if his inclination had not sided with his choice of a profession."

Miss Lettice looked across at Walter hastily, and, seeing sincerity in his face, smiled somewhat sadly.

"My dear, you do not know what you are talking about. You are greatly mistaken in your conclusions."

Miss Lettice paused, and looked out of the window into the gathering gloom. Walter felt some curiosity, and waited in silence. Presently she turned towards him, and said, in impressive grave tones—

"I suppose you could scarcely believe that James had an ambitious temperament. And yet I remember the time when ambition was his ruling passion. When he was your age, Walter, fresh from college, covered with academic honours, with a grand career predicted for him, and eager to fight for a high place in the world, he would have scorned the career which has in reality been his. But there came a time when all the prizes in the world might have been within his reach, and he would not have held out a hand for them. An awakening came to him. That which he had doubted or denied became to him truth, to which he must cling for very life; and to save himself from what he deemed spiritual wreck, he renounced his ambition for ever, and buried himself in this quiet village. With the ambition he renounced also the joy of a happy love, which had been the hope of years. I may not tell you more; but never speak lightly, Walter, of what has cost more than you can

Walter sprang to his feet.

"You are right, cousin; he is a noble fellow, and I am a good-for-nothing. But surely he made a gigantic mistake. Religion does not demand fanaticism. I should have thought a man of his power would have served its cause better by remaining in the world than by fleeing from it. Tell me one thing—did you believe the sacrifice necessary?"

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"He asked advice of no one, and what I have told you, beyond the bare facts, I gather from my knowledge of his character, and not from his confidence. All the world wondered, and pronounced him mad; but who will dare to judge? I am content to leave it with him. Come," added Miss Lettice, rising, "let us ring for lights, and we will have some more music."

CHAPTER VI.-NELL IS DISARMED.

At four o'clock the next afternoon, Derwent was again at work on his sketch in the garden at Elmtree Corner. The afternoon was hot, and though Walter sat in the shade, and a little breeze breathed daintily on him, and gently stirred the leaves, he began to grow thirsty and to contemplate an expedition to the house in quest of a glass of milk. The last touches only remained to be added to the sketch, and he was putting in these, when he discovered a pair of round eyes peeping at him from round the corner of a raspberry cane hard by.

"Halloa, young sir! what are you doing there?" Walter called out, cheerily.

The eyes, which were set in a small round face, continued to stare.

"Come here, you little rascal! and tell me what your name is."

The small figure belonging to the face now emerged from its shelter, and advanced with shy tardiness. Every inch of him that the sun could get at was tanned to as dusky a shade as the fair skin would take, so that the red in his cheeks could not show through the brown; his tangled curls were tanned to match, and he had on a brown frock and a Holland pinafore. He was brown from top to toe, and as round as he was brown, from his face to his sturdy legs. His pinafore, however, was covered with stains of purple juice, and his small fingers were dyed with the same.

"Well," said Walter, "and what's your name?"
After some hanging down of the head, the little

fellow whispered, "Bobby."

"And so, Master Bobby, you've been in the current bushes on the sly, have you?"

rant-bushes on the sly, have you?"

Bobby grinned, and disclosed a row of small purple weth, as he said—

"I's been helping pick currants with Nell."

Walter shook his fist at him.

"They seem to have known their way into your mouth, you rogue, a good deal better than into the

basket."
Walter now resumed his pencil. Bobby cautiously stole nearer, and, finally, ventured to put his hand on Walter's knee, to attract attention. Walter looked down, and discovered that he was holding out

a penny on a little palm that nearly matched it in colour.

"And where did you get that, I should like to know?" said Walter, putting his arm round the child, and drawing him nearer.

"Nell," said Bob, laconically.

"And what are you going to buy with it?"

"Cart and horse."

"And what would you do if I gave you another?"
"Two carts and horse."

"Can you tell me where Nell is now?" asked Derwent.

Bobby stretched out his arm, and pointed to the house.

"Run and ask her if I may come and have a glass of milk, there's a good little man."

Bobby started off at a speed which the roundness of his figure rendered somewhat dangerous. Over he tumbled on the gravel path, and a mournful wail arose, But Derwent picked him up, and comforted him, and carried him on his arm to the kitchen. Nell was ironing at the open window, and Walter set down the child on the sill.

"Here, Miss Nell, I have brought you a peaceoffering. Bobby and I are good friends, you see, and
I'm sure you won't refuse to be friends with me, too."

Nell looked at him and laughed, and Derwent concluded he had found the right way to tame his young savage. But she said nothing, and busied herself in wiping off the superfluous dirt which Bobby's fall had added to his dusty face and hands.

Then the glass of milk was begged, and the three went into the dairy for it, Bobby trotting by Derwent's side, for he had by this time conceived a warm friendship for this fascinating stranger. The coolness and stillness of the stone-floored dairy, and the sight of the pansion of milk, with its firm yellow crust wrinkling up under Nell's spoon, were enough in themselves to quench thirst, Derwent said. The thorny side of Nell's character retired altogether, and her face grew more and more friendly.

Derwent established himself on the grass opposite the window, where the shade of the house overhung, and Nell resumed her work. She was "getting-up" the fine things, and collars and cuffs, in great glossiness and stiffness, lay in a heap on one side her table.

"What a busy person you are!" said Walter, watching her rapid movements. "How can you be anything but lazy such an afternoon as this? Even hot irons do not seem to take the energy out of you. However, that's just the work I should like myself. I like work of which you can see the result grow under your hands."

"Oh, yes! I know; so do I," said Nell, cordially.
"I don't like picking currants, nor going walks when you haven't anything to do out, and I don't like darning stockings. Ironing's good work, and so's churning, when the butter comes quick." Nell paused, and looked at Derwent frankly. "Do you think there's much comes of the work you did in the garden?"

Derwent laughed.

"Ah! you haven't seen it finished yet. When

I've touched it up at home, I'll bring it to show you, and you'll see if you don't have to beg my pardon, Miss Nell, for your unbelief."

"Oh! I wanted to tell you, sir," began Nell, with

"You can't be a schoolmaster, sir, I'm sure?" Walter laughed.

"No, indeed; why in the world should you think so?"



"'Not approve of me?' he questioned."-p. 481.

a slight air of embarrassment, "I asked father about what you said the other day about Mrs. Hill's cottage, and he said painters talked like that. You are a painter, sir, I suppose?"

"Why, no, I 'm not—that is, I don't get my living by painting."

Nell looked puzzled.

"Why, it's holiday-time at the schools now, you know, sir, and I thought maybe——"

Nell hesitated.

"You thought it was holiday-time with me too. So it is; but then, you see, it is always holiday-time with me, more's the pity. I haven't any work to do."

"Eh, dear! isn't there anything you could find to do?" asked Nell, with pity in her voice.

A shade of annoyance mingled with Derwent's sense of amusement. Had the whole world conspired to insist upon his getting to work? Yet he felt vexed with himself for his annoyance. Of course, this ignorant girl knew nothing of culture as an aim of life. He had an idea that if he said he had enough to live on without working, she would understand and respect him none the better; so he took refuge in vagueness.

"Ah, you see, I haven't got a father and mother to work for, as you have. I am alone in the world. I have no one belonging to me, and very few friends at least, here in England."

"Oh," said Nell, wonderingly, looking at him with a new gentleness in her face.

Derwent found the sympathy very pleasant.

Nell was amazed to find this handsome, well-dressed, and apparently light-hearted gentleman, an object for compassion. No one to love, and no work to do. How pitiful a case, and how wonderful that he should be able to bear it so well!

"Now, I should think," said Derwent, "that you are one of the thoroughly happy people, of whom there are so few in the world."

The words brought a sudden rush of feeling to Nell's heart.

"I never had anything to trouble me till just lately," she said, looking down, and with quivering lips.

"May I venture to ask what has happened to trouble you?" Derwent said, gently.

"Oh, sir," said she, lifting up her eyes to him, filled with great tears, "father's going blind; soon he won't see anything!"

"I am very sorry."

The words were nothing, but the tone and look were much. After a few moments, Derwent looked at his watch, and came forward to the window. The Vicarage tea would be waiting.

"I should like to know your father," he said.
"May I come up, and have a chat with him, some evening?"

"Yes, sir, and welcome. Oh, sir, my father is the best man in all the world!"

Derwent lifted his hat, and hastened away across the sunny field.

Nell was not in the habit of reflecting about herself. It did not occur to her to wonder at the part she had played that afternoon—she, ordinarily so reserved, and to strangers so proud. She felt happy, without knowing why.

CHAPTER VII.-THE VICAR.

Most mornings, some time between twelve and two, a noticeable figure might be seen on the Hazelwood Road.

A man of fifty, tall and spare, with a stoop in the shoulders, thin locks of iron-grey hair, and a high forehead, whose bushy brows half-hid the deep-sunk eyes. There was no suggestion of power in his aspect, save in those eyes. They formed, as it were, a chink in the material clay, through which the soul gleamed forth. They were sad and intense; of an intensity which startled the beholder when he found himself the object of their gaze, and of a sadness which haunted him afterwards. Such was the outward man of the Rev. James Oliver, Vicar of Hazelwood. About his manner and his aspect there was an absence of geniality, a certain formality and reserve, which caused him to be, among his parishioners generally, rather respected than loved. Yet his was a spirit neither cold nor hard, but rather one too finely strung to have retained its cheerfulness after fifty years in this pain-fraught world. Highly sensitive, over-conscientious, his nature had gathered a crust of self-defensive hardness in its passage through life which belied the warmth lying hid within. A man this who, from very nobleness, would be sure to err. To one who could read his nature it would have been no surprise to learn that mistakes, grievous and direful, had marked his career.

If the people of Hazelwood did not love their Vicar, the reason certainly did not lie in the absence of intercourse with him. If any were sick, they were promptly and attentively visited and watched over by him; and it was his custom to make, every morning, the tour of the village, as it were to bid good-day to its inhabitants. This was, at first, a distasteful duty, but habit, in time, rendered it an easy one. It never, however, assumed the aspect of a pleasure. It was apt, indeed, to leave a disagreeable flavour in his mind. To-day, for instance, a feeling of discomfort fretted him. His course had been marked by two incidents.

First, he had come upon Mr. Masters as he stood by the gate of a field, overseeing his men. Mr. Masters was a hungry man. It was dinner-time, and he had already been delayed beyond the hour. He was not one of the Vicar's friends; for friends he had, who understood and loved him, though they were few. The farmer appreciated, and was proud of his Vicar's learning, and listened to him on Sundays with more of interest and attention in consequence; but the Vicar was too unpractical a man to gain his respect on working days. The farmer considered him lacking in common sense, and in need of mental backbone. Now, the Vicar admired and esteemed Mr. Masters, and was greatly desirous to be of spiritual service to him: therefore he hailed this meeting as a fortunate opportunity for cultivating his acquaintance.

"Oh, Masters," he said, "I am glad to see you; I have been wanting to ask you one or two questions." Herewith the Vicar plunged into agricultural affairs. He had met with some references in his reading to the customs of the early Greeks in these matters, which had puzzled him, and it had struck him that probably Mr. Masters could throw some light on the subject.

Mr. Masters, with a sigh for his dinner, summoned

all the patience he could muster, and, with heroic effort, concealed the successive shocks which he sustained as the Vicar's ignorance on rural topics betrayed itself. He explained and corrected as best he could, until some dim sense that he might be keeping his friend too long dawned on the Vicar's mind."

"But I fear I detain you inconveniently," said he,

with stately courtesy.

"Not at all, sir, not at all," answered the farmer, but with a lack of cordiality which prevented the Vicar from taking him at his word.

As the two men parted, they reflected thus:-

Mr. Masters said to himself, "Eh, if t' parson would but stick to his pulpit and his study, what a deal more of a man he would be! He's fine and full of learning, and of goodness too; there's none can deny that. But he's fit for nought beside; and no good comes of folks getting out of their places, as far as I ever see."

The parson said to himself, "Ah! what a fine fellow that Masters would be if he had but the one thing needful!"

And thus once more in the world's history two good men had failed to get on common ground where spirit could meet spirit,

But the Vicar was all unconscious that he had made a failure. It was not this that troubled him. After parting with Mr. Masters, he had learned that a pretty blue-eyed girl, a little five-year-old, the pet of the village, was ill with fever.

"I will come at once to see her," he had said to

"Thank you kindly, sir," said she; "but, asking your pardon," and here she hesitated, "she's a timersome little thing, and I'm afraid as she'd be scared-like to see you, sir. You see, being as you're the Vicar, the children thinks a deal of you, sir. When our Tom was a-bed, the soft little thing ran and hid her when she see you coming, and cried fit to break her heart when we went to fetch her."

The Vicar, as he walked along, reflected mournfully upon this statement. Why did the children fear him? He never passed them without a smile and a nod, or a pat on the little head. He recollected how that often, as he passed the school-house gate, the children would come forth with a rush, and a burst of glee, and seeing him they would stop short, and hang their heads, and stand in silent groups, or walk sedately on till he had passed. And he remembered that he had noticed this little one as the gayest and the noisiest in all the gay and noisy throng. A pang went through the Vicar's heart that the little ones should fear him thus. An incident such as this, trivial as it may seem, would have power to depress his spirit for many a day.

When he reached home he knew by a melodious whistling that Walter was in the dining-room, Walter's presence in the house, at first disturbing, because so unfamiliar, had gradually become pleasant to him. The youthful cheeriness of Walter's spirit was like a refreshing breeze in the stagnation of his

atmosphere; and Walter's manner towards himself, especially since Miss Lettice's disclosure of the Vicar's history, had been a mingling of affection and deference which was irresistibly winning to a man of his temperament.

Conversation over dinner began with the morning's incidents and occupations.

"And how have you employed yourself, Walter?" asked Mr. Oliver.

"As usual, my dear sir, in my important business of doing nothing. It is a continual matter of astonishment to me that my idle hands have no mischief put into them."

"Sir," said the Vicar, with solemnity, "I trust no mischief will arise from your stay in my house; or I should feel deeply my own responsibility with regard to it."

Mr. Oliver spoke with feeling, and Walter knew him well enough by this time to be sure that his tone was not a merely professional one, as he would have taken for granted in the beginning of his visit. He answered, therefore, with earnestness.

"I assure you, sir, I was merely jesting—a bad habit with me, as you know. I have every desire to acquit myself here as becomes a cousin and a guest of trans."

f yours."

The Vicar gave the young man one of his rare smiles, which were full of gentleness and goodwill. Then, turning to his sister, he said—

"My dear, I hear little Dolly Maple is seriously ill. You must go and see her as soon as possible."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Walter, "that rosy, merry little urchin! I shall pay her a visit straightway. She is a great pet of mine."

"Indeed!" said the Vicar; "her mother tells me she is a timid child. Is she not afraid of you?"

"Afraid of me! It would be more to the purpose to ask whether I am not afraid of her! The little witch makes a raid on my person whenever she gets sight of me."

The Vicar looked at Walter scrutinisingly. What a handsome, bright, lovable aspect his was! What a cheery nature he had! No wonder he won his way everywhere. It was a new idea to the Vicar; he had not before reflected on this characteristic of Walter, this superiority to himself in a region where his whole heart was bent on succeeding. So entirely sweet was the Vicar's nature that he felt no envy or jealousy. He liked Walter the better for it. His heart warmed to him as it had never done before. He was filled with a longing that this bright young fellow should recognise the value of the gift that God had given him, and should use it with a purpose and a power for good.

After dinner he said—

"I beg, Walter, you will come into my study for a chat this afternoon. It is long since I have seen you there."

Miss Lettice rejoiced as she saw them leave the room together.

"That is as I wish," she said to herself. "James

will be the better for this breath of young life, and Walter cannot but be shamed from his castle of indolence by contact with a nature so noble and so earnest."

CHAPTER VIII.-GROWING FRIENDSHIP.

THE friendly relation thus set on foot between Nell and Derwent had, within the next few weeks, considerable opportunity of becoming fairly established. Very few days elapsed on which either chance or design did not bring to pass a meeting. Derwent kept his promise of calling upon Mr. Masters, and his first visit led to many others. His intercourse with the Masters' household was a source of amusement and refreshment to him, relieving to some extent the sober monotony of life at the Vicarage. The first sketch was not the only work for his pencil that the picturesque old farm afforded, and he gratified Mrs. Masters' motherly pride by making a picture of Nell with Bobby on her shoulder, as he had first seen her in the hayfield.

He had, in a rare degree, the faculty for being "all things to all men." Instinctively he presented to each person that side of himself which could best win their regard. Mr. Masters enjoyed a talk with him, and said he had a deal of sense, in spite of his book-learning. Mrs. Masters, who was not indifferent to gentle flattery, repeatedly declared that for affability he was beyond anything. the boys he was as much a boy as they, and with the prestige of age and superiority to make his comradeship irresistible. Nell, her suspicion once disarmed and her liking gained, became his staunch ally. It is not easy to discriminate character in one who is far above us in station and culture. Her nature, remarkably unsusceptible to the influence of minds outside the narrow circle of her sympathies, within that limit was quick to apprehend and to learn. Hitherto, the glorious shows of earth and sky had daily unfolded themselves, unheeded, before her indifferent eyes. But now she learnt from Derwent to watch the pageantry of the sunset sky, to mark the shadows flying over the sunny fields of wheat, to stop to listen to the murmurs of the brook, to love the little birdseye for its dainty blue, and the poppy for its glowing scarlet. Nell would have pined in a town-the sights and sounds of the fields and woods were part of her very life, but such feelings had been latent, waiting an awakening touch to spring forth into consciousness.

Perhaps Derwent had at first imagined that a flirtation with this girl would be a pleasant and natural consequence of their acquaintanceship; but if so, he discovered speedily that flirtation was out of the question. Nell was destitute of the coquettish instinct. Derwent found that the slightest approach to familiarity disturbed the friendliness of their relation to each other.

One sunny afternoon, Derwent lay on his back by the side of the brook that divided Mr. Masters' fields from those of the neighbouring farm. Meadow-sweet and willow-herb mingled their odours in the soft air, and the murmur and splash of the water sounded in his ears. A volume of poems had fallen from his hand, and he lay in a luxurious dreaminess, in which identity was lost, and he seemed but a part of the summer life which nature was carrying on in that quiet nook.

Quick footsteps roused him; he pushed back his hat from his eyes and looked up. Nell was crossing the little wooden bridge with a basket on her arm. He called to her—

"Nell, come over here and say good-day to me."

Nell turned round, and answered, laughing, "I can say that from here, sir. I mustn't wait; I'm very busy to-day."

"Oh, come, I'm sure you can spare a minute or two. I haven't had a soul to speak to all the afternoon," and Derwent leaned on his elbow and looked beseechingly. "Come here, I've something I want to read to you."

Nell's curiosity was roused. She did not pursue her journey, and finally, as Derwent picked up his book, she came towards him, though with reluctant steps. He hastily turned over the leaves, but finding nothing suitable, he chose at random, and began to read.

"How do you like it?" he inquired, when he had read two verses.

"Not much; but that about the eyes makes me think of Carry."

"The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown Over thine eyes so dark and sheen,"

repeated he. "Yes, that's rather pretty. And who is Carry?"

"Eh, sir! didn't you know? I thought you must have heard us talk of Carry! Why she's my sister!" "Your sister! I didn't know you had one."

"She's not often at home, you see. She lives mostly with my grandmother Harrison in Grayfield. She's been there since quite a little thing, and she likes it a deal better than the country."

"Is she older, or younger than you?"

"Oh, she's two years older, and not a bit like me. She's soft-like, and small, and afraid of hurting herself, and you're afraid of hurting her, too. She's just a caed lamb. Maybe you'll see for yourself, sir, for there's a talk of her coming home next week. But I must not stay another minute."

Nell turned to go, but Derwent cried-

"Stop a minute. There's something I really want you to hear. I only read the other to prevent your going off, but I'm sure you'll like this," and he began to repeat, in very spirited fashion—

"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward!"

Nell's attention was riveted from the first words. She sat herself down on the grass, and there remained motionless, her large eyes dilated. Derwent liked an attentive listener, and he was pleased with the success of his experiment. He had expected the

martial music of the piece would take her fancy. When it was over she gave a sigh, and said—

"Eh, sir! I didn't know there were things like that in poetry-books. They seem mostly sing-song, to me, in the evening, and, hearing Nell's voice through the open window, he paused to listen. She was telling Jack and Bob the story of the heroes of Balaclava, Derwent waited till the end, with a pleased amused



"Nell was crossing the little wooden bridge with a basket on her arm."-p. 487.

without any meaning in them. But there's plenty of meaning in this one, if only I knew all about it."

Derwent told her the world-renowned history. Nell listened rapt, and had no thought of going. When he finished, she said good-bye hastily, and passed quickly on her way.

A few days afterwards, Derwent called at the farm

expression on his handsome face. When he greeted Nell, she came up to him eagerly, with a flush on her face, and said—"Oh, sir, I wanted to see you. I have been thinking there is something for you to do. You could go and be a soldier."

Derwent felt oddly disconcerted. He turned away, and played with Bobby.

(To be continued.)

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

HEROD: OR, THE CREDULITY AND SUPERSTITION OF SCEPTICISM (St. Mark vi. 14-30).



E were occupied in a former paper with John the Baptist, his character and work, his mission and ministry; and in considering the way in which he prosecuted and

fulfilled his course, we noticed incidentally that he was called to seal his testimony with his blood—to be not only a preacher of the truth, but a martyr for it. We now pass on from John the murdered prophet, to Herod the murderer—murderer not the less because he sat on a viceregal throne.

Whatever theory we may have about the hereditary transmission of good and evil qualities or tendencies, there can be no dispute that the family of the Herods was distinguished by the possession of some of the most execrable qualities which have defaced human nature. They can all claim a prominent place in the criminal annals of the world. We have reference to four of this name in New Testament history. Herod the Great, though upon what principle called so we are at a loss to discern, save that he was the most notorious criminal of them all. This man was concluding his wicked reign at the time our Saviour was born, and, hoping that the infant Jesus might be included in the number, he gave orders for the Bethlehem massacre.

The next is the Herod whose character we propose now to consider, *Herod Antipas*—a weak and wicked man, who ever made "I dare not wait upon I would."

We then come to *Herod the grandson of Herod the Great*, who put the Apostle James to death, and who, because he saw it pleased the Jews, proceeded further to take Peter also, and with an account of whose terrible death we are furnished in the Acts of the Apostles.

And last of all there is *Herod Agrippa*, son of the aforementioned Herod, in whose presence the Apostle Paul pleaded, and who was nominally king of the Jews at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

It is with the second Herod—Herod Antipas—who earned for himself so unenviable a notoriety by the murder of John the Baptist, that we have at present to do.

In the case of Herod we see a notoriously-wicked man suffered by Divine Providence to occupy a position of the greatest political and social distinction and influence—we see him invested with viceregal dignity and power. Within the limits of his jurisdiction, and subject to his authority, were some of the noblest and holiest beings who have ever trodden the

earth or tabernacled among men. There was John the Baptist, evangelist and prophet, and there were Jesus and His disciples.

We see here what we not infrequently see in this world-that evil is able to achieve a temporary and apparent triumph over good. Herod was able to silence the voice of the preacher of righteousness, first by putting him in prison, and finally, and it would seem at first sight, more effectually, by cutting off his head. This is, perhaps, our first impression on reading the narrative: Herod is triumphant, has his own way and will. In possession of almost irresponsible power, surrounded with flattering courtiers and all the pomp and circumstance of royalty, who is there in all that land who seems so strong as Herod-who so free? So many of his contemporaries thought, we doubt not, and yet if we look only a little below the surface, we shall see that this king, spite of all his seeming power and glory, was the veriest coward, the most abject and crouching slave.

He was a slave to his own lusts—held in bondage by the evil, the corrupt passions of his own nature; and there is no slavery more degrading than that.

He was the slave of those he governed. He feared the people. There are few things nobler to look upon than the man who stands fearless upon the irremovable rock of principle and absolute right, determined that so long as he stands at all he will stand there. He knows of course that he may be swept away by the tide of popular caprice, that he may be crushed by mere material might, that his voice of reason may be drowned by the insane clamour of the multitude; but yielding to no solicitation, terrified by no threat, he knows what the people can do, and he knows what they cannot. He is strong, he is free, because he does not fear. In so far as we fear any one or anything, we are brought into bondage; and there is nothing so despicable as a man, elevated to the position of ruler, who fears the people over whom he should exercise a loving and righteous sway. Such a man was Herod Antipas.

But the Evangelist Mark, in giving his minute and graphic account of the murder of John the Baptist, presents us with a picture of Herod as the slave of conscience, trembling at the very idea of the reappearance of him, whose faithful ministry he had long despised, and at last murderously silenced.

The Lord Jesus Christ had now commenced His public ministry, and was creating great and widespread interest by the miracles He wrought, which were both numerous and impressive, but up to this period it would seem that Herod himself had not heard of Jesus. And even when the fame of one working miracles reached him, the rumour appears to have been of a very vague and indeterminate kind. Many were the conjectures hazarded and expressed in the court of Herod as to this new teacher and worker of miracles. Some said he was Elias, others, a prophet, or one of the prophets, but of all the opinions expressed, Herod's was the most remarkable. When Herod heard thereof he said, "It is John, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead."

A moment's reflection must convince us how little even of the appearance of reason there was in this supposition. The idea presenting itself to the mind of Herod, and which called forth this remarkable exclamation, is so utterly improbable that it could only have been fashioned by an imagination weighed down with guilty fear, which would make him ready to believe anything which threatened the punishment which conscience told him was his due. There was nothing to suggest or encourage the idea that this was a reappearance of John the Baptist. John indeed was a just man, and a preacher of righteousness, and had been barbarously murdered, as had many before him who had never returned from their graves. And what special reason was there to expect that he should return from his? And even admitting it probable that John should rise from the dead, it was utterly improbable that this person was he, the rumour of whose appearance had reached the ears of Herod. The points of dissimilarity are so strongly marked, so immediately noticeable, that it is strange that they should have been overlooked. John went about baptising, but we are told that Jesus baptised not. Jesus was working many notable miracles, and was indeed mainly attracting attention to Himself by means of them; it was His fame as a worker of miracles which reached the court of Herod—but of John the Baptist we are expressly told that he wrought no miracle. But the most remarkable thing of all is this, that the thoughts of Herod should not only revert to John whom he had beheaded, but to John as risen from the dead; for Herod was a Sadducee—a member of that sect which was distinguished by its rejection of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. powerful emotions could thus disorder his mind and suggest as likely a supposition in any case so extremely improbable, and to him, according to his creed, absolutely impossible? What is this working within him which outweighs every consideration on the other side, which renders him insensible to all reason and argument, and which brings the sceptical king under the dominion of the most childish credulity—the most absurd superstition?

Herod's present agitation is the result of a past crime—a crime committed under peculiar circumstances—a crime which may be attributed to weakness rather than malice, or rather, perhaps, to the unequal combination of both.

It appears that Herod, living with Herodias. his brother Philip's wife, had incurred the rebuke of that uncompromising preacher of righteousness John the Baptist, and that, therefore, Herodias had an inward grudge against him, and would have killed him but she could not. She endeavoured to influence Herod to take that step, and so far succeeded, that for her sake, though he would not kill John, he put him in prison. In St. Matthew's Gospel (xiv. 5), we have assigned as the reason why he would not put John to death at the suggestion of Herodias, the fact that he feared the people, who honoured John as a prophet, and with one constituted as was Herod. this consideration would operate as a very powerful restraint. In the more detailed narrative of St. Mark, we have further light thrown upon the character of Herod, and we have reference to other influences which were at work. It would appear that Herod, though an essentially bad man, was powerfully impressed with a sense of John's goodness—a circumstance of by no means infrequent occurrence; and not only so, he was very powerfully affected by John's preaching. He heard John gladly, and he not only listened to John's preaching, but he did many things. We have here the secret of Herod's character revealed. He was brought sufficiently under the influence of what was good and true to do many things, but there were other things which he would not do; up to a certain point in the right direction he was prepared to go, but beyond that point he would not advance one step; there were some forms of evil which he was probably ready to abandon, but there were others to which he was so devoted that he could not give them up. He was one of the wicked who secure no rest-a double-minded man, he was unstable in all his ways, he could attain to nothing of worth because he would not persistently follow it; having a weak will, he was constantly tossed to and fro between his sense of right and his desire for evil. We have an instance here. Herod is placed between two conflicting forces, and he knows not to which to yield; his respect for John the Baptist would have led him to set him at liberty, his love for Herodias to act upon her suggestion and kill him. What does he do? To which impulse does he yield? He yields absolutely to neither, he tries to effect a compromise. In his action we have the resultant of the two forces-John is put in prison. And the scepticism of Herod we may take to be very largely the result of his moral character; he had not the courage to look the consequences of evil in the face, he had not the moral courage to avoid what was evil and cleave

to what was good, and so he attempted to shut his eyes to the future altogether. How vain this attempt was, we have already seen.

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As the result, then, of the malice of Herodias, and the weakness of Herod, we see John cast into The compromise is not, however, a satisfactory one to Herodias, who, with a wicked woman's malignity, has an unappeasable longing for the prophet's blood; and who, though she says little more about it, is determined sooner or later to have her own way. With nothing less than the death of the prophet will she be satisfied, and for the gratification of her murderous lust she has not long to wait. Not very long after John was cast into prison, Herod, on his birthday, made a great feast, and the daughter of Herodias came in and danced before the court, and so pleased the king and them that sat with him, that he sware unto the damsel that whatsoever she would ask he would give it her, even unto the half of his kingdom. "And she went forth, and said unto her mother, What shall I ask? And she said, The head of John the Baptist. And she came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Bap-And the king was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he would not reject her. And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought. And he went and beheaded him in the prison, and brought his head in a charger, and gave it to the damsel: and the damsel gave it to her mother. And when his disciples heard of it, they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb." Here again have we a further revelation of the character of Herod, and in the murder of John the Baptist, not less than in his imprisonment, have we proof of its essential weakness.

The Evangelist would have us especially fix our attention upon the consequences of this evil deed, which though done, was not done with; we cannot but notice that it is to explain the agitation, the unreasonable and superstitious terror of-Herod, that St. Mark introduces the narrative of the murder of John the Baptist.

We see Herod under the influence, subject to the tormenting, we may say the avenging power of conscience. He is no longer troubled by the reproof of John, the voice of the preacher he has most effectually silenced. But Herod does not know what peace is; the dead prophet speaks, and the accents of his voice are to Herod not the less terrible because they fall upon his ears alone. In the watches of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, the form of the murdered prophet would rise up before the guilty king, and the vision would be not the less real to him becaused it appeared to him alone. He cannot hear of a prophet without thinking of the one

whom he has slain, invested with new power, surrounded with new glory, reappearing as a messenger of vengeance. In the midst of the revel he can read his condemnation as it is traced by ghostly fingers upon the walls of his banqueting chamber. Nor can there circulate through his court the whisper concerning one who is a worker of miracles, but there is extorted from him the cry, "It is John, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead." And from all this there is no escape; he is haunted by the terrors of a guilty conscience whithersoever he goes. A man may be an exile from his country, but not an exile from himself.

In all this we see the working of an evil conscience. The influence of this principle is immense, as we may judge from this instance alone. Conscience had been to Herod a monitor: at one time no small power had it exerted, seconding the exhortations of John; its monitions neglected and despised, it comes now as Nemesis, the avenger, as well as the judge. In the case of Herod we see conscience working by fear. We may regard conscience as God's representative; in our present state a very imperfect one, but still a representative. And as God, so conscience: with the merciful it will show itself merciful, with the upright it will show itself upright, with the pure it will show itself pure, and with the froward it will show itself unsavoury. Conscience is the great witness to God, and God's government, and if a guilty man like Herod, in danger of no human punishment, fears, how can we account for this but by supposing that he recognises the existence of some Being higher and mightier than himself, to whose tribunal he may be summoned, and who shall finally inflict upon him some punishment for sins which seem to go unrequited in this world. To such unpleasant truths did the conscience of Herod bear witness, long in silence to himself, but now at last, on hearing of Jesus, the worker of miracles, in the audience of others, in the agitation of a terror which casts off all disguise, he exclaims, "It is John, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead."

And we cannot but observe, that in this moment of excitement, the conscience-stricken king accepts the undivided responsibility of the murder; he refers to the death of John as his own act and deed-"It is John, whom I beheaded." At the time of the commission of this foul crime, it would appear that Herod sought to excuse himself, regarding John's death as the sad but inevitable consequence of a thoughtless vow. wished to impress others, and doubtless wished to impress himself, with the idea that he was sorry that such a cruel obligation had been imposed upon him, and that it was but because of his oath that he acceded to the murderous request of the damsel and her mother. We read that Herod was sorry, and we can easily understand that, on

various accounts, he would have some sentiment of regret; but we can scarcely avoid supposing that he regarded John with a certain lurking, perhaps quite unacknowledged feeling of enmity. At least there is nothing more likely to excite such a feeling than the continued rejection of good advice. Though he does not seem to have shared the malignant hatred of Herodias, John had been a trouble to him, and an occasion of uneasiness and anxiety, and it is probable that Herod was glad of the opportunity of getting rid of John the Baptist. He had an excuse which he might never have again, and which was all the more welcome because it was not of his own seeking, as all who sat with him could bear witness. He felt that he could not always keep John in prison, and there was no knowing how troublesome the man might become if he were set free. Had he really wished to save John, his oath, to a man so unscrupulous, would not have long stood in his way. But he had no sincere desire to do this, and so, professing to others, and professing also to himself, that he was unwillingly yielding to an obligation which he dared not repudiate, this wicked, weak, unscrupulous man issued the command for the prophet's execution. In doing this he sought to excuse himself, but all his excuses were in vain; his conscience refused to be quieted; he felt that he was the murderer of the prophet, and at last, in the hearing of those very men before whom he had previously sought to exonerate himself, he acknowledges his guilt, exclaiming, "It is John, whom I beheaded: he is risen from the dead."

There is another circumstance incidentally referred to by the Evangelist, which strikingly

illustrates the power of conscience; the way in which, in this moment of excitement and terror. the sceptical opinions and theories of Herod, the Sadducee, were immediately and utterly overthrown and publicly abandoned. No doubt these Jewish sceptics thought themselves keen, shrewd, clever men, very little likely to be imposed upon by any one or anything; and in their freedom from popular and prevailing superstitions they deemed themselves raised far above the ignorant and credulous multitude around them. But what, after all, does Herod gain by infidelity? How does his creed-or no-creed-serve him in the moment of trial? Under the power of a guilty conscience he gives up his much-cherished creed, he virtually admits its insufficiency, and he startles his Sadducean friends by the exclamation in which he admits the possibility of that which he had long denied-"It is John, whom I beheaded: he is risen from the dead." Argument is of no avail, scepticism is cast aside, Conscience, in all her regal dignity, asserts her power, and Herod, surrounded with all the pomp of the tetrarchate, trembles at the thought of meeting the prophet whose teaching he had long despised, and whose life he had unjustly and cruelly taken.

We see, then, that scepticism will not stand by a man, when a guilty conscience asserts its power. It may serve for a time, but it will only be for a time. In many different ways conscience may be deadened for a season; in only one way can conscience be pacified, and that is by the application of the peace-speaking blood of Jesus, that Lamb of God of whom, doubtless, John had spoken to Herod, as taking away—and taking away by bearing it—the sin of the world.

DUFF.

A PORTRAIT IN MINIATURE.

E began life as a street singer. His mother had been one before him; she died when he was just beyond babyhood, and he naturally succeeded to her profession.

Where or how he learnt his songs, I don't know. Strangers used to stop in astonished silence to listen to the strange medley and ringing bird-like notes of the little insignificant vagrant. It answered pretty well upon the whole. Wisdom comes early to the poor, and he had learnt to adapt his repertoire to his audience; scraps of comic operas for the thoroughfares, gay snatches of drinking songs for the neighbourhood of the public-houses, doleful ballads and hymnos, sung with intense feeling, for the old ladies in the little by-streets round the cathedral. There were kindly waiters at various restaurants who gave him

plates of remnants, and an occasional warm garment from the ragged-school people, though he did not often honour that institution with an order, finding his scanty ragged ones a much more profitable uniform for his profession; indeed, a comfortable frieze jacket had once nearly brought him to ruin in a week.

And, by way of recreation, it was a famous neighbourhood for fires, and Duff never failed to put in an appearance in time to escort the engines to the scene of action, and to see it out to the last spark. No theatre could offer a spectacle to equal it, and when, as sometimes befell, there were *two* fires in one night, Duff felt that his cup of bliss was, indeed, full to overflowing.

It was Easter Sunday, a bleak blustering March morning, with sudden driving showers of blinding rain, and Duff had taken refuge from one of them behind a pillar on the cathedral steps. He did not count upon retaining his position for any length of time; there was a certain policeman who had routed him too often for him to cherish any delusive visions of that kind, and Duff was feeling considerably astonished that he had not loomed upon the horizon before. Presently somebody came up the steps and

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behind a crusader's shield on a big square tomb, he discovered a full view of the chancel, flooded with the rich soft light from the great eastern window; and as he stood with bated breath, the organ woke into life and music, and one of Beethoven's stateliest harmonics swept over the little vagrant singer.



"Duff observed that he had not quite closed it."

passed in at a panel in the huge door, and Duff, looking after him, observed that he had not quite closed it. A sudden brilliantly daring idea flashed across his mind. He looked round; his enemy was still invisible; he took a halfpenny from his pocket—

"Heads I go, tails I don't—heads!" and Duff slipped from his hiding-place, pushed back the panel about six inches, and squeezed himself in.

The place seemed quite deserted, but somewhere in the distance he could hear the murmur of voices. He skirted cautiously behind the statues, till, from It was but an ordinary service to the rest of the congregation—one of many—but till Duff passes through the gate of death into a higher temple, that first hour in the cathedral shall be the embodiment of every thought or vision he shall ever hold about the other.

It was all over, and with a sound that was almost a sob, he turned to descend from his perch, and met the astonished gaze of a stout important looking personage, whom Duff felt, to his inmost soul, must be an archbishop at the very least.

"What mischief have you been doing up there?"

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demanded the great man severely, and blocking up the passage with his body down which Duff had contemplated instant flight. "I wasn't doing anythink," answered the culprit thus brought to bay.

The great man looked from the small ragged figure to the ponderous stone warrior with his shield. The crusader certainly seemed proof against the assaults of a foe like this, and he altered the form of his question—

"What did you get up for, then?"

"I never came in before, and I knew I'd get turned out if they saw me. It was for the singing," he added, rather incoherently.

"What does a mite like you know about singing?"
Duff looked up in profound astonishment at an
archbishop's ignorance. "Know! Why, I've been
singing ever since I was a child."

"Indeed," said the great man, more respectfully; "and your family also?"

Duff changed uneasily on to the other foot. "There isn't any family but me."

"Very well, you may go now; but if you like to come again to a service, say the dean gave you leave, and I'll see you again before long."

Duff slipped away in a state of amazement too deep for thanks, though he recovered sufficiently to give a patronising nod to his enemy the policeman, who could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw him

emerge from the cathedral itself.

That Sunday was an era in Duff's history. Before the week was over, the dean, who was a great man in more than one sense, had seen him again, and taken him out of the streets into a training-school, where he was to be transformed with all due speed into a creditable member of society. Duff did his best to fall in with the new views about his education, but the first six months were the longest he had ever had in his life. It was terribly uphill work, and many and many a time, if it had not been for the cathedral, and a superstitious awe of his friend the dean, he would have gone back to the freedom of his old life. His singing had been peremptorily suppressed as likely to lead him into evil company, and he seemed to have no other capability in any one direction. He struggled bravely into long division, but there he broke down completely; grammar and writing were utterly incomprehensible mysteries, progress was at the lowest possible ebb, and at last Duff and his teachers almost gave up the effort in despair as a melancholy failure.

At the end of the six months the dean took Duff and his career into serious consideration, and arranged to have him trained for the choir, and so try to utilise the only gift that appeared to have been allotted to him.

It was the first gleam of hope which had come to the little ex-singer since his introduction into respectability. He had loved his profession with all his heart, and the thought of being free to sing out once more, glorified even the dismal round of lessons, since even they were stepping-stones to this exalted end. Till the dean is an old man he will remember the hushed rapt face in the lowest choir seat the first time Duff took his place among them, and the full clear boyish voice that rang out along the old grey arches that morning. To his friends afterwards he predicted a great future for the little lad.

"With a voice like that, he is independent of mere common-place book-knowledge," said the good man, with a lofty scorn of the acquirements he had been so anxious to teach him. "It will be a fortune to him. I knew the lad had something in him the first moment I saw his grimy face. He'll make

himself a name one of these days."

It was nearly a week later (Saturday afternoon), and Duff was lingering on the threshold of the schoolroom to see the conclusion of a dispute between two dogs. There were some woful arrears in the way of sums waiting for him inside, and he was just turning in when an old familiar sound broke like a battle-cry upon his ear. He was down the steps in an instant. There she was! the famous old engine that he had followed to many a glorious battle and victory. There was a moment of hesitation between his new-found respectability, represented at present by the sums; and the old natural instinct, then he had recourse this usual formula: out came the halfpenny, "Heads, I go; tails, I don't—heads!" and go he did, like the wind.

It was a noble fire, a tall block of old lodging houses, and Duff's eyes danced with excitement. Frosty wind, or pelting sleet, what was it in comparison with a scene like this? Beds, furniture, clothing, strewing the street in grand confusion, and the fremen's faces lit up with the lurid light. At the height of the excitement, a woman's shrill cry of horror burst through all the din—her baby was missing! She had three little ones about her, but this was in a cradle in one of the top rooms.

The firemen looked at the flames leaping from the windows beneath, and shook their heads sadly. "Too late, no ladder would stand it." The mother cried out sharply that it was nothing of the kind, they were afraid to go; and into the midst of her bitter reproaches, broke Duff's eager voice—

"Let me go; I ain't no weight, and I can climb

It was no time for parley, almost before he had finished speaking he was up the ladder, across the stone coping, and into the room; and then a breathless silence settled over the crowd below.

It was but a minute or two, though it seemed like an age before they saw him at the window again, with something in his arms, and a great cheer rose up from every throat. He crept a few steps down, and dropped his bundle into the blankets stretched out to receive it, and then as he turned to grope his way through the blinding smoke, the ladder failed, and there was a sudden cry, and a dull crashing thud on the stones below.

The mother took back her baby safe and unhurt into her arms, but the little hero will bear the scars of that night as long as he lives. Winter and spring had come and gone before his voice rang out again in the cathedral choir, sweeter and stronger far for the suffering and the silence.

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Whether the great future ever comes to pass is a story that must be left for the years to unfold. But

a brave unselfish man he will be, and the dean, looking down into the bright earnest face that summer and winter is always lifted from the lowest stall, feels that, whether the other come or no, the helping hand once stretched out to "one of Christ's little ones," has verily in no wise lost its reward.

E. K. O.

THE SOCIABILITY OF ANIMALS.

BY THE REV. W. HARRIS, M.A.



MONGST the traits most frequently observed in the animal world is the disposition to avoid solitude. The most common form of his social impulse is gregariousness, or the instinct which forms into societies the members of one and the same species. Another form of it is the companiona bleness

which often exists between different species.

Both these features of the animal nature suggest many interesting trains of thought, and many interesting questions. The object of the present paper is to present a few out of the many facts which illustrate the subject, and to suggest one or two reflections arising out of it.

For examples of gregariousness we need look no further than to those common objects of the country the birds. Some of the feathered tribes are gregarious throughout the year. They build in close proximity to each other, fly abroad in parties, feed, like the old Spartans, in public, and return in flocks to roost.

What questions arise when we see, hear, or think of a community of rooks! Has any one yet ascertained any or what laws are in force to check disorder in that noisy gathering of living creatures, each moved by the two powerful and selfish impulses of hunger and family affection? A very disorderly community they appear to be; much fighting and pulling to pieces of nests goes on; but there must be some check upon the disorder, otherwise they could not live together at all; some law instinctively sanctioned and executed by the community upon offending individuals; some law that is not mere might would seem to exist among them. Gilbert White observed that if any pair of rooks began to build in an isolated

tree the community became hostile at once, and the half-finished nest was plundered and demolished. This looks like the punishment for an attempt to desert the community—a sort of lesson in patriotism.

In some species of birds the gregarious instinct appears to be in abeyance during the breeding season. Their family cares are so engrossing as to overpower it. This is the case with the swallow tribe; and as these breed twice in the season, the old birds do not congregate until the "gathering of the clans" takes place before migration. But the young birds of the first broods, as soon as they are out of the nursery, give themselves with all the abandon of youth to social enjoyment. And a cheery sight it is in the country to see them clustering on a sunny morning around the steeple of a church, or on the roofs of houses.

We cannot now enter fully into the subject of gregariousness, interesting as it is. Suffice it to say that there are different degrees of it. In some species, as in bees, it is essential to existence. In some it is only the expression of that satisfaction, that placid joy, which individuals find in the communion of their kind. Even fishes will furnish examples of it. Indeed, since Charles Lamb spoke of the "mute uncommunicativeness of fishes," it has been ascertained that at least fifty known species are not entirely mute, but produce sounds at will which are believed to serve as a channel of communication between congeners—a kind of pass-words, which enable friends to make known their proximity to one another.

We pass on to that still more interesting sympathy which is not limited to species, but, in some sense, links into one whole by a network of companionableness all the orders of terrestrial beings that seem to possess the feeling of affection.

We purposely limit our view almost entirely to "warm-blooded" vertebrates. Even amongst insects we might find interesting links between various orders, as between the masters and the slaves of the ant tribes, or between certain ants and those aphides, their "queer cattle," as Sir John Lubbock calls them, on whose juices they feed, and whom they protect. But it must be owned that in passing the limit marked out, we reach a stratum of society from

which the higher kind of feelings now in our thoughts appears to be absent. Within that limit may be traced, from point to point, from species to

species, the links of animal sociability.

The first point to remark is that in this system of sympathetic communication man occupies a peculiar position. He is the centre, as it were, of that web of mutual understanding which extends over so large a portion of the sentient creation. An animal that cannot be brought into amicable relations with man is the exception, not the rule.

This, indeed, one would say, must necessarily be the case if man is to occupy the position assigned to him in Gen. i. 28-that of dominion over all the terrestrial creation-though it is to be remarked that in Gen. ix. 2 the language is somewhat different, representing man more specially as an object of fear and dread to all below him. To subdue and to have dominion over living beings means more than to be able to destroy them. In James iii. 7 it is asserted that "every kind of beast . . . is tamed and hath been tamed of mankind;" and though this may mean no more than that man rules as king by his superior might, yet the more extensive knowledge and wider experience of modern times permit us to assert for him a gentler dominion in the realm of animal affection.

Man is obviously the master in the sense of having the power to destroy. Though vastly inferior to many animals in bodily strength or speed, or both, he is armed by his intelligence with weapons which, against the brute, are invincible. But he can do more than destroy. His natural superiority can assert itself in subjugating the nature of the brute, in softening ferocity, and developing milder qualities. The most unlikely animals have been found amenable to kind treatment, and capable of forming friendships with their owners or keepers.

We have only to turn to the accounts of menageries for instances of lions, tigers, hy:enas, and other animals bearing a character for extreme ferocity, which have evinced a strong feeling of attachment to

their keepers.

Most people would be disposed to regard the wild boar as an irreclaimable savage, yet that terror of the forests, like the human bandits who have made the "merrie green wood" their home, has his gentler qualities, that only need the fitting occasion for their display. In White's "Selborne" we have an account of a tame wild-boar. "Her instinct and affection," says her owner, Captain Salvin, "can only be equalled by the dog. She follows me almost daily in my walks, like a dog."

Even reptiles, distinguished though they are from the other vertebrata by "their general inertness" and "the obtuseness of their perceptions," and though almost as "cold-blooded" as fishes, will furnish us

with some examples.

Whether, indeed, the Toad, mentioned by White, to which "some ladies took a fancy, and which they nourished summer after summer for many years, till he grew to a monstrous size," experienced any feelings of gratitude or attachment, may be a doubtful question. But the regularity with which it used to emerge from its hole in the garden at supper-time, and the perfect nonchalance it showed when set before its food on the supper-table, entitle it to a place among tamed animals. At any rate, the natural timidity of the animal had been overcome.

There is, however a famous historical Tortoise, whose acquaintance White made when visiting some friends, which may be cited as a witness for the sociability of its tribe. "I was much taken," says our authority, "with its sagacity in discerning those that do it kind offices; for as soon as the good old lady comes in sight who has waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbles towards its benefactress with awkward alacrity, but remains inattentive to strangers."

It must probably be admitted, in spite of stories to the contrary about serpent-charmers, that venomous snakes can never become trustworthy companions, unless they are first deprived of their deadly powers. The serpent, then, is an apt type of unmitigated malice. But there are serpents and serpents. Even among serpents have been found instances of grateful attachment to man. Mr. Buckland mentions a tame Brazilian Boa, a family pet, which, in the absence of the lady and gentleman to whom it belonged, "pined, and would not feed." "When, after six weeks' absence, they returned, Cleo" (that was the serpent's name, being short for Cleopatra), "on hearing her mistress's voice, rushed out of her box, curled herself round her, and kissed her."

With regard to birds a very brief statement will suffice. Mr. Davy, quoted by the naturalist just mentioned, declares that, "in all his long experience, he never knew of a bird which could not be tamed," Even the raven, though from his name we get the word "ravenous," signifying "voracious," is really very sociable with human beings, and proves a rather

interesting companion.

On the sociability in relation to man exhibited by our regularly domesticated friends, little needs to be The dog is, of course, the most perfect example in the lower creation of adaptability for human society. It is not perhaps generally known that his supposed relations, the wolf of northerly and the jackal of more southerly latitudes, have been found to show some of his good qualities. Peculiarly cowardly and ferocious as the wolf is, yet he has been tamed, and has been rendered gentle and affectionate as a dog. Tamed jackals, Darwin says, will "jump about for joy, wag their tails, lower their ears, lick their masters' hands, crouch down, and even throw themselves on the ground belly upwards." It is almost too much to expect that English foxes, hunted as they have been for generations, will readily overcome their suspicion and fear of man; but I have seen fox-cubs submit to be handled by a gamekeeper, who had caught them when very young, and was in the habit of feeding them.

And now there is a question that might be askedwhether, after all, the gregarious instinct first spoken of and the wider sociability now in our thoughts, are only, as we have assumed them to be, different directions of the same impulse, or different impulses altogether. It is, at any rate, wonderful how thoroughly the satisfaction of the more general feeling, which we might well suppose to be the weaker, will compensate, in the dog, for instance, for the absence of any satisfaction of the other feeling, which we should expect to be the stronger. The dog, as we know him-that is to say, the civilised dog-is capable of leading, to all appearance, a thoroughly happy life, without ever seeing any of his own brethren. The society of man is quite sufficient for him; indeed, one would say that, as a rule, he prefers it to the society of his own kind.

If any reader is disposed to say that under the heading of "Sociability of Animals" in relation to man, our friend the dog deserved a fuller notice than has been given to him in this paper, it can only be replied that he is quite right. The difficulty, however, is not to find things to say about that faithful friend, about his usefulness to man, his constancy to his master, his docility and obedience, his persistent study to please, his love of human approbation—but to leave off saying. If we once entered upon the interesting subject of canine biography, a book—nay, I do not know how many books—might be filled, before we should fairly have exhausted the subject. We must pass on; but we shall have to speak of the dog again.

We turn now to glance at the Sociability of various species of the lower animals amongst them-

There are species between which there appears to exist a sort of hereditary feud, like that between the Montagues and the Capulets. But often between individuals who should be hereditary enemies—as between Romeo and Juliet—the opposite relations may be created by special circumstances. For example, the cat is decidedly the hereditary enemy of the hare. The flesh of at least the smaller game is to the feline taste preferable to that of butcher's meat. But it is not an uncommon case for a cat which has been deprived of her infant family to become the affectionate foster-mother of a young leveret. The cat has been known to hold the same office towards young squirrels.

The relation of dogs and cats, again, has passed into a proverb. To lead a cat-and-dog life is to be continually quarrelling. But the expression gives an idea which is far from the true one of the relation of a cat and a dog which have grown accustomed to one another as members of the same household in the infancy of either. The real relation of a cat and a dog so brought up together is more often one of most intimate friendship. They perform kind offices for one another, show their affection by licking one another, and are often perfect playmates. A boisterous kind of "hide-and-seek" is the game which they

generally most affect, in which game they show the very slightest respect for shrubs and flowers out-ofdoors, or for sofas and curtains in-doors.

Perhaps the way in which the dog becomes reconciled and at last attached to a cat is only one result of the wide sociability of the canine nature; for he can be on friendly terms not only with ourselves and the feline inmates of our homes, but also with horses and with sheep. With the former he is often playful, though the difference in size, and the more dignified manners of the larger animal, give to the play a rather one-sided character. He runs along beside the carriage-horse, ritshes forwards and backwards, and sometimes, while all are in full career, makes a pretence of snapping at the horse's lips. The latter is supposed to enjoy the joke when he is used to it; at any rate, he tolerates it.

In his character as guardian and companion of sheep, highly appreciated as the dog is in our own country, he is seen to the best advantage in South America. It is the practice there to separate the intended sheep-dog at the tenderest age from all intercourse with his own kind. He is brought up in a sheep-pen with an ewe for his foster-mother. When arrived at the age of discretion, he can be left in entire charge of the flock, far away from any man or human habitation. He goes home daily for his food, but returns immediately to his tender charge, which it is sometimes his business to bring home in the evening. When he is on duty, if any stranger approaches, he advances barking, while the sheep all close in in his rear.

Of the many illustrations that might be given of the wide sympathy that extends between different orders, I have only room for one more, which is taken from White's "Selborne." A certain person happened to have one horse and one solitary hen. "These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion."

In a recent paper on "Flowers and their Friends" I ventured to point out how the recent scientific views with regard to the relations of flowers and insects, and with regard to the appreciation by insects of the scents and colours of flowers, suggested to us the Unity of Nature. In concluding the subject of animal sociability, I cannot forbear adding that the same reflection arises here also, and with even greater force. When we think of those bonds and links that knit together the Creation as a whole, of that mutual understanding which not only exists between the individuals of a species, but which crosses the limits of species, and seems to make light of profound differences of nature, the thought of the

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Unity of Creation is the first thought to arise. A further thought is suggested by the special position of Man in regard to Nature. The sympathy between him and Nature is multiform. The threads of such sympathy run indeed here and there across the realm of life, but they seem specially to meet in Man, and to join all Nature to him as her head on earth. Realising, then, the fact that wherever there appears, as there does appear far and wide, in Nature the capacity for what we call affection, the power of appreciating kindness, of showing gratitude, and of becoming attached. Man holds a place peculiarly his own as pre-eminently the object of such affection, we understand that he is the head of Creation here, not merely by virtue of his superior forces, but as lord also of the affections.

Bearing in mind the position of man as the centre of the mutual understanding pervading such varied orders of being, we see that it is by no mere poetic figure that the Psalmist seems to regard him as the proper spokesman of Creation in leading Nature's chorus to her Maker's praise. This is the thought that gives the fullest meaning to those many exhortations to different creatures, and collectively to "everything that hath breath," to "praise the Lord." For, though glancing at the irrational creation, and interpreting its voices, those exhortations really can meet with a

response only in man's intelligence. Lastly, the more vividly we realise the community of feeling that exists between the animal creation and ourselves, the more considerate with regard to animals ought we to be, the more careful to avoid inflicting unnecessary pain. For, consider, they are helpless in our hands. We have the "dominion over them." Shall we, as tyrants, abuse our power so as to cause needless suffering in natures which, after their varying measures, can return, and are ready to return, affection for kind treatment? The mere question suggests the answer.

There are, unfortunately, some crael dispositions among human beings; but apart from these, even where it may be hoped that no wanton cruelty exists, sometimes the mere want of thought, the not realising that animals feel, is at the bottom of what looks like cruelty. For this reason, I venture to say, what many persons will corroborate, that, as an instrument of education, as a means of educing kindly and considerate feelings, a household pet, in the shape of an intelligent dog, is a valuable associate for children. With proper supervision on the part of the elders of the family, the society of the quadruped friend has a similar effect to that of the study of the "ingenuous arts" of old—"It softens the character, and takes away its fierceness."

THE SEAGULLS' CHAPEL.

CHAPTER I.



T was a lovely evening in July, and all around was still and peaceful, as two boys stood under the windmill in the Island of Sark. watching the sunset. It was the ending of a long warm day, and now a refreshing breeze blew up from the

sea and stirred lightly the golden corn and the trees.
Cyril and George Hereford were twins of fifteen,
not very like in appearance, and in character rather
dissimilar. Cyril, who ranked as eldest, having
entered the world ten minutes before his brother, was
a small delicate-looking boy, with a pale face, big
blue eyes, and early brown hair. George, on the

contrary, though he, too, had blue eyes and hair like Cyril's, was tall, and as energetic in manner as his brother was the reverse.

They were very fond of each other, and were companions and friends, having very much the same tastes and pursuits. They were orphans, and lived with their grandmother, Mrs. Hereford, who was a sweet-looking old lady, and dearly loved by her grandsons. They generally lived in Lincolnshire, but had come over to Sark for the holidays, and never had the boys enjoyed holidays more. The change from the endless stretch of fen country to which they were accustomed, to this lovely island, with its magnificent cliffs and fantastic rocks, was very great. Every day was spent in exploring some new rocks, finding out all the wonderful caves which burrow the island, and in boating, when the weather allowed of their doing so.

"What a strange sunset it is to-night!" said George. "Yes," said Cyril, "I wish I could do that sky."

"Well, as we are neither of us a Turner or a Claude Lorraine, we need not attempt it," said George, laughing.

The sky was really of a most perfect daffodil colour, broken here and there by rifts of dull blue; while the sun, like a great fiery globe, was sinking slowly behind a bank of purple cloudland, which lay just over the islands of Herm and Jethou.

"Now it's time to go home," said Cyril, and taking a last look at the splendid view of sea and islands, which was around them, they ran home to their lodgings, which were not far off.

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The house, built of granite, stood a little way from the roadside, having a tiny garden in front, which now was gay with many-coloured geraniums, vellow calceolarias, and red-and-white Sweet William. On the low wall which separated it from the road grew tufts of red Valerian and gold-coloured hawk-Over the house was a splendid Gloire de Dijon rose-tree, which was now laden with creamy roses. There was a large kennel, painted red, before the door, from which a huge Newfoundland dog bounded to welcome the boys home. Mrs. Hereford was lying on the sofa when the boys entered the sitting-room. The evening shadows were falling, but she did not care for lights, and preferred being alone a little in the quiet dimness. However much she enjoyed that peaceful time, she did not mind being interrupted by Cyril and George, and listened when they related their adventures that afternoon down the Coupée.

"Do you know if the cutter is going out to-morrow morning?" asked Mrs. Hereford presently, when the boys had finished telling her of their having had tea at a farm-house in Little Sark.

"Yes, it is going at four o'clock," said Cyril, looking in a portfolio for a drawing of his.

"Then, will you take this letter to the post?" said Mrs. Hereford, holding out a letter which was on the table near her.

George took it, and went off alone, as Cyril declared he was too tired to accompany him.

"It is too dark; I can't find the drawing now," said Cyril, as the door closed after George.

"Will you have lights, dear?"

"No, thank you, grannie; it does not matter," said Cyril, wandering restlessly, in the twilight, round the room.

"Cyril, come here," said Mrs. Hereford; "I want to ask you something."

Cyril obeyed; and, standing near the sofa, Mrs. Hereford took his hands, and held them as she spoke to him,

"To-day you and George were talking very loudly under the window, and I could not help hearing what you were saying."

"This morning do you mean?"

"Yes. I was just going to call out to you, and tell you that I heard, but you ran off. What it grieved me so to hear was your anger with George, and...."

"Oh, but, grandmamma," interrupted Cyril, "you have no idea how provoking George is. He had upset some water on a drawing I had just finished, and it was enough to put one in a rage."

"He seemed very sorry," said Mrs. Hereford.

"Oh, yes, I dare say he was," replied Cyril, his cheeks flushing at the thought of his spoilt drawing.

"Cyril, I wish you would try and control your

temper," said Mrs. Hereford. "You cannot think how it pains me to see you give way as you do at the least provocation."

"I can't," said Cyril; "it's stronger than I am."

"Yes; but remember that you can fight against it in strength not your own—the 'strength which God supplies.' Then, believing that, you should never say, 'I can't.'"

"I wish I could keep from getting into a wax," said Cyril, who, like George, was really trying to live as God would have His children do.

"Then will you try—try earnestly and watchfully? Remember that the battle is a very real one, but you may win it if you are but faithful and persevering. It is no small thing either. You know you were saying yesterday that you wished so much to be a great general; well, Solomon many hundred years ago said what is as true now as it was then, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'"

Further conversation was prevented by the landlady entering with supper, and soon afterwards George came in. He was in high spirits, and said he had met the Cranfields, a large family, who were lodging at Beauregard.

"They are all going down to the *Chapelle des Mauves* to-morrow, and want us to go with them," said George.

"That will be splendid!" said Cyril. "I have been wanting so much to go there."

"What is this place?" asked Mrs. Hereford, "And what do they mean by the name they have given it?"

CHAPTER II.

"IT means the Seagulls' Chapel, grannic. There are two in Sark. One is a great black cavern you can see very well from behind the monument. This one is quite different, and it is the one we have wanted so much to see. Besides, there are lots of other jolly caves when you get down there; it is on the Grêve de la Ville."

The next day turned out to be very fine. The sky was perfectly cloudless, and the sea, as it washed round the island, was of a lovely blue, excepting where the reflection of some of the cliffs and a sandy beach made the water of a deep emerald colour.

The boys met the Cranfields at Beauregard, and then started off for the Grêve de la Ville. They went down the sunny white road, past the little cemetery, with its old gravestones, lichen and weather-stained, lying here and there, while the long sunburnt grass clasped them round. Past there the roads met—one going to the church, and the other leading to the lovely grounds of the Seigneurie, and then on to a height above the sea, and down a road winding to the shore. There were loads of wild flowers embroidering their path, wild thyme, yellow lotus, and then the tall stately foxgloves rising up from the bracken and furze.

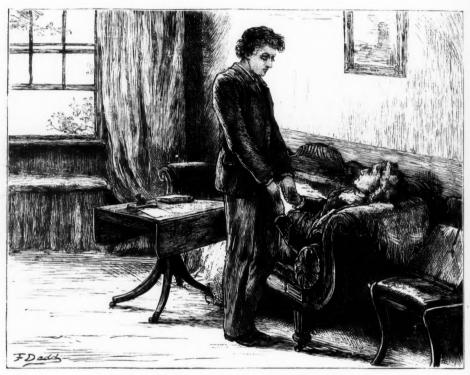
Down on the shore it was very pleasant, for the

tide was far out, and rippled gently up the shingly beach, while behind them were the high cliffs, carved by nature into all kinds of fantastic shapes, and with verdure growing down very low on them, contrasting so well with their splendid colouring.

The Seagulls' Chapel was a large dome-shaped rock, pierced through by a tunnel, and which was only accessible after climbing over huge boulders, made very slippery by the vraic and moss-like seaweed. There were no sea-mews, with their white and

The young Cranfields had been to Sark every summer since their babyhood, and were as much at home among the rocks and boulders as George and Cyril were on the fen road to Boston.

They went right through the Chapel, and then came out on the shore. Climbing up again, they next descended a short dark passage, and made their way through a succession of church-like caves. Then, finding themselves on the beach, they rested a little, and then explored again.



"Mrs. Hereford took his hands, and held them as she spoke."-p. 499.

grey wings and yellow bills, flying about that day; it was so fine that they were off on some expedition known only to themselves. All was quiet down there; only the sound of the tide on the shingles broke the silence, and not a single cry of a sea-mew fell on one's cars.

"This is awfully slippery," said Cyril, crossly, as he came down sharply on a stone. "I can't manage it at all."

"Go quietly, Cyril, and you will find it all right," called out George, who was picking his way, and balancing himself carefully, as he sprang from rock to rock.

It was difficult work, and needed care and caution to avoid falling, and Cyril did not like it at all. George thoroughly enjoyed it, and so did Cyril, for the climbing, though difficult, was not slippery, and they succeeded in getting some marinum ferns for Mrs. Hereford.

"I say, Cyril, your marinum isn't half so good as mine," said Tom Cranfield, a tall boy, with an unpleasant expression of countenance.

"Mine's much the best," said Cyril.

"No it isn't. You 're such a duffer you were afraid to climb, and what I got grew much higher up than yours."

"I am sure it did not," retorted Cyril, who disliked, of all things, being considered cowardly.

Tom was not fond of Cyril, and knowing his weak point was being easily roused, he took advantage of it, and indulged in his love of teasing by trying to work him up into a rage. Unfortunately for poor Cyril, this was but too easy to do, especially as he was off his guard, and forgetful of his purpose of watchfulness. Instead of laughing the matter off, and not minding whether his ferns were better than Tom's or not, he grew more and more annoyed, and a hot dispute followed. Of course, they wandered from the subject of the ferns, as people when angry rarely keep to the case in point; and when Tom called Cyril

passing through the Seagulls' Chapel again, and it was still more difficult to make their way along the slippery boulders. Cyril tumbled several times—for one thing he was tired, and then his thoughts were so busy he did not notice much where he was going. Every time he fell, Tom's jeering laugh rang out in the air. George never echoed it, for he was not willing to irritate Cyril if he could help it.

"Let me help you—give me your hand," said George.



"They saw a boat coming near them."-p. 502.

a coward, the latter felt at that moment as if he could shake him with the greatest pleasure in the world.

However, shaking him was out of the question, for Tom, though a year younger than Cyril, was taller, and very much stronger; and calm and quiet as he looked then, he was especially aggravating to Cyril, who was feeling hotter every moment.

I need not repeat all that was said. It would be only sad to know of the unkind taunting things with which Tom teased Cyril, and of the latter's replies.

At last they ceased, as the rest of the party called out to them that the tide was rising, and they must hasten home. George came to tell them, and he, Cyril, and Tom came on a good way behind the others.

They were all very tired by the time they were

But Cyril refused to be helped, and kept on thinking how he could pay out Tom for laughing at him.

When people are on the look-out for opportunities of evil, they come quickly enough, and the devil is only too pleased to suggest wrong thoughts. It just then occurred to Cyril that if he could make Tom slip it would serve him right.

The tunnel was dark, and the walls, of a peculiar red-and-green rock, looked very singular in the dim light. They had come through a narrow pass, where they had only room to crawl through; and seeing, as he thought, Tom before him, Cyril gave him, apparently unintentionally, a slight push, that sent him down between two large boulders.

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"Oh, Cyril! come here!" exclaimed George, in a voice that told of extreme pain.

Cyril was dumb. In the dim light, and in his hurry, he had pushed his brother instead of Tom.

Tom came to the rescue; and Cyril, who now was trembling with excitement, asked George if he was hurt.

"Only my foot, old fellow. Don't be alarmed. It was my own stupidity. It must have been against that rock, though it felt as if I was being pushed; just fancy, of course."

"No one pushed you," said Tom, who had not noticed Cyril's action.

The latter was silent, and they then helped George up. His foot was caught between two points of rock, and when extricated, he found it was so sprained that he could not walk.

The tide was rising fast. What were they to do? For the cave would soon be filled with water.

CHAPTER III.

THE three consulted together as to what was best to be done, and at last it was decided that Tom should try and overtake the rest of the party, and send assistance in some way or other.

When he was gone the twins were alone in the cave. Behind them was a large piece of rock, which seemed to bar an exit from the cave; around them were the craggy sides, damp still from the water that had flowed in only a few hours before, and which were of a deep crimson colour, contrasting with dark green and brown of every shade. George, very white from the extreme pain he was suffering in his foot, which increased every moment, was leaning against one side of the cave; Cyril was on a boulder, worn by the continual washing of the waves to a smooth roundness. Before them was the blue sea, glittering in the afternoon sun, and flowing up nearer and nearer them every minute. thoughts were passing through Cyril's mind then. He was thinking of his own passionate temper that he gave way to so completely, and again he seemed to think of the dimly lighted room the evening before, and his grandmother's words of warning.

He looked forward to being a soldier when a man, and had often laughingly expressed his desire to be a great general. He had also the higher, better wish to do something for God, to live for Him in every way. A work had been given him to do the first thing of all, to fight against the sin that so easily beset him, and to endeavour to obtain the rule of his own spirit.

In that so far he had failed. Failed most utterly; and here was the hardest, bitterest lesson of all come to him now. By his uncontrolled temper he had injured his brother. Truly, he had not intended to do more than give a slight push to a boy he disliked; but his punishment had come in that his design had been carried out in a way he little dreamt of; and instead of Tom, it was George he had touched.

How that was to end, he dared not think. Putting aside the thought of George's injured foot, the present danger was the greatest. The tide was advancing; and if help did not come, they would assuredly be drowned.

What Cyril suffered in that time was what cannot be described.

At last, after what seemed an interminable time, they saw a boat coming near them. It was only just in time, for the water was close to them, and though Cyril could have escaped through the other side and got up high enough out of the reach of the sea, George, who could hardly move, would certainly have been drowned.

Two men drew up the boat as near as they could, and then rescued the boys, carrying George and making Cyril wade through the water.

Very thankful were they when they reached home, and George was able to have his foot attended to.

The next day a doctor came over from Guernsey to them, as there is no medical man in Sark.

He arranged George's foot, and returned in a few days to see him again.

The second time he remained for more than an hour with Mrs. Hereford after seeing George, and Cyril walked round and round the little front garden anxiously longing to hear the doctor's verdict.

At last Dr. Holland left, and went down the road past the windmill, on his way to the steamer.

Cyril went to his grandmother, and asked her what the doctor said.

"Well, dear boy, he gives us a very bad account of George," said Mrs. Hereford; "he fears that he may be lame for life."

Cyril could hardly believe his ears. Lame for life, and all through him! It was too dreadful, and the poor boy burst into a passion of tears.

Mrs. Hereford tried to console him as best she could. She knew all the particulars of the accident, for on the evening of the day it had happened upon, Cyril had told her everything. She had not reproached him, for she saw that the possible results of his anger would be punishment enough for him, and now she felt more sorry for him than she could express.

Laying her hand on his shoulder with that silent sympathy that touches a sorrowful heart often more deeply than any spoken words, she stood near him, as, with his head bent on his hands, he leant upon the table before him.

Surely this was a bitter trial—more bitter a one than he had ever dreamt it would be his lot to have to face!

"Lame for life!" and all through his fault. Over and over again those three first words repeated themselves in his mind.

Of those next few weeks there is little to tell. One day Cyril told George all about the reason of his fall, and the former could not but forgive his brother.

When the autumn came, the Herefords left Sark.

It was a fine autumn day, and the trees had yellow and russet hues over them, the rocks were of every coloured brown, with dark lines near the water's edge, and the whole entrance to Sark looked very grand when they were embarking. The water was of a lovely green, and so clear that the strands of cord fastening the little many-coloured boats could easily be seen. The great cliffs, with their dark caves, and sandy coves, and green summits, were round them, while a little way out lay the Rescue, to which they went in a little rowing-boat.

On board, a kind old gentleman made acquaintance with the boys, and soon found out about George's lameness. He told them he was a doctor, and had great experience in cases of the kind, and begged leave to try his skill. He was going to winter in Guernsey, and as the Herefords were to spend a week there before returning home, the plan was easily carried out.

They remained in Guernsey very much longer than a week.

It was not until Christmas had come that they returned home, and exchanged the little island, with its lovely bays and quaint town intersected with narrow ill-paved streets, for their home in the Lincolnshire fens. But they were going home a very much happier trio than when they had left Sark.

Dr. Gale's treatment of George's foot had been most effectual, and he could now walk quite well. Dr. Gale even predicted that if he took care of himself, and did not strain the foot a second time, that he might be able in time even to forget he had ever hurt it.

Cyril's joy was unbounded, and his grandmother, though she grieved at all the pain George had suffered, was glad to see a marked change in his brother. As the days and weeks fled by, the occasions when Cyril "got into a wax," as he expressed it, became more and more rare.

Of course he is often tried, but now he has learnt to be slow to anger. And whenever he is tempted to yield, there comes before him the remembrance of that Sark cave, and his own bitter grief.

And so it is that, as long as he lives, Cyril Hereford can never forget the "Seagulls' Chapel."

L. E. D.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF JOHN FORBES, D.D.-V.

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., EDINBURGH.



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PON the 17th day of August, my sorrows and terrours came again upon me, for my prevarications and faintnesse in some of those answers which I made to the late General Assemblic.

One was the diminishing of our reasons for not subscryving the Covenant. . . question was proposed to my colleagues and me, What are your reasons wherefore ye refuse to subscryve the Covenant? To this question our first and better answer was—1. Because we are not convinced in our minds, we do not plainly perceive, and undoubtedly believe, that we are bound by the commandments of God to acknowledge and swearthat Episcopacie, and Perth Articles, and those books which we have not maturely, are contrarie to God's eternal truth expressed in the Holy Scriptures, and are heads of Papistrie. 2. Because the Kirk may not make any perpetual law which God before hath not made. 3. And because we are bound by our Large Confession not to receive without just examination what is proposed by any General Council, but so farre only as the Council proveth the determination and commandment that it giveth by the plain Word of God, therein are obliged to reverence and embrace the same. But we may not acknowledge any new articles of faith, or any new interpretation of God's Word by the meere authoritie of a Council. 4. Because we are afraid to swear the clause of mutual defence without

cleare resolution and full persuasion thereanent.
5. Because in the Short Confession all rites and ceremonies seem be abjured which are brought in without the Word of God, although they be not against the Word. 6. Because we conceive not how the succeeding generations shall be bound to keep the oath of this generation merely by virtue of the oath. 7. Because there be many acts of Parliament inserted not well known to us, and yet the subscription is required of all the premisses. . . .

Upon the 18th day of August, 1640, thinking upon this that some of my colleagues professed a greater respect to my opinion and carriage than is convenient either for them or me, and which may be occasion of greater vehemencie towards me, upon hope to draw these my colleagues easily after me, I feared and wept unto God, humbly beseeching Him to keep me from being puft up, and from deceiving myself in thinking myself to be something when I am nothing; and to cause me ever to keep faith and a good conscience, and to give unto me and to my colleagues wisdom, and strength, and peace, and salvation, through our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Upon the 20th day of August, 1640, finding myself compassed about with many difficulties, and no man to help—yea, some of my familiars augmenters of my trouble and sorrow, whileas my tenants are crying to me that they are threatened with oppression unless I provide men, and arms,

and means, to assist this war in defence of the Covenant, and some of my tenants are urging me to do so, being themselves addicted that way, and others flee all such course so far as they can, and I myself am not sufficiently resolved nor persuaded that I may, with a safe conscience, give, or bid my tenants give, any such assistance, neither am I able to repel the threatened violence from my tenants and land. Also, considering that I am ordained to go to Edinburgh, where, if I be not able to give contentment anent the Covenant, it may be hardly and offensively taken, and as yet I feare we shall differ in opinion, and unlesse the Lord work wonderfully for me, as He hath done hitherto, I may fall into trouble thereby, which maketh me unwilling to this journey, to undergo such a hazard, especially the peril of hurting my conscience through my own weaknesse, and next the hazard of offensiveness to my brethren and countrymen, which I would very fain eschew. Finding myself compassed about with these difficulties, I did betake myself to my wonted sure and only refuge-I gave

myself to prayer.

The 12th day of October, 1640, as I was thinking upon these present calamities, and upon my own private difficulties, and fears, and sorrows, and lifting up my heart to God for comfort and strength, and peace to His Kirk and servants, and in particular to me, his poor servant, God drew near to me, and said to me-" Be not discomfited: cast thy burden upon Me; I will bring it to pass, that which is for the good of My people and servants, and in particular for thy good; and, although thy friends be either departed to another life, or estranged from thee, or unable to help thee, yet thou shalt not want any good thing, for I am with thee, and thou art Mine. Fear not, but be of good courage; all thy sins are forgiven thee; thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." My heart answered—"O my dear Father, happy am I to whom Thou vouchsafest this great mercy, to speak so lovingly and comfortably to me, who am but dust and ashes, and a vile sinner, and bidst me to be of good courage, and not to be discomfited. Abba, Father, I am hereby greatly and wonderfully comforted, for well are they comforted whom Thou bidst be of good comfort, who art the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort. Blessed be Thy glorious name for ever and ever, exalted above all blessing and praise. O Lord, I will praise Thee, for Thou wast angry with me; Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me; and what can Thy poor servant say unto Thee, for Thou, Lord God, knowest Thy servant. For Thy word's sake, and according to Thine own heart, hast Thou done all these great things to make Thy servant know them. Wherefore Thou art great, O Lord God, for there is none like Thee, neither is there any God besides Thee (2 Sam. vii. 20-22). Oh, come and praise the Lord

with me, all His saints, and all His holy angels, and all His works, in all places of His dominion-Oh, bless the Lord, O my soul! oh, keep the sweet and unspeakable comfort with me, O my Saviour. that I may be plentifully comforted therewith at all times, and especially, dear Father, at the time of my departure out of this mortal life, and Thou receive me into Thy heavenly and eternal joy." And God heard me and also granted these my petitions, and my soul was sick of love and ravisht with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The Host of Heaven worshippeth Thee, O Lord, the spirits of the just made perfect worship and praise Thee, beholding Thy glory and rejoicing in the light of Thy countenance; and we trust in Thy mercy that we shall rejoice in the same blessedness with them, being present with the Lord Jesus, when we shall be absent from the body, and shall appear with Him soul and body in glory at that last day, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. The whole earth is full of Thy glory. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men. Hosanna! blessed be the King of Israel, that cometh in the name of the Lord: peace in heaven, and glory in the highest. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen. Hallelujah!

16th December, 1640. A portion of the prayer

16th December, 1640. A portion of the prayer which I pray in my house every morning with my family, in consideration of our frailty and of

approaching eternity :--

"Make us always joyful, humble, wise, meek, and faithful in Thy service here; ready and well prepared at all times to depart and to be with the Lord Jesus; and grant that we may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless, that so we may finish our course with joy. And seeing our life here is but for a transitory moment, and that after followeth the endless state of eternity, O merciful Father, we most humbly beseech Thee, for Jesus Christ our Saviour's sake, that all times, and especially at the time of our departure out of this life, Thou wilt be near unto us and save us. Be mercifully and powerfully present with us, in us, and for us. Keep us that we enter not into temptation. Make our hearts perfect towards Thee unto the end, and in the end. Let us not fear any evil when we go through the valley of the shadow of death, because Thou art with us. And although our heart and our flesh fail us, yet be Thou the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever. Although our breath weaken and decay, yet strengthen Thou us with might, in the inner man by Thy Holy Spirit. Although our outward hearing fail us, that we cannot hear the words of our friends, yet open Thou the ears of our souls, and make us to hear joy and gladness by Thy Holy Spirit witnessing with our spirits that we are Thy children, and assuring us that all our sins are forgiven, and that our names are written in heaven; that Thou art our Salvation;

that it is Thy fatherly will to give us the Kingdom. And although our bodily eyes wax dim, and be darkened from beholding the light of this world, yet, O Lord, make Thou the light of Thy countenance to shine continuously and graciously upon us, and enlighten the eyes of our minds that we may see what is the hope of Thy calling, and what is the riches of the glory of Thine inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of Thy power towards us who believe, according to the operation of Thy mighty strength which Thou hast wrought in raising up our Head and Saviour from the dead, and us with Him. Count us worthy of this calling, and fulfil in us all the good pleasure of Thy goodness, and the work of faith with power, that the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in us, and we in Him. And although our memory and our thoughts fail us, yet, Lord, remember Thou us ever in mercy, think upon us for good, and perform towards us Thy thoughts of peace. And although our tongue and speech fail us, that we be not able to utter prayers and praises to Thee, our God, yet let the words of our mouth, and the meditations of our hearts, be ever near Thee, and let them be acceptable in Thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Advocate, who is at the right hand of God making continual intercession for us; and plead Thou the causes of our souls, and redeem our life. And in whatsoever time or place, or manner of death, it shall please Thee to call us, Lord do it in mercy. Grant that we may die in the Lord with Thine everlasting blessing upon our souls and bodies. And when it cometh to the last separation of the soul from the body, Lord Jesus, receive our spirits. Into Thine hand we commit our spirits; Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord God of truth. Take us unto Thyself, into that place of rest, joy, pleasure, life, and light, which Thou has prepared for us in the house of our Heavenly Father. Set our hearts on that rest, joy, pleasure, life, light, glory, and blessedness, assure us of it, prepare us for it, and bring us to it in Thy good time. Hear us, dear Father, and help us. Forgive us our sinfulness in praying, and all our sins, and grant us these our petitions, and whatsoever else is good and needful for us, and for any of Thy children, for the Lord Jesus Christ our

Saviour's sake—in whose words we continue our prayers unto Thee, saying, as He hath taught us, 'Our Father,'" etc.

Upon the 20th day of April, 1641, I understood that the sentence of deprivation from my function had passed against me by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, because I have not subscribed, and yet do refuse to subscribe, the late Covenant. Then I came to my study, and worshipped God, with tears beseeching God to forgive all my sins, to comfort me, and strengthen me against this and all assaults, and to make me thankful for honouring me to suffer for His name's sake, for the which I heartily praised God, whereas I deserved greater afflictions in regard of my great and many sins; but the Lord, in love to my soul, hath cast all my sins behind His back, and made me a confessor of His name. I prayed also for my brethren who had pronounced this sentence against me-that the Lord would forgive them, and not lay this sin to their charge; and for myself, I prayed that God would keep me with Him, and save me from pride, and from despising my brethren, and from all indecent behaviour, and from all hypocrisy, and that He would direct and bless me and my son; and I prayed that God would bless His people with peace, and cause me by His grace to prefer Jerusalem before my chief joy, and that He would hide me in His tabernacle in the secret of His presence, and cause me to see the good of Jerusalem all my days, and make me dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Upon the 21st day of April, 1641, the aforesaid sentence of deposition was publicly intimated to me in the Provincial Synod of Aberdene, and I acquiesced therein, showing them that I had written to our brethren of Edinburgh to accept of my letter in place of my personal presence, and to pronounce their sentence as if I were personally present, and so they have done; and I perceived that the brethren of the Synod were heartily sorry at the sentence, but seeing it hath been done of the Commissioners of the General Assembly pretending the present publick order, they thought not meet to make any opposition. I returned home, rejoicing that I was counted worthy to suffer this for the name of the Lord, which I feared to take in vain.



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THE WRITER AS A WORKER FOR CHRIST.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BALLYMONEY, CO. ANTRIM.



HE function of the Writer is widely different from that of the Preacher. It often happens, indeed, that an able speaker is likewise an able writer; but it is more frequently the case that writers who are destined to outlive their generation

make but a sorry figure upon the platform, in the tribune, or in the pulpit. A successful Preacher is a man of many sides. He is tender in feeling, warm in disposition, quick in apprehension, in thought, in sympathy. The aspirant who lacks these qualities, lacks the foundation of the art he would construct; and, if he be persistent, misses that better duty which nature intended that he and none other should perform. For each man's first duty is to ascertain, if he can, what he is fitted for; and his next to form and to follow the truest ideal of the office he has chosen. And it is better, surely, to be "first in the smallest Iberian village" of life's pursuits, than to be second at even Rome. It is thus that while study and extensive information only enhance the qualifications of the Preacher, they may create and uphold a writer who attains not only a passing success, but a lasting and substantial fame.

The very language of the writer, too, is different from the language of the speaker. He uses different words and phrases and shapes of sentences. He may say the same thing in half the space. He may use suggestions which would not be noticed or understood in the swift flow of speech. He may pack together hard thoughts which would confound the most learned audience. He may advance opinions which, falling suddenly on the ear, would alarm the most liberal mind: and he may urge their truth with arguments which would be either instantly denied, or entirely misunderstood. The writer never aims at conviction through personal influence. He appeals to the reason and the understanding, more than to the heart. He stands behind the curtain-if he will be the greatest; and he seldom, if ever, shows that he is more than a Baptist's Voice calling upon thinking men to make straight the crooked ways of the world.

Of course the religious writer can choose his audience. Well, he has newspapers by the hundred. But he is inclined to think that common newspapers have no room for him. Yet why should the avenues of the world's toils and adventures be too crowded for the pilgrim? Why should he be jostled to the wrong side, as unwary foot-goers used to be jostled on rainy days in a London thoroughfare, and driven into the torrent or the mud? Is not the pilgrim some-

what to blame? Has he again mistaken either his vocation or its object? In that crowd, pressing and pushing, is there no sympathy for truth that transcends the present? or is that truth so cramped or stunted by its votaries, that it refuses to embrace the many strands of our life's coil? The writer who wishes to leave the world better than he found it, has many a space, if he will fill it. Is it not writing for Christ to teach how many can be better educated, better housed, and better fed? Christ has something surely to do with these bodies of ours, once so like His own that was often weary-some interest, I think, in discovering the dens where disease is lurking, the habits by which disease is created, and the methods by which disease may be cured. Nay, more: whatever truth a man can teach-whatever truth about himself or his fellows or God's earth-is teaching done for Christ. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;" but let man look at it with his own eyes, beat out the facts of it for himself, question, and study, and watch; and when he has anything fit to tell or to advise, let him tell it as the fact exists, and advise with good and accurate reason, and men will read and think, and thousands will believe and obey.

We have been too much accustomed to take up the great harp of man's life, and, selecting one chord, and only one, to call that Religion; and then we have strung the chord-now tight, now slack, sometimes too sharp, at other times too flat, and run up it and down it, twanging and pulling, and amazed the while that it would not produce of itself a rich and swelling harmony. Hence it came that piety had a countenance of its own, a book of its own, a day of its own, and a house of its own; and when Piety would show herself, she put on her mask, and refused to appear at other seasons than on the one day of the week, and with other circumstance than over her book or under her heaven-seeking spire. Hence, it has come, too, that many a page wears still its virgin white, and many a pen is dry which might have written and recorded, and enforced truths, and roused ambition, and created hopes, which would have rescued the poor from death, the ignorant from misery, and the desperate from crime.

But if he will eschew such weak and passing chronicles, the writer has a wider field in the Magazines, which provide a leaf somewhere, if he has the wit to find it, for every gifted one who will tell of better things. Able writers are rare, but are they not encouraged in this one, and in that one, to marshal all the petty posses-

sions of their brains; and lest they should go astray by any chance, are they not civilly directed to the very house where they will receive a kindly and hearty greeting? It is only the very best-the most influential, the most widely-read-that can afford to withhold from such an invitation. And if your interpretation of Daniel, or your discovery about Adam, or your original and conclusive theory about the Pyramids, happens to be returned to you, there is surely only one conclusionthat the generous editor considered the manuscript far too precious for you to lose. But if, indeed, you have aught to say, and having made many experiments, have at length got in your slender article, what need for a better or larger audience? Only be sure of this, that your voice has the true ring in it; that your words are Heaven's truth; and that Heaven will respond to your appeal. Woe to you if you have only stolen his sheepskin, and called yourself Elijah.

But if an author writes faithful sentences, is he not satisfied that they should be read? These monthly blue-winged visitors, whose acquaintance the readers of The Quiver have had the pleasure of making, alight upon the tables of many thousands of British homes. What is the preacher's audience to that? And when the preacher is done, we have only a treacherous memory to recall what he said; but here admirers read again and again, and ponder and talk about every sentence that some labouring pen has pro-

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There are those among writers, however, that look for permanency. They would be read in the magazines of course; but they would like something better, at any rate something more One can hardly style himself an author until the bookbinder has produced two pieces of pasteboard, and fastened between them two hundred leaves full of letters and words. he stands before the world. His name is in the book-lists, maybe gets into the reviews. he gives a lecture, he is introduced as the author of so-and-so. If he gets an appointment anywhere or to anything, the newspapers purchase a copy of the book, and furnish him a momentary fame. But there are difficulties—publishing difficulties, printing difficulties, and above all buying difficulties.

It is even true that the best of books do not invariably find a market: and that the very worst often find a ready one—often the worst in every way, in tone, in moral, in conception, in construction, and in language. Nothing suffers from inferior writing so much as religion. The reason is that most new converts are stimulated by a strong enthusiasm to make others feel what they have felt. They willingly spend sums of money for this purpose; and, failing sufficient opportunity of addressing large numbers in person, they launch upon the world a thousand tiny crafts

which they vainly hope will carry shiploads of men to heaven. These books sometimes are full of bad theology, bad logic, and bad English. They mistake violence for power, and confound affectation with eloquence. Their thoughts are leaden, and they roll them out so long and so broad that half a dozen will make a volume.

These books lie upon our drawing-room tables, and fill the shelves in our bedrooms. They fall into the hands of our youths, as they return from College contests with minds sharp for the critic's part, and apt for the discovery of faults. Hindoo points to the drunken and swearing Christian, and asks if that be the religion of the missionary's Christ; and the young man of intellect concludes that these books contain much—perhaps the most—that our work-a-day religion aspires to. It is urged, of course (as is often urged to excuse stupidity), that these books must be plain for simple folk: for men who come home weary and with out-worn brain, are in no mood to pore upon the compact thoughts of ponderous philosophers. Yes: but is it necessary that there should be any inferiority in the books that such Why should religion especially people read? not be blessed with the very best? We find that men who are tired and fagged with the worry and toil of the day, find delight in a wellwritten newspaper, in a good biography, in a classical poet-in any mind indeed which can prove that it is a master. But it happens with many who would write that their knowledge of the Bible is the scantiest, and their Christian experience the most meagre and defective; for, though they have felt keenly, they have felt little; they have little to say, though they are ardent to say it; and they have never learned the method of saying anything effectively or well.

But for him whose mind is stored and his heart full, there is a field as wide as earth itself. We have seen how many may read the writer's pages, and what a vast influence they may exercise. His responsibility is then measureless, and if he will be true to the Master he works for, he will work as

men can work in nothing else. He will be clear in thought as he is profound. He will gather up from man, from nature, and from books, whatever will illustrate or enforce his opinion. His information will be abundant, fresh, and various. He will not despise the doubts of the bad, nor ignore the temptations of the good. He will be wise to reason rather than to assert, and he will remember that worthy men have minds to convince as well as hearts to persuade. Nor will he neglect the mantle in which he approaches, nor the frame in

as hearts to persuade. Nor will he neglect the mantle in which he approaches, nor the frame in which he presents his picture. Our countrymen have a language which possesses more vigour than the Greek, more dignity than the Latin, and more music than the Italian. It carries still its ancient muscle and nerve; and it has borrowed from and

assimilated the treasures of the oldest literature,

and the boundless wealth of new facts, discoveries, and inventions. It can trip in many a merry maze with Shakespeare, march with all the trappings and splendour of a mighty army in Milton, and glide with the sweetness of a summer stream in Goldsmith.

But the man who writes of holy things, and does it because it is a duty he owes to God, must be content to look for no hurrying success. He must go down to the battle-field where greater men have fought, and gladly take his stand where they stood nobly and long. "Paradise Lost" was

locked up for a century: "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" were banished as long; and the author of the "Deserted Village" lived in penury, and died in debt. It speaks loudly, indeed, for our modern days, that religious writers can achieve fame within a few years. Let but a man be great, and he will write great things; true, and he will write true things; holy, and the hallowed thoughts which glow upon his page will draw around him the waiting minds of thousands, and constitute him the strongest, the greatest and the most successful of all the workers for Christ.

POINTS.



LWAYS make points," said a friend to me, one day. "In whatever work you may engage, be sure that you make your own especial points."

"Publicity is obtained by speciality,"
says a business writer; therefore, if you
have no speciality, and if you will not
set your wits to work to invent one—in
other words, if you will not take the
trouble to make "points," you will probably never

advance beyond mediocrity.

"The words of the wise are as goads," says Solomon, "and as 'nails fastened by the masters of assemblies." There it is again; if you would be wise, if you have the ambition to excel, you must have your "goads," your "nails," your "points."

And surely in these days of keen competition points are more than ever needed.

I have just been reading a life of Palissy the potter-a child's book, but one that has done me a world of good. Palissy certainly made his pointsas a Christian-as a potter-as an artist-and as a naturalist. He was persecuted and imprisoned for his faith; he persevered through incredible trials and disappointments, many times bordering on starvation and despair, in order to bring to light and use the talent committed to his care. And he did not fail. And then, when he had moulded his "vessels of clay," shaped after his own designs, and "covered with the exquisite white enamel which he had discovered, he purposed to adorn them with lovely paintings." This idea also he carried out, and his "dishes, ornamented with figures, beasts, reptiles, insects, beetles, and flowers," are "treasures of art, full of grace, beauty, and simplicity," sold now for their weight in gold.

As I read this book, I said to myself, All my life I have been droning on, striving rather to make money than "points," which bring money; consequently, I have had but the merest glimmerings of success. But now, from to-day, I change my tactics, alter my course, steer in an entirely different direction. As I look into and examine my work of

past years, my frequent failures and bitter disappointments; as I think of all that I would fain have done long ago in the days of my youth, but which I had neither the courage nor the wit to do; and as I remember that it is what I long with all my heart to do still, a trembling hope seizes me, beautiful as the dawning of the day. I think I see wherein I have failed. I see the path I craved to tread; I see instinct, clear and sure, pointing towards it, and I recognise now the evil power that thrust aside my eager footsteps, saying, "There is no money to be made that way." What then? I am but middleaged. I will walk in that path yet, the path which nature still bids me tread, and I will make the points towards which heart and conscience shall guide me, and then I shall have just the success which my Maker sees is good for me.

Have you a work in life, reader? And have you made, and are you still making points? If so, yesterday I might have envied you; but to-day I am too busy and hopeful and happy in my new resolution, for envy. And now I shall often ask myself, "What is the point of to-day?" "What of yesterday?" For it is around the "point" that interest gathers, that pleasure clusters, that happiness grows. One takes up a book, and begins to read, all expectation; one, two, three pages are passed, then, with a look of disappointment, comes the question, "Where is the point?" The first chapter is finished, and perhaps a point has been arrived at, and satisfaction is the consequence. But if not, the book is laid down, and the reader begins to wonder and complain, "Where is the point?" "I declare, this book has no point!" And if the assertion is true, there is no need for anything more to be said-the book is condemned; few will care to take it up after the terrible sentence has been passed-"It has no point."

But what is the point of points for us human beings? "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Yes, "all these things" shall cluster round the great, the glorious point, which is the "Kingdom of God." We are subjects of divided

earthly kingdoms now; kingdoms rent and torn and troubled by broils and strifes, and envyings and tumults of all sorts; but in the fulness of time, all these kingdoms shall become one, and it shall be a glorious and peaceful Kingdom, and it shall stand for ever.

And now, to go a step further, who shall be the point of this Kingdom? Surely its King! He whose "name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace"—Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. He, then, should surely be the point and centre of our interests now. And if we make Him this, if we set Him up in our hearts as King, if we put Him and His interests first, and our own second, if the motive-power of our lives is love of Him, then His word stands pledged, "all these things shall be added," and in His Kingdom to come we shall reap manifold more, and life everlasting.

Are you afraid to trust Him, reader? Do you turn away in your heart from this view of things? Do you say, "Ah, these ideas are all very well for people who are well off, and who have not to earn their bread; but I have my business to attend to." Certainly; and I will venture to say that no one honours and admires the upright, energetic, and industrious man of business more than I do; but yet let me beg of you not to neglect the point of your business. The things and events of this world are but as a passing pageantry; the real life is to come. Who will deny that our highest wisdom should be to prepare for it? Oh, prepare then. It is a task, a work that will gather in interest and beauty and joy day by day. In it you can make more and more lasting

points than in any other career whatsoever. Do you doubt it? Did you ever question any who have set out on this path? Did you ever meet with a single person, man, woman, or child, who by word or deed gave you to understand that he had set up God first in his heart, and that God had disappointed him? No, you never did, reader. I think I may answer for you, seeing that I never knew or read or heard of such a person, and never knew any one else that had. Is there not something in this? And suppose you join this great army-for it is a great army-of happy souls, what then? You will soon find that you have won an anchor for your own soul, sure and steadfast; that though the universe may be uprooted, and the very powers of heaven shaken, yet your anchor cannot fail you; you may hold on by it for ever.

And how shall you obtain this firm foothold? Simply by looking to Him who shall reign in righteousness for ever, when the kings of this world shall have exchanged their thrones and robes for the silence and darkness of the grave. Kneel before Him, and say—"Lord, I bring Thee all my sins, all my sorrows and perplexities; I know that Thou didst bear them, even for me, long ago; but I never realised it till to-day. Wilt Thou be my Friend, unworthy though I am? Wilt Thou give me peace, and strength to war a good warfare in Thy name from this day forward?"

And this is a prayer that you will never repent; and the longer you live, the more ready will you be to acknowledge this, and to own that in so praying and in so acting you made a point, which was the only safe standpoint from which to make all other points,

WRITTEN WITHIN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

OULD he but once—the saint whose glorious name

These roofs and awful walls for ever bear—Could PAUL once stand, the thin soul-wasted frame, Beneath you organ, on the pulpit stair:

Not he unmoved, methinks, would scan the steeps Of arch-crowned pillars, nor th' enormous round Of the stone sky above, whence distant leaps The noonday sunbeam, hovering to the ground.

Yet these a moment only would prolong
The Apostle's gaze, while on that ground beneath,

Shifting and circling still, he marked our throng— Us human heirs of sin, and tears, and death.

Few words, perhaps, but mighty, would be spend To re-baptise for Christ the marvellous dome.

Then speak of worlds unseen and without end, Of blood once offered, and the crown to come.

I sit, and muse, and turn his page awhile,
Till thought almost the long-blest soul recalls,
And wakes that voice to thrill along the aisle
Once heard in Syrian or Ephesian halls.
H. C. G. MOULE, M.A.



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SHORT ARROWS.

MORE INTERESTING FACTS FROM FRANCE.

ROM Marseilles we learn some deeply interesting news contained in M. Saillen's report of his work. Numbers of children attend the Sunday-schools, and they have been the means of inducing their parents to attend also. The adults actually beg for admission. The hall in which the services are held is open to all, and there the brethren meet. Fathers, mothers, and children here unite in prayer and praise, and no one who has visited them at their own homes will ever doubt their sincerity. A poor woman was at one time held up to ridicule for her earnestness, but she feels happier for her perseverance, and the good example set by some late converts is being followed. M. Sainton, who was frequently seen and listened to at the Exhibitions in Paris in 1878, now preaches to his father's tenantry in Poitou. He sometimes goes on a tour for many miles round, and brings numerous souls to Christ by his earnest and devoted work.

PROTESTANTISM IN BULGARIA.

The new Government in Roumelia and Bulgaria seems favourably disposed towards the Protestant community in those provinces. Permission was lately sought to build two chapels, and, greatly to the delight of the petitioners, the desired boon was at once granted. There are now chapels at Philippopolis and Yamboul, and these mark a new era in the progress of our faith. Last autumn several pupils graduated from the school at Samokore, and immediately went out amongst the people to teach them the truth. Much of this good work is due to the efforts of the American missionaries.

LIGHT ON THE BIBLE.

Anything that throws a clearer light upon the Word of God as it has come down to us, is always welcomed among Christian readers. We are all familiar with the name of the fierce and warlike tribe of the Hittites, whose name was in olden time a terror and a power in the East. This great tribe, we learn, threatened both Egypt and Assyria. Not only did the Hittites excel in warfare, but in the arts and sciences of the time, which they carried to the Euxine and Ægean. In Egyptian monuments sixteen centuries before Christ, the Hittites are mentioned, and the kings of Egypt had to take account of the tribe before they ever ventured upon any expedition into Palestine. Kadesh and Carchemish, towns respectively built upon the Orontes and the Euphrates, were the great centres of the Hittite power. Rameses II. (Sesostris) was met by an Asiatic confederacy, which was kept in awe by the princes of the Hittites, and which disputed his advance. It was not till the eighth century before our Saviour's birth that the last of the Hittite princes was slain. His capital (Kadesh) was taken possession of by the Syrians; and recent investigations and excavations have revealed to us many very interesting features of the old life in that stronghold of the Hittites. Mr. George Smith, following up the discoveries of the British Consul at Aleppo, has opened up much that is welcome to the student of Biblical history. On the western bank of the Euphrates a huge mound has been discovered. within which are the remains of the Hittite capital, The excavations are being proceeded with, and some time ago two monuments from the ancient city were sent to the British Museum. Although we cannot at present fully estimate the position which this and kindred cities of the Hittites occupied in ancient times, we have sufficient evidence to show that the tribe were immensely powerful, remarkably learned and civilised, and not improbably the centre from which much learning was dispersed over the more Western nations. The title of one Hittite city is rendered "Book-town," a name eminently suggestive. The Hittites invented a system of pictorial writing which has been traced upon Egyptian monuments. They were a highly cultivated and very remarkable race, and further investigations will doubtless prove what we may now assume-viz., that the Hittites exercised a much greater influence upon other nations than is commonly supposed.

THE POOR IN ROME.

Great efforts are being made, and successfully made, for evangelising the mendicant class in Rome. Mrs. Wall's exhaustive Report of the "Beggars' Meetings" will commend itself to all Christian readers. The re-opening of these meetings was gladly hailed by the mendicants, and the improvement in the behaviour of the listeners is marked. Not only do they attend for spiritual, but for bodily food, and although they suffer for attending Protestant meetings, they persevere. The winter has been extremely trying, and one poor man expressed his belief that he would not see Mrs. Wall on her return. "I shall be ready to go when the Lord takes me," he said, and he repeated the last Scripture lesson he had learnt at the meetings. The hospital visitation is a great blessing to all. The spiritual welfare of the sick is attended with most gratifying results. At Tivoli, also, religious instruction and bodily relief go hand-in-hand-work is enjoined, and carried out under favourable circumstances. While superintending work, the teacher would tell of Jesus' love and compassion, and draw tears of sympathy from the audience. The need of a Home, where English Protestant sick could be received, is acutely felt, and efforts are being made to establish it. Several English residents are using great efforts in

this good cause, and hope for assistance from their Christian brothers and sisters in England. No denomination will be excluded, and this might be made the foundation of a Protestant Hospital in Rome.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

Some remarkable instances of the efficacy of prayer in faith come to us from Boston, where Dr. Cullis is labouring successfully. We will quote one or two of these instances as an encouragement, and to show once again that "men ought to pray and not to faint." Near the church in which Dr. Cullis ministers stands a house for children, in a park-like inclosure, with a separate residence for lady workers. These houses and surroundings were urgently required, and no visible means existed by which they could be procured. But Dr. Cullis and his faithful band did not despair. They worked with their might, and prayed earnestly for success. It came; their prayer was heard, and they were enabled to erect the buildings. The deaconesses form a very helpful band in Boston. They reside at a place called Grove Hall, and go about their merciful business daily. Each deaconess is taught to pray; for all are dependent upon God, and it is to Him alone that the issue is left. One of these ladies recounts the wondrous success she has attained in answers to her prayers, which resulted in a provision for all the expenses connected with the service in which she is engaged. The promise is here fulfilled-"Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

EVANGELISATION IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The Journal du Protestantisme Française says that M. Paschkoff has initiated a most important work in St. Petersburg. He has succeeded in gathering together the drosehky and hackney-coach drivers to meetings for religious worship, and converted many. This movement has had most blessed results. From a small seed the growth has rapidly extended, and now branches of this tree of knowledge are to be found in various localities. Every morning and evening reunions are held, at which all ranks of society are to be met; and the police authorities have authorised M. Paschkoff to distribute copies of the Scriptures in the streets of the capital. The wonderful success of his efforts is undeniable, and hitherto unequalled in Russia.

HOW A GOOD WORK WAS DONE.

The following interesting record of facts will speak for itself, and shows us what can be done by earnest young workers. In a certain town was a large circle of lively young people, who, at the various seasons, amused themselves innocently enough for a time, until certain of the young men betook themselves to questionable houses of entertainment; and there was

no counter-attraction in the shape of reading-rooms or library. The more sensible of the young people saw that something should be done to keep the little coterie together as Christian young men and women should be, and several ladies came forth as leaders of a bold movement. The favourites were elected a committee, then an association was formed for the avowed purpose of ousting bad influences by the bringing out of good ones. This association of young and energetic people included many not heretofore in the original "set." The line was necessarily drawn, but with no unnecessary rigidity. The meetings were semi-monthly, at each others' houses; dancing and cards were prohibited on these occasions. amusements were invented. At each meeting three ladies and three gentlemen were appointed as a working committee to arrange an entertainment for the next meeting. This gave talent an opening which was quickly seized. Musical, literary, artistic, and social evenings were passed; and all of the most refined and unexceptionable character. A few strictly enforced rules were laid down. Occasionally the entertainment was a public one, and tickets were sold. For two years this went on, and the "young people" grew out of amusement and into life's real work; a final meeting was called to decide what to do next. A library was suggested. Found a library! The ladies said it could be done, and it was done. An excellent entertainment was announced by the Society, the tickets to be only procurable by the donation of a book or books. A stirring appeal was made, Books came in dozens and in wheelbarrows. Valuable works were sent in; and now the "Reading Room and Library" is an established fact. There young men and homeless bachelors congregate, and read useful works, instead of wasting their time at cards or in public "bars." It is just ten years since the "amused" young people set their entertainment going for their friends' sakes. Cannot we in our villages or small towns do something of the kind also, and make our amusements profitable to our fellow-creatures, as well as a blessing to ourselves?

EFFECTS OF DISCIPLINE.

A bar of iron, worth £1, if worked into horseshoes, is worth £2; if made into needles, it is worth £70; if made into pen-knife blades, it is worth £650; if made into balance springs of watches, it is worth £50,000! What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to reach all that; but when hammered, and beaten, and pounded, and polished, how its value is increased! It is thus with ourselves. The training of childhood and youth, the duties and troubles and cares of life, are needful to draw out our fine qualities and fit us for higher offices. It is thus with our time and talents. Some people take no pains to improve themselves. They are worth a pound at the first, and worth no more at the last! If we can't all become as watch-springs, we may be as the needles or the horse-shoes.

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You will seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another.—David Hume.

Money is said to be power, which is in some cases

true; and the same may be said of knowledge, but superior sobriety, industry, and activity are a still more certain source of power.

Wherever duty calls him and binds him down, there may a man be happy—ay, even at the bottom of a coal-pit.—Christopher North.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

104. What two persons are mentioned in the Old Testament as having fasted forty days?

105. What prophecy concerning the Messiah was given to king Ahaz to assure him of his deliverance from the king of Assyria?

106. From which tribe of Israel was their first king chosen?

107. Which of the Apostles was of the tribe of Benjamin?

108. Which of the Evangelists notices the change in our Blessed Lord's face at His transfiguration?

109. What memento did Jacob always carry about with him of the struggle which he had with the angel at Penuel?

110. Quote some words of Rahab which show her belief in the power and presence of God.

111. Mention some persons in the Old Testament who are spoken of as the "servants of the Most High God."

112. To whom in the New Testament is the same title applied?

113. By what people was the idol Beelzebub worshipped?

114. What prince was slain upon a rock, thence named after him?

115. Of what prophet is it recorded that he loved "the wages of unrighteousness?"

116. What prophet is mentioned as prophesying after our Blessed Lord's resurrection?

117. What priest caused Jeremiah the prophet to be imprisoned, for which he was punished with

118. Who is it speaks of "iron pens" as being used in his time, by which we may understand a kind of engraving tool?

119. What city received the first news of its deliverance from some people who had been banished therefrom?

120. What name was applied to our Blessed Lord, which refers to His act of Atonement?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 448.

90. Bar-jesus (Acts xiii. 6).

91. It is mentioned by St. Luke as the distance between Jerusalem and Mount Olivet (Acts i, 12),

92. "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom: pride, fulness of bread and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy; and they were haughty and committed abomination before Me" (Ezek. xvi. 49, 50).

93. The Evangelist St. Luke (St. Luke iii. 38).

94. That the children of Israel fled from many of their cities, which then became inhabited by the Philistines (1 Chron. x. 1—7).

 All those from twenty years old and under (1 Chron. xxvii, 23).

96. When Joseph was sold into Egypt by his brethren, and when Gideon defeated the Midianites (Gen. xxxvii. 28; and Judges viii. 5, 24).

 When Jacob blessed the two sons of Joseph (Gen. xlviii, 14).

98. The dedication of the first-born to God, because of the slaying of the first-born in the land of Egypt (Numbers iii. 12, 13).

99. Phinehas, the son of Eleazar (Num. xxv.

100. "Moreover, I have given thee one portion above thy brethren which I took out of the hand of the Amorite with My sword and with My bow" (Gen. vlviii 22)

101. St. James, who says, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James i. 27).

102. "Hear me, O Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem, believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper" (2 Chron. xx. 20).

103. On the Mount of Olives (Luke xix. 37-44).

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JOHN FAWCETT, D.D., POET AND DIVINE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.



HIS eminent divine and Christian poet was born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, Yorkshire, and in Yorkshire he lived to the end of his most laborious and useful life. At the time of his birth, January 6th, 1739, Yorkshire, like most other parts of England, was in a state of great spiritual darkness. But in that great revival which so largely blessed this country, and was shared in by the Principality of

Wales, it pleased God to raise up for Yorkshire an eminently worthy and wonderfully successful preacher, in the Rev. William Grimshaw, incumbent of the parish church, Haworth. He was a man of a truly apostolic spirit, and he had a firm grasp of the great truths of the Gospel, which, as they were the comfort, strength, and joy of his own soul, he sought to disseminate all around. A man of imposing appearance, with great force of character, a heart full of love to God and perishing sinners, and living a humble and saintly life, his influence was almost irresistible. His own parish was to a large extent transformed, by the grace of God, through his ministry; and as his zeal and love were by no means confined to his own immediate field of labour, so his efforts to save souls were extended largely throughout the county and elsewhere. The blessing of God on those labours was marked and manifold, Thousands were converted to the faith, and centres of Christian influence and earnest faithful preaching were originated all through the neighbourhood. Not a few of his converts became Baptists, and established themselves as religious societies in Bradford, Haworth, Wainsgate, and elsewhere, some of them becoming large and powerful communities. Among these converts several became preachers and pastors of churches, their names being still fragrant in that district, and their children and children's children a blessing to their generation.

This may be truly said of John Fawcett, and in an eminent degree. He was left fatherless at the age of twelve years, one of a numerous family. In the course of his apprenticeship, when about sixteen years of age, he heard a sermon from George Whitfield, which proved the power of God to his soul's salvation. "As long as life remains," he says, "I shall remember both the text and the sermon." text was, "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (St. John iii, 14, 15), For about three years he continued in connection with the followers of Mr. Whitfield, and then he joined the Baptist community at Bradford. Meanwhile, he had not neglected his education; and in the energy of the new life he devoted himself to Christian efforts. When twenty-four, he was called to the ministry, and the following year became pastor of the church at Wainsgate, succeeding one of Grimshaw's converts, who had founded the church and begun a good

Some of Fawcett's hymns were written while a young man at Bradford, but most of them at intervals during his long and laborious ministry, some being composed to suit his sermons.

He must have been a most diligent student, and persevering in all the various branches of learning, in which he became proficient. He has been described by one well qualified to speak on the subject as "a scholarly and able man;" as "equalled by few Nonconformists in intellectual culture and general literature;" as "a great reader;" and as having "laid many realms under contribution in gathering varied and solid wealth" of learning. All these he devoted to the work of the ministry. He was indeed an eminent preacher, and he delighted in making known the Saviour whom he loved and trusted.

Eight years after his settlement at Wainsgate, Mr. Fawcett received an invitation to become the successor of the great Dr. Gill, who was one of the best Hebrew scholars of the day, as the pastor of the church at Carter Lane, Tooley Street, afterwards removed to New Park Street, and which has of late years renewed its youth, and become a powerful centre of many extensive religious and benevolent agencies. To a man of Fawcett's mind and tastes, London would have its attractions, to say nothing of an ample income and many wealthy friends. At Wainsgate his salary was £25 per annum, which, for a cultured man with a wife and rising family, did not make him "passing rich." Yet it was with the greatest reluctance that he decided to leave his flock in Yorkshire for the honour and dignity of a London pulpit. It was in connection with this event that one of his best and most acceptable hymns was composed. It is said that he had preached his farewell sermon, that the wagons were loaded with his effects, ready to start for the metropolis, when the tears of his weeping flock, and

his own deep and earnest care for them, prevailed over all considerations of self-interest and the prospect of a wider sphere of service; and though they could not see their way to promise him the very moderate salary of £40 per annum, which was all he asked, but only "to do their best to meet his wishes," he decided to remain among them and forego all his prospects in the Great City. As soon as his study was roughly prepared for him, his muse gave forth the tuneful strain:—

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
We share our mutual wees;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

The stream of thought flows on, evenly and cheerfully, in view of the "glorious hope," which "revives our courage by the way," and then dwells in anticipation on the day when—

From sorrow, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity.

The hymn, if not highly poetical, is at least beautiful, true, and sweetly touching, and mirrors the affectionate heart of its author. It has been sung amid tears and bursting griefs on innumerable occasions, and has chastened and cheered the sorrowing heart in thousands of cases, where friend has been torn from friend, and where the calls of Providence have summoned faithful and loving pastors from attached and affectionate congregations to other fields of labour.

Mr. Fawcett commenced as an author by publishing his "Poetic Essays" as early as 1767, but his Hymn-book was not issued until his powers were more matured. Having to leave the farm which he rented, he removed to Brearley Hall in 1775, and two years later a large portion of his overflowing congregation removed to Hebden Bridge, where a new chapel was erected, and where he continued to minister to the end of his life.

At Brearley Hall, and afterwards at Ewood Hall, Mr. Fawcett conducted a large school, and trained young men for the Christian ministry. Some of his pupils, as also some of the members of his congregation, became distinguished. From his church at Wainsgate went forth John Sutcliffe, of Olney, one of the founders of the Baptist Missionary Society—a man of whom Robert Hall bears testimony that he "possessed ample stores of knowledge," that he was "clothed with humility," and that "his appearance amongst us was always hailed as a certain presage of harmony and love." From Ewood Hall went forth William Ward, to form with Carey and Marshman

an illustrious trio, and to become one of the benefactors of the vast populations of India. The most famous of his pupils, however, was John Foster, the famous essayist. He found a friend in his tutor and pastor, Dr. Fawcett, whose extensive library was thrown open to him on all occasions, until he went to Bristol College, and thence to do a work the benefits of which will be felt for ages.

If Fawcett wrote no great hymns, he wrote many that are good, and some that are beautiful. He was among the early promoters of Sunday-schools in Yorkshire, where the institution has become a marvellous power for good, and he wrote hymns for the young. Here is one on Ps. exix. 9:—

With humble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray; O, make me learn while I am young How I may cleanse my way.

Now in my early days,
Teach me Thy will to know;
O God, Thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.

My heart, to folly prone, Renew by power divine; Unite it to Thyself alone, And make me wholly Thine.

Another commences—

Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below!
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

The third verse of this hymn forms an apt quotation, as containing a great truth fitly and tersely expressed:—

Religion should our thoughts engage Amidst our youthful bloom; 'T will fit us for declining age, And for the awful tomb.

The last two verses prove that religion with him, and as he taught its principles and commended its claims, was no sour or morbid asceticism, no mere system of doctrines or round of ceremonies, but a living, loving, practical power:—

Preserve me from the snares of sin, Through my remaining days; And in me let each virtue shine To my Redeemer's praise.

Let lively hope my soul inspire, Let warm affections rise; And may I wait with strong desire To mount above the skies.

A good hymn of Fawcett's on the New Year is found in only one hymn-book, but it is worthy of being more generally adopted:—

O God, my Helper, ever near, Crown with Thy smile the present year; Preserve me by Thy favour still, And fit me for Thy sacred will.

Dr. Fawcett wrote several prose works of considerable value. Among them were the following:-

"The Sick Man's Employ" (1774); "Advice to Youth on the Advantages of Early Piety" (1778), of which several editions were published; "An Essay on Anger" (1788); "The Cross of Christ the Christian's Glory" (1793), which was afterwards issued by the Religious Tract Society; "The Life of Oliver Heywood," one of the ejected ministers (1796); "Christ Precious to Them that Believe" (1799); and "The History of John Wise," which has had a large sale, and is still in print. His "Essay on Anger" is a work of remarkable power. It so impressed the mind of good old King George the Third that soon after reading it he commuted a sentence of death which had been passed, acknowledging that he did so under the influence of Dr. Fawcett's essay.

One of the most pleasing and beautiful of his hymns is that on "The Desire of all Nations" (Hag. ii. 17):—

Infinite excellence is Thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thine uncreated glories shine
With never fading rays.

Sinners, from earth's remotest end, Come bending at Thy feet; To Thee their prayers and vows ascend, In Thee their wishes meet.

Thy Name, as precious ointment shed, Delights the Church around; Sweetly the sacred odours spread Through all Emmanuel's ground,

Millions of happy spirits live On Thy exhaustless store; From Thee they all their bliss receive, And still Thou givest more.

Thou art their triumph and their joy; They find their all in Thee; Thy glories shall their tongues employ Through all eternity.

His love and reverence for the Word of God, and his unshaken faith in its inspiration and holy teachings, may be seen in his hymn, so well known and widely appreciated:—

> How precious is the Book divine, By inspiration given! Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine To guide our souls to heaven.

He trusted in its guidance, and he has doubtless realised the fulfilment of his own aspiration and hope uttered in the last verse of the hymn—

> This lamp, through all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way, Till we behold the clearer light Of an eternal day.

One of his highly-prized hymns is on the trials of the Christian life, commencing—

Thus far my God hath led me on, And made His truth and mercy known,

and ending in language which shows at once that he

was a man deeply tried and afflicted, and that his spirit was thereby humbled, chastened, sanctified—

Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road Which leads us to the mount of God? And these the toils Thy people know, While in the wilderness below?

T is even so—Thy faithful love Doth all Thy children's graces prove: T is thus that pride and self must fall, That Jesus may be all in all.

He lived to a good old age, but his life was, as one of his biographers states, "a life of suffering, but, notwithstanding, of ceaseless activity." In 1793, upon the death of Dr. Caleb Evans, he was invited to succeed him as president of the Bristol Baptist College, an institution which has sent forth many men of great worth and usefulness, such as William Knibb, Thomas Burchell, and the prince of pulpit orators, Robert Hall, besides not a few who have enriched the world and the Church with their varied harmony and earnest piety. This honour, however, he declined, electing to live and die among his own people. In 1811, nearly seventy-two years of age, he published his "Devotional Family Bible," in which were stored the ripe fruits of his biblical studies and varied experience. In the same year he received his degree of D.D. from an American College.

The only other hymn of Dr. Fawcett's our space will allow us to notice, is one which, though only a fragment of a long piece on "Spring," is a good and useful hymn, and shows that amid his bodily sufferings and other trials his spirit was often serene, joyous, and even jubilant:—

Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator, Praise be Thine from every tongue; Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the universal song.

Father, source of all compassion, Pure, unbounded grace is Thine; Hail! the God of our salvation, Praise Him for His love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of future joy, Sound His praise through earth and heaven, Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

Joyfully on earth adore Him, Till in heaven our song we raise, There, enraptured, fall before Him, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

The name of Fawcett has been preserved in Yorkshire as a name of honour, the Doctor's children and other descendants having trodden in his footsteps and imitated the excellences of his character. The world and the Church have been enriched, too, by contributions to the ever-swelling stream of literature from more than one bearing his honoured name.

Fawcett's influence did not die with him. His school for the "sons of the prophets" developed into "Bradford Academy," which is now known in its new home as "Rawdon College," of which a descendant from the valued hymn writer, Samuel Medley, is

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one of the Professors; while a new Theological Institution has been established to do useful work at Brighton Grove, Manchester.

The close of Fawcett's life was marked by increased suffering and Christian patience, and, after a ministry of fifty-three years to the same flock, in which he saw the children's children of the friends of his youth gathering about him, he finished his course with joy and gladsome hope. He could welcome death, because he knew Whom he had believed, and that to be "absent from the body" would be to

be "present with the Lord." He saw, not so much the dark intervening valley, as the hills of light and the realms of glory beyond; and the grim and ghostly forms of "death and the grave" were lost in anticipation of seeing the "King in His beauty," even Him who though unseen he had loved and served and followed. As the heavenly vision began to break on his glowing spirit, he welcomed the final stroke, and longed with eager desire for the approaching change, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly," And so he entered the Land of Song.

A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GREAT GLADE.



ND now I must go back in this chronicle of events to the time of Claude's coming to Highwood, in order to tell the story of the other lives which entangled themselves with ours. I will set down their story not as it became known to me from day to day, but as

I came to know

it after the events, from one or other of the actors and sufferers.

The two girls Phillis and Priscilla were by far the pleasantest pair to be encountered in the village, and Claude pleased himself with watching them accordingly. He always spoke to them at the Sunday school, and regularly overtook them on their way back from it, bowing to them as he passed, while the pair responded modestly. They generally turned up one of the lanes which intersected the street, and passed through a long narrow field skirting the thicket into the Great Glade.

The Great Glade was the magnificent evening promenade of the little village, a vista of velvet sward, stretching far as the eye could reach, between ranks of old and stately forest trees. Without doubt those trees had seen Elizabeth and her train sweep past from her "Bower" at Havering, and looked down upon the courtly pageant as on a swarm of summer flies. Now their noonday shade was the

shelter of tramp and vagrant, the resort of many a noisy cockney party taking a day's "outing," and their evening shadows fell on the courtship of the village pairs.

"Tom was to meet me here," said Phillis, breaking the silence in which they had walked across the field in the yellow October sunshine. It was enough for these two merely to walk together. They so often thought about the same things that they almost forgot to speak about them, and indeed the same thought had so often come to their lips in the same words that they had ceased to regard the thing as wonderful. "Tom wanted me to stay away from school and spend the afternoon with him," she added, after an interval.

Her companion's only answer was a look of wistful tenderness, but she seemed about to speak when Phillis interrupted her.

"Prissy, dear," she said, as they moved slowly on, what are you thinking about? You look as if you had seen a ghost, only it can't have been a bad one."

"Phillis," replied the girl, turning round, and standing still for a moment, with a new light on her fair pale face, "I have found the Lord Jesus."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Prissy," said Phillis; "I don't know a bit what you mean, only it makes me feel uncomfortable."

"Don't say that, Phillis dear," returned Priscilla, speaking low. "I hope you will understand one day what it is to find Him."

"I don't know," said Phillis, stoutly, and a little discomposed by the change in her friend, for which, after all, she was not wholly unprepared. Mr. Jewel's humble housekeeper had been a pious Methodist, and had imbued the girl's mind with the religious ideas and feelings of her communion. "I don't know. It has no more meaning to me than if you said you had found the moonshine lying on the fields in the morning, and less. What is it like?" she added, more sympathetically, as she saw the tears gather in Priscilla's eyes.

"Like nothing on earth," she said, raising them, and speaking with a subdued rapture. "It was not

at the church it came to me. It was last night. I was passing Crouch's place, and there was a crying out and struggling and cursing round the door. men were drunk and fighting, and Sally Crouch was drunk too, and screaming herself hoarse, and I began to think of Jesus, and all at once I found Him, and I stood still for a while, and the crying and cursing and struggling seemed quite far away, and round me there was such a wonderful peace, and a voice within me saying, 'I have bought thee with a price, and thou art Mine.' Phillie, dear, it is heaven itself. I could have stood listening for ever and ever. Oh, if you could find Him, too!

"You never loved me as I loved you," said Phillis, with seeming irrelevance, "and now you'll care less for me than ever. You won't have me for a friend

now at all, perhaps,"

"I don't see that it need make any difference," answered the other, sweetly; adding, "I think I shall love you more, dear; I never was so warmhearted as you. I seem to love everybody more

And, indeed, the attachment might have appeared warmest on Phillis's side. Her manner was the more caressing of the two. And now, leaning against her companion, with a half-embrace, she said, tenderly, "You were always better than me, Priscilla, and I'll go on loving you best, whatever you think."

Phillis had spoken hurriedly, for she had seen young Myatt approaching, and Priscilla exclaimed,

"There's Tom!

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"You'll come out with us this evening?" said Phillis, coaxingly.

Priscilla shook her head. "No, dear; I'm going to church."

"Then I'll come too," said Phillis.

Priscilla's duty was divided. It was best for Phillis to come to church, but her lover might be This was a disputed subject between them, and for the last few Sundays Priscilla had taken herself out of the way completely, and gone to church alone; so she said, hesitatingly, "Won't Tom want you, dear ?"

"Let him come with us," said Phillis.

"But if he won't?" said Priscilla.

"Then he can stay with mother," returned Phillis,

They were both silent, for just then the young man came up to them. He met them as he had met them any Sunday for the last two years. He gave no greeting, for he had seen them before, and took his place at Phillis's side as became her acknowledged lover, all three sauntering on upon the velvet grass. Although the three were always together thus, there never was any doubt as to Myatt's preference. It was Phillis, and Phillis alone, he courted, but he was so accustomed to the presence of Priscilla that he had hitherto never objected to it, and had to be content to snatch the smallest opportunity for a tête-a-tête, as if Phillis had been the most zealously chaperoned maiden in the land. Priscilla had, however, on one of

these occasions found herself in the way, and had managed to leave them to themselves in the evenings of late, a privilege which the lover was not slow to appreciate.

They sauntered to the end of the glade, talking about the merest nothings, and sometimes not talking at all. The girls seemed to have less conversation

than usual.

"Hadn't we better go home, Phillis?" said the young man, looking at his watch; "mother"-it was her mother he spoke of-"mother will be waiting tea, and we can come back here in the evening; the moon is at the full.'

"I'm not coming out to-night, Tom," said Phillis; "I'm going to church with Prissy."

" Haven't you had "To church?" he echoed. enough of it, forenoon and afternoon? What do you want to go in the evening for? To hear the new curate, I suppose?" he added.

"Come with us, Tom," said Phillis, coaxingly; and her voice and the words were very sweet to the

vonng man's ear.

"I can't," he answered, "You can stay with me. I never asked you to give up anything for me before. Do, Phillis," he pleaded.

"But why can't you come with us?" she said, persistently.

"Because if a man goes there, it means that he approves of what is going on. Now, I don't, and my going would be a pretence and a lie."

"You'll want me to stay away always," she

urged.

"I don't deny it," he said, frankly. "I should like you to think as I do; and you will some day," he added, confidently.

He said it quite seriously. He was far too much in earnest to be content that Phillis should keep her religion as a sort of pastime or ornament, as John Bower was content that his wife and daughter should. That is a feeling born of contemptuous indifference, and he was a man prepared to share the burden of thought, as he would share the burden of life, with any woman he loved. Priscilla had been listening without taking part in the conversation, but at these last words of Myatt's, the tears started into her eyes, and she clasped her hands round her companion's arm as if to hold her fast.

Seeing the three together, it would have been difficult for any one to say whether Phillis was in love with Myatt or no. She might have loved him a little, or not at all. There certainly was no admixture of passionateness in her affection. Her manner might be born of security, and the absence of lovers' hopes and fears, anxieties and doubts; but any one could have told that, half consciously, half unconsciously, Priscilla loved him, that she basked in his presence, that his most careless utterances were precious to her. She had absented herself from the trio with a sharp pang of wounded love, which was not wholly for her friend; and yet she had no thought of supplanting her in her lover's affections,

She thought Phillis did not love him enough; sometimes, indeed, that she did not love him at all, as in their girlish confidences she had often declared. And of her own feelings in the matter she did not think. She could not help feeling as she did any more than the cloud can help becoming rose-hued in the dawn; though when the sun has risen in the sky, it will be grey again, or have melted quite away into the haze of the horizon.

They parted at Phillis's door, and the pair went in to tea. Priscilla also went in to find her father sitting by the fire, as was his wont on Sunday afternoons,

having been in bed all the morning.

"How are you now, father?" she asked. He had gone to bed intoxicated the night before, and this was his first appearance. She had carried him a cup of coffee and the morsel of bread he could eat at such times before going out.

"I'm but so-so, child," he answered, not meeting her eyes.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting, father," she returned, laying aside her out-door things.

"You? no, no, child; you never keep me waiting," he replied, with a sort of deprecating politeness.

But there was nothing to deprecate, unless it was her filial affection, for she went about to get him his Sunday evening meal with gentle haste, casting every now and then a look of pitying fondness at the bent head by the fire. Besotted as he was, he could not but notice the tenderness with which she waited on him; she had always been good and gentle, but there was something new in her manner which puzzled

At length, when tea was finished and cleared away with the same gentle rapidity, she came softly behind his chair and stood smoothing his grey hair with her hands. Then she said, in a faltering voice, "Father, you haven't been to church for a long time; will you come with me to-night and hear the new curate?"

"I would like it very well, Prissy," he replied, "but my best coat is very shabby now. No, not to-night, dear," he added.

"I don't mind about your coat, father. I'll get it out and brush it for you. It will do very well.'

"Not to-night, Prissy," he repeated; "I don't feel well enough to-night."

He knew it would be unendurable, for his thirst for something stronger than tea was asserting itself already.

"Then I'll stay and read to you, father," said Priscilla; and the two hands once more smoothed down the grey hair, and the mystic blue eyes were raised to heaven, so that the girl standing there looked like the man's guardian angel.

"Don't stay at home for me, Prissy," he said, uneasily; "I'm going out a bit."

"Oh, father!" sighed the girl, heavily.

He knew all the words and the sigh meant, and the tears—tears of impotent regret and compunction -swam in his eyes, as she came round in front of him, and knelt on the hearth, imploringly.

"Don't go, father!" she whispered.

He looked at her through those tears.

"I must go," he said; "but, Prissy, I'll come home all right; I will indeed, I promise you; " and he rose, and shuffled into the next room to get his boots and his hat, while Priscilla remained kneeling by his empty chair.

John Bower did not trouble his family much on Sunday afternoons. Tom Myatt had tea with Phillis and her mother, and after tea the young people

went out as usual.

They took a little turn together, and then the young man endeavoured to persuade Phillis to give up her intention of going to church with Priscilla, but to no purpose. Phillis, as a rule the most easily swayed of creatures, was firm as a rock. Myatt had made it a personal matter-a test of his influence and of her affection—and his anger was in proportion to his failure. He became ungracious, and she cold and distant, till at length he lost his temper, and the lovers parted in anger as the church bell began to tinkle, which caused young Myatt's anger to concentrate itself forthwith on the cause of the quarrel, which he took to be the new curate.

Not a little to her surprise and disappointment, Phillis saw no more of her lover that night, would see no more of him, in all probability, for a week to

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

On the following Saturday Claude returned to his lodgings, his mind fully occupied with the mental and spiritual condition of the parish of Highwood. He was conscious, as he passed up-stairs, of the presence of the master of the house. He had already learned to recognise it in stifled silence and sudden storm. John Bower was at home. He was often at home on Saturday, and when at home he was apt to be out of temper, so that he was oftener out of temper on Saturday than on other days. He was out of temper now. He was doing some little bit of carpentry about the house with unnecessary, indeed, savage force.

Mrs. Bower was in the parlour, where the kettle was boiling for her lodger's tea, and her lodger looked in upon her there when he had deposited a dripping umbrella, for it was raining heavily. She started at his entrance, but smiled when she saw who it was, and with a friendly "good-afternoon," Claude went up-stairs to his books and his medi-

tations.

John Bower went on hammering and swearing. His wife listened, and knew that he was in a worse temper than usual. By the time the job in hand was finished he would be in a very bad temper indeed. Phillis was out, and it was a good thing, for she could not bear to see him in those moods of his, but would pale and tremble, and make him worse if he happened to see her. Most likely he would be out of the way before she returned. She had doubtless met her lover, and, now that the rain was over, was loitering with him. They had still their little quarrel to make up.

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Young Myatt-he had been called Young Myatt in his father's lifetime, and the name had remained with him-had been Phillis Bower's acknowledged lover ever since the girl was out of pinafores. He was her mother's favourite. It was she who had fostered his liking and forwarded his suit. John Bower had never done more than overlook his presence, and it was doubtful if he knew its purport. He had come about the house since Phillis was a His mother and hers had been bosom friends. Each knew the other's secret cares and sorrows as well as she did her own, and in this way each had been more to the other than either husband or child. Mrs. Myatt had been left a widow for some years, and her son had been her support and stay. He had inherited his father's business, that of a builder, and was well-to-do in the world. When his mother died, and for a whole year he had been alone, the young man wanted a wife. But he had made choice of and loved Phillis, and for Phillis he must wait. It was only of late that he had offered the girl the signs and tokens of love. He had been content to watch the rosebud he had chosen, till it grew into the perfect rose; but the feeling that it was his to appropriate when the time came, had become a part of his nature. The feeling was unreasonable, unjustifiable, but no man could have convinced him of that. He was one of the people who boast of reason and remain the most unreasonable of beings. Phillis was his, and any one else approached her at his peril. His love for her was single, passionate, selfcontrolled, and it controlled his life.

Phillis, on her part, had liked him very well as a youth, when he had brought her the rosiest apples from his mother's garden, and she had liked his attentions as she grew older—at least, she had accepted them in her sweet yielding way, and allowed him to suppose they were agreeable to her, as, indeed, they were. She would have missed them sadly, and have fancied herself in love with him if they had been withdrawn; but they had neither awakened her imagination nor touched her heart. She was, as yet, deficient in passion. The mother, who closely watched her beautiful girl, wondered at the undisturbed repose, the childhood of heart, in the full-grown woman.

Phillis knew quite well that Myatt wanted to marry her—he had left no doubt about that—and she had not shrunk from the proposal. Not till of late, and that shrinking had followed the accidental witnessing of a scene between Myatt and one of his workmen. She had seen her lover in a passion. She had seen him with his fair face flushed, and his blue eyes aflame, speaking fierce and angry words, and ready to strike a blow. No matter that he had justified his indignation, and was dealing justice on a recreant—a "skulker"—Phillis had shrunk from that very hour.

And now, as Mrs. Bower at length sat silent and unoccupied in her little parlour, the young man came in.

"Well mother," he said, shaking hands with her, "where is Phillis?"

"She's out," said Mrs. Bower, "I thought she was along with you,"

"She knew I would be here," he muttered, discontentedly.

"I dare say she's up with Prissy," returned Mrs. Bower, soothingly. "Sit down, and she'll be here in a little."

He sat down, as he was bidden, at the window, keeping a restless look-out along the street.

The house was quiet now, ominously quiet, Mrs. Bower thought. She knew as well as possible, from what she had seen of her husband during the afternoon, that an outbreak was impending, an outbreak that, like the storms of nature, was often heralded by a calm. She sighed wenrily, and then made an effort to engage the young man in talk. But he answered in monosyllables, and still kept his outlook along the street.

The day wore on and darkened, and Mrs. Bower set about lighting the lamp and preparing the family tea. And still no Phillis. Mrs. Bower kept wondering about her, and at length urged her lover to go out in search of her. This last was a little bit of domestic diplomacy. One of John Bower's peculiarities when his dark moods were upon him was his dislike to the presence of any one at meals. But this the young man declined to do, and glad enough was Mrs. Bower to find, on going up-stairs to fetch her husband, that he had slipped out in the meantime.

Young Myatt ate and drank what was set before him almost in silence, but when the meal was over his torque was loosed.

"I tell you what, mother, I want things settled between me and Phillis. I can't go on like this any longer. It's time we were married and done with it," he said, abruptly.

Mrs. Bower almost allowed the tea-cup she was holding to drop out of her hand. It was what she had all along been looking forward to, and yet, now that it had come, it filled her with sickening fear. She began to tremble violently, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Phillis is young enough yet," she said, gently.

"I've a good home ready for her," he answered, not noticing the objection. "This job that's just finished turned out a fine thing, and there's more behind it. Why should we wait?"

There was a pause, and in it he took out a small packet from his waistcoat pocket and laid it on the table.

"What's that?" asked Phillis's mother, as if fain to keep back the words of fate.

"It's a present for her," he answered; "a pair of gold earrings. I've never given her anything worth before,"

Mrs. Bower turned upon him, weeping. "Oh,

Thomas!" she said, with entreaty, "you'll be good to my girl, won't you? You'll never break her heart, as mine's been broken? Promise me never to lift your hand to her, never!"

"That I can promise," cried the young man, with scornful vehemence. "I'd deserve to be hanged if I struck a woman," But just then Phillis herself appeared. She lifted the latch, and came in, more like a dewy rose than ever; for it had rained again, and she was wet, and the moisture lay on her face, and heightened its bloom. She had on a dark waterproof, and a little hat and feather, and she hastened to take them off, greeting Myatt frankly enough, but at a distance. When



"The pair responded modestly."-p. 516.

"Hush!" entreated Mrs. Bower. "Don't speak so loud."

"I wanted to settle it to-night, if possible," said Myatt. "Can't I see him?" And he nodded upwards in the direction from which John Bower had last been heard hammering, to indicate whom he meant.

"He's out now," replied Phillis's mother. "You can see him when he comes in," she added. "But don't speak to-night," she urged. "I wish Phillis would come in."

"I'll go and find her," said the young man, rising, and about to go.

she had laid them aside, he held out his hands to her; but she had taken her place on the other side of the little table, and merely smiled, without offering to touch them.

"Where have you been, Phillis?" said her mother, in a half-displeased tone.

"I've been at Miss Thorpe's, mother," answered the girl.

"Didn't you expect me?" asked her lover, somewhat peremptorily.

"Yes, Tom," was the gentle answer; "I didn't think you would stop away."

He looked keenly at her. Was she bearing a

grudge at him for the little bickering they had had last Sunday about going to evening service, concerning which he had made up his mind to say nothing? or was there something else in the background—that something which had precipitated his resolution to marry Phillis out of hand? He had a strong feeling that the presence of the curate under the same roof with her would somehow prejudice her against him. He had felt it as a positive injury when he heard of the arrangement.

Phillis did not avert her eyes. He was about to upbraid her for not staying in for him; but, disarmed by her look, which was even kinder than usual, and which had, indeed, a new tenderness—the tenderness of compunction—he pointed to the little white parcel on the table, and said, gently—

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"What is it?" she said, with girlish eagerness.

He handed the packet across the table, and she opened it and looked with a smile at the two pretty bits of virgin gold lying on the snow-white wool within. She looked at them, and then her look became graver, and the colour overspread her face. It was a blush of pain, and not of pleasure, but he misunderstood it and her, for he crossed over to where she stood, and offered to kiss her. It was not the first time, and she had been accustomed to take the caress quite calmly—as calmly, indeed, as if he had been her brother—but now she started from him with a cry.

"What's the matter, Phillis?" asked her mother, sternly.

"What's the matter?" echoed her lover; for Phillis had begun to tremble, and had laid the little packet on the table.

"Nothing! oh, nothing!" she exclaimed; "only I wish you wouldn't come after me any more, for I can't marry you—indeed I can't."

Her listeners looked at one another, as they stood over her, and her mother was the first to speak.

"What nonsense is this, Phillis?" she said. "Tom was your own choice, wasn't he?"

"No, no," sobbed Phillis. "I didn't choose at all."

"But he chose you, and you didn't say him nay," said Myatt, whitening about the lips. "And, Phillis, I came here to night to have it settled one way or other. You don't know how I love you," said the young man, again holding out his hands to her. "I've never loved but you. I loved you when you wasn't higher than that table, and I've waited for you, all these years. I've worked for you, and saved for you, and kept myself out of evil for you," he went on with simple eloquence. "Don't say you won't have me, Phillis, after all:"

"I like you very well, Tom," said Phillis, lifting her wet soft eyes to his face; "but not like that."

"Not like what?" he said, sternly.

" Not to be your wife," she answered, with quivering mouth.

They had been very quiet hitherto, but at this

young Myatt's passion overcame him, and he broke into a storm of upbraiding.

"You have made a fool of me, Phillis Bower," he said. "What did you mean by it? What did you mean by letting me look in your eyes and think they were loving me, and by letting me kiss your lips? What did you mean, I say?" and he came so near that Phillis shrank back a pace, and half raised her arm.

The movement enraged him, and he laid hold of the arm by no means gently.

"I didn't mean anything!" she murmured, faintly,

"You didn't mean anything," he cried; but just then the door was flung open, and John Bower his iron-grey hair standing up on his head and his face ominously livid—entered the room, and with a look of fierce inquisition struck the whole party dumb.

There was silence for a moment, and then young Myatt essayed to speak.

That was enough. It turned the pent-up fury full upon him. Without inquiring further into the merits of the question, John Bower told him to leave the house, or be kicked out of it, in language too coarse to repeat.

The young man stood his ground, while Phillis, white with terror, clung trembling to her mother.

"Go," cried Mrs. Bower, beseechingly.

And after a moment's hesitation, Tom Myatt nodded assent, and turned and left the room.

The earrings were lying on the table. John Bower pounced upon them, and flung them after the young man into the pitchy street.

Then he turned upon the two trembling women with oaths and imprecations. He seized the table that stood between them, and shook it till it threatened to come to pieces in his hands.

"Don't blame mother," cried Phillis, as he came nearer; "it was all my fault."

She had interrupted him in the outpouring of his rage, and, for the first time, he raised his hand to strike her. Her mother, with a cry, came between, but he hurled her aside and inflicted a heavy blow on the girl's ear.

Immediately the whole house resounded with shrieks of murder.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN THE NIGHT.

THE noise of the altercation that had been going on came to Claude's ears as he sat in hi room, and at last he had opened the door and stood on the landing, divided between a desire to interfere and a dread of doing harm by interference.

At the sound of these unearthly shricks, he hesitated no longer, but hastened down. Already, however, they had ceased; the street door stood open, and Claude heard a rush of footsteps without, as of pursuer and pursued.

The shricks had not come from Phillis, who was

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sitting in a chair, moaning inarticulately, as if stunned by the blow she had received; nor yet from the white lips of Phillis's mother, who was bending over her in silent anguish. A boy from a neighbouring farm had been sent to John Bower with a message, and, the door standing open, he had been a genuinely interested spectator of the scene enacting within. He had stood aside for a moment to allow young Myatt to pass-then he had seen the blow given to Phillis by her father; but the cries, which seemed delivered under the influence of terror, were pure mischief. The boy had a grudge against John Bower, and began screaming "Murder!" with all his might, thinking to create a scene and escape in the confusion. His terror became real enough, however, when the enraged man sprang out upon him, and he fled, closely pursued by one who narrowly escaped being a murderer that night in truth.

Claude hastened to close the door, and began to help Mrs. Bower to recover her daughter, who seemed at first only half-conscious; and no sooner had they succeeded in rousing her from her stupor, than she began to exhibit the most painful agitation.

"Save me! save me! Oh! hide me from him!

hide me!" she cried.

"You are quite safe," said Claude, soothingly.

"My head feels very bad," she answered, putting up her hand to the side on which one small ear was a burning crimson; "but, oh! let me go away before he comes back," she added, with a gesture of supplication.

"You needn't be afraid of him when he comes back," said her mother. "He won't come home tonight as long as he thinks any of us are about;" and she added, with a look of horror, "sometimes I think after one of these fits he'll never come back at all."

She knew that in a very short time her husband's fury would be spent. That before he sought his home, he would be a miserable downcast man, whom, in spite of all, she would be glad if it were possible to cheer and comfort; so she urged the girl, who was shivering with strong emotion, to sit by the fire, and let her make another cup of tea. But Phillis could not be quieted so. Her nerves were too completely shaken.

"Oh! let me go," she cried. "I can't stay in the house to-night. I would stay if I thought he would be bad to you, mother," she said, caressing her mother's brown and withered hand. "I would stay though he killed me; but he has turned against me, and he won't hurt you."

"There's Prissy," said her mother, as a gentle tap came to the door, and the latch was lifted, sending another strong shiver through Phillis's frame.

"Come in, dear," said Mrs. Bower; and Priscilla Jewel, knowing too well the nature of the event which had taken place, came across the floor with eyes full of tender concern.

"Father's given me a blow," said Phillis, in answer

to her look, "and I want to go away before he comes back. If it wasn't for mother, I'd go away, and never come back again."

"Don't say that, dear," said Priscilla, kissing her, "You must not go."

"I think you ought to stay at home," said Claude, who was still standing by the chair on which Phillis sat.

"Stay at home, and I will meet your father alone when he returns, and remonstrate with him. If it has no effect, I can at least protect you from further violence."

All three seemed to answer in a breath, and to repudiate any such intervention.

"But it is not right to let him go on in this way unchecked. It is a duty to warn him," said Claude.

"Oh, sir, you will only do harm," said Mrs. Bower.
"He can't bear being spoken to by any one, far less
by a clergyman. For our sakes, sir, let him alone."

"Don't speak to him," said Phillis, with imploring eyes, and in the midst of her pain and fear preserving her delicate thoughtfulness for others, she added, "He might strike you, and you might be obliged to strike him again, and it might bring disgrace to you which it would not to another."

"Come to me, dear," said Priscilla. "Let her come with me, Mrs. Bower. I am quite alone. My father won't be in till eleven," and she sighed heavily as she spoke.

"But if he"—Phillis did not name the name he profaned—"if he finds out I'm gone he'll be angry, and if he knows I'm with you he'll make me come back," said Phillis. "I would rather go to Miss Thorpe."

Priscilla yielded quietly.

"I will go with her," said Claude, addressing Mrs. Bower. "It will be safer, perhaps."

Mrs. Bower thanked him with her lips, and Phillis with her sweet sad eyes, and soon after they were passing down the street together, she with the hood of her cloak drawn over her head and carrying her hat in her hand, and he walking by her side.

She was evidently very much shaken, for she began crying and sobbing as they went, and Claude made her lean on his arm, and supported her to the schoolmistress's door.

It was well that young Myatt did not see the pair as they passed through the village, for the demon of jealousy had already been whispering in his heart. Casting about for some reason which would account for Phillis's rejection of his suit, and falling back upon their quarrel about going to church, he had come to the conclusion that it was for Claude's sake she had flung him over, not, indeed, out of love for the curate, or in the hope of winning him—that did not enter into young Myatt's mind—but simply because of his own antagonism to religion. "She has done it to please the parson," he said to himself, as he dashed through the wet woods, on his way to the solitary home, which he still occupied at intervals.

And the tiger in the man made him clench his teeth, and spring forward with cursing on his lips.

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Claude, meantime, had returned to his lodgings, and as the evening wore on he determined to watch for the return of John Bower to his home. For that purpose he put out his light, the better to see into the darkness without, and took his seat at the window, which looked out into the street.

Mrs. Bower, while she waited on him at supper, had told him the cause of the disturbance, and allowed him to see something of the desolation of her own heart as well. It was the first time, since the death of Tom Myatt's mother, that she had unburdened herself of the sorrow which sat always behind her sad eyes and patient mouth; and Claude did his best to lead her to the source of all consolation. She listened in respectful silence, but made no response until the end, when there came from her lips one bitter cry of hopeless anguish, and she turned and left him.

It was as if he had witnessed a volcanic eruption, not from a vast smoking looming mountain, but amid the quiet and peaceful fields. Up through the dull routine of life had burst the central fires of human passion, scorching, devastating, choking with ashes the common ways of life. Were they smouldering all around and within him? Surely he, of all men, was armed with the right to quell them-he, the minister of Christ, to whom had been committed the ministry of reconciliation. Ought he not, in his Master's name, to cast out these devils, calm this rage, assuage this terror, annul this hopelessness? If the religion he taught was a reality, these things it ought to do, and greater things than these. Yes; there still remained the mighty and miraculous Witness for the truth, which could accomplish all things by its sovereign power over the spirits of men; and that power was at the service of a Christian's prayer.

It was a quarter past eleven by his watch, for he had just looked at it by a flicker of fire-light, when Claude heard a step coming nearer and nearer in the silent street. He looked out, but could see no further than the patch of light thrown by the window beneath, which showed that another watcher waited John Bower's return. The step was an unsteady and shuffling one, and Claude jumped to the conclusion that John Bower had been drinking, and had come home in a state of intoxication. Presently the figure of a man appeared, swaying to and fro, and then falling in a heap on the pavement. A door was opened immediately, and a woman came out and bent over the prostrate figure. Claude hastened at once to her assistance.

When he reached the pavement he found, not Mrs. Bower, but Priscilla Jewel, stooping over the senseless form of her father, and vainly endeavouring to raise him up. Claude already knew the old man's failing, and was not astonished, but the sight that met his eyes was one calculated to increase the burden already weighing on his spirit. The rain was still coming down heavily, and the old man lay with

white hair dabbled in the mire. As the raindrops dashed into his face he began feebly to wipe them off, muttering, "Don't ye, don't ye," as if remonstrating with a human persecutor.

"Oh, father!" groaned Priscilla, trying to shield him, and turning to Claude for help. "I'm ashamed that you should see him," she said. "He has not been so bad as this for a very long time."

It took all Claude's strength to lift the old man and get him up-stairs and into his arm-chair by the side of the fire, while his daughter wiped the rain from his face and the soil from his grey hair. And no sooner was he sensible of warmth and kindness, than he began to look round and smile with amiable imbecility.

"He vexes me dreadfully," said his daughter, "but he is always so gentle. He is not so bad as Mr. Bower."

"I do not know which is the worst," thought Claude, taking his leave.

And now for the other.

He watched long and patiently, but not long or patiently enough. In the small hours he stretched himself at length on the horse-hair sofa and fell fast asleep. He was sleeping peacefully when John Bower stole into his own house, drenched to the skin and exhausted to helplessness, and a weary woman stole up to him and entreated him to eat and drink and go to rest.

The next morning Phillis was at home. Her mother had got her to return early in the morning, for fear of rousing her father's anger, and because she herself was suffering. She had said nothing about it at the time, but she had received a hurt the night before which had almost disabled her. In throwing her off from him, her husband had caused her to reel against a small table which stood in the window crowded with flower-pots, and the corner of it had struck into her side. She had often received still rougher usage, but she had never been so badly hurt before. It had been sharply painful at the time, but the pain did not abate as she expected. It seemed rather to grow worse and worse.

During the weeks that followed, matters remained on much the same footing. Mrs. Bower continued to be invalided, without breathing a word to any one why or where she suffered. John Bower kept as much as possible out of everybody's way, and muttering fearful things against himself and the world in general; and Phillis and her little handmaid waited on Claude in an invisible fashion.

Phillis had been relenting towards her lover ever since she had cast him off. It was not in her nature to inflict suffering; and when she thought of his suffering—and her mother was not slow to tell her of the part she bore in it—she longed to comfort him. She heard that he was about to leave England for ever, with a sinking heart. The unknown had always had a terror for Phillis; and her lover seeking his fortune in strange lands was a picture that moved her to pity and compunction, unlike any possible

reality as it might be. Compassion in this pure nature was stronger than love, and to save him from this fate of banishment, she felt almost inclined to sacrifice herself.

With her mind full of relenting tenderness, she met him one evening as she was coming out of the chemist's with something her mother required. He was standing opposite the window, as if watching for her, and at first she did not recognise him, for he stood in a stream of blue light transmitted by a huge bottle of that colour. When she did, he was looking sufficiently sinister under the ghastly influence. She was the first to hold out her hand.

"Tom," she murmured, wistfully, stopping before him. "Oh, Tom, won't you speak to me?

He took the hand, and held it tight, tighter than was at all pleasant, and moved with her out of the glare.

"Have you come round to me, Phillis?" he asked, His voice was not reassuring, and the question was a difficult one to answer.

"I have never been against you, Tom," was her "And I am sorry I have vexed you so reply. much."

Had he known the way to her heart, had he been gentle and tender, acknowledged a misunderstanding, and not unduly pressed his suit, at that moment young Myatt might have won Phillis for ever; but he could not. Instead of this, he asked, bluntly-

"What set you against me? Was it that preaching fellow you have got in the house?" ignoring her last words,

"No," she answered, quietly, her ideas clearing. "It was not Mr. Carrol, it was yourself, if you will have it. I saw you all but strike Joe Reynolds one day. You were in a dreadful rage. I could not bear to see it, and I told you so at the time. It came into my mind the other day, and I could not "she hesitated-"I could not live the life my mother has lived."

"I dare say you never saw the curate in a rage," sneered Myatt. "It's easy work telling people to do things, and then going away and never minding in the least whether they 're done or no. I have to get things done, and when men won't do them, I must make them. Blest if I wouldn't like a whip in my hands! wouldn't I lay it on, too, on Joe and some other fellows I know! The moment your back's turned they are shirking their work, stealing your time, which is the same as your money, or scamping and cheating the public; mean, lying, dirty rascals. And fellows like your curate, I've heard them stand up and bepraise them, and beg of them not to work so hard, to take time for recreation, and so forth."

"What harm has Mr. Carrol done you, Tom, that you should go on at him? He is as gentle as a lamb," said Phillis.

"Oh, yes! I have no doubt-with kid gloves on. Would you like to see me sawing a plank with a pair?'

"But, Tom," she said, "I could fancy things being done so differently. I can't think that swearing helps. and rough words and savage looks."

They were at her mother's door, "Won't you come in?" said Phillis, timidly. "Mother would be

glad to see you.'

"No, Phillis! I won't come in. I'll never enter your father's house again, but I'll take you out of it, if you like."

"My mother is ill, Tom, It cannot be. I could not leave her, even if I was willing. Can't you be friends with me?"

"No, I can't."

He turned away abruptly, and the next time he met her he thrust a letter into her outstretched hand. and spoke not a single word.

She took the letter home, and read it up in her room, telling no one of it, and putting it in her purse, which had been Myatt's gift to her, and constantly reminded her of him.

The letter was a threatening one, telling her that he knew now for whom she had turned him adrift (who it was, Phillis had not the wit to guess), that he was watching them, and that some day he would kill the fellow, though he should swing for it. After that Phillis seemed to encounter Tom at every turn, He never spoke to her, but she could do nothing that he did not seem to know. She began to feel a sickening dread of him. What could be mean? Was he mad? He had invented what was to her a supreme torture-the dread of some unknown evil.

Then came Claude's illness, and Mrs. Bower fairly shut herself up in her lodger's room, just as she would have done with one of her own children, while Phillis minded the house and waited upon them "hand and

foot," as her mother phrased it.

The kind-hearted girl had indeed laid aside her own trouble in view of the trouble which had befallen the stranger. She did not persist any longer in avoiding her father, but waited on him also, though with inward shrinking, and he, on his part, being sensible that his lodger's illness had placed matters on an easier footing for him, was quite ready to accept the fact without a murmur.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TIGER ROUSED.

AND now to come down to the Saturday before Easter when Claude walked home with Phillis from church. Few words passed between them as they walked up the street together. Phillis's words were few at any time, and she still stood somewhat in awe of her companion, for the sake of his office. So she kept dropping half a pace behind him, and he had to turn his head slightly in order to address her. Once or twice he did so, and she raised her eyes and gave him some soft monosyllabic answer, letting them fall again half-musingly on the ground as she spoke.

They were passing the lane just then, and neither noticed the young man who stood still that he might not cross their path. It was Myatt, who had come there for the first time for weeks, for Phillis had lately kept in-doors persistently.

As his eyes fastened on the pair his face flushed, the veins in the throat swelled to bursting, and he stood clenching teeth and hands in murderous rage. Seeing these two together thus had been like oil

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spoken to Phillis, he had fully made up his mind to quit England. He could think of nothing harder to do, and he craved for hardship as a kind of solace. He would tell Phillis of his resolve, and say good-bye to her for ever. Still across the desolation he pictured to himself would fall a ray of light. At the last moment Phillis might relent and go with him,



"It was Myatt."

thrown on a dull fierce fire. In a moment his passion of smouldering jealousy sprang into a consuming blaze.

As they passed, he turned and strode into the thicket to give vent to it out of human sight. He was a man who prided himself upon his manhood, and in this overpowering rage there was for him deep humiliation. He had often enough put himself in a passion, told himself that he had a right to be angry; but then he had been the master, now he was the slave, and he went and literally bit the dust.

In the interval that had passed since he had last

leaving father and mother, and with her mother's blessing on the deed.

He made all the haste he could, but it was not a thing to be done in a day. He must wind up his affairs and pay his debts, and sell the freehold on which cottage and garden and workshop had stood for generations. In the meantime he could not work, and he took to hanging about and making himself miserable. He hated idleness, and he idled. He hated drink and drunkards, and he took to frequenting public-house bars and tasting what he had been wont to call their filthy slop. He was not likely to

become a drunkard. His healthily organised but sensitive system refused to absorb the poison. It made him ill and intensely irritable, but if he went to the public-house he must drink, and where else had he to go? His home had become utterly distasteful to him? He had never before discovered how solitary and comfortless it was, because he had filled it with her image. She had sat in his mother's chair by the hearth. He had seen her moving about in kitchen and parlour and handling all the household things; for when Mrs. Myatt lay dying, Phillis had been sent by her mother to wait upon her friend. And thenceforth to him she had been there always, illumining everything with her grace and beauty. But now he was bereft of the vision. It had made the poetry of his life, and with its loss everything had become sordid and worthless. He had had no idea of the absorbing strength of his passion, nor had he been able to give any one else an idea of it. He had no religion, and but little love of his fellows. He had kicked not a few of them for lying and stealing, which were the vices he hated, despising sensual sins too much to hate them, and looking upon them as a kind of disease. Home was this man's altar, and the woman he loved was its deity. He had meant to live for her, and losing her he had nothing to live for. Nor was he one of the men who when they have loved one woman, turn easily toward another-love all women a little for the one's sake. He rather turned away from other women because of Phillis. The poor widow who had come from the neighbouring cottage to wait upon him daily since his mother's death, wondered what she had done to offend him. She could not understand the change in him. It was in vain she tried to make things "a little comfortable for him." He seemed to take a pleasure in being comfortless. He had broken through all his regular ways, and it began to be whispered that young Myatt was on the road to ruin.

Mrs. Bower, sitting in the chair which she almost never left now, shed bitter tears over the news. She had loved the lad as if he had been her son; he had been so good and upright, so kind to his mother, so steady and temperate; and it was her daughter's doing. She fancied her old friend reproaching her from the other side the grave; so she felt more and more inclined to overlook the fault of young Myatt's anger-to find in it, indeed, no fault at all, considering the provocation he had received—and to long for a reconciliation between the lovers. Her dread of what would become of Phillis when she was gone had been growing with her increasing weakness. She greatly underrated her daughter's strength of character, overlaid as it was by excessive gentleness, and trembled to leave her in a world so unkind. As she thought of her future, and remembered the little child who had run to her bosom if even she saw an evil face, in whom terror and apprehension had been so easily roused, so wrought into the nature, that her mother's care had been doubled to guard her from

sight or sound of fear, she could almost have wished her with the other little ones, whom she pictured to herself in heaven, pillowed among soft white clouds, like the cherubs in the old family Bible.

And Mrs. Bower was convinced that she had not long to live, that she "carried her death," as she

phrased it, confiding in Priscilla Jewel.

"Don't tell Phillis yet-awhile, dear," she said; "only prepare her, like, if you can manage it. I wish she and Tom could make it up again; but I don't rightly understand Phillis about him. I don't want to know more than she tells me," she added, hastily. "Girls often tell one another more than they tell their mothers; but I think she likes him better than she likes any one else; and I want you to give him a hint, Prissy, to look after her when I'm gone. Take this to him," and she produced a careful little parcel—the earrings she had picked up and kept—"and tell him what I said, and that at least I would like to say good-bye to him before I go. He could slip in some Sunday."

Priscilla knew what she meant, and took the parcel, though her hands trembled as she did it. Her voice trembled, too, as she promised to meet Myatt, and

give the message.

Phillis was in the habit now of summoning Priscilla to sit with her mother while she went out on necessary household errands, so that Priscilla had an opportunity of talking to Mrs. Bower, whom she tried to lead to her own religious standpoint.

"I've had a world of sorrow, Prissy," she answered, quietly, on one of these occasions, "and I used to seek comfort that way, especially when my babies died. If I had married a Christian man, I think I might have been a Christian woman."

"Don't say you're not a Christian, dear Mrs. Bower," said Priscilla. "You love the Lord Jesus."

"I love to hear about Him; and the world seems a dreary place to live in when one hears tell that it's all nonsense—that no such Man ever lived, or that, if He lived, He was only mocking and deceiving people, or else nothing but a lunatic."

"You don't think that!" said Priscilla, with a long

breath of dismay; "it's too dreadful."

"No, I've never thought John in the right about religion. It doesn't seem possible for things to fit in as they do if they came by chance, and if there was some one at the making of them and us, He would be sure to let us know. And, if we were not meant to be better, it wasn't worth while making things as they are. It all hangs together, I can't explain how."

"I could never rightly understand either," said Priscilla, "till I saw for myself, and now I don't want any explanation. I don't mean that I haven't a great deal to learn. But it's like being able to read. You can get to know anything there is in books if you can read—and you can get to know anything in religion if you know the Lord."

Mrs. Bower shook her head; the vision was denied

Phillis and Priscilla were outwardly as great

friends as ever; but it had come to pass that each had thoughts and feelings the other did not share, and, this being so, they were divided in spirit as they had never been before.

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A change had come over both. Phillis's singing was silenced as she moved about the house. Her heart was heavy, and not for her mother only. She had loved more than she knew, and was longing for reconciliation with her lover, and between them she had placed the dreadful barrier of her father's mad rage.

As for Priscilla, who had ever moved about her household tasks quiet as a ghost, she had broken out into joy and singing. She had had no one to speak to when her father was at work till she could finish her own and hasten to Phillis, or Phillis to her But now there was a presence with her always, and she would pause in the midst of the humblest occupation to pour out some fervent prayer to the Saviour.

But it was when left alone in the long evenings, with her father away besotting himself at the alehouse, that her whole life became absorbed in devotion. Then, if the world had gone crashing to its doom of fire, this simple girl would have been found tranced in the worship of everlasting love. And it laid on her the necessity of love to communicate its fervour. If others could see as she saw, and feel as she felt, they, too, would be saved. At first she only prayed for her father, then she spoke to him, moving him to tears of penitence, which disappointed her hopes again and again.

"Come for me, Prissy, come down-stairs for me, and keep me in the house," he said at length. "I want to stay at home. I'm getting an old man now, and I feel it will be the death of me. I don't want to go and drink, but it's just as if some one else was drawing me and I can't resist."

Even after this the besotted man went the old way, and escaped from the forge to the ale-house before the appointed hour; but Priscilla, growing bolder, followed after, and more than once she had succeeded in rescuing him from what, to her—coming from her pure and silent heaven of thought into the reeking noise and ribaldry and strife—was a place of horror indeed.

Young Myatt strode off into the thicket wild with jealousy. It was for this man, then, that Phillis had cast him off. Walking by his side with downcast eyes, she had not so much as seen him. Mentally he raved, raved at Claude, and his calling, and his creed, with the utter irrelevance of insanity. Up and down the little wood walk, that witnessed Claude's weekly meditations, he paced like a caged tiger. In the gathering darkness the naked boughs crossed each other like an iron network. His red lip snarled, and showed his white teeth, as he muttered curses on himself, and life, and all things. At length, flinging himself on the earth, he expended his passion in a prolonged brute-like cry, which he stifled by biting the root of a tree which showed above the earth.

Shame checked the outburst, and followed it. He could have sat down and wept like a child at his mother's knee, but there was none to comfort him, either in heaven or earth. He was exhausted, but the torture was still within. Could he have rushed away there and then, he might have quenched it; but he could not command modern appliances, any more than he could the elements. The former were, indeed, the more inexorable, inasmuch as he could not defy them. If a ship will not sail until a certain date, you cannot go in spite of it. Should he stay, then, and avenge himself on Phillis and her lover; watch, threaten, thwart them, at least as far as their hopes of each other were concerned? It was an idea and a purpose, and so it calmed him, restored him to comparative sanity.

(To be continued.)

THERE'S A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

HERE 'S a time for all things,
For great things and for small things;
A time to plant, a time to sow,
A time to reap, a time to mow,
A time to laugh, a time to weep,
A time to speak and silence keep.

Do nothing in the wrong time, At nothing spend too long time, There's much to do for earnest men, And life's but threescore years and ten; What you've to do, to do it haste, There is no time for man to waste. To every purpose under heaven
A time and season God has given.
Time is like a rapid river
That forward flows, but backward never;
The wise man takes it at its flowing,
The fool sits idle while 't is going.

From birth to death, in youth and prime,
Man's life is all a working time,
To labour for his daily food,
Is God's decree, and must be good;
Work till the end of life is nigh,
Then may you feel—'T IS TIME TO DIE.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER,

Far from the World.



RELIGION AND HUMANITY.

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART, STRETFORD, MANCHESTER,



HE word humanity has several distinct meanings, which must be carefully discriminated. In its root idea, it denotes the qualities which together constitute human nature - the physical, intellectual, and moral powers which belong to man, either as an individual, or as a member of the race.

In its classical usage, it signifies the full and harmonious development of these powers, the appropriate cultivation of our nature, refinement of thought, manners, and speech. A Roman ordinarily meant by the word what an educated Englishman of our own day means by culture; and herein he expressed his conviction that an illfurnished mind and untrained powers were unworthy of our manhood-the proof of a dwarfed and stunted nature, a falling short of that which we were created to be. This usage of the word is not yet extinct. In Scotland more than in England, literary and philosophical studies are frequently spoken of as "the humanities," while there is one branch of these studies—the language and literature of the ancient Romans-to which the title is applied still more specifically. In the Northern Universities the Professor of Latin is technically designated Professor of Humanity.

In its Christian usage, the word has a much higher signification. It denotes not simply the education of our nature, as that education terminates on ourselves, but a loving and generous regard for others. It is the equivalent of kindness, benevolence, philanthropy. Our education is incomplete, with whatever grace and refinement it may have invested our character, so long as our aim is self-centred and self-contained. Humanity is the spirit which renders us in all the relation-ships of our life humane. It regards all men as brethren, with similar aspirations, capacities, and needs. For their happiness no less than our own we are therefore to labour. Inhumanity is employed exclusively in this moral sense. We mean by it, not the absence of knowledge or of education, not an ignorant and undisciplined mind, but harshness, injustice, and cruelty, as in the familiar couplet-

> Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn.

And by the aid of this contrast we can easily understand the sense in which we now use the word humanity. Kant defines it as, on the one hand, the feeling of general interest in man, and on the other, the power of cordially and generally communicating this feeling. It is the sense of human brotherhood, love to man as man, without distinction of rank, relationship, or race; a recognition of the fact that there are in every man germs of a perfect nature-feeble, it may be, and overlaid with rubbish, but still there, and capable -if the rubbish can be removed-of wondrous development. The spirit of humanity insures an acknowledgment of the rights of every manhis personal and social rights as a sharer of our nature, his claims upon our sympathy and affection, and, where the need for it exists, upon our service. We must value men for what they are in themselves, apart from all outward trappings and adornments, and all adventitious circumstances of condition. We shall not, as we are actuated by this spirit, despise men because they are poor, weak, or obscure; rather shall we seek to lessen the burden of their poverty, to mitigate their sorrows, and increase their joys. We shall not be forgetful of those who are in any way less fortunate than ourselves, or enjoy the blessings which God, in His providence, has given to us, without a thought of the multitudes to whom these same blessings are denied.

We shall often cast a look of compassion on the wan and wasted sufferer, whose lot is uncheered by the innumerable comforts which sweeten the bitterness of grief and turn it into a ministry of good. We shall remember the dwellers in the dingy cellars and the crowded hovels of our back streets, where the finer sentiments of humanity are well-nigh crushed, where physical and moral cleanliness are rendered all but impossible, and where the wrestlers with grim and ghastly disease fall an easy prey to their foe. There are multitudes around us who are relentlessly held in the hard grip of want and distress, and on whose minds the conception of a divine and eternal life has never dawned. A humane man will not employ his time or expend his resources in the promotion of his own good, indifferent to the pressing needs of the world. To the poor he will say, "Be thou warmed," or "Be thou filled." To the sorrowful, "Be thou comforted." As a wise man, he will aim not only to relieve poverty, but to overcome its causes. Indiscriminate almsgiving is more injurious than helpful. It often encourages indolence, and destroys self-respect; it affords a temporary mitigation of an evil, which, in the end, it aggravates and extends. The true philanthropist will act on the adage, Prevention is better than cure. Hence it will be his aim to remove from men temptations to intemperance and sloth, to awaken in them a sense of responsibility, to insure the spread of

purer principles, and the formation of manlier habits. He will see the necessity of providing for the poor better homes, and of removing from them all unhealthy and noxious influences. He will be anxious to promote their intellectual and moral education, and to secure for them innocent and healthful recreation. The spirit of humanity requires us to get to the root of the evils which disfigure the surface of society and destroy its happiness, and to see that they are effectually removed.

Our work would not, however, be completed even if we had secured for the multitudes sufficient to eat and to drink. They, like ourselves, are created in the image of God, and so long as that image is marred or obscured, their humanity is maimed. To deliver them from the thraldom of sin, to arouse the elements of their spiritual nature, to quicken their conscience, and bring them under the sway of Christ, to make them feel that they too are children of God, who should live by faith and hope, this, and only this, will satisfy the de-

mands of a genuine humanity.

A humane spirit in this broad sense is the offspring of religion. It does not grow in men spontaneously and without external aid. Our nature can only be perfected by education, and the most potent of educators—that which can best draw out all that is in us—is religion. The Christian era is emphatically the era of humanity. Christ inaugurated in history a new epoch. Between the ancient and the modern world, the contrast is immeasurable. The Jewish scriptures inculcated a spirit of kindliness and love towards the children of Abraham, and towards strangers, but the broader love which Christ enjoined they do not directly demand. We may find in the pages of heathen philosophers noble and generous words, but of humanity in its true sense, there is scarcely a trace. The sages of antiquity had no care for the illiterate and toiling multitudes. Compassion for the poor, the ignorant, and the suffering, formed no part of their ethical system. The genius of that system was arrogant and lofty, and would have scorned to stoop to the humiliation enjoined by Christ. The ruling principle of the ancient world was selfishness, self-care, and self-sufficiency. Absolute indifference towards others was regarded as an ideal. Refuges for the sick, asylums for the destitute, penitentiaries and reformatories were not even thought of. The few benevolent precepts which are found in heathen writers were of little avail. They were understood to apply only to the higher classes. There was no acknowledged obligation except between equals. National and social distinctions fettered the spirit of humanity, and restricted it within bounds too narrow for the needs of the world.

Christ not only uttered precepts, but illumined them by His life, enlarged their scope, carried them not exclusively to the lecture-room of the philosopher, or to the cloister of the temple, but to the streets and market-places, the councilchambers, the workshops, and the homes of men, He invested them with authority, converted them into principles of life, and supplied men with the inspiration without which they could not fulfil The glory of the Gospel does not consist in the elevated wisdom or the sublime purity of its precepts so much as in the extent to which it has bridged over the gulph between knowledge and action, and clothed the skeleton of dry bones with flesh and blood. Christ's originality as a teacher is greater than is often assumed. The resemblances to His sayings in the pages of the Talmud, in the writings of Grecian philosophers, or the sages of the visionary East, are few and imperfect. But even if they were more numerous and striking, His claims on our devotion would not thereby be lessened, for He and He alone has been to men a quickening Spirit.

> Though truths in manhood darkly join, Deep-seated in our mystic frame, We yield all blessing to the name Of Him that made them current coin.

The influence of the Christian religion on the development of the spirit of humanity is easily discerned.

Christ explicitly commands us to be humane. He requires His followers to cherish in their hearts, and to display in all their relations with men, feelings of love and good-will. He places the matter definitely before us as our duty, urges us, by every variety of appeal, to relieve the cares, to lighten the sorrows, to share the distresses of our fellow-men. The matter is not left to our personal choice except as all duties are. It is not to depend either on the strength of our natural impulses, or on the accident of suggestive associations. It is converted into an obligation, which we must discharge as an act of loyalty to Christ. Consider, for example, the force of such words as, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (St. Matt. v. 44; vii. 12). Remember also the parable of the good Samaritan (St. Luke x. 30-37), and above all, the representation of the day of judgment, and the principles on which the great separation shall then be made (St. Matt. xxv. 31-46).

In the same strain St. Paul enjoins his readers, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love. Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not; rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep" (Rom. xii. 10, 14, 15). The Apostle Peter writes, "Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing,

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but contrariwise blessing, knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing" (1 Peter iii. 8, 9).

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Humanity is, therefore, more than obligatory. It is to be an active energetic principle, not relieving only such distresses as are forced upon its attention, or as it meets (apparently,) by chance, but moving through the world with an eager watchful eye, and a heart that forestalls the cry of the needy. We are to seek out objects of compassion, to visit those who are in affliction, and not stand aloof until we are asked for alms. Our love towards men is to be like God's, free and spontaneous—independent of all pressure from without. It is a poor kindliness which is called into play only when sorrow is made painfully manifest. A Christian philanthropist will cherish habits of thoughtfulness, and bear the needs of men continually in mind.

Our humanity is also to be universal, shown without reserve to all men, even if they be of an alien race, or of a different social grade—yea, though they be our personal enemies. The sphere of benevolence is thus immeasurably enlarged. Christ sweeps away the distinctions which had been re-asserted even by so late a moralist as Cicero, as that the bond of human association should be reason and speech, that help should be rendered only when it is not hurtful to him who renders it; that our benevolence should be regulated by the deserts of men, and that those to whom we do good should be our friends.

Humanity in this broad Christian sense is "the test of our discipleship. It is idle to say that we love God, whom we have not seen, if we love not our brother whom we have seen. Love, not knowledge, profession, or orthodoxy, is to evidence our faith in Christ, and to gain for us His approval at the last day.

Christ sets before us in this, as in other respects, a perfect example. His mission to our world was undertaken voluntarily for our good. It was from first to last a manifestation of His "kindness and philanthropy," of the love towards men of God our Saviour. On our behalf, He surrendered ease, supremacy, honour; stooped to humiliation and suffering, and welcomed death itself. When the Apostle Paul wished to incite the Corinthians to self-denying liberality, he could use no motive more powerful and persuasive than that which is drawn from the cross of Christ. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." And to the Philippians he appeals, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Excellent as are the precepts of Christ, His character is more excellent still. The truths to which He gave verbal expression reappear in forms more luminous and attractive. His words and His works are the outgrowth of the same spirit,

and interlace one into the other with perfect consistency. The life of Christ illustrated His teaching, and invested it with more exquisite beauty. His words breathed the inspiration of truth, and were charged with divine wisdom. His work as an Instructor was altogether unique. But His life was greater still. His wonderful personality lights up the meaning of His instructions, and makes them radiant with new glory. All His actions bore the impress of God. He was Himself the highest revelation of the divine ideal of humanity, and so lived among men that to see Him was to see the Father.

The love of Christ was no weak ineffective sentiment, which lamented the prevalence of sorrow but did nothing to relieve it. His was indeed "the central heart" of mankind, so that in no unreal sense "He took our infirmities and carried our sicknesses." It was impossible for Him to look unmoved on human misery, or, like the priest and the Levite, to pass by on the other side. He never shrank from actual contact with men, or deputed others to do the work from which His taste revolted. "He went about doing good." His life was spent in services of lowliness, "He healed all manner of sicknesses, and all manner of diseases among the people," thus ministering to their bodily wants, as in His teaching He ministered to their spiritual. His numerous miracles were simply works of mercy. He cleansed the lepers, gave sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf. He comforted those who mourned, and raised the dead to life.

The precepts of Christ alone might have been as ineffective as the speeches of rhetoricians and philosophers, but He breathed into them the breath of life, and they bring us near to His heart. Their presence is a power, their appeal is irresistible. In view of a love so disinterested, and an earnestness so commanding, who can remain cold and callous? It is the highest aim of the spiritual life to become like Christ, to be in the world as He was. But we cannot accomplish our aim without in an equal degree displaying a high-toned and generous humanity, loving all men as our brethren.

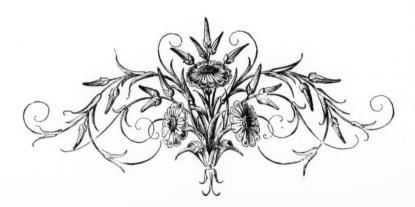
And thus we reach another fact. Christ forms in His followers a character which necessarily inclines them to humanity. The idea of His relations with redeemed men is not exhausted when we have represented Him as a Teacher and Exemplar. He is also their inspiration and strength. They sympathise with His designs, are made partakers of His spirit, and are clothed with His power. As a man of weak and irresolute nature submits to the spell of a stronger mind, with which he is brought into friendly contact, is ennobled in his dispositions, and gains new strength, so we, in our reverence for Christ, and our gratitude for His mercy, find ourselves brought into captivity to Him. It is no longer we that live, but Christ that liveth in

us. His character is reflected and reproduced in our own. He frees our nature from the rooted vice of selfishness, fosters feelings of benevolence, and makes it our delight to do all that He approves. We are rendered independent of outward precepts, and find in the impulses of a renewed nature a light to guide. Our inclination accords with the will of God, and we thus far become a law unto ourselves. The actions of men are far more frequently determined by their character than by their professed beliefs, or their acknowledged interests. Conduct is the result not so much of knowledge, theory, and discernment, as of taste, inclination, and affection. These are the foundation stones of character, the sources of practical energy, the powers which irresistibly control us, Being must precede doing. The tree must be made good in order that the fruit may be good. And hence every moral reformer aims to flood the mind with light, to refine its sympathies, to purify and enlarge its affections, And hence also Christ, in order that He may fit His disciples for doing His work among men, gives to them a new heart, even a heart of flesh. Their life in Him is essentially a life of love.

Finally, Christ, by His redemptive work, has invested human nature with the highest honour. He regarded the alienation of our race as a personal loss, and in order to reclaim it made a sacrifice of inexpressible magnitude. His incarnation and death are the measure, not only of His love, but of the estimate in which He held our nature, and of the earnestness of His desire to save it. Had He held it in slight esteem, He would not have foregone the glory and happiness of heaven to restore it from its degradation. The greatness of His self-sacrifice reflects new lustre on the nature of man, and proves, as no other argument can, how very nigh he is to God.

Christ became a man as we are men. He was not ashamed to assume our nature and to submit to its limitations. Can we, then, think meanly of ourselves, as if we were mere creatures of sense, capable of obeying no law but that of our animal instincts, and of achieving no glory but that of earth? "We are greater than we know," and our responsibility as possessors of the nature in which God manifested Himself to the world is indefinitely increased.

This same fact is a powerful incentive to philanthropy. We cannot despise those with whom Christ did not scorn to ally Himself. They may be weak, ignorant, sinful; they may be poor and degraded, but they are at least men. And was not Christ a man? Did HE not love them, and die for their salvation? Can we, as we are influenced by Him, speak of them with proud contempt-treat them with heartless indifference, or decline to labour for their physical and moral good? The cross of Christ gives to the meanest an importance which, apart from religion, the greatest could not possess. He acquires a consequence of which no misfortune, and, in a sense, no guilt can deprive him. He moves in a higher orbit, and to despise or trifle with him is impossible. A scholar of the Middle Ages was once travelling in the disguise of a beggar, and was prostrated by a sore disease. The physicians into whose hands he fell, said jestingly one to another, "Let us experiment on his vile body." "Call ye that man vile," was his indignant reply, "for whom Christ was not ashamed to die?" The argument is conclusive, and its bearing upon the subject of our paper is evident. For the men and women who need our aid, our Lord was not ashamed to die. The Man Christ Jesus identifies Himself with the poor and the unfortunate, and for His sake requires us to help them. If we reject the appeal, which, as the Son of Man, He thus addresses to us, we shall incur the displeasure with which, as the Son of God, He will reject all who are unworthy of His kingdom and glory. From the lips of the Supreme Judge must we hear the sentence, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not unto Me."



JOHN KNOX.



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T was the year 1505. Already the trumpet of the Gospel had been heard in Europe. Already a thrill of higher purer hopes and aspirations had stirred the hearts of the nations; there were courts full of gilded vice, there was a church all purple and jewels without, all hollowness within, but men were springing up with spirits rich in God's

true gold, with voices that were to shatter with the thunder of their mighty cry the idols of false seeming, the strongholds of self-adoring pride: it was then that, at Gifford, in Lothian, John Knox was born.

The parents of John Knox were people in easy circumstances; the boy had a liberal education, and his childhood was surrounded with some degree of culture and refinement; that is, of such culture and refinement as the age and country afforded. He sat every day at a table covered with quaint erections in pastry, and strangely-composed dishes, for which we should search a modern cookery-book in vain; and at the other end of the same table, with him and his nearest relations, sat the page and the stable-man. He listened to many a ballad and story of brave things done, and of things bravely suffered; he was taught deep reverence for learning, and strong love for home and country was in the very atmosphere around him. When he was old enough, he was sent to Haddington grammar-school, where he made rapid progress, and leapt briskly up the hill of knowledge.

From this school, he was removed, in due time, to the University of St. Andrew's, which was then a chief seat of learning in Scotland. There the strength of his character, and the breadth and depth of his mind, began to display themselves; he grasped the most difficult subject with a force that surprised older and more experienced heads, his quick brain pierced into every theme, however abstruse, his hard head delighted in making its way through the most solid walls that fence round the kingdom of knowledge. His moral character corresponded exactly to the colour of his mind; his fellow-students might try,

if they liked, to lead him into some path of dissipation, but they might as well have endeavoured to move, with words, an oak from the place where it is rooted; his strong personality stood out like a rock among them. Even in the years of his early manhood there was a serene steadfast gravity in Knox's nature; he soon felt that the clerical profession was the one most fitted for him, and he was ordained a Roman Catholic priest at the age of twenty-five; then his days as a college undergraduate were left behind.

But though he had entered the service in Christ's army, John Knox was at first a loiterer at his post; he took upon him no cure of souls, he preached in no pulpit, but he stayed on at the University of St. Andrew's, where his talents gained him a position of some importance, and where he taught philosophy. For more than ten years John Knox lived on thus at St. Andrew's. They were years of deep study, they were years of pleasant social intercourse, but they were years without one ray of the fire kindled at the altar-flame above, without one touch of the earnestness that leads up to God. At this period Knox's religion was a mere dead body, in which there was no breath or pulse of warm life; but the Lord was soon to speak over him the blessed words, "Let there be light."

Just about the middle of the time when John Knox was teacher in the schools at the University of St. Andrew's, there was much talk, throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, about a gentleman called Patrick Hamilton. He was a young man of gifted intellect, high birth, and spotless life. He went abroad, and happened in Germany to hear the preaching of Luther, and to become personally acquainted with him. The result was that Hamilton went to the fountain of life, drank, and returned home to Scotland a Reformer. He did not keep the light of the truth locked up within the sanctuary of his own heart, but he let it shine forth on friends and relations. News of the doctrines which he was spreading reached the ears of Cardinal Beatoun, the man who, at this time, stood at the head of the Roman Catholic Church of Scotland. Hamilton was arrested and brought to trial for his opinions. He stood firmly to his colours in spite of threat and priestly bann, was condemned, and burnt at the stake. In brave calm the martyr died, and Beatoun deemed that he had checked, from its very first germ, the Reformed doctrine in Scotland. But from the ashes of Hamilton's funeral pyre sprang up seeds instinct with eternal life. His followers, warmed and roused by his example, were far more zealous in teaching and preaching than they were before. The cardinal, alarmed and enraged, burnt man after man for his opinions, but the fiercer blazed the martyr fires, the clearer shone in Scotland the truth as it is in Jesus.

Among the closest friends and disciples of Hamilton had been George Wishart, and now, after Hamilton's death, he was the most active and courageous among the Reformers. He was a man whose nature was a singular mixture of strength and sweetness. There was a firmness of purpose in him that made him a very column of God's temple, and yet there was in his character something of the perfume of a flower, that woos those who pass by to linger near it. John Knox became, through the leading hand of God. a friend of Wishart's. His strong intellect made its way to Knox's understanding, and convinced him of the truth as the arguments of few other men could have done. His loving nature made Knox's heart warm towards him. Very soon the light was shining in upon him in its full power and beauty, making everything in the world around look different to him. What was all the barren philosophy of the schools to him now? At thirty-seven he formally renounced his vows as a Roman Catholic priest, left St. Andrew's University, and declared himself a Reformer.

Knox did not, however, at first come prominently forward on the side of the cause he had so lately made his own; he still liked the profession of a teacher of the young, and resolved to continue to follow it; he would have very different things to tell his pupils about now, from what he taught the students at St. Andrew's. Among the new friends his change of faith had made for him were two Lothian lairds named Douglas and Cockburn; both these gentlemen had sons, and Knox offered to be their tutor. He was accepted gladly, and he settled down near the homes of the two families, who were close neighbours. He soon grew very interested in his new employment, for it was a fair and noble task to show the lads the glory and the might of true Christian manhood, while their bright intelligent faces turned towards him in eager loving reverence; but still there was a secret restless yearning within him to do more for the Lord who had redeemed him; yet the remembrance of the way in which he had let his spiritual armour rust for so many years kept him back, and made him timid, and doubtful of himself. How was he to fight with God's weapons, when he had not proved them?

George Wishart, Knox's first guide to God, was very soon to be taken away from his side. Wishart's life had long been in danger, now from the furious enmity of the Roman Catholic priesthood, now from the arm of the secret assassin; as by a constant miracle he had hitherto escaped; but, at last, the hour was at hand when he was to put on the martyr's crown. There are few more deeply touching pictures in the whole history of Christ's people, than the picture of the last leave-taking between Wishart and Knox. The armed men of Cardinal Beatoun had, at length, hunted Wishart down. Knox accompanied his friend for some little distance towards his place of trial, but now the time was come for him to turn back, and the two stood together

for the last few minutes of their earthly intercourse, There was a great serious joy in Wishart's eyes, there were words of triumph on his lips, but Knox's firmly-set features were quivering with feeling, and a prayer was faltering on his tongue. Then the hands of the two men met in a long clasp, and after that Knox cried out, "Oh, master, master, I will go with thee to prison and to death."

But Wishart shook his head, while a smile, that had heaven's own sunshine in it, played about his mouth. "Nay, nay, John," he said, "go back to thy bairnies; ane is enough to be sacrificed."

And then the two great soldiers of Jesus parted, the one to go on with the good fight below, the other to rest in the company of the saints above.

Cardinal Beatoun, the man who has written his story in characters of blood and fire, was quickly to come to an end worthy of his life of violence and cruelty. The nobles of the Reformed party besieged him in the castle of St. Andrew's, from whence his harsh rule had been spreading terror round; the place, which was ill defended, fell, and the Cardinal was taken prisoner. To him who had never shown any mercy, no mercy was given. He had once hung three men for eating a goose on a Friday. Such acts as this were burnt into the hearts of the Scottish Reformers, and now cried out against him. Beatoun was summarily and speedily put to death.

The Reformers now took possession of the Castle of St. Andrew's, and fortified it strongly, after which, several Protestant gentlemen and their adherents shut themselves up there. Knox and his pupils and their parents were among the number. The army of the Government now besieged the castle. It was well victualled, and very strongly garrisoned by brave resolute men. They were determined to endure to the utmost; and they did, in truth, hold out for more than two years. Strangely enough, it was during this period, when he was surrounded by soldiers, and by the sights and sounds of war, that John Knox received his first direct call to preach, according to the Reformed faith, the Gospel of peace. The picture of the day when this happened is a striking one, and very characteristic of the age. Let us pause to glance at it for a moment.

It is a Sabbath morning in the Castle of St. Andrew's; the sea heaves softly below, as though it wished to keep the Holy Day. Within the fortress, all the sounds of war are hushed-there is no tinkle of steel, no rattle of arms, there is not to be seen so much as a soldier polishing his halberd—the whole garrison of the fortress is gathered together in the little room, which for a time serves them for a place of Sunday worship. The Chaplain of the Forces, John Rough, has just put on his black gown, and the steel caps glitter, as a ray of sunshine falling through the narrow window touches the bronzed weather-beaten faces of old soldiers, who are doffing reverently their martial head-gear on entering the door. Here is bowed devoutly the head of a stalwart youth, clothed in many-coloured tartan, there kneels, in grey hood and wimple, a matron whose rugged features tell of years spent in following son or husband from battle-field to battle-field. But there is something more to be done before the minister begins his prayer. A tall broad-shouldered man with a thoughtful brow, a somewhat stern mouth, but friendly eyes, steps out from among the congregation, followed by several well-dressed lads, who range themselves before him as in a class at school. He begins to question them on different religious subjects, and they answer in bold steadfast tones. loving earnestness there is in the teacher's look as he turns it upon his pupils, and what gleams of bright intelligence flash from eye to lip, and from lip to eye, in the boy's young faces! When the catechising is over, master and scholars mix again with the rest of the people, and retake their seats. The service begins, and hymn, and prayer, and reading of the holy word follow each other in sweet succession.

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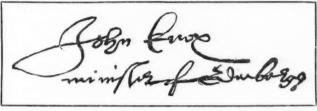
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employment. Men whose dark faces told silent stories of lives of crime were his constant companions, daily the air around him rang with words of blasphemy and sin, scanty food weakened his body, disease took hold of him, and he was prostrated by a dangerous fever; yet still this brave servant of the Lord stood up cheerfully under his load of trial. When he could, he spoke a warning word to his godless comrades; morning and evening a thanksgiving went up that he was counted worthy to suffer for Jesus' sake; even when he lay grievously ill, he seems to have had an assured hope that God would raise him up to do good work for Him in this world before He called him above. And he was right; he recovered from the fever, and through an exchange of prisoners he was at length set at liberty.

On Knox's first return to Scotland, the persecuting rage of the Roman Catholic clergy burned so hot against him, that he was forced to take refuge in



AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN KNOX.

The time is now come for the sermon, but how does the catechiser of the boys start, when suddenly the minister turns towards the place where he sits, and fixing his eyes upon him, says, in a loud impressive voice, "John Knox, I call upon you, in the name of God, and of this His flock, to become a preacher of the Gospel."

John Knox saw in this a direct call from his Master in heaven, and so doubtless it was; hitherto he had only appeared before the congregation in the character of a catechiser of his own pupils, whose religious instruction he carried on in public every Sabbath, according to the custom of the day; but now he felt that he had a wider work to do for God. His first sermon as a minister of the Reformed Faith was preached to the garrison in the Castle of St. Andrew's. The moment he began to preach he saw that his friend, John Rough, had not mistaken his vocation; words of fire seem to rush, as at a mighty angel's touch, from brain to lips; Knox's eloquence may have wanted something of tenderness and softness, but he was one of the most powerful and forcible preachers that ever spoke to a Christian congregation.

After a siege of two years, the Castle of St. Andrew's, by the help of a French fleet, was taken by the army of the Government; Knox was made prisoner by the French, and for two years he worked in chains in a French galley. Through burning sun and driving storm he laboured on at this servile

England. There Edward VI. and the English Re. formers received him gladly and honourably; he was invited to Court, and the king made him one of his private chaplains. A congregation at Berwick asked him to come and be its minister; he accepted the offer, for his duty as royal chaplain, being shared as it was with several other men, had only to be done at stated intervals, and in the energy of his Christian activity, he felt that he could attend to this Northern flock as well; a journey from Berwick to London was, in truth, no trifle in those days, but Knox was just in the full vigour of his manhood, and the French fever had left no mark on his hardy constitution. They formed a bright chapter in Knox's varied life, those years spent in England, spent now in riding to and fro across the green Midland and Northern counties, resting at night by the cosy fireside of some homely country inn, or in the trim guestchamber of some friendly farm-house; now in ministering and preaching among his loving people at Berwick, who soon grew to lean on their pastor as on a very staff of Christian strength; now in exchanging high and holy thoughts with Latimer and Cranmer, and many a fair and gifted lady, at King Edward's court; yes, it was a bright chapter, and a sunbeam was to shine out of it, which was to cast a clear soft radiance over his whole existence.

Near John Knox's pulpit at Berwick there sat, every Sunday, an elderly lady with a young daughter at her side. She was a gracious flower of womanhood, made up of winsome, housewifely ways, and modest firmness of character, and deep tenderness of heart; her name was Marjorie Bowes. Her earnest eyes looked up, Sunday after Sunday, into the preacher's face, and week-day after week-day he knew her in sweet familiar intercourse in her home, until, though he was now nearly fifty, a strong first love grew up in his heart. Her whole mind and spirit gave back his feelings, and before long he

brought her to his house as a bride. From that day Marjorie Knox's being was welded into the very life of her husband: to bear his name seemed to her the fairest earthly crown which could be set on her head, to walk heavenward at his side was the height of her wishes. His learning was for her a sealed book; when he spoke of his studies, her thoughts were, no doubt, often in the saucepan with her newest decoction of herbs, but in the might of her love, in the purity of her Christian womanhood, in the warmth of her broad heart, she stood, throughout the rest of his story, in every trial and in every labour, a brave true helper at his side. There is little doubt that she softened many of the angles and asperities of his character, and that her gentle influence shed a milder light over his whole path in later life.

On the death of Edward VI. Knox returned to Scotland. There the wrath of the Romish Church still glowed hot against him, and he was summoned to Edinburgh, to give

an account of his opinions before an Ecclesiastical tribunal. He went fully believing that bonds and tribulation were awaiting him, but God was with His servant, and turned the fiery furnace into a light which showed forth His glory. It may have been that the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, feared the people, with whom the Reformed doctrine was getting more and more popular; but so it was. She forbade his prosecution to be continued, and instead of being a prisoner on his trial, Knox spent his time in Edinburgh preaching to crowded congregations. There is extant a very characteristic letter, written in quaint old-fashioned Scottish language, but full of eager, triumphant faith, which tells of those days in Edinburgh when multitudes sought his ministry. It is addressed to his wife's mother, who seems

always to have followed the fortunes of Marjorie and her husband, and displays, in a singular way, the simple yet deep nature of the man.

Though he was counted as a chief apostle among the nobles and gentlemen of the Reformed religion in Scotland, the restless hatred of the Romish clergy made his own country no safe place of residence for Knox; therefore, when a colony of Scotch at Geneva asked him to come and be their pastor, he accepted their offer. At first he went there alone, but his wife

and her mother soon came to him, and there he founded for a time, a new home. We catch pleasant glimpses of him at this period, now chatting with Calvin, now walking by the blue lake and thinking over to-morrow's sermon as he went, now sitting in his study, at the window of which the snowy mountains greeted him, writing his best-known book, "The Three Blasts of the Trumpet." This work. which is full of lively eloquence and strong thought, gives us a smile at Knox's expense. "The First Blast of the Trumpet " treated of the misrule and folly of female Sovereigns, and was directed against Mary of Guise, Mary Queen of Scots, and Mary Queen of England, but when this last Mary died, and Elizabeth sat on the English throne, Knox's opinion of queens changed, and he tried to soften some of his former expressions; but all in vain. Queen Bess would never forgive those words written against female Royalty.

When he had been two years at Geneva, the chiefs of the Protestant party in

of the Protestant party in Scotland recalled Knox, and he went, feeling that his first duty was owed to his own country. The Reformed faith gradually gained more and more ground in Scotland. Knox laboured bravely to spread and establish it; and before his death, he may be said to have seen the Reformation entirely accomplished in his native land: there were, it is true, struggles afterwards between the Government and the Reformers, but the Protestant standard never went down again. There is still shown at Calder House, in Lothian, a large hall, where John Knox administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a vast multitude according to the rites of the then but just established Church of Scotland. On the wall of this room hangs a picture of the grand old Reformer himself.



JOHN KNOX'S PULPIT.

John Knox's old age shows us one fair calm portrait after another; now he is cheering on the young with kindly words, now his shrewd common sense is lighting up some assembly of grave elders; now he is preaching with all his old vigour and fire. So

lived, so worked, so fought for God one of the mightiest champions that ever put on Christ's armour; as we close his story we say reverently, "May we, to the best of our weak powers, do likewise in our generation."

ALICE KING.

WHAT HAS CHRISTIANITY DONE FOR US?

A PAPER FOR YOUNG MEN.



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Thas given us rest. Some of us were floundering in the horrible pit and miry clay of sin, perfectly incapable of extricating ourselves, when it came with its strong, beneficent, loving grasp, and drew us out, and gave us a new chance and a fresh start. Others of us were sorely persone the start of the s

We had no fixed principles—at least, none to speak of. Confused by the clash and clatter of opinions that went on around usturning first to one adviser, and then to another -we knew not what to think; and instead of living a life, we were perpetually asking questions, and receiving no answer; perpetually starting problems and finding no solution. Now, this is all altered. We have come to a settlement, and know where we are-to our unspeakable comfort. A man may be a strong man enough, and active enough, but if you place him on an insecure and slippery footing, of what avail are his broad shoulders and muscular arms? He can do He will be entirely occupied with very little. keeping his balance. Plant him, however, on solid ground, on a sure basis, and what a difference there will be! So with us. We have our feet on the Rock now, and we can put forth to their utmost stretch, the powers, whatever they may be, that we possess, and we can engage, with safety and with comfort to ourselves, in working the work of the world. Do you say that this persuasion of ours is all a delusion? Well, think as you may, it is a delusion which has exercised a marvellously transforming influence upon our

Again, this Christianity has given us certainty. We find men nowadays walking in a fog; at least, we find that very many of them are not sure whether they are in the right path or not. They ask every one they meet to be so good as to direct them, and they are ready to accept for Gospel the assertions of the last comer till the next comer arrives. Like Pilate, nearly two thousand years ago, they have the question perpetually on their lips, "What is truth?" and at length they begin to doubt whether there is such a thing as truth at all in the matters which concern their duty here and their destiny hereafter, and they

give themselves up to drift, like weeds on a tide, over the ever-shifting currents of contemporary speculation. With us it is different. There are some things we are sure about; we have no misgiving, no doubt concerning them whatever. We believe, for instance, with a confidence that nothing can shake, in the Resurrection of Jesus That Resurrection is to us a fact, more Christ. certainly a fact than many which we are accustomed to regard as such. We believe with confidence in the Fatherhood of God. In our view it is blankly incredible that there should be laws without a Law-giver, and that this universe should be formed by the concurrence of atoms mysteriously endowing themselves with the germs of life and intelligence; indeed, we might be unphilosophical enough to amuse ourselves with the idea, were it not for the deadly animus against God which it displays. Nor can we credit that we are cast at the feet of a huge machine, which, when once set a-going, has been left to work out its results with pitiless precision, but without anything like a loving, divinely-sent superintendence. But we look up and see through all complications the hand of a Heavenly Father, who loves us and cares for us, and who busies Himself in conducting our frail and bungling lives to a blessed issue. We believe, too, in the practical efficacy of prayer. We hold that prayer is not a mere spiritual dumb-bell exercise, intended to promote the soul-warmth and soul-reform of the solitary actor engaged in it, but that it produces, if we may so say, an effect upon God which could not be produced without it; and when clever men-far cleverer than we are-talk about fixed law, and the inflexible progression of events, and tell us in effect that prayer is so much empty breath, we just put their words into one scale, and the words of Jesus Christ into the other, and are quite content. If to be prayerless is to be wise, we are satisfied to be fools—especially in such good company. Do you say that all this-this belief in the Resurrection, in the Fatherhood of God, in the efficacy of prayer, is a delusion? Well, say so if you like, but at least it is a delusion which we have found to exercise a most strengthening influence upon heart and life.

Again, our Christianity has given us a power to resist temptation, which, without it, we feel we should never have possessed. We hold that a new life has been imparted to us; that we have been raised into an element in which, if we abide, we are lifted above the atmosphere of low motive, and grovelling desires, in which, alas! too many of our fellow-men—born to better and nobler things—are contented to live. "A delusion," you say. "Well," we answer, "if it be a delusion, it is a delusion which has strangely raised us, elevated us, and made us better than we were."

And, yet once again, our Christianity has given us definite ideas about a future state. We do not profess to know very much about the subject. Streets of gold, and gates of pearl, and foundations of precious stones, and all the gorgeous images of the Apocalypse, do not convey to us, nor are they, we suppose, intended to convey to us, any thoughts we can really grasp; but we can form a tolerably clear conception of what Jesus Christ is, and of what pleases Him; and this enlightens us, to a certain extent, as to the nature of the place, or region, in which He makes His most distinct self-manifestation. Nor is this all. We believe we have-we say it in all humility—a personal acquaintance with this Great Being. He is no stranger to us. "know Him," as St. Paul says, and we believe that death, with all its painful and humiliating accompaniments, will be nothing more, if we continue faithful, than the coming of this known Friend—Who has walked with us through life—to receive us to Himself, that where He is, there all His friends may be also. You say, "This is the greatest, the grossest delusion of all." Well, say so if you please, but, at any rate, it is a delusion which imparts to us great comfort, for we feel that when we die we shall not be taking a leap in the

This being the case with us, we are anxious

that others should share in our blessings. In the early days, when Christ was choosing His disciples, one of them, brimful of his own joy, hurried off to tell the news to a friend, and to bring him to Christ. But his eager enthusiasm was checked at once by a difficulty. "The Messiah!" cried the friend, "and out of Nazareth! Who ever knew a good thing issue from that degraded locality? Your story is inconceivable, your facts are wrong. You must be egregiously mistaken." Now, Philip, perhaps, felt himself to be no adept in arguing: at all events, he felt that arguing was not the way to convince his friend of the truth of his statement; and so he adopted a much better plan. He simply said, "Come and see," come and judge for yourself; for he knew that in the sight of that gracious Presence all his friend's objections would vanish, as mists vanish before the rising sun. The result, as you will remember, justified him in the course he took. And so with us. We are no professed disputants. We know that controversy is a match of intellectual skill in which the practised player, familiar with all the turns, and tricks, and rules of the game, gets the better of the unpractised opponent, even if he should happen to have the truth on his side. We doubt, too, if arguing wins hearts. We think it wiser, then, and more likely to be effectual in most cases, to do as Philip did: to waive controversy, to decline the clash and clatter of argument, and simply to say, This is what Christianity, or rather what Christ has done for us: He has changed the current of our lives, has given us rest and peace, and repose of soul; has elevated our conceptions, and our character, has nerved and strengthened us for duty-has been, in fact, a source of blessing such as we are unable to describe. Could a delusion have done all this? Come, then, we pray you, and judge for yourselves, whether He be not all that we have told you, and very much more.

PARADISE.

F I could look within the veil,
Beyond those twilight skies,
My heart for very joy would fail—
Oh, what is Paradise?

Hope there will often muse and roam, With many a glad surmise Of what is in my Father's home— Oh, what is Paradise?

The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
Where glittering mansions rise;
Bright angel multitudes untold—
Oh, what is Paradise?

There the redeemed, who breath the breath Of life that never dies,
Beyond the shadowy realm of death—
Oh, what is Paradise?

To see my Saviour as He is,
Where faith to sight shall rise;
To be like Him, with Him, and His—
Oh, what is Paradise?

Through dim imaginings of bliss My spirit vainly flies; My fancies only end in this— "Oh, what is Paradise?"

J. HUIE,

A VISIT TO THE "PRINCESS HOUSE."

BY ANNE BEALE,



CCH has been said and written of that very successful among men's coffeepalaces, the "Rose and Crown" of Knightsbridge; but comparatively little has been publicly proclaimed concerning its coadjutor for women, "The Princess House." Yet this has been

established something more than a twelvemonth. It is situated in the Brompton Road, and is so attractive in appearance and moderate in charges, that it draws women of all ages and grades to its well-appointed interior. Here a cheerful bar invites the customer to warm beverages in the winter and cooling drinks in summer; and the thirsty soul may refresh herself with a cup of coffee or a glass of lemonade for the small sum of one penny. Here, also, is a pleasant inner bar, containing small marble tables, at which you may dine comfortably without fear of being overcharged. Feed as you will, upon two courses, including drinkables, you would find it difficult to exceed a shilling, and may make a respectable meal for sixpence or even less. It is no wonder, therefore, that we find this restaurant for women well filled at all times, but especially during the London season, when between one and two hundred will sometimes dine here in one day.

On this sultry summer day, for instance, we see weary shop-girls, who have been standing all the morning, seat themselves, thankfully, for a brief half-hour, and enjoy necessary food and rest. From the dusty streets come tired sempstresses with their burdens of fashionable attire; young women in search of situations, and may be alone in this gigantic city; forlorn females with but a sons to spend; or, happy contrast! servants out for a holiday. Standing or sitting, all are served as rapidly and kindly as possible by the two respectable managers within the bar, and the three neat waiters without. What a boon is here! Instead of the public-house, with its incentives to drunkenness, the coffee-palace with its inducements to sobriety.

For, in this, our "Princess House," not only is there food for the body, but for the mind. As the illuminated texts and mottoes that surround us assure us, its foundation is laid on the firm basis of Christianity. The following verse, hung in a conspicuous place, affirms this—

That house shall alway be preserved, And never shall decay, Where the Almighty God is served, And reverenced alway.

That His service influences the founders of this establishment is apparent as we proceed to examine its details. From the restaurant we pass through a small committee-room to a large hall, on the table of

which are outspread materials and implements for women's handicraft. Here the members of the Knightsbridge Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association meet, and here we must pause to consider that the origin and success of "The Princess House" is mainly due to their exertions and prayers. Feeling the need of such a harbour of refuge in London's turbulent ocean, they met to ask God to give them one. Then they set vigorously to work to obtain funds. By means of collecting cards and other extraneous aid, money flowed in: from the gift of a halfpenny from a small child, to £400 from an anonymous donor. Then there was the so-called "lucky money" of the young women-new shillings set aside as never to be parted with, carefully-treasured crooked sixpences, even the in memoriams of departed friends-all were emptied into the common treasury. In about a year and a half £2.000 was gathered, and the house was bought and furnished. Still womanly devotion continued. One member of the Association, a hard-working dressmaker, hemmed all the linen; and other voluntary help was given, until, on the 19th of September, 1878, the house was opened by a tea, partaken of by the young women and their friends who had helped to purchase it. After the tea, they held a service of prayer and praise.

It is pleasant to feel one's self on the spot where this took place, and to hear of all the good deeds done in this hall since that evening. Here, women who have laboured all day, have yet come to work for the orphan or the outcast of an evening; here are Bible Meetings and Christian Association teas, a library, and a penny bank. And here, also, are singing classes, amateur concerts, and social innocent Hither have come many lonely girls, amusements. who, entering the restaurant for a supply of their bodily wants, have discovered, from the announcements in the bar, that spiritual food and friendly aid could be procured also. And here many a stranded one has found a permanent rest in one of the eighteen small "cubicle" sleeping-rooms on the upper storeys, Perhaps no greater boon can be afforded to unprotected girls than these. At three or four shillings a week they can, at least, sleep in peace, having the privilege of taking their meals in the same house, and spending their evenings profitably, either in the hall or restaurant; for the tables of the latter are covered with crimson cloth of an evening and supplied with suitable literature.

But we cannot yet leave the basement, having first to chronicle another good work, which is silently growing out of this, like white-berried mistletoe from the pink-blossomed apple-tree. The women who frequent this hall and coffee-palace, stimulated by the good lady who originated them,

are planning a similar institution for the boys of the neighbourhood, which is greatly needed.

"Where are we to go?" is the question of many lads, anxious to begin life soberly, but tempted on all sides by gin-palaces and music-halls. Their mothers, also, entreat for some safe place of resort for their boys, engaged in the manifold occupations now open to the young—from the juvenile news-vendor to the tradesman's errand-boy. The "Rose and Crown" is

stretch to a neighbouring vacant house, and plan its conversion into a suitable receptacle for the juvenile element. We imagine, with pleasure, that element when freely admitted within its walls. Like the soberer one that surrounds us, it will soon be "self-supporting."

The repose of this light and airy room must be truly delightful after the turmoil and heat of the day. As the girls say, "We fancy ourselves in the



VIEW FROM THE COMMITTEE-ROOM.

so over-crowded with men that boys are practically elbowed out, which causes a demand for a separate establishment to give them a chance of imbibing something purer than alcohol, or alcoholic literature.

Therefore it is that prayers, appeals, and collecting cards are issuing from this Princess House, for a third coffee-palace, in which there shall be cheap and wholesome food, classes, a reading-room, gymnasium, and all sorts of good things for the rising generation of Knightsbridge, Brompton, and elsewhere. There is little doubt that it will eventually be obtained; the how and when depend on the liberality of the public; and it is this possible liberality that is just now engrossing the attention and energy of the female mind of this hospitable dwelling.

Everybody knows the elastic powers of that mind, therefore no one will be surprised that it should



the hall is built where a garden formerly stood, small portions of which still remain. From the cultivated patch on one side, the flowers of some parasitical plants look through the open windows, and scented blossoms flourish in the border below: but the remnant at the back is still somewhat unkempt. Here are two or three trees and a couple of lilac bushes clad in the bright garments of summer; while halting beneath their fostering care is a lame summer-house, very much the worse for wear. The gravel in the centre and the surrounding mould have been amalgamated by the pressure of many footsteps, and the whole looks like a down-trodden oasis in the midst of a wilderness of time-mellowed brick and stone. A few forlorn sparrows chirp in the bushes, and the smoke from many chimneys curls upwards, for it chances to be a good day for the much-abused smoke; but other sound or movement there is none, albeit we are in London.

"When our position is quite assured, we hope to see great changes here," exclaims the thoughtful directress of all these good works. "We are going to give the summer-house a new wooden leg and a fresh coat—to cover the walls with ivy—to renew the walk and flower-beds, and then we shall be able to have our Bible-class and tea al fresco. The girls are so pleased to be in the open air, and think themselves transported to the country."

We trust this vivid feminine imagination may soon be gratified, and that they may, ere long, enjoy their fête champêtre in these few feet of garden-ground, We cannot say their wishes are immoderate, and rejoice to think they have the prospect of a corner where street dust penetrateth not, and whence they can return to the quietude of their own hall, and the contemplation of the graceful adornments of its walls. If our readers need further enlightenment on this point we can only refer them to Miss Needham, 34, Montpelier Square, S.W.

This all-subduing power of love, mingled with gratitude, has found expression in a handsome davenport, surmounted by two gas sconces, presented by the associated women to the friend aforementioned, and placed at one end of the hall. Let class and class cultivate this emulousness in kindly deeds, and by so doing preach mute sermons to all mankind.

fashion of her hair or the form of her gown. The student of these will not be without amusement at the "Princess House," where may be seen the befrizzled head and tightly-fitting skirts of the fashion-



REFRESHMENT BAR AND DINING-ROOM.

As the afternoon advances, a new element surges into the bar, in the form of female students from the Kensington Museum. At this hour the bar is comparatively empty; for the dinners are over, and the time for the evening influx of all sorts of guests not arrived; so these ladies have the scene to themselves. They make it bright and cheerful by animated talk and varied costume; for the art peculiarities of the age crop up here. However, chacun à son gout, and a woman's tastes and eccentricities may happily find an outlet in the

ist, as well as the untidy locks and tattered garments of her to whom to be fashionably dressed is a dream of the future.

Many of the customers carry off their meals with them, and doubtless therewith bear comfort to some infirm friend at home. Here is one poor girl who asks for a pint of beef-tea for a sick mother, and thankfully hurries away with it, while another presents a jug for hot coffee, and a third a vessel for a more cooling beverage, "brewed on the premises;" and so long as these drinkables are good they are

sure to find consumers. Let us hope they will never depreciate in quality nor rise in price, with a view to increasing the revenues of the house, as those of some of the more pretentious coffee-palaces are said to do. But this would be impossible while the committee declare religion to be the foundation of the work.

And that it is so, has been already proved. Grateful letters have been received from a distance, from women who, having merely entered the house for a meal, have there found a home and friends; have joined the Bible-class and discovered what is better still—the way to more enduring habitations. One writes from Corsica expressing her gratitude for the care taken "not only of my body, but of my soul," and cheering testimony is borne, both far and near, to the utility of the work. Encouragement breeds action. We sit still and brood under failure, but are up and doing with success; and the crusade against alcohol is already a success.

"I was in a remote country village the other day," cries an energetic worker, "and I saw, surmounting a nutshell of a hostel, the words 'Coffee Palace,' emblazoned on a large sign-board. Then I chanced to visit a small country town, and came in for the rejoicings consequent on the opening of another 'Coffee Palace,' big and brilliant enough to entertain all the inhabitants. And so it is through the length

and breadth of the land. No wonder that the excise dues should have diminished a couple of millions."

"If only we can train our children up to coffee," cries another, "we should soon lose our reputation as the most drunken nation in the world. We will have a coffee-palace for our boys."

"Indeed, I hope so, ladies," puts in a meek mother from a corner of the bar; "I want one for our Joe, There's Jim, a sailor, as is a teetotaler, and Sarah Jane, as always comes here, and my husband, as goes to the 'Rose and Crown,' but there's nowhere for Joe. And we lives at a distance, but they all works hereabouts."

Thus it is with numbers who are compelled to find dwellings far from where their occupation lies. To women so circumstanced this house is, indeed, a boon, and its regular members may have access to it on Sundays as well as week-days. On that sacred day the announcements in the windows are changed, and the passers-by are informed that a Bible class is held within, and that ticket-holders may have their meals there if they will. Thus are verified the words printed along the centre beam, "O Lord, Thou art exalted as Head above all." And so long as the "Princess House" continues to pursue the course on which it has set out, its friends may rest assured that it will not only have been raised for the good of humanity, but for the glory of God.



SEEKING REST.

HERE was a door that many sought and tried,
And o'er the threshold there was written,
"Rest."

The mother hugged her infant to her breast, And, while she knocked, the feeble body died.

The lover came with one whose face was true,

Whose sweet blue eyes looked up with loving
light:

But ere the door was opened, in the night, The maiden slipped away, and loved anew.

The miser, with his store of yellow gold,

But partly hidden 'neath his scanty rags,

Sought entrance; but thieves stole his moneybags,

And left him weeping in the outer cold.

The man of pleasure, with his motley crew Of vagabond attendants, cried aloud; But he was so surrounded by the crowd, That they prevented him from passing through,

The soldier, with "the tread of martial feet,"

Flushed with late victory, crowned with deathless bay,

Paused at the door, then passed upon his way,

Moved by a tale of terrible defeat.

The king came there, and brought his jewelled crown,

And pleaded for admission; but they said Rest was not for the monarch's crowned head, Unless he chose to lay the bauble down.

And one man came with nothing but his sin,
And that was such a burden, that he cried
Till the loud wail was heard by those inside,
And they unbarred the door and let him in.

J. T. BURTON-WOLLASTON.



"One man came with nothing but his sin."

THE THIRSTINGS OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE 'I WILLS' OF THE PSALMS," ETC.

"Doth not Hezekiah persuade you to give over yourselves to die by famine and by thirst, saying, The Lord our God shall deliver us out of the hand of the king of Assyria?"—2 CHRON, xxxii. 11.



E have seen, in a previous paper, how Thirst was an element of trial by God, when the Israelites pitched at Rephidim, and there was no water for them to drink. We now

consider thirst as an element of trial by man, the issue of which was as good as the other was bad. The King of Assyria sends Tartan, and Rabsaris, and Rabshakeh, from Lachish to King Hezekiah, with a great host against Jerusalem. And when they are come up they stand by the conduit of the upper pool, which is in the highway of the fuller's field. And there they taunt and threaten Hezekiah and his people; they tell them that there is no hope for them. A part of their threatening is connected with the want of water—with Thirst; and it is the lessons which flow from this that we are to consider now.

And first of all, we have the presentation of difficulties to daunt those who are in God's service. Hezakiah and his people were about to make a noble stand. Their earthly resources were not very great. In all probability if Sennacherib could continue long enough at the siege, he must capture the city in the end; but the King of Judah is going to enter on the conflict, nevertheless. He recognised fully the tremendous odds which were against him, and his confession that "with him is an arm of flesh" showed that he did not in anywise underrate his enemy's power.

And Sennacherib knew how to present before the Jews the difficulties of their situation. They were without allies. Egypt could do nothing for them. As he put it, they were without God. Rab-shakeh, his general, says, "Am I now come up without the Lord against this place to destroy it? The Lord said unto me, Go up against this land and destroy it." The garrison must have been comparatively few in number, for Rab-shakeh offers Hezekiah two thousand horses if he is able on his part to set riders upon them. One captain of the least of his master's servants is, as Rab-shakeh puts it, more than a match for Hezekiah and all the forces at his command.

No great work is ever begun or carried through for God without the presentation of difficulty to daunt those who have to be engaged in it. This is the record of all history. And it is thus in things temporal as well as spiritual; and it is to him that overcometh that the reward is promised. When David was about to go forth to fight Goliath, he was met with the presentation of difficulty from Saul—"Thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." When Jesus was about to

perform His stupendous miracle of raising Lazarus from the dead, and said, "Let us go into Judæa again," He was met at once by a difficulty from His own disciples, and one that seemed grounded on what was reasonable, too—"Master, the Jews of late sought to stone Thee; and goest Thou thither again?"

So far from allowing the presentation of a difficulty to be an insuperable obstacle, and to deter us, we must rather expect it, and when it faces us, not consider that any strange thing has happened to us. All progress in the world is a record, more or less, of a surmounting of difficulties

Especially are we to expect particular difficulties in particular service. Each circumstance of trial will bring its own particular difficulty. Hunger and thirst were naturally to be expected in a beleaguered city; and they are presented in full force before Hezekiah by Sennacherib's captain.

What can we expect but that the astute enemy with whom we have to do, will always bring to the front what is most likely to daunt us in our present circumstances? He never refuses to use the materials at hand. The particular difficulties of any particular situation he will bring to the fore. He will deal with them in all sorts of ways. He will magnify them, and adapt them, and hide all that is likely to lessen them.

From the way in which this temptation is put forward we have also an important teaching. The only object here presented to the Jews is their own immediate interest. God was to be nothing. It was just thus in the temptation in the wilderness; the immediate necessities of Christ were to overbear everything else.

The trial is often a severe one. Many a child of God has been snared and, for the time, overcome by it. The trial established itself in the seen and the felt—the help was in the unseen; and the material in this material world, and with these material bodies and interests, too often carries the day. What good was their God to them if they were hungry and thirsty? Better eat and drink, and let all thought of Him alone.

We must beware of allowing our powers of seeing the visible to be unbalanced by our not being able to see the unseen. There were those of old who "endured," seeing Him that is invisible. In our present circumstances the tangible and the seen must always have an immense attraction—the unseen must be at a great disadvantage in contending with them; but herein precisely lies

the power of walking by faith and not by sight, and it is to meet this exact state of things that faith is set before us as so mighty a power. In our spiritual life we often repeat the experience of childhood; we attach great importance to some present good that takes our fancy-we do not concern ourselves as to whether it hinders any greater good further on. The birthright is sold continually for the mess of pottage. The fact is, a child of God has to pass through life with continual self-denials as to the taking and enjoying what seems to be his immediate interest. He has to defer it to something better. And he has to recognise God in that something better, and that is what gives him power. The emissaries of Sennacherib would have shut out God; to escape famine and thirst, and to eat bread and drink water, was represented to the beleaguered Jews as far better than putting any trust in God. "Anything to escape this difficulty or sorrow," we sometimes think, and Satan tempts us, urging us to close with the It may be that our Lord was tempted in Gethsemane to escape from His sufferings, just as in the wilderness He was tempted to make bread from stones to stop the cravings of a present need; but He "endured, as seeing Him that is invisible;" "For the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame." He said, "If this cup may not pass from Me except I drink it, Thy will be done." The teaching is an important one to such creatures of sight and sense as we are, and the trust of Hezekiah and the Jews on this occasion may, if we remember it, be helpful to ourselves when, in our little lifehistory, we meet with something akin.

Observe, too, how the view of God presented by Sennacherib's messengers to the Jews was a false one. It was so in many different ways. They represent God as no better than those gods whose nations Sennacherib's fathers had destroyed. He makes out that God must be their enemy, because Hezekiah had taken away His high places and His altars, commanding Judah and Jerusalem to worship before one altar, and burn incense on it; so little did he know of divine things, and of the reformation accomplished. Moreover, he says, "The Lord said unto me, Go up against this land, and destroy it;" and his messengers spake against the God of Jerusalem as against the gods of the people of the earth, which were the work of the hands of man. There were thus many varieties of falseness, the one main point being that all of them were false, and all tended to the

It was exactly thus that Satan began the warfare of temptation against man. He presented God before the eyes of Adam in the light of an envious and jealous God. "Hath He said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" and then he denies Him as a God of truth—"Ye shall not surely die."

Hezekiah's whole stay is upon God. him is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God, to help us, and to fight our battles" (ver. 8). It was quite manifest to himself—as much so as it was to Sennacherib's generals-that there was but little help for him in man; therefore, to persuade the Jews that God was their enemy, or that He was an impotent God, was to take from them all hope. And surely this finds its counterpart in our own experience. Whatever may be our spiritual condition or circumstances, Satan has a false presentation of God suited to them Sometimes he tells us we have so offended Him that He will have nothing to do with us. And many a man has been for a long time depressed by this. "What!" he says, "after all that you have done against Him, do you mean now to come to Him for help, or expect that He will do anything for you?" Sometimes he says to a poor hard-pressed soul, "You are given over to me; God will have no more to do with you;" and over many a soul thus tried there has come unutterable gloom. Satan well knows that the true pre-sentation of God, in His loving-kindness and faithfulness, would be a source of power to the struggling soul, and so he will present the very opposite of the truth. And in many a case he has succeeded only too well. Poor sinners, conscience-stricken, have run from God instead of running to Him; instead of saying, "I will arise and go to my Father," they have said, "He can be no Father to me, I will go yet farther from And they have done so, and gone from bad to worse until they were landed in ruin at the

God's people also have suffered from these false presentations of Him by Satan. When He is chastening us for our profit, Satan insinuates that He means our loss. When, perhaps, He is not chastening us at all, but, by the discipline and teaching of sorrow, raising us up to some higher and better position in the divine life, Satan insinuates that He is hard, or it may be unjust; or that, even if His design was good, He might have carried it out in some other and easier way to us. We never have a sorrow, or loss, or vexation of any kind, but that Satan is ready to link to it There is but one way in hard views of God. which we can meet this. We must have our notion of what God is in Himself so fixed and secure in our minds that we shall not judge Him by circumstances at all, and certainly still less by transitory appearances. If we allow our thoughts of God to be influenced by these things, we shall never be able to rely on Him for help. It is here that Hezekiah came out so well. He recognised the arm of flesh with Sennacherib; but he did not allow that to affect in the least the power and resources of God. What God was, He was in Himself, whatever circumstances might be.

Study the character of God in itself, apart from

all circumstances. Get thoroughly rooted into your mind the perfection of all His attributes. See Him thus perfect in His wisdom, and goodness, and power, and truth, and love; and then believe that, let circumstances be what they may, He must act consistently with their perfection. Thus we shall meet all temptations about God with God Himself; and "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

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Let us mark, too, the apparent voice of friend-ship with which the tempter approaches. He appears rather concerned than otherwise that the Jews should die by hunger, and by thirst. If only they will make him an agreement by a present, and come out to him, he will let them eat every man of his own vine, and every man of his own fig-tree, and each shall drink of the waters of his own cistern. Moreover, he promises corn and wine, bread and vineyards, oil, olive, and honey, and is desirous that they should live, and not die.

It was with the promise of good that Eve was deceived; it is with such a promise that we all are caught. If evil were presented in its nakedness we should flee from it, but if it come under the specious form of good, then we embrace it.

Then there is the charge of unreasonableness. What could be more unreasonable than that Hezekiah should expect them to die of hunger and thirst, when they could so easily escape both? What, again, could be more unreasonable than that they should expect that their God should help them, when the gods of other nations had not been able to do anything for them? It was unreasonable that Adam should be denied even one of the fruits of the garden in the midst of which he was placed! It is unreasonable that we should not have this pleasure and that, for which we are manifestly fitted, and for which we have capacities and powers! All this is an old argument, and he

who reasons with Satan will ere long find himself undone.

The efforts of Sennacherib's agents were unsuccessful; the words of Hezekiah had gone home to the hearts of his people; the threat of hunger and thirst had no power against them. And now we have to see how well they came off in the end by holding out. They escaped both hunger and thirst, and slavery also. The Lord whom they honoured took up their cause; He sent His angel to the rescue; He honoured the trust of His servant who had said to His people, "Be strong and courageous. Be not afraid nor dismayed for the King of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him, for there be more with us than with him; with him is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God, to help us, and to fight our battles."

This result is full of comfort to us; what God has been in time past He is now, and will be even to the end. For all who fight boldly there is victory-there is the reward and crown. The evils with which they are threatened by the enemy they shall escape. How God will work they cannot tell, neither may it enter into their calculations when they determine in His name to resist. With this they are in truth not concerned. He will work for His own sake-that must be enough for them; and He will work after the exceeding greatness of His wisdom and power-that must be enough for them too. The ways and means We may rest assured we must leave to Him. that in the result He will not come short. Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded," may be the only prayer we can utter, but it will be enough. The Lord will work for His own name's sake, and, against all human probabilities, give the victory at last to those who perhaps even hoped against hope, and simply put their trust in Him.



OUR NELL.

CHAPTER IX.-CARRY COMES HOME.



ARRY MAS-TERS was accustomed to come home at busy seasons. professedly to help. But the visit always proved to be little more than a pleasant holiday for her, and the reasons for this were various. In the first place, there was the general petting and attention which

were natural to the home-coming of a long-absent member of the family. When the novelty and excitement had subsided with the rest of the household, there was always her mother's solicitous affection, and her regard for the white hands of her eldest daughter, who was the pride of her heart. Carry, who would not have held back from any work, after arming herself with a pair of gloveshad she seen the necessity-was not averse to keeping out of it altogether, if such a course seemed unobjectionable; and since Nell not only did not wish for help, but actually appeared as though she regarded the work as her prerogative, and was apt to consider any attempt to take it out of her hands as an infringement of her rights, Carry smiled and shrugged her shoulders, and gave up the effort to do what, after all, she did not like.

One pleasant summer evening Carry and Nell were driving home from Dubsley Station, whither Nell had taken the gig to meet her sister. Peggy, the sleek brown mare, her face set homewards, trotted at a good speed down the lanes, and the two girls chatted merrily, with light hearts.

Carry was slight and graceful, with an air of refinement. Seen among ladies, she would not have been noticeable, but would simply have been taken to be a quiet girl amongst her equals, and this was exactly the verdict Carry herself would have liked best.

Her father was wont to say-

"Our Nell's nought but plain deal, like the kitchen table—good sound stuff that'll stand plenty of wear and tear; but Carry's got as much varnish and polish as the best parlour sideboard. She's a bit of a lady, is Carry."

Carry's grandmother was a draper's widow. She rented a pretty little villa on the skirts of Grayfield, and had means enough to live in comfort with one servant and her grand-daughter. Carry was a good girl, was obedient and affectionate towards her grandmother, and taught in the Sunday-school. She had one ambition-to be a lady. Besides the instincts of refinement, she had a great assistance towards this end in being possessed of a quick perceptive faculty. What we call tact is the outcome of quick perceptions. Carry had a great deal of She was taken up by the clergyman's daughters, and through them she gained a certain place amongst the ladies of Grayfield. She was quick to catch the tone and habits of good society; but she never assumed, and she never imitated ; she knew that silence was often her best policy. Her dress was always plain-even quakerish. She left finery, feathers, and frills, she told her grandmother, to the girls who had a right to them, and to those who seemed as if they had. A simple dark dress, with a frill or collar round her white throat, was her usual garb, to which was added a hat or bonnet of severest style when she took her walks abroad.

Carry liked better to be thought lady-like than pretty. And yet she was pretty, and had had many admirers, who had, perhaps, been of too plebeian a stamp to excite any feeling in return. Her face was placid and demure in repose, and depended for attraction then upon the graceful form of the smooth head, and the soft bloom on the velvet skin, reminding one of a pansy. But a judgment upon her face in repose would be incomplete, for there were a series of surprises in store for the observer. Her eyes, for instance, which had been hidden from sight by the heavy lids and long lashes, would, if you spoke to her, suddenly reveal themselves, of a lustrous dark blue. Then, if you made her smile, a dimple showed itself in the soft cheek, and when she laughed little wrinkles came all about her eyes and half-hid them, an effect which was enough to fascinate any beholder.

Before the gig was in sight of the house it was met by Jack and Bob, Jack far in advance of his smaller brother, who was toiling and panting at his full speed behind. When the mare was pulled up at the garden gate, father and mother were there to meet them.

"Well, Carry, my lass, how art?" said Mr. Masters, as he lifted his daughter down.

"Well, father, thank you, and very glad to see you all again;" and Carry kissed his cheek lightly, and then went to her, mother to undergo much hugging and petting.

"Eh, love," said she, "I'm afraid you're but poorly; you haven't got a bit of colour in your cheeks."

"Nonsense, mammy dear! I'm quite well. You're used to seeing Nell's roses. You know I never have a colour."

Carry was an affectionate girl, and with the people

she loved had a caressing way, as light as a bird's. Nell showed her affection in this way rarely, and when she did, was apt to do it with a sudden ardour which disconcerted rather than pleased. Carry now put her arm through her mother's, and, turning towards the house, perceived, for the first time, that a stranger was standing on the path in the shade of the evergreens.

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"This gentleman is Mr. Derwent, love," said her mother, "Mr. Oliver's cousin, you know."

Derwent advanced, and was about to put out his hand, which he believed was the right thing to do in that grade of society; but he checked himself just in time, for Carry gave him a grave and graceful bow, and passed on with her mother to the house.

Derwent turned to Mr. Masters: "Well, Mr. Masters, I won't stay any longer to-night, for you will want to talk things over with your daughter. But I shall come again some evening to finish our discussion, if I may."

"Nay, don't go, sir; we shall be happy to see you for as long as you 've the time to stay," said Mr. Masters, heartily. "We haven't finished plucking that crow yet, concerning Jack's education; anyway, you 've not persuaded me as yet that a knowledge of Latin will make a man a better farmer. And as to its sharpening the wits, why there's things belonging to the nineteenth century will do that, without going to the dead languages for it. But come back to the house, sir."

Derwent would have liked to have stayed longer to anuse himself with the domestic conedy of which life at Elm-tree Corner afforded him the spectacle. But glancing at Carry as she stood at the front door, he saw that she was entirely absorbed in chatting to her mother, and appeared unconscious of his existence. He decided that it would be more considerate to go, and therefore made his adieux. Carry felt disappointed. Nothing of what had passed had in reality escaped her, though she knew better than to betray ill-bred curiosity.

When the girls got up to their room at night, Carry said—

"Well, I think Mr. Derwent is a very good-looking fellow, Nell. I call it too bad of you not to tell me you had such a grand admirer."

Carry was sitting on the low window-seat, brushing her hair, and, as she spoke, she looked up at Nell, who was standing at the dressing-table with her back to her. She waited for an answer, and a roguish smile brought the dimple to view on her cheek.

"Carry, how can you talk such nonsense!" was what she heard, spoken in a very low tone and without moving.

"I don't see the nonsense in it," continued Carry; "he doesn't come here as often as he does to see father and mother, you're sure. There's nothing wonderful in his admiring you; the only wonder is you haven't had more admirers."

Nell left the table, and came up to her sister. Her

eyebrows were contracted, and she spoke in what Carry called her thundery voice, low, but full of suppressed force.

"Carry, I cannot endure your talk, for ever about admirers and beaus, and all that. I would rather you didn't come home if you are going to talk in this way. And I wonder you are not ashamed to speak so of a gentleman like him."

Carry quailed under Nell's aspect, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Really, Nell, I didn't think I was saying anything so very dreadful. But you never can take a joke. I'm sure I wish I never had come home."

Nell could not endure the sight of tears. She said, hastily and cheerfully—

"There, never mind, Carry! I'm as cross as a bear, and you always were a soft-hearted goose. But it does seem perfectly ridiculous to think of any one admiring a great brown gawky thing like me. Now, if it was you, it wouldn't be surprising."

She sat down by her sister on the window-seat, and Carry took her hand.

"Well," said she, "it's a marvel to me how you can go on leading this sort of life. You ought not to slave as you do; you ruin your hands and your complexion; and you're getting really frightfully thin. There's no doubt father ought to keep a dairymaid, and I shall speak to mother about it."

"Nonsense, Carry! you'll do no such thing. I wouldn't have a dairymaid kept for anything. I like the dairy work better than anything else; and we couldn't afford it either, and father getting blind, too. And you know I 'm always thin."

"Well, all I can say is, you'll never get married, Nell—at least, to any one decent—if you go on like this."

Nell laughed.

"That's not much of a threat, seeing I wouldn't give a straw to be married to the grandest man in England. But, look here, Carry. You're quite content with your life, and I'm quite content with mine, and we should neither of us like to change; so don't you go meddling, and putting mother up to all kinds of things."

Carry smiled. The window was open, and the cool evening breeze came over the dusky fields, and blew refreshingly on the two girls.

Beechover Hall, with its belt of trees, was a mass of black shadow, but to the right, the flames of an iron furnace shot into the air, a lurid glow in the darkness. The girls sat in silence for a few moments, looking out into the night. Then Carry said, in a low voice—

"You haven't told me anything yet about poor father."

"There's not much to tell. He's fast getting blind. It's hard enough, but we've got to bear it."

"It is hard, but it is God that sends it, and what He sends we can surely bear," Carry answered, gently.

"Oh, Carry, how good you are!" said Nell, won-deringly.

A few minutes later the thought echoed again in her heart, as she stood waiting for Carry to rise from her knees. The breeze stirred the folds of her nightdress, as it fell over her white feet, but Carry knelt after Carry's arrival. Breakfast was over, Jack had a holiday from school, and the boys were escaping from the room with their usual alacrity. Jack came back slowly.



"'Oh, Carry, how good you are!' said Nell, wonderingly."-p. 5.7.

still and absorbed, and Nell felt very far removed from her.

CHAPTER X.-ANGER AND TEARS.

"JACK, I've got a word to say to you before you go," said Mr. Masters, one morning, a few days

"You're a deal too much with that young Upwood," continued his father; "he's not a fit companion for any lad of mine. Do you hear, Jack?"

Jack twisted his coat-button and fidgeted uneasily. "Give me your word that you'll have nought to do with him." Jack still fidgeted, and answered nothing. "You'll not go from here, my lad, till you do, so you'd best be quick about it."

Jack glanced at his father, and then at Nell. His father's face was grim, and Nell's attention was occupied in packing the teacups on the tray. The spirit sank within him, and the words on his lips died away. He had meant to say, "I've promised to go with him up to Quarry Farm to-day, and I can't back out of it now. But instead of these bold words came only a sheepish, "Very well, father."

A moment after, he was out of the room, and then he found himself in a difficulty.

Dinner-time came, but no Jack. Various surmises were entertained respecting his non-appearance, but Nell alone discovered the truth.

Bobby was the soul of loyalty where his elder brother was concerned, but Jack had not seen fit to take him into his confidence on this occasion, and as Nell was washing his face for dinner he revealed the fact that Jack had the day before announced his intention of going with Jim Upwood to his uncle's farm. Nell enjoined silence upon Bobby, and said nothing herself.

At four o'clock in the afternoon she happened to be alone in the kitchen, toasting a tea-cake for tea. The latch of the outer door was lifted softly, and a pair of keen inquiring eyes, beneath a rough head of hair, peered cautiously through. Nell gave a look, and seeing that—as she expected—it was Jack, turned to her toasting again, and vouchsafed him no greeting, for wrath had been burning within her all day. Finding that Nell was alone in the kitchen, Jack came inside, and slut the door behind him. Then he said, in a subdued tone—

"Nell, I've been with Jim Upwood."

"Yes, I know," said Nell.

"How did you know?"

"Bob let it out."

" Is father very angry? What's he going to do to me ? " $\!\!\!\!$

"Father doesn't know. I left it for you to tell him. You'd better go this minute."

"Where is he?"

"In the parlour."

Jack took two or three steps forward, and then stopped, with an exclamation of pain.

"Nell," he said, "I've lamed myself."

"Well, you can't expect much pity," said Nell, still without looking round. "I suppose you're not going to be a coward, as well as a liar."

"I'm not a liar, and I'm not a coward either," said Jack; but his tone belied the boldness of his words

"Yes, you are a liar, if you give your word you won't do a thing, and then go straight and do it; and you're a coward, too, if you're afraid to go and own it."

"Nay, I'm none afraid; but, Nell, my foot hurts so bad."

"It's not so bad but what you can have it out with father first. I'll see to it after."

At this moment Carry came up the passage from the parlour, and heard Nell's last words as she entered the kitchen. At sight of Jack she gave a little scream, and cried, "Oh, Jack! what have you done to yourself?"

Nell turned round hastily, and then flinging down the toasting-fork and tea-cake, she flew across the kitchen. Jack's face was white and drawn with pain, and he was steadying himself against the table, while he kept off the floor one shoeless foot, the sock of which was soaked with blood.

"Oh, Nell," cried Carry, "how could you speak so cruelly to the poor boy?" and she stooped down to examine the wounded foot.

But Nell, without a word, put her arms round Jack, and carried him to the arm-chair. Then she fetched warm water, and kneeling down began gently to sponge off the sock. Carry stood by the chair and held the boy's hand.

"Now tell us how it happened, my poor Jack," she questioned; and then he told them how at the Quarry Farm he had been sliding down a haystack, not seeing that a pitchfork, handle downwards, was reared against the side, and one of the prongs had gone into his foot. Jim Upwood had wanted to ask his uncle to send him home in the gig, but Jack would not hear of it, and had started to walk home; soon, however, a queer faintness and giddiness obliged him to give in, and he sat down under the hedge, and did not know how he should get home; until at last who should he see but William, with the cart, on his way from the mill, and so he came back with him.

During this recital, Carry and Jack were surprised to see that tears were running down Nell's cheeks. Carry wondered that Nell should be so unusually soft-hearted, and Jack wondered she should seem so sorry for him when a few moments before she had been so angry. When the operation was concluded, and the foot bound up, Jack took hold of Nell's arm, and drew her towards him.

"Eh! never thee mind," he whispered, "it's not awful bad. But, I say, d'ye think father'll forgive me?"

"Yes," answered Nell, emphatically. Then she said to Carry, "Look the tea-things, will you? I'll be back in a minute."

Carry looked after her as she went out of the kitchen, and wondered what she was going to do, for her carriage indicated purpose within.

Nell walked into the parlour. Her mother was there, knitting, and her father sat in his arm-chair.

"Isn't the tea ready?" asked her mother. But Nell did not hear her. She went up to her father, and said—

"Father, Jack's been with Jim Upwood, and I've told him you'll forgive him."

Mrs. Masters uttered an exclamation, laid down her knitting, and watched her husband anxiously.

"And why did he leave you to come and tell me this?" asked he, in a severe tone,

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"He was coming himself, but he can't walk; he's hurt his foot so bad."

Mrs. Masters did not wait to hear more, but made haste to go to her boy.

Mr. Masters also rose, but with so stern a look that Nell's heart sank. She caught his arm as he was passing her, and there was a sob in her voice as she cried—

"Oh! father, father! I said you would for give him." $\,$

Her father stopped, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Why, Nell! why, Nell!" he said, wonderingly.
"Nay, my lass, I'll not be hard on the lad."

Nell threw her arms round her father's neck, and kissed him passionately.

The same evening Derwent came down from the vicarage, to renew his chat with Mr. Masters, and a little curious also to observe the new element which Carry's advent had brought into the household.

Jack was established in the old horse-hair sofa in the parlour, and with his foot in the easiest position—relieved from the dread of his father's displeasure, and, even, indeed, feeling himself, under the women's petting, something of a hero—was fast recovering his usual easy flow of spirits.

Nell was the only member of the family from whom the cloud had not yet cleared. Jack's conduct had weighed upon her mind all day. It had included treason against his father, and the meanness of deceit, and from both these sins her soul revolted. Nell's first impulse towards the sinning was to be hard and contemptuous; her second usually was to be hard on herself. The revulsion had come in this case with more than ordinary suddenness. Remorse for her own severity, and the dread of her father's, had brought down her spirit to a low ebb. She was seldom moved, but emotion once aroused, equanimity was not regained easily.

She contrasted strikingly with Carry. Her eves were red with crying, her hair and dress were suggestive of forlornness, and her manner was taciturn and abrupt. Derwent was sorry to see his little friend, as he now regarded her, out of spirits, and tried to make her laugh and talk as usual; but Nell's mood was persistent. In the window sat Carry, neat and gentle and composed, with some light work in her hands. Bobby sat on a low stool at her feet, and the two made a pretty picture. Bobby was for the present devoted to this charming new sister. When Derwent came up to the window, he was seized on by the child and begged to go and see a family of kittens which the farm-yard cat had just presented to the world, and deposited in a bed of hay in the cow-house. Derwent readily consented.

"Carry, you come too," cried the child, pulling at her dress,

"Nay, I'm sure you can do without me, Bobby," said Carry; but Bobby persisted, and Derwent said—

"You can't be so cruel as to refuse, Miss Masters!
Evidently Bobby can't do without you."

"Ah, I am a novelty, you see," she said, looking up and smiling. "Well, then, Bobby, since I must go, fetch me my hat."

As the three went out of the room together, a sharp pang shot through Nell's heart.

"How silly!" thought she. "Surely I can't be so mean as to feel spiteful because Bobby makes a fuss with her."

Outside the cow-house the twilight was gathering; inside it was nearly dark. They entered by a door at the end, which led into a narrow passage lined with hay, and separated from the stalls by a low boarding. The gentle inhabitants of the place were housed for the night; but all was still, save for the occasional clank of a chain, echoing up into the cobwebbed rafters, as a cow put her head over the boarding to gaze with large mild eyes at the intruders. In the dusk, the place was to Bobby full of mystery, half charming half dreadful; and even his elders unconsciously walked closer together, and spoke softly. Right at the end, in the darkest corner, lay the kittens—three little soft balls in a warm nest of hay.

Derwent took a white one up, and gave it to Carry.

In doing so, he touched her hands; they felt soft and warm.

"It is just like you," said he, impulsively.

He repented the words directly. Would she be offended? Nell would have been.

But Carry was not offended. She smiled and lifted her white lids, so that Derwent saw her eyes shining like stars in the gloom.

CHAPTER XI.-MISS LETTICE IS BAFFLED.

THE weeks passed by, and August suns were scorching the parched earth, and adding the last touch of brown-gold to the ripe wheat. Derwent's frequent visits to Elm-tree Corner, though by no means all of them came to her knowledge, began to cause Miss Lettice some anxiety. When he first began to take interest in Nell, he had sought his cousin's sympathy.

"Yes," she had said, "the girl is a favourite of mine, though she has never responded to my advances towards friendship. But I am in hopes that we may some day understand each other, for I think, little as she imagines it, that she and I have much in common. There is an elder daughter, who is held to be the superior of the two in general estimation, but, unless I am much mistaken, Nell is worth two of her."

Walter's interest in the Masters' household was not at that time so keen as it afterwards became, and he had forgotten the existence of the elder sister when Nell told him of her probable visit.

"I quite agree with you," he said to his cousin, after Carry's arrival; "the new sister is a demure little town-bred puss, and lacks altogether the freshness and originality of the other one."

And now Miss Lettice, after some thought, made up her mind to question Walter concerning his acquaintance with Nell. She believed in his frankness of nature, and felt assured that, whatever his actions might be, he could not but retain an instinctive openness. One morning, as Walter rose from the breakfast-table, he said—

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"When I've had my smoke, I suppose I must take Masters those seeds I've got for him."

"Walter," said Miss Lettice, "do you not go too often to Elm-tree Corner?"

Walter took out a cigar, and trimmed it with his pen-knife.

"Why?" he asked, regarding the end of the cigar critically.

Miss Lettice crossed over to him, put her hands on his shoulders, and looking him full in the face, said, earnestly—

"Walter, you are not making love to Nell Masters?"
"No," answered Walter, returning the look.

Then he went out into the garden through the open window; and as he went, he said to himself, "That was not a lie, and yet it was the biggest I ever told in my life,"

Miss Lettice felt she ought to be satisfied, but she was uncomfortably conscious that she had to persuade herself into being so. Walter had given the direct lie to her fears, and she could not doubt his word. At the same time, he had been entirely unlike himself. His answers had been abrupt and curt, and he had shunned further talk, instead of, as usual, courting it. Was he offended by her suggestion? Yet that again was quite unlike himself. Miss Lettice puzzled in vain over the enigma. Moreover, she reflected, supposing Walter to be guiltless of a flirtation, yet such frequent and friendly intercourse might create in Nell a feeling for him strong enough to destroy her peace of mind, and that without any blame attaching to either side. Miss Lettice felt she must make a further attempt to prevent mischief. She turned the matter over in her mind as she walked home from the village that morning. Clearly, the attempt must be made through one of the two most concerned. To bring a third person into the affair would be the ruin of her chance of influencing a proud girl like Nell. Walter she had already tried, and had found strangely inaccessible. Not only so, but there was little chance of taking hold of him; reasoning was apt to slip off the surface of Walter's mind. Would it be well to speak to Nell? There was little fear of putting foolish thoughts, as the old people call it, into a girl's head nowadays, for they were always sure to be there before you. And certainly there was something to take hold of in Nell, if you could only succeed in doing it. As Miss Lettice reflected thus, she turned the corner by the toll-gate, and beheld Nell ahead of her, also returning home from the village. Her resolution was taken that moment, and she made haste to overtake the girl. After the first greetings, Miss Lettice said"Is my cousin at the farm this morning, do you know?"

"Yes, Miss Lettice; I left him talking to father."

"He is a very frequent visitor, is he not?"

"Yes."

"And I am sure you must all like him, for he is a kind-hearted genial fellow."

"Yes, that we do," said Nell, brightly. She began to feel drawn to Miss Lettice.

"You and he are great friends?"

"Yes, Miss Lettice."

"My dear, I do not think you will be offended if a woman who has had more experience of the world than you ventures to give you a warning."

Nell looked up astonished.

"I have had twenty years more of life than you, Nell; and my experience goes to show me that such intercourse as yours with my cousin will seldom fail to bring unhappiness, under whatever circumstances it takes place."

At first Nell's face expressed only astonishment; but Miss Lettice's meaning dawning on her, she coloured violently, and for a time walked on in silence. She felt a sudden angry recoil from her companion. A moment before, a glow of happiness and friendliness had been in her heart, and now, in the tumultuous revulsion of feeling, thoughts could not immediately frame themselves in words.

"You must not be angry with me," continued Miss Lettice, quietly, but with decisiveness in her voice. "I think you mistake my meaning. I intend to imply no blame when I say that such friendships generally end in misunderstanding, either to the man or to the woman, or to both."

Nell turned round, and faced her companion; and as Miss Lettice noted the proudly defiant carriage and fearless eyes, even while she deprecated the unreasoning temper, her own spirit rose to meet the girl's in a thrill of fellow-feeling.

"Nay, Miss Lettice," said Nell, "it's you that's made the mistake. I'm not the kind of girl you take me for. There's those that have hinted at this before, but not ladies like you, that I thought looked at things different. Those that know me know that I'm not the sort that gentlemen make love to. You don't know me, Miss Lettice; but I wonder you, that's own cousin to Mr. Derwent, shouldn't know him any better."

Miss Lettice felt keenly disappointed. She had felt and acted towards the girl in so friendly a spirit, and had expressed herself so delicately, without even hinting at the difference of rank between the two, that she had been confident of success. And she had only succeeded in rousing Nell's slumbering antagonism, the very thing she had been most anxious to avoid. Clearly there was nothing more to be done. Nell was not in a mood to receive explanations—angry suspicion would blind her to their meaning. Indeed, she would doubtless resent hotly any further words on the subject.

"You have misunderstood me, Nell. There is no

championship necessary for either yourself or Mr. Derwent, for I have imputed no fault to either. I wished to open your eyes to a danger which I thought you did not see, and I have said nothing

but she had a dim sense that there was a dignity in Miss Lettice nobler than that she herself had shown, for it was dignity—unoffended. She even began to have an uncomfortable sense of meanness



"Carry stood by the chair and held the boy's hand."-p. 549.

more to you than I would have said to a younger sister of my own. We will part now, but I hope when your anger is over, you will still think of me as your friend."

Nell looked after Miss Lettice as she crossed the road. The flame of her anger had not died out,

in the matter. Of course, Miss Lettice had made an utter mistake, and there was not the shadow of harm in her intercourse with Mr. Derwent; but yet, since Miss Lettice had meant kindly, it had been ungenerous to take offence.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 17. THE KINGDOM DIVIDED.

Chapter to be read-1 Kings xii.

NTRODUCTION. Remind the children of God's original promise to Abraham as to extent of kingdom (Gen. xv. 18), how long it had been before they attained it—450 years in Egypt—450 years of Judges, during which were harassed by neighbouring ene-

mies—at last, under David partly, and Solomon completely, became one large flourishing kingdom. Solomon's dominion was from "the river [Euphrates] to the ends of the earth"—i.e, west coast of Palestine (Ps. lxxii. 8). But this kingdom given under a covenant or agreement that the king should walk in righteousness (1 Kings ix. 4). How had Solomon acted? How did he break the covenant? therefore God could not keep His part. Seen in last lesson how Solomon's days were shortened—adversaries stirred up against him; now see the kingdom divided.

I. COUNSELLORS, (Read 1-15.) King Solomon now dead. How long had he reigned (xi. 42)? the same time that Saul and David had done-still died comparatively young. Who would succeed him? And where would Rehoboam be crowned? Why in Jerusalem? Just as our kings and queens always crowned in London at Westminster Abbey. But was he to be crowned there? Where did all the people go? Shechem was the old capital, and was chief city of Ephraim. (See Josh, xx. 7.) Would be a convenient place for tribes to meet and discuss matters with new king. Who else came to the meeting? Where had Jeroboam been? Why banished to Egypt? (See xi. 28-31.) Who had met him as he was going from Jerusalem? What had Abijah prophesied? This had reached Solomon's ears and he had sought his life (xi. 40)-just as Saul tried to kill David out of jealousy when knew he was to be his successor. What kind of a man was Jeroboam (xi. 28)? Just the sort of man the tribes wanted to take up their cause. So Jeroboam now is made the spokesman at Shechem. What does he say to Rehoboam (xii. 4)? How had Solomon's yoke been heavy? All the great buildings cost money-could not get free-will offerings for heathen temples, palaces for his wives, etc., as had for God's Temple. How then could the money be raised? These taxes seemed to have been very heavy, though not told amount. What answer did Rehoboam give? Whom did he consult? What did the old men advise? to give a soft answer-to do service to the peopleto rule them for their good. What effect did they say this would have? Did Rehoboam take their advice? To whom did he turn next? What did they advise? he was to frighten the people into obedience; threaten them with worse burdens if they did not submit. What was the effect? Something like old fable of wind and sunshine-which should make traveller take off his cloak first—Rehoboam's harsh words chilled the people—set them against him. Whose words were they fulfilling? What God has said must come to pass. So Solomon's ill deeds brought disorder and disunion to the nation.

II. DIVISION. (Read 16-24.) Now the assembly broke up; what did the people call out to the King? No part in David! Had they not? Were not all descended from same ancestors? had they not all together journeyed from Egypt to Canaan-fought side by side as brothers in conquest of land-lived together in peace under three kings? Now would be all against one another. Family quarrels saddest of all; this great family, God's chosen people, now divided for ever. What attempt did Rehoboam make first to bring Israel back? Whom did he send? But Adoram must have been the most unpopular man in the kingdom! would be called now the Chancellor of Exchequer-he it was who raised the obnoxious taxes. What was his fate? This the first act of open rebellion. What was the next? Notice that the people made Jeroboam king-do not read of any consecration or anointing with oil-or sacrifices or prayers, as before when kings were made. What did Rehoboam do then? Which tribes own allegiance to him? but what message came to him? Why might he not make war upon Israel? God had allowed the division of the kingdom, and at present there should be peace between the two king-

III. Lessons. (1) Counsel. Of whom did Rehoboam ask advice? Whom might he have consulted? Remind of Solomon his father, and the answers God gave him. How can we ask God? Reveals His will in Bible, by leadings of providence. If we seek His counsel, shall be taught of God. (2) Unity. Let children realise blessings of unity. Blessed are peacemakers. Christ's last prayer was that we all night be one (St. John xvii. 11, 21). Let all try to live in peace at home, at school, in the world—being kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. What was the extent of Solomon's kingdom?
- 2. What covenant had Solomon broken?
- 3. Who was Jeroboam?
- 4. Who were Rehoboam's advisers?
- 5. Trace the steps of the rebellion.
- 6. What lessons may we learn from this story?

No. 18. **ВЕНОВОАМ.**

Chapters to be read—2 Chron. xi., xii. (part of).

INTRODUCTION. In last lesson saw kingdom divided.

Who had the two tribes? Which were they? Who
governed the other ten tribes? In following lessons

shall have to speak first of one kingdom, and then of the other. Sometimes the history of the two meets; for what purpose? Yes, for war. Beginning of strife like letting out of water—hard to stop. All war sad, but civil war—of one part of nation against another—saddest of all. These two kingdoms, Judah and Israel, almost always at war. Today will speak of the first king of Judah.

I. A GOOD BEGINNING. (Read 2 Chron. xi. 5-17.) Where did Rehoboam live? But there were other important towns in Judah; what did he do to them? What a busy time began. Can fancy the stir and excitement in all these towns; workmen collected; foundations dug out; walls carefully built; strongholds too, in which garrison could shelter if city taken by enemy. What did he put in the cities (vers. 11, 12)?-every weapon of war, and stores of provisions, all ready for a siege. Now who came to Judah and Jerusalem? Where had the priests and Levites been living previously? Why were they scattered all over the land? thus all the people were taught the fear of God, and sacrifices offered up all over the land. But what had Jeroboam done? Turned them out, and set up priests for devils' temples. What a shocking thing! So the priests of God came to Jerusalem. Who followed them? Some seem to have broken up their homes, and emigrated to Judgea rather than stay where only idols were. What effect had this upon the kingdom of Judah? So far, then, all was well. Rehoboam's kingdom was strengthened, and he ruled wisely. How long did this last? Three years not a long time, but Rehoboam seems to have grown weary of well-doing. Read of his marrying many wives. Probably love of pleasure turned his heart from God, as it did Solomon's, and thus his father's sins descended to him also.

II. A FALL. (Read xii. 1-12.) What does first verse tell us? As soon as kingdom established, forsook the Lord. How ungrateful! Surely should have been reason for cleaving more steadfastly. May well ask God to help us "in all time of our wealth" -i.e., prosperity. Who followed his example? See what wonderful power for evil or good one man in power has. Now comes the punishment. Their old enemies come against them. Who are they? What an immense army! Something like the army that followed them to the Red Sea, but then were not allowed to hurt them. Why are they now? What success had Shishak? These newly fenced cities all taken; captains defeated; stores of provisions eaten by the enemy. What a humiliation! And now the victorious army, flushed with conquest, surrounds Jerusalem. What a fearful sight! How helpless the king must have felt. Who came to Rehoboam? Whose message did the prophet bring? This defeat by Shishak a direct punishment for forsaking God, Remind how often Israelites had had same warning

in time of Judges. What does the king do? Can picture the king and princes turning to the Temple ; many a long day probably since they had last been there, but remembered Solomon his father's prayer at dedication (1 Kings viii. 33); perhaps use the same words; at any rate, do humble themselves before God. What do they say? Acknowledge the justice of the punishment. What does God do at once? Just as had spared Jerusalem before from pestilence, at David's prayer (2 Sam. xxiv. 16), so now will not destroy the kingdom. Still, must be some punishment-must pay tribute-must feel yoke of service. Where is the money obtained from? How sad to see Temple despoiled! What would David have said, who collected the treasures; or Solomon, who made the Temple so beautiful? How did Rehoboam replace the shields of gold? Thus Rehoboam was warned against forsaking God. For a time things went on well,

III. A SAD END. (Read 13-16.) Was the warning effectual? It seems not. Read little of remaining years of Rehoboam. But two things are named-one seems the cause of the other. (1) He did evil. What particular sins we are not told, but probably some connection with idol-worship. So hard is it to break off sin. But is not God able to help? Yes, but he must be sought with earnest prayer, and all the heart. Did Rehoboam do so? Therefore could not expect God's help. (2) Constant war. This was Rehoboam's punishment, as it had been David's, after his great sin. Thus whole country involved in king's sin. At last he died. How long did he reign? Not half so long as the first three kings. Died unrepentant, leaving bad example behind him.

IV. Lessons. Two things may be learned from this story. (1) Duty of perseverance. King began well—got tired. Is he very unlike us? How many children well taught, most hopeful—seem so earnest —yet fall away—grow weary in well-doing. Must persevere to end, if would be saved. (2) Warnings must be heeded. Remind how often have heard of God's warnings. Israelites, David, Solomon, etc. How does He warn us? By His ministers—His holy word—by sickness, trial, care, disappointment, voice of conscience, etc. Let us not harden our hearts against Him (Ps. xev. 8).

Questions to be answered.

- 1. How did Rehoboam fortify his kingdom
- 2. Who came to Jerusalem, and why?
- 3. Who came up against Rehoboam, and what success had he?
 - 4. What punishment befell the king?
- 5. What two things are we told of his later
 - 6. What two lessons may we learn?

DICK'S HERO.

T was a bitter winter afternoon when first they met. The hero was skating on one of the park ponds, and Dick, blue with cold, was watching him over the fence. It was not the most cheerful way of spending his half-holiday (he was in the Bluecoat School), but Dick had no friends to provide him with skates. He was the possessor certainly of

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a small private fund, the accumulated savings of many months, and for a little while, as he passed the shops, it had been a sore temptation to buy them for himself. Prudential considerations had conquered; for Dick was of a careful turn, and with the unbroken fund safe in his pocket, he perched upon the most sheltered rail and followed with admiring eyes the complicated flourishes of a tall handsome lad two or three years older than himself, who seemed to Dick the very embodiment of every dignity and luxury that he himself had not.

The street lamps were glimmering through the early dusk when the performance ended, and the bright unknown came to an anchor on the bank below Dick's fence to unbuckle his skates. Glancing up, he saw the eager little face watching him.

"Here, youngster, come and give me a hand."

Dick was down the bank in an instant, and wrestling zealously with the refractory strap with his half-frozen fingers. His hero regarded him calmly.

"Cold up there?"

"A little, sir."

"Why don't you skate?"

"I haven't learnt, sir-never had any skates."

The unknown looked at his own shining steels and hesitated, then he rose up suddenly—"Here, you, what's-your-name, put mine on, and I'll show you how."

Dick looked at him a moment doubtfully; he could scarcely believe his cars; the next he had screwed them on with all possible speed, and was ready for the venture.

Many things in the world besides skating look easier at a distance. Dick had discovered it in this particular instance, an hour later, when he divested himself of the nuch-coveted property. His friend had laughed at, and helped and encouraged him, but the flourishes had been very limited, and the downfalls sore and often—his nose was still bleeding from the effects of one of them. But out of the depths of his printed pocket-handkerchief he looked up with shining grateful eyes at his benefactor.

"I don't mind the knocks a bit, sir; it was grand. You have been wonderfully good to me. I'll never forget it—never."

The big lad went away to his comfortable home, and thought no more about it. The little lad went

back to his school-room, and laid it up in his heart, a seed to spring up and blossom out in days to come.

Three years later, Dick, in the dignity of his first tail-coat, was promoted to be junior clerk—very junior clerk indeed—in the city office of the ware-house where he had been general message-boy since his school-days ended.

He looked, as he felt, strange and uncomfortable, the first morning, amongst the crowd of young men who chatted to each other with such easy unconcern, and quietly ignored the stranger within their gates. Presently the door swung back, and some one came in, and passed to a desk at the other end.

"Late as usual, Grainger," called out somebody.

"Punctuality never did agree with my constitution," laughed the late-comer.

Dick glanced up, carelessly at first, then with a dull red flush mounting into his face, as, with a thrill of eestasy he recognised his never-forgotten benefactor. He slipped from his stool and across the room after him.

Brighter, handsomer, more manly even than of old, but, alas, there was no light of recognition in the sunny face that looked curiously down at Dick's radiant countenance. "Sir, I'm Dick—Dick Blair."

"Well, Dick Blair, I have no reason to doubt it,"
was all the response.

"Try and remember," pleaded Dick, in an agony of disappointment. "You taught me to skate that afternoon in the Park. I was at the Blue-coat School then."

There was a little pause, and then day dawned; the hero stretched out his hand graciously. "To be sure—I remember; and you fell on your nose, and made it bleed."

Dick swallowed that humiliating reminiscence cheerfully, in his delight at being remembered.

"What are you doing now? Out of the Bluecoat, I suppose?"

"Long ago; I'm the junior clerk here," explained Dick. "I only began this morning, though."

"Well, go up and prosper; you may be principal yet. There is nothing like beginning at the bottom for that. Now you had better go back to your desk, my boy."

Dick went back obediently. The whole horizon had brightened, and the dingy office was henceforth a hallowed spot. What if his hero seldom spoke to him? It was something to see him, to sit in the same room, to hear the distant sound of his voice as he spoke to others; and a kindly nod glorified his whole day. As the weeks grew into months his content only deepened. It was a curious anomaly; for Dick in all other respects was a hard-headed practical little Scotchman, the very last subject for such an

unreasoning worship; but even the greatest of mortals have had weak points in their armour, and this was to be Dick's.

As time went by, his doggedly conscientious way of working brought its reward. He gradually passed up before others who had begun earlier, and began to be looked upon as an authority upon points of business; he was also, on the strength of his economical ways, currently reported to be rapidly

"'Come and give me a hand."-p. 555.

amassing property, and received much excellent advice from his fellow-clerks on the propriety of obtaining introductions to the Montefiores and Rothschilds. In his improved social status he came more in contact with Grainger, and even had the privilege occasionally of helping him, when his work had fallen behind. Grainger had learnt to recognise his worship now, and accepted it with a careless goodnature that Dick regarded as the very acme of noble breeding. There might be flaws in his idol; Dick never saw them. There were rumours of remonstrances from head-quarters, of errors in the accounts, of carcless work, and irregular hours, but they never reached the serene heights where Dick had planted his faith. He knew that he had a hard eccentric father; he had seen him one memor-

able night when he had gone home with his friend, to help him with some arrears of office work, and his here shone out the brighter for the dark background of the ponderous silent house, and that night he had talked to him for the first time as a friend, had told him of his father's grim unbending rule, of his mother, who had died soon after Dick had taken his first skating lesson, of the difficulties that beset him on all sides—difficulties of his own causing perhaps; but Dick had listened, his plain insignificant face glowing with sympathy and interest. After that, could he listen to doubts or

detractions of what was for him the highest standard of perfection?

A year after came a blow that shook Dick's castle to its foundations. Some post was vacant in Valparaiso, and Grainger was nominated to go out and fill it. Dick heard it in dead silence, and when, two days after, his friend, wondering that he did not mention it, asked him what he thought of the matter, the words utterly refused to come; his face sobered

even Grainger's light nature for a little; he put his hand upon his shoulder, in his own frank kindly fashion, and bid him cheer up, it was such a glorious chance—a certain fortune. "Besides, old fellow, you may be gazetted out there yourself one of these days, and then——" But Dick had gone away in the middle of it.

A month went swiftly by. It was a rainy September evening, within a week of Grainger's departure; a ship was going out the next tide, and Dick was working after office hours at some late despatches for it. As he checked off the last, Grainger came in quietly. He flung himself into the one battered leather chair the place boasted, with a sound that was



"'What is it? Are you in trouble?'"

almost a groan. He looked haggard and wretched. Dick folded up his papers, and was at his side instantly. "What is it? Are you in trouble?"

It was worse than trouble. There, in the darkening twilight, it came out. He had been out the night before with his usual fast friends. There had been play, heavy stakes doubled, and on his side with money that belonged to the firm, and now, unless a hundred pounds were paid into the bank the next morning, disgrace and prosecution stared him in the face. "It serves me right, Dick," he ended, "but it's ruin for me every way."

It says something for Dick's loyalty, that even now, with all his rigid ideas of right and wrong, and sturdy integrity, he said not one word of reproach. He asked, quietly enough, if it were possible to borrow it from his father.

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Grainger laughed scornfully for answer, and Dick walked to the window, and stood there looking out, There was a watery gleam in the west, where the sun had gone down, and a soft misty rain pattering against the dusty panes. Since the first day he had come into that office, he had had one aim-to make a place and fortune for himself. It was a time when freights paid well, and he had strained every nerve to save enough to take up a share in a shipping house. The sum was almost complete now. Shilling by shilling, pound by pound, it had slowly grown. He thought of the striving and deprivation that had gone to make it up-how he had loved and counted every coin with jealous care, not only for its own sake, but for the bright hopes it represented: it was not possible to sacrifice them, he could not give it up. And then he thought of his one friend-of the warm kindly hand that had not been too proud or too indifferent to grasp the cold blue fingers of the little charity pensioner. Dick's head bent lower against the dusty glass, and the fair visions faded away into the remote future.

The dusk had darkened into night when he went back at last to his friend's side,

"Don't trouble; I can lend it you. Pay me when you can."

Grainger sailed a few days later, and Dick has never seen him since; he works harder and more silently than ever. Some plants flower but once, and it is not likely that he will ever form many friends. He does not need them; he holds that first friendship green and fresh in his heart still, unchanged by time or distance; it rose above the first bitter shock of his hero's fallibility, and came out triumphant from that conflict with his strongest passion; after that, it is secure against all the future is likely to hold.

And it has not been in vain. He that gives is blessed, as well as he that takes, and the one thing that has kept him from degenerating into a mere money-making machine, that has broadened and deepened his whole nature, and lifted him to a higher level, has been the unselfish love and faith he has given to his hero in such ungrudging abundance, since almost the first hour he saw him.

And concerning the hero. He has not fulfilled Dick's exalted views yet, but he has learnt to understand his generous faith at a truer value, and whatever effort he makes to rise above his failings, or to become more worthy of the name he has been dignified with, will, in great measure, be the outcome of that undoubting belief that has never wavered since the day he with one kindly deed won the little solitary lad's heart, and became henceforth, for all time, his hero.

E. K. O.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

IV .- THE END.

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, PADDINGTON, ETC.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not."—St. Matt. xxv. 10—12.

HAT Passion-play at Ober-Ammergau, which all the world was running after some three or four years ago, was founded on the model of those religious dramas, which, under the name of

"mysteries," prevailed extensively in the Middle Ages, both in our own country and on the Continent. Among passages of sacred story, selected for such performances, a not unfrequent one was the parable of the Ten Virgins; and in connection with one such representation, got up at Eisenach in the fourteenth century, in the presence of the Margrave Frederick, Mr. Carlyle relates a somewhat remarkable incident. The wise virgins in the play were represented as being the Virgin Mary, St. Catherine, and other saints of high mark in the calendar, and to them the foolish virgins make petition, first for oil, and afterwards for admission into the kingdom, when the door was shut. But these saints helped them not a whit. Meanwhile, the actors who represented the foolish

virgins are made to appear as knocking, and wailing, and weeping in all the wildness of terror, and all the fruitless agony of despair. The prince was greatly overcome by the scene, until at length, being unable to restrain his emotion, he exclaimed, "What is our Christian faith, if neither the Virgin Mary nor any other saint can be persuaded to intercede for us?" From the effects of witnessing this play a fit of illness came on, of which he died in four days. Oh! who can help the hope that during those four days his eyes were opened to see the folly of saint-worship, and to feel that, in regard to admission into the Kingdom of Heaven, there is One that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth; and that, for all the purposes of forgiveness and salvation, there is but "one mediator between God and man-the Man Christ Jesus."

Our last chapter upon this parable closed with the urgent but ineffectual attempt of the foolish virgins to obtain oil for their dying lamps from the wise. But, as the Eisenach play represents -in this respect more faithful than the Church of that day was-the wise virgins could not help them. They had no surplusage of goodness to make over to another. They could give counsel, but they could not give oil. And upon the counsel so given, the foolish virgins acted. They went to buy, employed the very brief interval which remained in seeking means for keeping the glimmering spark alive, and fanning it into a flame. But the work could not be done in the They might, to all seeming, be in the act of buying oil at the very time the bridal procession reached the door. But the bridegroom cannot wait, any more than when our hour is come death itself can wait. "And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went with him to the marriage."

I. "And they that were ready." Two or three thoughts arise out of this expression. First, how very little of special preparation is needed for those that are in Christ Jesus, in order to an entrance at very short notice into the Kingdom. The case of the parable supposes the interval to have been a very brief one between the first loud advent cry, and the actual passing of the bridegroom and his friends through the marriage-gates; yet, in this interval, some who had yielded to the infirmity of sleep were enabled to trim their lamps; to see the purging away of the soul's defilements, and the lamp of their inner life burning with as much of joyous brightness, as if the slumber and the sleep had not been. is to comfort us under sudden or little looked for departures in regard to those whom we have long known to be in the faith. We could have desired that the severance should have been less abrupt, not only that we might have the privilege of ministering in loving offices through many weary days and nights, but also for the loved one's own sake; that space should be granted to him for the repentance to deepen, and the faith to increase, and the hope to brighten, and the soul to mature and ripen in all spiritual gifts, mounting on wings as eagles, and preparing for its last bound into the world unseen. But when the life has testified to a work of the Holy Spirit in the heart, we need not concern ourselves anxiously about what the manner of the death should be. All that is necessary, in the way of lamp-trimming for the righteous, when taken away at short notice, is the work of an unseen grace, and an unseen power. Time is not an element of it, nor outward and visible token. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the Almighty Spirit may bring forth the top stone of the spiritual temple with shouting, and he who is absent from us is "present with the Lord," a light-bearing, weddingequipped guest, at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

"And they that were ready." Observe it is not said how many were ready, that the five wise went in, and that all the five foolish arrived too late to go in. It might be so: but the language does not seem to exclude the possibility that some who were not ready when they first heard of the Bridegroom's approach might, through the infinite reach of the Saviour's grace, be made ready before he actually entered in, being "saved so as by fire." At all events, the omission of any reference to the number of those who went in can hardly be without its significance. And may it not signify this? that God would not foreclose utterly a case of the latest repentance, would not make salvation impossible between the trumpet-note of the deathsickness, and the final shutting of the door of hope? The one instance of the thief on the cross should always suffice as a shelter against despair, the more so, because none can say how many would have run into presumption if the recorded instances had been more than one. True repentance we are quite sure can never be too late; the solemn thought is that, owing to the heart's deceitfulness, the late repentance is so seldom true, Were it possible to assure ourselves of that, in any given case, the limit of guilt has not been found which the blood of the Saviour cannot cleanse, or the mercy of a Saviour cannot forgive, Through darkness and thick cloud has many a foolish virgin gone in to the marriage.

II. "And the door was shut." What door? Why, the door of grace and mercy, and divine patience, and a true salvation: that door which Christ had been at such infinite pains to open, and the key to which could only be given up at the price of His most precious blood—that door which for ages had been set wide open, so that men from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, had entered inthat door at the entrance of which Christ had long been standing, saying to every sinner that repenteth, "Him that cometh unto Me, grievous as his sins may be, deep-dyed as the guilt may be, obstinately as he may have rebelled, or long as he may have slumbered and slept, him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Yes, that doorwhich had admitted Manasseh with his idolatries, David with his blood-stains, Peter with his base denials, and Paul with his dark crime-roll of sins against the saints of God-that door was shut; open as it had been to any and all who had gone before those procrastinating virgins should see, but now shut against them.

The door was shut, sealed with the seal of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, so that it could never be opened again. What is specially implied by this? First, no doubt, it implies the perpetual security of the righteous; the certainty that they shall never falter nor fail, nor even slumber nor sleep again. Once entered in with Christ into

the marriage, once set down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom, they shall go no more out; neither shall any earthly or unsanctifying influences be permitted to enter in. No clouds of fear shall dim their everlasting light; no sloth or spiritual decays shall interrupt the constancy of their immortal service; not an arrow or weapon of temptation shall ever effect an entrance through that sealed and heaven-fastened door. Infirmity, faintings, reluctance in holy duties, languishing graces, and out-dying lamps, these have no place in that new abode of theirs. They are in the temple where God is served day and night, and they shall never leave it. The door is shut.

"The door was shut." It sets forth the exclusion of the unrighteous from the privileges and glories of the eternal state. The same door which shuts in the righteous, shuts out the ungodly and the sinner. They are shut out from God—from the joy of His presence, from the sight of His glory, from fellowship with the holy angels, from all access to the Fountain of living waters, from all beholding of the Saviour's face in righteousness, and from all participation in those gifts of the Holy Ghost, which, even in heaven and in the hearts of the glorified, sustains the life

of immortality.

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"The door was shut." It points to the barring-out and cutting-off of all the avenues to repentance or return on the part of those who have neglected the great work of life while it is called to-day. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," says the wise man, "for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." The words imply that when the Bridegroom is entered in and shut the door, to them that are without every door of hope is closed; all religious opportunity is at an end. In the grave whither thou goest the mind can plan nothing, the hand can do nothing, the will can resolve nothing. The mental and moral powers, it is true, will be quickened with a new and immortal energy, but this will only be to make the soul more sensible of its loss, and to deepen the intensity of despair. No: "to him that is joined to the living there is hope." If his lamp is going out, yet it is not gone out, he is still in a working and praying world. Near as may be the approach of the Bridegroom, he has at least possibilities on his side. He has a conscience, and it may be alarmed. He has a tongue, and it may cry out. He has a heart, and it may be pierced, even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. The Spirit of the Lord is not bound; nor the arm of the Lord shortened; nor the compassions of a Saviour spent; nor the oil to trim an expiring lamp beyond the seeking, or beyond the finding. To the last moment of the Bridegroom's entering in there is hope; but not one moment afterwards. These virgins, standing outside with their spent and mocking lamps, are types of those who in death pass into that Christless world, where repentance is not, where prayer is not, where atonement is not, where the Holy Spirit is not. These were theirs so long as the door continued open. But now all the springs of Holy influence are dried up, and every agency for conversion is gone. The door is shut.

III. The last scene must be taken as part of the drapery of the parable, the proper complement of the drama, but, unlike the rest of the parable, having nothing answering to it in our present lifetime experience. "Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not." In these words we have an imaginary conversation supposed to take place in the spiritworld, such as that which in another of our Lord's discourses represents some who are excluded from the Kingdom, pleading in deprecation of a righteous sentence all that they had said and done in the Saviour's name. And in both cases the suit is rejected by the Holy Saviour, on the ground that those who thus called Him "Lord, Lord," were utter strangers to Him, that He did not know them, nor they Him. Very terrible is the application of this part of the parable, if we have rightly interpreted it. It seems to imply that one chief element of the sufferings of lost souls in the future world-one which will give a new sting to its torments, an added gloom to its blackness, fresh fuel to its undying fire-will be the fact that we shall be altogether ignored by Christ; that He whose name we had assumed, whose Gospel we had professed, whose marriage procession we had joined, should disown, reject, repudiate, be utterly ashamed of us. Oh! to think of having the words ringing in our ears through the endless ages, "Verily I say unto you, I know you not."

"Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man So ends this instructive parable; neither could our meditations upon it conclude with any more fitting application. It points the moral of all our Advent teachings, the duty of vigilance, readiness, preparedness for brief warning notes, and a sudden severance from all earthly The habit should be formed in us of looking at things as we shall look at them in that day, when the Bridegroom shall open the everlasting doors, and they who are ready shall go in with Him. And we would be ready, ready with a joyous readiness, such as when Jacob interrupted his last prophetic utterances to exclaim, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord;" or as when Simeon, having seen the one sight he had ever cared to see, said, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation;" or as when Paul, girding up his loins for the last time, and uttering aloud his last

leave-taking, said, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." We would not die hurriedly. We would have everything ready; our faith ready, our hope ready, all earthly things disposed of as orderly as were the linen clothes and the napkin in the Saviour's forsaken grave; nothing to wait for but the last summons. And when that comes, and one saith, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," we shall have our answer ready also, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

"For ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." Know not, and if we are wise we shall not seek to know. "My times are in Thy hands," said the Psalmist. And who would wish to have them in any other hands? No, we would keep our ears open to signs and

warnings. We would not see this friend and that drop out from life's activities without saying, We would not see What meaneth this to us? indications of life's rapidly contracting handbreadth, this taste and that changing, and one thing after another given up, without saving to ourselves, What meaneth this to us? For all these things have a voice. They tell us of Christ's second Advent and its possibilities. They admonish us to cultivate an expectant spirit. They bid us see in each departing year a nearer approach to the Advent crisis, whether that of the Saviour's personal coming to us, or of His sending His death-angels to bring us to Him. And this is the burden of what they all say to us, "Watch ye; for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh," Amen.

THE TAYLOR FAMILY.



HILDREN'S literature-that is to say, literature specially prepared for and suited to the comprehension of the little people-is emphatically the growth of the nineteenth century, and occupies not only a large number of artists and authors, but represents a very considerable amount of interesting and not unprofitable business. Children of all ages and both sexes have their own especial magazines; the old classics are ransacked for stories of heroes; the fathers of English poetry are brought down to the level of juvenile tastes

and powers of assimilation; science is clothed in winsome garments, adventures in all lands are told in picturesque as well as lively language, and fascinating tales, with or without a spice of love, point inevitable morals in bewildering variety and perpetually increasing number. The young folks of our time being thus richly supplied, soon read their books through, and ask eagerly for more, but perhaps hardly become as familiar with the contents as their clders did fifty years ago with those of "Evenings at Home," "Sandford and Merton," the renowned

"Peter Parley," the innocent fictions of Mrs. Shcrwood, and the poems of Jane and Ann Taylor. The latter, it may be, have now passed a little out of common sight; yet the ease and sprightliness of the versification, the healthy tone of the sentiments, and the realism of the human nature in them, make these simple lays and lyrics universal favourites with all who believe in and appreciate the good things of the past as well as those of the present moment.

The sisters who wrote them were an interesting pair, members of a family distinguished by hereditary virtues and talents, and, moreover, were among the few who, long before the question of remunerative labour for educated women attained its modern dimensions, practically solved it as a matter of everyday duty; who, in a day when feminine cultivation ran to seed in "blue-stockingism," were domestic and yet intellectual, and who were, nevertheless, in every fibre of their nature, as essentially and ideally womanly as heart could wish or poet picture. The first of the three generations who have borne and adorned the honoured name of Isaac Taylor was the grandfather of Jane and Ann, and the son of a brassfounder at Worcester, who, by some means or other, was worsted in the battle of life, and died so poor that the young man, who, after burying his parent, set out, like so many another, to seek his fortune in London, walked thither from his native city, being only able to afford half a crown for the guidance and company of the stage wagon, by the side of which lumbering vehicle he trudged every step of the way to the metropolis,

But in spite of poverty, he was no vulgar youth, and had, while learning his father's business, early shown remarkable skill in engraving crests and other devices, a talent which stood him in good stead on entering the cutlery works of Josiah Jefferys, and

finally led to his adopting art-engraving as a profession, from which stepping-stone he became a publisher of engravings, and the centre of a literary and artistic circle, among whom originated the Royal Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain, from which was developed our present Royal Academy. For many years Mr. Taylor was its secretary, and as specimens of his engravings may be mentioned illustrations of the works of Oliver Goldsmith and a large plate, called the "Flemish Collation," after Van Ostade. Like the proverbially diligent apprentice, he wooed and won for his wife his master's daughter, Sarah Hackshaw Jefferys, by whom he had several daughters and three sons, Charles, Isaac, and Josiah, the second one of whom became, in course of time, the head of the branch of the family with which we are concerned.

He seems to have been one of those who find their best pleasure, even from childhood, in serving those they love-a frame of mind which made him a species of family-fag, though it was good training for the work to which he desired to devote his life, viz., that of the ministry, a vocation which if followed aright embraces a constant service of love to all who come under its influence. Severe illness, however, frustrated this design, and rendered both mind and body incapable of a severe course of study, so that after resting and recruiting nature for a while at the then rural village of Islington, he reverted to the business he had learned from his father, throwing himself with intelligent interest into the work then in hand, which happened to be the preparation of the plates for Dr. Rees' Cyclopædia. This brought him into continual contact with the author and compiler, and to these circumstances he was wont to trace the awakening of a thirst for all kinds of knowledge, which never afterwards forsook him. At the age of twenty-two the young engraver married a girl a year older than himself, with whom he had been acquainted ever since his and her school-days. It was on the 18th of April, 1781, nearly a hundred years ago, that the bride and bridegroom entered on their new life; and it is a little curious, now that Islington is a labyrinth of streets traversed by hundreds of omnibuses and covered with a network of tram and railway lines, to read that their home was a pleasant first-floor in a dwelling standing back from the road, exactly opposite Islington Church, with vine-wreathed windows commanding a pretty view over a wide expanse of hilly country. Equally curious it is, too, to hear with what portion of worldly goods these young people ventured to set up housekeeping and brave the cares of family life. The husband had the large sum of £30 in hand, with the assured prospect of receiving half a guinea a week for three days' engraving from his brother, working the other three days on his own account, and the wife possessed £100, which were speedily invested in four pictures for Mr. Taylor to engrave, besides which her mother found the necessary furniture for the small ménage. Ann and Jane were the first-born children of their parents,

and both saw the light in "Islington so gay:" a little boy enlarged the family-circle after its removal to Red Lion Street, Holborn, and then the husband and father bethought him of getting into the country for the sake of cheapness and fresh air. The first difficulty was where to go, a dilemma from which Mr. Taylor strove to extricate himself in a somewhat original manner. The theological college at Homerton was then in the zenith of its fame, and there he made application for a list of all the ministers it had supplied to Independent congregations within a hundred miles of London. His next step was to write to each of these pastors for a few particulars about rents and prices of provisions in their respective neighbourhoods, and this led to his hearing of a good old-fashioned abode containing fifteen or sixteen rooms with a large garden, in the out-of-the-way Suffolk town of Lavenham, at the almost unheard-of rent of £6 per annum. Incredible as it may sound in these travelling times, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Taylor had ever been more than twenty miles from London in their lives, and the latter looked on the removal as complete banishment. The first few months passed drearily enough, but when the winter was over and gone, and spring awoke all creation to fresh life, her heart awoke with it, and she became so loving a disciple of nature as to have no more hankering after the town existence to which she had been accustomed, and preferred residing in the country till her dying day. She was a woman determined to be not only the housekeeper, but also the companion of her husband, and as every moment was filled up with domestic duties and the needlework necessary for her little tribe, she introduced the habit of reading aloud at meals, and thus kept her own intellect bright and well informed, besides stimulating the minds of her children. According to the modern creed this habit ought to have made the whole Taylor family martyrs to dyspepsia, by interfering with the process of digestion, but they seem to have been a healthy hearty set of youngsters, whose brains were as full of life as their bodies.

A peep into the domestic interior at Lavenham is a very pleasant one, and shows how home education may sometimes be carried on with pleasure and profit to all parties; but then it must be education of a kind calculated to expand the general faculties, diverging only into special branches in the case of peculiar talents being exhibited. The present system of preparing for examinations, or that of putting all girls through a course of music, drawing, dancing, etc., without regard to individual abilities, can, of course, be best pursued at school; but if the best part of feminine education be the fitting of our daughters for the station of life to which it has pleased God to call them, that portion of it can surely go forward better by our own firesides than in any other place. Let us peep into a commodious bow-windowed back parlour, opening on to a lawn bordered with flowering shrubs, and a large cinnamon-rose tree in a centre bed. Just where the light falls strongest, is the high

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engraver's desk, at which Isaac Taylor stands and works from early morn till late at night. On the other side of the fireplace sits the wife sewing with busy fingers, and between the two are the children's chairs and table. "Mother" has first one and then another up to read, hears the little lessons they have learned, gives Jane and Ann instruction in the mysteries of hemming and sewing, stitching and button-hole making, and ever and anon refers the young minds to "father" for information which is either out of her depth or which she thinks he will take pleasure in imparting.

But even he has not always the whole of the subject at his finger-ends, and invariably on such occasions puts down his graver and fetches the requisite volume of gazetteer or cyclopædia, reads out all that relates to it, and explains the point as he resumes his station at the desk, and works away with double energy to make up for the interruption. These are "fair seed-times of the soul," and when lessons are over, the little troop is let loose to play in the garden, or in an empty room, where they amuse themselves in the happy freedom which assists mental growth as well as physical development. Sundays are strictly kept, and yet not gloomy days, enlivened by that greatest of treats to little folks, the privilege of sitting up to supper!

The chief red-letter days of this simple yet happy existence were the fairs at Lavenham and Bury St. Edmund's, the expedition to the latter festivity being undertaken in a post-chaise, and the business transacted being that of purchasing winter clothes for the entire family. Then there were long summer afternoons and evenings, when parents and children went "gipsying" out into the woods and meadows, the mother with a favourite volume and the father with pencil and sketch-book, drawing attention to every picturesque bit of tree or gabled cottage with a cheerful, "Look ye, look ye there!"

His happy diligent life was daily begun by an hour spent in private devotion in a literal "closet" with double doors, from whence he emerged at seven o'clock to set about bread-winning for his household. Another hour was spent in the same manner between eight and nine at night, after which he sat down to supper with the partner of his joys and sorrows, and the day ended in sweet content and hallowed peace. Sickness visited both the heads of the family, but in each instance it arose from exposure to cold; and, taken altogether, their circumstances were prosperous.

In the happy retirement of Lavenham three sons, Isaac, Martin, and Jefferys, were born, and there Mr. Taylor executed the plates for an edition of Shakespeare, published by his brother, which established his reputation as an artist. Some of them were seen by Alderman Boydell, who about that time projected a great national work calculated to give employment for some years to all the painters and engravers in England, and he at once entrusted Isaac Taylor with a plate from Opic's picture of the "Death of David

Rizzio," which was so admirably executed as to obtain the gold medal of the Society of Arts, and a premium of ten guineas as the best engraving of the year. Commissions now flowed in apace; the children's play-room became the receptacle of such noble pictures as Stothard's "First Interview between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," Hamilton's "Edwy and Elgitha," and "Jaques and the Wounded Deer."

Changes, however, were at hand; the owner of the pleasant old house required it for himself, and Mr. Taylor, though loth to move, was obliged to purchase some land and cottages close by, where he erected a comfortable dwelling for his family. Two apprentices were now engaged, a printing press procured for proving, a young woman of the village taught how to work it, and a long apartment fitted up as a workroom, which had the advantage of windows running down either side. At one end of this was placed the high desk; the apprentices occupied a bench facing one set of windows, and the children, pursuing their education, sat before those which looked out in the opposite direction. But scarcely were they all settled in their new home before the Independent congregation of which Mr. Taylor had long been a deacon was unmoored by the circumstance that its pastor accepted a call to another church, and proposed his friend the engraver to the little flock he was leaving as his successor, a post for which he was in every way fitted. The majority of the members, however, were opposed to this measure; but several pulpits in the neighbourhood were thrown open to the good man, and among other places he was asked to officiate at Colchester, where a small congregation at once requested him to become their minister. He regarded it as a call from God, and speedily quitted his quiet country home, taking a small house in the quaint old town, which had the recommendation of possessing a good garden, and became very dear to the girls and boys, who were just beginning to develop distinct tastes and affections.

It was in the spring of 1796 that he was ordained to his charge; and his manner in preaching being more free and animated than was usual among his brethren at that date, he speedily became popular, though his ministerial work being exclusively confined to Sunday duties, he was still able to pursue his profitable art during the week. Ann was at this time fourteen, and Jane twelve years old, both of them highly delighted with their change of residence, and doing such credit to the training and teaching of their parents that several families in the town begged Mr. Taylor to allow their children to share the advantages of his system of education. This proposal came at an opportune moment, for the French war just then closed the foreign market for English engravings; all great artistic works had to be given up, and the only branch of the profession left open was the illustration of books on a very small scale, which numbers of young men were glad to do at almost any price. All that the newly-ordained minister could compass, making the utmost use of

his time, was to feed his many mouths, keep out of debt, and prepare his Sunday sermons. His children began to show that they inherited his talent, and both he and they pursued art and education at one and the same time. A large room adjoining the house was adapted for their needs by putting in several extra windows; and here the high desk was again placed at the upper end, while long tables ran throughout its length, at which sat the two elder boys, with their sisters, patiently mastering the details of engraving; while behind them a second range of tables was occupied during several days of each week by pupils, whose payments made a very perceptible and sorely-needed addition to the family income.

The good father, keeping his children thus around him usefully and honourably employed, felt that he was fitting them for self-support in after-life, and at the same time maintaining the bonds of domestic affection in all their warmth and fulness. His two daughters had their occupation varied by assisting their mother in domestic duties in alternate weeks, the one who was working with her father for the time being rejoicing in the appellation of Supra, while the other was called Infra. The latter was too busy during her week of housekeeping, with cooking, getting up fine linen, etc., to use her needle very much, or to follow any of her own pursuits-yet both sisters contrived to seize odd moments for writing, or, at all events, for noting down thoughts that occurred to them, for future use. Mr. Taylor had initiated among them and their young friends a species of literary society,

in which each had to furnish a monthly production, either in prose or verse, and answer in writing certain questions previously proposed. In this way their minds were kept active, and industrious habits fostered; for as they breakfasted at eight, worked either in the house or with the graving-tools till dinner (for which meal they were allowed an hour), plodded away again at business till tea, and returned to work once more till eight, it was only by rising early and persuading their parents to postpone the supper-hour till half-past nine that either reading or writing could be accomplished. The four elder children were great hands at contrivance, and managed to fit up attics and closets as separate little sanctums and retiring-rooms for themselves, where they could be undisturbed both in devotion and study; and thus busily and happily sped the time in what one of them wrote of as

That cheerful home in which we spent So many a year of young content.

It was a home, too, which the slanderous malicious gossip, so often the bane of society in small country towns, was never permitted to defile. The demon of curiosity found no resting-place there, any more than the vivid imagination which invents what it does not know of the lives of its fellows. If the merry tongues gave rather too smart sketches of their neighbours, a rap on their father's desk warned them not to go too far, and he himself, though ready enough to tell of what was good or pleasant, never spoke evil of any one.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

NICODEMUS; OR, THE ENDEAVOUR AFTER A NEW LIFE (St. John iii. 1-21).

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E now come to the consideration of one of the most interesting and significant episodes in the New Testament history—the visit of Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews, to the Lord Jesus, of which visit, paid secretly and by night, we have a detailed account preserved by the

Evangelist John.

Nicodemus was a man of very high rank among the Jews, a Pharisee of great repute for wisdom and piety, a man probably of considerable wealth and of high social position, and a member of the supreme ecclesiastical court, the Sanhedrim. A man like Nicodemus, learned, wealthy, of distinguished social position, and with such ecclesiastical connections as we have referred to, would be little likely to regard with favour, still less to embrace with unreasoning eagerness and credulity, a new religion like that Gospel of the Kingdom which was preached by Jesus of Nazareth

—a religion which, so far as it had attracted their attention at all, was regarded with contempt or hatred by the men with whom he was accustomed to associate. Though many of the poor and illiterate were being favourably impressed by the teaching of the young Nazarene, the wealthy and learned—persons of social, political, and ecclesiastical distinction, however secretly interested, stood aloof from the new movement in a spirit of angry resentment, or with the appearance of disdainful indifference.

It is likely, however, that before paying this night-visit, to which we shall presently refer, the mind of Nicodemus had been powerfully exercised concerning the character and claims of the young Rabbi. Jesus was at this time beginning to attract very general attention to Himself, and was becoming increasingly the theme of conversation and discussion. There can be no doubt that Nicodemus and his ecclesiastical associates had been for some time narrowly

watching the career of the young Teacher, and they had probably made careful inquiries as to His antecedents and relationships. Nicodemus himself may have been, and in all likelihood was, old enough to have in distinct recollection the excitement caused in Jerusalem by the visit of the Magi, who came inquiring for the new-born King of the Jews whose star they had seen in the East, and it must have come to his knowledge that the young Child they looked for was discovered by them as a new-born babe in Bethlehem, the very place where the Chief Priests and Scribes had assured Herod that the Messiah was to be born. Nicodemus might possibly have been one of that company of doctors in the Temple who were so much impressed by the wise answers of the Child Jesus. He must have known how, in the later part of the ministry of John the Baptist, the attention of men was directed to this new and greater Teacher, and we may gather from his own confession that not only had his attention and that of the other members of the Sanhedrim been directed to the miraculous works of Jesus, but that he and they had been brought to the conclusion, which they would be most reluctant to express, that these works could only have been wrought by one who was divinely assisted. "Rabbi," says Nicodemus, "we know"-he speaks for others as well as for himself-"we know that Thou art a Teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest except God be with him."

Taking Nicodemus to be not only an intelligent and well-informed man, but also a conscientious man, we can scarcely conceive of this degree of interest being excited without its leading to some more careful inquiry. Before he went to Jesus that night, it must have been a very serious question with him as to whether this Jesus were the Messiah—the Christ—or not; whether he were, or not, that very Lamb of God, who was to take away, by bearing it, the sin of the world. We can easily imagine that a very severe and painful struggle had been going on for some time in the mind of Nicodemus. We shall not be representing him as worse than other men, if we suppose that he was at first unwilling to be convinced. He must have seen what he would be called on to relinquish, or risk, did he proclaim himself a follower of Jesus; and it cannot be to us a matter of surprise that he should only very slowly, and with much hesitation, have approached the Teacher of these new doctrines, which, while they were gladly received by many of the common people, were viewed with much jealousy and distrust, and even with feelings of positive antagonism, by all the more influential classes of Judæa.

After a long conflict between the fear of man and the desire for truth, he resolves to go to Jesus—but secretly, and under cover of night. The narrative of St. John commences with much

apparent abruptness. "There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews. the same came to Jesus by night, and said unto Him, Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." though it at first seems to stand apart, and by itself, we are able, without much difficulty, to link it on to the previous narrative. We have already noticed how the attention of the Jewish public was directed to Jesus by John the Baptist; and we know how Jesus, having been baptised by John, entered upon His appointed ministry, and very speedily attracted general attention to Himself by the words He uttered, and the marvels of mercy and might which He performed. first miracle was wrought at the wedding in Cana of Galilee. Shortly after this, the Jews' Passover being at hand, Jesus went up to Jerusalem, that He might keep the feast. He seems to have tarried some time in Jerusalem, and to have wrought there several miracles, the result of which was that many believed in His name. But their faith seems not to have been genuine, for we are told that Jesus, knowing what was in man, did not entrust Himself to those who seemed at first so ready to espouse His cause and become His followers. But while some were the subjects of merely ill-grounded and transient excitement, others were provoked, by listening to Christ's words, and by witnessing His miracles, to make further inquiries; and with the view of making us acquainted with perhaps the most illustrious member of this class of sincere and genuine truth-seekers, the Evangelist introduces us to the Jewish Rabbi, Nicodemus. He has, during the stay of Jesus in Jerusalem, been listening to His words, and watching His works, so far as He could do so without compromising His official dignity, or awakening the suspicion that he was about to become a follower of the Nazarene. He has been affected by the words of Christ as he has been by no words to which he has previously listened. Some of the deepest feelings of his nature have been stirred, and some of his firmest beliefs have been shaken to their foundation. He has been brought up with the idea that he was a member by birth of the theocratic kingdom, and, as a descendant of Abraham, he was ready to claim as his right all the privileges of that kingdom; and he probably thought that Jesus, who though popular as a teacher, was a man of no social position, would gladly welcome so distinguished an inquirer as himself, even though he should manifest some false shame in choosing this secret method of approach. But we cannot avoid noticing, that while our Saviour did not repel Nicodemus, who was still marked by too great a degree of Jewish pride and self-sufficiency, the whole tendency of this discourse was to humble him, and to convince him that if he is to enter

the Kingdom at all, it must be, not as a great and distinguished Rabbi, but as a little child. And so the Lord Jesus begins at the beginning, with the necessity of the new birth.

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Nicodemus does not seem to come to Christ on any special errand; he knows, he feels that he wants something, but he does not precisely know what he wants; though in difficulty, he is not in a position to formulate his difficulties; and though he comes seeking information, he cannot do so by proposing a series of carefully-prepared questions. Finding himself in the presence of the Master, his self-possession utterly fails him; he had probably determined beforehand what he would say, in what manner he would address Jesus. He says, "Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him," and there he stops; he has no further word to add. This much-experienced man, accustomed to control others, and to have his utterances received with respect and deference, now stands like a shamefaced child, in utter and helpless confusion, before the young Nazarene. It is a moment of emotional excitement, a crisis in spiritual life, when feelings are stirred for the expression of which language is inadequate-

> For words are weak, and most to seek When wanted fifty-fold, And then if silence will not speak, The trembling lip and changing cheek, There's nothing told.

Thus broken down, with an unaccustomed sense of helplessness, by his very failure to express himself, by his evident confusion, he makes a nute appeal to the compassion of the Lord, and throws himself upon His kindly consideration. Jesus at once responds to that appeal, interprets his difficulty, and shows Himself ready to minister to his need, and though we cannot gather what was the position of Nicodemus from what he says himself, we get some insight into both his character and difficulties by considering the way in which our Saviour dealt with this ruler in Israel.

As we have already seen, it was probably his difficulties concerning the Kingdom of God, awakened by what he had heard from Christ, which led him to pay this visit. We can imagine how an intelligent and conscientious Jew, brought up as Nicodemus had been, would listen to some of the utterances of the Lord concerning the Kingdom, utterances which were not only inconsistent with, but subversive of many of the opinions he had been accustomed to entertain. and many of the hopes he had most fondly cherished. He must have felt that the Kingdom of God of which Jesus spake, was certainly not the same kingdom he had been thinking of; and instead of being able to continue in the belief, in which he had so long comfortably rested, that

interest in and relationship to this kingdom was a mere question of hereditary descent, he was beginning to see that it might after all depend, as this new Teacher so plainly declared it did depend, on moral and spiritual character, and, having got so far, he could scarcely avoid asking the farther question, as to whether he was distinguished by those moral and spiritual characteristics which the Lord Jesus insisted on as indispensably necessary. He had no doubt about his Abrahamic descent. about his faithful and exact observance of all that was required by the law and custom of the Jewish religion, and had even more been required in the way of outward and formal observance, he would have at least endeavoured to meet the requisition. But this new Teacher leads him into a different and higher sphere, and the questions raised by His teaching relate not to the outward forms of religious worship and life, but to the state and condition of the heart before God, matters that lie entirely beyond the reach of such rules as he had been hitherto seeking to observe. And as he thought of these things, the question could not fail to come home to him as to whether he, the learned Rabbi and scrupulous Pharisee, were after all within the limits of the Divine Kingdom. And what if, after all, he should be found without rather than within that Kingdom! That dread possibility had been suggested by some of the words which had fallen from the lips of the young Teacher, and from John the Baptist. What if God should raise up out of stones, in the most unlikely way, and of the most unlikely material, children unto Abraham! What if, after all, the Kingdom be filled with strangers, who come crowding from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, while the children of the Kingdom are shut out, selfexcluded!

We cannot wonder if in these circumstances uneasy, uncomfortable feelings arose in the mind of Nicodemus, and troublesome questions clamoured for a reply. He must have felt that he could not of himself meet the requirements which were insisted on by the Lord Jesus as indispensable; and with this sense of inability pressing upon him, what is he to do? He goes to Jesus, he stands there before Him in silent confusion, the subject of difficulties he could not express, not daring to state in so many words his fear that he was, after many years of self-deception, without the Kingdom, and not caring, perhaps, so far to humble himself as to plainly ask at the outset how he might gain admission, though that was really the unuttered question of his heart.

Our Saviour at once recognising what was his true position, deals with him with great faithfulness, and clearly points out what his real need is. He needs—it is the need of every human soul—he needs to be regenerated, born again, born from above. Jesus said unto him, "Verily, verily, I

-a new creation.

say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." He has thus set before him at the very outset the absolute, the indispensable necessity of the new birth. The statement is made in such a form as to convince him that this is a universal necessity. Of every man, whatever his character, whatever his condition—it may be said, he must be born again if he is to enter, if even he is to see the Kingdom of God; and this general form of expression is adopted that Nicodemus may be convinced that he must be born again, that he must be sorn again, that he must be spoken of as a new birth

Nicodemus, though a learned man, and well versed in all the mysteries of the Jewish religion, is staggered by this statement of Jesus as to the absolute necessity of the new birth, and he at once expresses his incredulous surprise-it seems to him impossible that any such change should take place, "How can a man be born again when he is old?" he inquires; "can he enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born ?" Our Saviour, in reply to this inquiry, re-states in a more express and detailed manner the necessity of the new birth on which he had previously insisted, and reminds Nicodemus that in this, as in many other things, though the process may be incomprehensible, the result may be perfectly intelligible. "Jesus answered, verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." We cannot see the wind, but we can see and appreciate its effects. We cannot see the Spirit, nor understand or explain the mode of His operation, but we can experience ourselves and witness in others the results of that operation. Nicodemus, still unconvinced, again states his difficulty, and says, in his confusion and perplexity, "How can these things be?" Upon which Jesus expresses His astonishment at the ignorance of one who was a master of Israel; and insisting on His own qualification to teach these divine and heavenly things, He passes on, and preaches to Nicodemus in the plainest manner the Gospel of the Kingdom, and He sets forth the way of life and salvation by means of the familiar example of the brazen serpent. We must all see how this part of Christ's teaching fits in with what goes beforeour Saviour in His previous conversation with Nicodemus has been impressing on him the fact that what he needs is not a modification of that natural and fleshly life which we have from our

first birth, but a new, a divine, a spiritual life, which dates from our second birth; and the difficulty of the Jewish ruler was this-that he did not see how that new life was to be obtained. The first unuttered question of Nicodemus was, How am I to enter the Kingdom? The reply of Christ was that he must have a new life-be born again-become a new creature in order to do so. His second question was, How am I to obtain, to become possessed of this new and better life? And our Saviour answers that question by directing his attention to a well-known fact in Jewish history, and by revealing to him the typical, the spiritual significance of that fact. He tells him that as the Israelites got healing and life by looking at the brazen serpent which Moses set up, so he must obtain healing and life by believing in the Son of Man as lifted up. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

We see then that the great design of Jesus is to make known unto Nicodemus the way of life, the way of salvation, and He does this by referring to the historical fact with which the Jewish Rabbi must have been perfectly familiarthe healing of the serpent-bitten Israelites in the wilderness. With the circumstances of the case we are not less familiar. We all know how, in consequence of their sins, the Lord sent upon the camp of Israel a plague of fiery serpents, by which large numbers of the people were bitten. For this poisonous bite there was no human, earthly cure; nothing could be done by them to alleviate their sufferings or save their lives. In this extremity Moses was directed to make an image of the serpent, and set it on a pole in the sight of all the people, that they might look upon it and live; and we are told that Moses, in obedience to this Divine command, made "a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole: and it came to pass that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived." This remarkable incident in the history of Israel, our Saviour here refers to that He may make plain to Nicodemus the purpose of His mission to our world, and the design contemplated by God in His sacrificial death. As the brazen serpent was lifted up in the sight of the serpentbitten and dying Israelites, even so-our Saviour here assures the Jewish ruler, and with evident allusion to His own death on the cross-even so must the Son of Man be lifted up in the sight of perishing sinners, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. The great idea, then, which is here set forth is this: That as there was no life or healing for the Israelites but by looking at the brazen serpent, so there is no life or healing for the sinner but by believing in Christ.

We are not told by the Evangelist in what way Nicodemus was affected by this simple but impressive exhibition of Gospel truth. We may, however, not unreasonably conclude that he went down to his house justified and rejoicing. he was led to look to Jesus for life and salvation we may gather from the subsequent allusions to him that we meet with in this very Gospel. St. John, who so minutely records this first and secret visit paid by the Jewish ruler to Jesus, brings him into view twice again, on each occasion significantly reminding us that it is the same Nicodemus "which at the first came to Jesus by night." Nor need it be to us a matter of surprise that the Evangelist should emphasise this fact, for it must occur to us all as worthy of note that this same man who, in his first approach to Jesus was so timid and hesitant, shunning observation and remark, should afterwards in so brave and true-hearted a manner be ready to place himself on the side of Jesus, when

selfish reasons for maintaining secrecy and silence must have been much more numerous and powerful. But in the joy of finding Christ he was lifted above the fear of man, and he, who is introduced to us at first as the timid inquirer, stands before us at last as the bold confessor. On two different occasions does he seek to render service to Christ-first, by interposing in His behalf in the Council, and finally, in conjunction with Joseph of Arimathæa, in obtaining possession of the body of Jesus, and securing for it honourable burial. Let us then learn from this fragmentary history of Nicodemus, who "at first came to Jesus by night," but who afterwards confesses Him in the council and at the cross, that the same Lord, who encourages us in our first timid approaches, will impart to the weakest believer grace to make that open and appropriate confession which He expects and requires from all who know and love That shrinking regard for Christ, which, in doubt of itself, at first seeks the cover of night, will at last, with its fuller assurance and deepening experience of His love, not shun the blaze of day.

LITTLE JACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TWO GARRETS."

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CHOUGH only seven years of age, the boy had the face and figure of a decrepit old man. Deep lines of pain and suffering were in his pale countenance, and his deformed spine had bent him as though with the weight of many years. Yet,

pitiful as was his appearance, his disposition was so sweet and gentle that every one liked him. Little Jack, as he was called, always had the best place in the Mission School, and every boy there was glad of the chance to help the poor hunchback with his little crutch up or down the stairs.

These boys themselves were ordinary specimens of East London boyhood-dirty, shrewd, cunning, and fond of mischief. They attended the school chiefly because it was better than the streets, and there were occasional treats for the scholars, and they would immediately be up to all sorts of pranks if the lesson were in the least dull or prosy, yet would listen with open eyes and open mouths when it was to their liking. And it generally was, for Mr. Percival, the curate, who taught them, not only had a very graphic manner of describing Bible subjects and illustrating Bible truths, but had made a thorough study of the boys' different tastes and peculiarities, and endeavoured that his teaching should meet each lad's particular wants.

On this dull November afternoon, while the rain was drearily beating against the windows of the dingy room, the clergyman was telling the boys how Elijah the Tishbite was taken up to heaven in a

chariot of fire. Every rough head was moved forward, every grimy face lifted to his, every tongue perfeetly still, and a kind of hush rested on every boy, as the teacher very vividly described that wonderful story. Step by step he took the boys in imagination from Gilgal to Bethel, and from Bethel to Jericho, and showed them the two dark-bearded men in their wild dress of camel's hair descending the banks of the Jordan. He described how one of them loosened the mantle from his shoulders, and wrapping it together, with it smote the waters, which instantly dividing left a clear path through the bed of the river, over which the prophets walked dry-shod. He depicted them travelling on in earnest conversation along the fields on the other side, until without warning or preparation a chariot of fire and horses of fire came cleaving the clouds from the sky above them, and parting them asunder, Elijah was lifted into the chariot, and conveyed by the golden steeds up through the blue firmament into the kingdom of heaven, and Elisha, catching the cloak as it fell from his departing master, and crying, "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" was left alone.

Then in a few sentences he told them how, hundreds of years before this, there was another man, named Enoch, who lived in such friendship with God, that God would not let him die like other men, but took him as he was to heaven; and he said-

"Boys, both Elijah and Enoch loved God, and so were prepared for heaven; and though there will be no chariot of fire come for you, but you will all have to die, and be put in the grave, yet, while you will not leave the world as they left it, you may leave it for the same place; you can have the love for God they had, and so reach the same home to which they have gone. And, after all, it is of more consequence how we live in the world than how we go from it."

He was continuing in this strain, when suddenly one of the boys called out-

"Little Jack's a-crvin', sir."

All eyes were instantly turned on the little fellow, who was seen to be weeping bitterly, and to be in great distress; but before Mr. Percival could open his lips to inquire the reason of the boy's grief, the lad who had spoken, and who was known by the name of Jerry, put his arm affectionately round Jack's neck, drew the little head on to his shoulder, and said kindly, "Wot's the matter, old chap? Cheer up, and tell us about it,"

"Yes, Jack," the clergyman said, "we all want to

know why you are crying."

Jack had been trying to hide his tears, and therefore looked very nervous when these questions were asked him; but presently, emboldened by the boys' and teacher's friendly faces, he answered-

"I wos cryin', sir, 'cos I thought it wos such a pity God doesn't send the shinin' chariot down for all on us, 'stead of our havin' to be buried in a dark hole!"

"Ah!" interrupted Jerry, who had still got his arm round the boy's neck, "that's a wery good idea, Jack. Them there graves gives me the shivers."

But Jack continued-"Yer see, sir, my sister Polly died a little while ago. She was a flowerseller, sir-'Roses all a blowin' and a growin', you know, sir-and they brought a ugly black box from the work'us-I think they call it a corfin-

"So they does, Jack," again interposed Jerry.

"And they put her in it," Jack resumed, "and when the lid wos screwed down, I cried wery much to think that her as wos allus so kind to me, wos shut up in such a nasty thing. It was a wery wet day when the paupers come for her; wetter than this," and Jack glanced at the rain that was still pattering against the glass; "and we follered 'em through the dirty streets till we come to a graveyard as wos choke-full o' graves, and wos the mis'rablest place as ever I see; and when we stood round the deep hole as they'd dug, and they put the box down in it, and covered it with the earth, I couldn't help a-thinkin' it wos wery strange as there wos no nicer way for my sister Polly, as wos a wery good gal, wot loved Jesus 'cos He loved her-so I know'd she'd gone to heavento get to that beautiful place 'cept by bein' put in the box and buried. I hadn't hear'd about Elijah then, so I thought everybody had had to be buried. And I ain't well myself, sir; my back hurts me so bad, reg'lar doubles me up, sir, sometimes, and I don't think I shall live wery long; and it makes me afear'd when I thinks as how they'll bury me in a dark hole; but though I don't want to be put in no dark hole at all, yet if I has to be, I hopes they'll put

me in the same one along of Polly, cos we loved each other wery much when she wos alive. We wos allus wery good friends, and I know she'd like it. I s'pose you're quite sure, sir," and here Jack's voice was very plaintive in its tone, and his eyes looked wistfully into the teacher's face, "as the chariot wot took that 'ere man up without his bein' put in no black box, and no hole, never has come for anybody else, or that God ain't got a little 'un as He sends for small chaps like me?"

During the whole time he was speaking the lads had sat gazing at their little companion with a kind of awe, and more than one of them had hastily brushed away from his eyes those signs of moisture that boys are so ashamed of showing. As he finished, they all eagerly turned to the curate for his answer to Jack's touching questions.

They had not listened more intently or been more deeply moved by the little fellow's simple words than Mr. Percival had himself, and it was therefore in rather a husky voice that he answered-

"Yes, Jack, it is quite true that the chariot has never come for any one but Elijah; yet, as I have often told you, God has given every boy an angel, who has to take care of him, and try in every way to keep him from evil; and if the boy has loved Jesus, though his body will have to be buried in the ground when he dies, his angel will take his soul to heaven to live with Jesus for ever. And if you should die, little Jack, your angel will take youthat is, the part of you that thinks and loves; I mean your soul-to 'the home over there,' of which we so often sing, and then you really won't mind your body being put in the coffin, for you will have lost the power of feeling, your soul having left it to dwell with Jesus,"

Jack looked most astonished, as he asked-

"Do yer mean to say, sir, as, when I die, I shan't feel I'm shut up in a box, and buried?"

"No, Jack," his teacher replied, "for you won't be in the box. It will only be the little earthly house -your body-in which your soul has lived that will be put there. If you love Jesus, as I think you do, you will be in heaven."

The boy seemed to catch the clergyman's meaning, and the gloom and sorrow left his brow, while he said, with a smile-

"Then it's all right, sir; and I think a angel is as good as a chariot."

Jack was not in his place on the next Sunday, and certain words from the Old Book came sorrowfully to Mr. Percival's remembrance, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty," as Jerry said to him in a very sad tone-

"Little Jack wants to see you to-day, sir, for he's wery ill. I don't think he 'll ever be in school any more, for it looks as if the angel was coming for him

When he had dismissed his class that afternoon, the clergyman went to the poor room where Jack lived. The door was opened by the boy's mother, who wept bitterly as she said—

"He's going fast, sir; he's been asking for you all day."

The little sufferer was lying in the bed in a kind of doze; and as Mr. Percival looked at him he saw at once that his life was ebbing quickly away. But though the thin face was paler than ever, and every minute its muscles were contracted through intense pain, yet, between each attack, such a calm happy

wuss than usual, but so low, as I don't think mother can hear him—'Never mind, little Jack, never mind; it'll soon be over. We've got the chariot a-waitin', and we'll take you now, wery soon, Jack, wery soon.' Can't you see 'em, sir?" he asked eagerly, and pointing as he spoke to the broken window-panes; "there they all are, jist outside the winder—the horses, and the chariot, and the angels!"

"No, Jack," the clergyman replied, "I can't see them, but I expect they are there, if you can."



"Jerry put his arm affectionately round Jack's neck."-p. 568.

look came over it, that the clergyman thought if the old prophet's question had been put to him—"Is it well with the child?"—he would have answered, without hesitation, and without doubt, "It is well."

Presently the eyes opened, and as the teacher stooped to kiss the boy on the forehead, Jack gently put his thin fingers on his friend's hand, and motioning him to keep his head bent low, whispered—

"I'm glad you've come so soon, sir, for I think the angel you wos a-tellin' me about 'll want me to-day. But you wos wrong, sir, about the chariot," he added earnestly, "for all the night long, and all the day, I've seen a golden chariot, and the horses and the angels a-waitin' for me by the winder there, and the angel as you said wos my angel, keeps a-comin' to me and whisperin', when the pain in my back is

"Oh! yes, sir," and Jack nodded his head on the pillow, "I can see them quite plain, and I ain't afear'd now of the black box and the hole in the graveyard (and I'd like to be put along o' Polly), 'cos I know the angels 'll take my soul to heaven. I'm sure I'm goin' there, sir," and again his voice was firmer and his eyes brightened. "It wos wery good o' the Lord Jesus to come and die for us, and as I love Him, I know He'll let me live along of Him."

As he uttered the last word, almost a celestial brightness rested on his face, and his voice had a ringing gladness in it, as he cried—

"But the horses and the chariot and the angels are a-comin' through the winder now to take me home! Good-bye, sir! Good-bye, mother!"

And the soul of little Jack was lifted into the

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golden chariot, and the bent poor little body was lying without a movement in the bed.

As the mother and the clergyman stood gazing on all that was left of little Jack, Mr. Percival forgot the

squalor and dirt of the wretched room, and said, solemnly, with a reverent inclination of his head—

"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

"WHAT SHALL THIS MAN DO?"

BY THE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., HON. CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, AND VICAR OF WINKFIELD,



E are taught by St. Paul that it was for this end that Christ "died and rose, and revived—that He might be Lord both of the dead and living" (Rom. xiv. 9). In

and living" (Rom. xiv. 9). In the answer returned by our Lord to St. Peter's inquiry respecting his brother Apostle St. John, we have a striking illustration afforded of the meaning of these words. In that answer, our Lord advances His own claim, as the Son our Man, to exercise absolute control over life and death, and all things thereto appertaining; in other words, we trace in His reply to St. Peter's inquiry respecting the destiny of St. John, the germ of His own later annunciation to the beloved Apostle himself, when in vision He laid His right hand upon him and said to him, "Fear not; I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."

The narrative itself may be told in few words. Thrice had Peter denied his Lord, and Christhaving first thrice tested the love of his penitent and sorrowful disciple—restored to him his forfeited commission, and thrice enjoined him to feed the sheep and the lambs of His flock. Having thus instructed him what he was to do for his Master, our Lord proceeded to forewarn him what things he must suffer for His sake; and whilst predicting as his future lot a martyr's death, He sustained him by the prospect of a martyr's crown. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not. This spake He," the Evangelist adds, "signifying by what death

he should glorify God."

Already had the restoration of the eager and hitherto self-confident Apostle been thrice confirmed—by the second miraculous draught of fishes, by the threefold charge to feed the lambs and sheep of the flock, and by the assurance involved in the prediction of the manner of his death, that he should continue faithful to the end. And now it remained only that on the occasion of Christ's third appearance to His disciples after His resur-

rection, the call to St. Peter to follow Him should. for the third time, be solemnly renewed. The first call had fallen on the ears of Simon when he was found by his brother Andrew, and when, as he stood on the banks of the Jordan, he was first permitted to behold the Lamb of God. was yet more solemnly and expressly repeated on the shore of the lake of Galilee, when, on the occasion of the first miraculous draught of fishes, the two sons of Jonas were invited to become habitual attendants upon our Lord (St. Luke v. 10 11). And now, for the last time, and again on the banks of the same Sea of Galilee, the call was to be once more and finally renewed-"And when He had spoken this, He saith unto him, follow Me" (St. John xxi. 19). These words, which were spoken directly to St. Peter, were overheard by St. John, who appears to have regarded them as addressed equally to himself, and who, together with St. Peter, at once began to follow Christ. "Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do?"* It is not for us to determine with certainty what were the motives which prompted St. Peter's inquiry respecting the destiny of his fellow-Apostle. When we remember how closely these two disciples had been associated during our Lord's earthly ministry, we seem justified in regarding the inquiry as prompted rather by strong motives of affection than, as some have thought, by rising emotions of jealousy. Be this as it may, the reply of our Lord is fraught with the same lesson to us as it was designed to convey to St. Peter-"Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee ? Follow thou Me" (ibid., ver. 22).

Much labour has been bestowed upon the endeavour to show in what sense St. John—the last of the apostolic band—lived to realise the fulfilment of these words, and to witness the "coming" of his Lord. Now, inasmuch as there appears to have been a sense in which the three Apostles Peter, James, and John had already witnessed the coming of the Kingdom of God, on the Mount of Transfiguration (St. Mark ix. 1—10), it is quite possible that these words may have had a primary reference to some other foreshadowing of the advent, which St. John alone was designed to

^{*} The words may be rendered, "Lord, and this man, what concerning him?"

witness. And, inasmuch as he alone of the original Twelve appears to have outlived the destruction of Jerusalem, it is quite possible that our Lord's words may have been intended to denote that, whereas it was appointed for St. Peter, as it was for St. James, to perish by an earlier and a violent death, St. John was destined to continue for a longer period upon the earth, and to witness that great outpouring of wrath upon the city of Jerusalem, which was selected by our Lord Himself as a type of the final consummation.

But whether there be any such reference as this in our Lord's reply to St. Peter, or whether the reference to a survival until the advent be simply conditional—as the words employed, "If I will," may be fairly understood to denote—the permanent lessons to the Church stand out with equal clearness, and are enforced with equal cogency.

I. These words teach us Christ's absolute sovereignty alike over life, with its ceaseless and countless changes, and over death, in its varied forms, and attended by its unchanging realities. Though ever restrained and controlled by a higher power, nevertheless, so grievous was the thraldom which death exercised over the saints of the older dispensation, that it is expressly declared concerning them that "through fear of death, they were all their lifetime subject to bondage" (Heb. ii. 15). This thraldom was broken by the death and by the resurrection of Christ. Through death He destroyed him that had the power of death, and by His resurrection from the grave He opened for man the gates of everlasting life. Abundant evidence is afforded in the Gospel of St. John, in the Acts of the Apostles, in the Epistles, and yet more fully in the Apocalypse, how entirely the character of death was changed in its aspect towards the believer by the resurrection of Christ. On the very morning of the Resurrection-as though to denote that the gloom of death was thenceforth dispelled—angels were found as tenants of the deserted tomb. To Stephen, the first martyr—before he sank beneath the fury of his murderers, and "fell asleep" beneath his winding-sheet of stones—there was given a glorious vision of the mansions prepared for his reception, and of the Saviour who was waiting to receive him into them. St. Paul could enumerate death, as well as life, as included in the charter of the believer's privileges; and alike in the more distant anticipation of the time of his departure hence, and in its actual approach, he was enabled to rejoice in hope of the glory which was about to be revealed.

St. John, both in his Gospel and in the Apocalypse, delights to dwell upon the triumphant prospects of the future which the Gospel opens out to the believer. In the one, Christ is represented as the resurrection and the life, and

His own promise is again and again repeated, "I will raise him up at the last day;" whilst, in the other, the perfection and the permanence of the victory which was achieved over death and the grave are graphically delineated, and the sorrows and the sufferings of time give place to the enduring realities of the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness,

And it is in virtue of the victory thus won by the Incarnate Mediator, that death ceases to be Satan's minister, and becomes to the believer Christ's messenger. By His power the souls of His people are upholden in life so long as there is work to be done by them on earth, so long as their faith needs to be tried, their love for Christ deepened, and their growth in holiness matured: and, at His sovereign will, when, and where, and how He in love and wisdom sees fit, they are summoned to cease from their labours and to enter into their rest-to leave a world in which, not having seen their Lord, they have loved Him, and to enter into one in which they shall for ever realise the fulness of His promise, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be."

II. The answer returned to the inquiry of St. Peter respecting the destiny of his fellow-Apostle is fraught with further lessons both of warning and of instruction to ourselves. Those who are engaged in business are tempted to make haste to be rich, and in the eager pursuit of riches they are tempted to employ the "false balance" and the "scant measure," to "oppress the hireling in his wages," and to "turn aside the stranger from his right." A form of temptation yet more common to men is to regard themselves as the proprietors rather than as the stewards of the good things which they possess, to forget that the gold and the silver are the Lord's, and that He requires of those to whom He has entrusted them that they should be "rich in good works," "ready to distribute, and willing to communicate." And when conscience tells such that they have sinned, they are wont to stifle their convictions by pleading the example of others, and they seek to dispel their apprehensions by the reflection that they are doing that which all around them do, forgetful of that law which Christ has imposed upon all His followers and which is contained in those words of caution and of admonition which He addressed to St. Peter-"What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

The same plea is yet more commonly urged in defence of conformity to the prevailing customs of the world, where those customs are inconsistent with the mind and will of Christ. There is scarcely any breach of the divine laws, which is not openly or secretly justified by an appeal to the prevailing maxims and customs of the world, and to the laws, as they are called, of the society in which men live. The lavish expenditure of

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money, extravagance in dress, a prodigal waste of time, indulgence in vain and frivolous pursuits, the reading of books of a licentious character, in which the violation of the laws of God and of man is glossed over, or represented in attractive colours—all these are justified by an appeal to the standard which the world has erected for its votaries, in direct contravention of that which Christ has proposed to His followers, and in disregard of the solemn appeal which our Lord has addressed through St. Peter to all who call themselves the disciples of the same Master—"What is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

It would be vain to attempt to expound in its length and breadth the rule laid down for Christ's followers in these words. Like all the other commandments of the Great Teacher, it is "exceeding broad," but, like them, it is also a plain and simple commandment; and to those who love their Lord it is "not grievous" in its require-

ments.

But what, it will be asked, are the present, and what will be the future results of obedience to the law which is thus imposed ? What is the lot of those who seek to observe it here, and what will be the portion of those who shall be found to have walked in accordance with it hereafter?

Now the answer to the first part of this inquiry is thus expressed in the words of an ancient

Greek hymn-

If I find Him, if I follow, What His guerdon here? Many a sorrow, many a labour, Many a tear.

But if the answer to the first of these inquiries is thus rightly returned, not less faithfully do we find the second inquiry answered in the language of the same hymn—

If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? Sorrow vanquished, labour ended, Jordan past.

The choice, then, is between sin and its pleasures

here, and death as its wages hereafter; or the cross, with its present pangs, and heaven as its future reward.

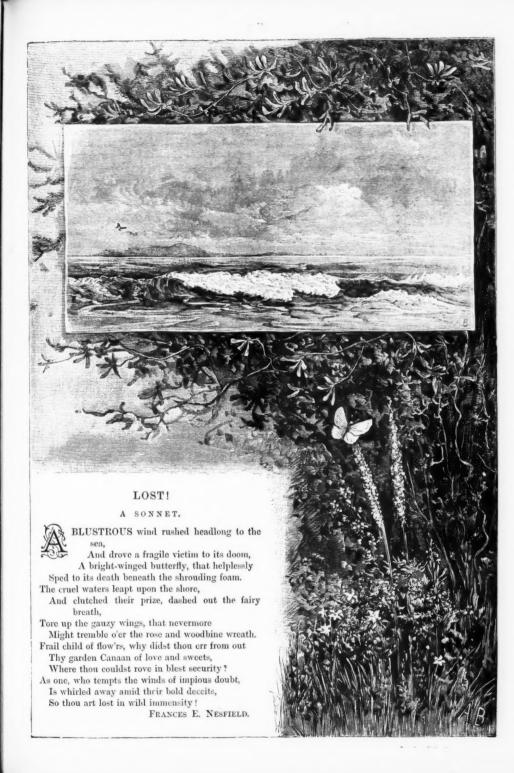
Not, indeed, that the pathway of the cross is a dark or a cheerless pathway, in the life which now is. "He that followeth Me," Christ has said, "shall not walk in darkness; but he shall have the light of life." And surely, that man's lot cannot be a hard lot, nor his portion a cheerless portion, who has a safe refuge in all his trials, a sure defence in all his dangers, in all his sorrows and sufferings a High Priest, who is touched by the feeling of his infirmities. And yet further, that man's lot must be a happy lot, who feels that here he is but a pilgrim, and who has heaven before him as his home; whose treasure is laid up above, and who knows that soon he shall enter into its possession.

Lastly, Christ's answer to St. Peter's inquiry concerning St. John may be regarded as expressing, not hypothetically, but positively, His will concerning each and all of His followers; and that will is that they should "tarry" till He comes. It may be His will concerning some of those who are now living upon the earth, that they should continue in the flesh until their Lord's return, and that being changed, without falling asleep, their eyes should behold His glory. Or it may be their Master's will concerning them, as the event proved that it was concerning St. John, that having patiently waited for His advent, and having witnessed the near tokens of His return, they should fall asleep in the Lord, and awake

at the Archangel's trump.

Be this as it may, the assurance belongs to those who are Christ's, that in life and in death they are secure. They who can say with St. Paul, "For me to live is Christ," can with him rejoice in the assurance that "to die" must be "gain." The life which they now live in the flesh is a life of faith upon the Son of God, and they know that when Christ, who is their Life, shall appear, they also shall appear with Him in glory





SHORT ARROWS.

LITTLE PRISONERS.

JMANE and sensitive people are occasionally shocked at the sentences which are pronounced against some juvenile offenders for very trifling misdemeanours. But there can be no doubt that for one such case reported there are many which never come before the public: and our readers will be shocked to learn that during last year no less than 6,810 boys and girls under sixteen years old were committed to prison, Of these little prisoners, 720 were under twelve years of age. That such commitals are a great mistake we can readily believe; and they are universally condemned by all the prison officers who have been consulted on the subject. The testimony of one official is worth quoting to show how great is the mistake:- "Of the children who have been in this prison during the past ten years many are now in penal servitude."

Nor is this to be wondered at. At such ages children are peculiarly sensitive to surrounding influences and the associations of a prison. The brand of crime is indelibly stamped upon the young mind, the corrupt teachings of the society into which the young criminal is almost necessarily cast when he leaves the gaol lead him to further sin, and before long he begins to regard a conviction as an incident merely in his daily life. No one who has not seen it can realise the misery of a child in prison for the first time-"crowding in the corner of the cell, and crying for his mother," But next time he enters the prison with a hardened feeling. The fear of the gaol is gone. The gloss of innocence is dimmed, and acclimatisation has begun. The system of sending children to gaol is condemned by prison officials. Will not fathers and mothers unite in the work of reformation, and endeavour to have the system altered? Incarceration does not do any good. It is not deterrent. The real root of the evil is in the parents, not in the children; bad example and neglect are the true causes of juvenile crime. Reformatories are the proper places for young criminals. but boys who have been in prison should not be permitted to enter those places in which "first convictions" are being reformed. Such imports from a gaol bring in a taint which will not be easily eradicated. We hope that magistrates will bear in mind the evil seed that may be unwittingly sown even in the apparently lenient sentences imposed upon young offenders against the law they administer.

A CURIOUS CONVERT.

A man who has become a god is called *Swami* by Fakirs. A certain Brahmin, called Gungadhur, aspired to this title, and after going through a series

of hardships to qualify himself, was rewarded by the title, and was worshipped as a deity. He paid no attention to the missionaries who preached in his hearing, and was looked upon as hardened, till one day a native Christian gave him a copy of the New Testament, and induced him to read it. By this he was converted, and now this Swami, this supposed god, preaches the one true God to his fellow-men. Such practical testimony to the truth will do much lasting good, and will bring many to confess Christ.

A CITY MISSION FOR PARIS.

A most wonderful mission-field is now open in Paris, and since the formation of the Comité Auxiliare d'Evangélisation during the Exhibition, the progress of the Gospel has been singularly blessed. Lord Shaftesbury, the President of the Association, says it is one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred upon the French capital. When the successes attained by the efforts of earnest individuals are considered, the happy issue of the proposed union cannot be doubted. Seven or eight candidates have already offered their services as missionary agents, and Paris is providentially prepared for their reception. The Society has been organised, and work is actually beginning. All earnest Christians will doubtless aid in such a blessed work as this.

CHRISTIAN WORK AT COLAR.

We are rejoiced to learn that the efforts of the devoted sister-helpers in this distant locality are being crowned with success. Miss Coleman has been very successful not only with outdoor patients but with those in the orphanage. Many kind people united about Christmas-time in providing a welcome suited to the holy season, and little gifts of fruit, etc., were sent to the poor children. The front of the orphanage was also decorated. Innocent games were played, and the children, dressed in the new clothing so kindly supplied, enjoyed the day extremely. Not very far away from this station is a village called Nazareth, and thither on New Year's day the children, escorted by their gentle helpers, went in bullock-carts; prizes were distributed, and prayer and praise brought the day to an appropriate termination. The work done is most interesting. Many young people have become earnest and decided Christians. Two of the present teachers were formerly Brahmins, and, notwithstanding that they knew they must relinquish kindred and home ties if they persevered, they preferred to leave all for Christ's sake, and are now earnest and, it is believed, successful teachers of God's word. The prayermeetings are well attended, and all join heartily in the services. Helpers are still needed, and there is plenty to do for Jesus' sake.

GOOD NEWS FROM AFRICA.

An anecdote illustrative of the power of Christ's Gospel comes to us through reliable channels from the city of Iji, in the interior of Africa. A missionary who has been labouring in that city for some time, noticed a native of haughty bearing enter the chapel, who at length said to the missionary, "White man, I am a warrior, and have been fighting my enemies; what are you doing here?" Mr. P- told him he was preaching Jesus, who died for our sins. "What is sin?" inquired the African. His question was answered fully, and at length he fell upon his knees, and begged to be forgiven. After earnest prayer the native left, but next day returned, and begged to be instructed about his Saviour, and expressed his intention of leading a life of peace in future. His dawning faith was confirmed, and after a short interval he decided to become a follower of Jesus Christ all his life, and begged to be taught what to do. Nor did his newly-born zeal slacken, for when the missionary at length left Africa, the native convert was as anxious as ever to be full filled with the true doctrine of the Gospel of Peace.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND.

This excellent effort of an excellent lady has this year entered upon its fifth annual course. Perhaps its objects are not generally known, but we may say, in brief, that the Book Fund, so ably administered, makes grants to poor pastors of every denomination, who are in actual charge, and whose income does not exceed £150 per annum. To such as these the fund is indeed a boon. There are not many who can afford to purchase books from out of their slender incomes, and who can work successfully without reading or referring to standard works. In the Report now before us we have many testimonials to the blessings wrought by the distribution of suitable volumes to those to whom Providence has denied worldly means. But not only to the poor pastor is this Fund applicable. Those who can afford to pay a little can obtain at a cheap rate the long desired volumes, and the letters expressing warm recognition of the founder's efforts are delightful reading.

THE DAY OF REST A REAL BLESSING.

Admiral Sir W. King Hall has given us much food for thought in a remark made by him to working men, respecting the observance of Sunday. He says that when he was stationed at Hong Kong, one Sunday after service on board, the pilot, an intelligent Chinese, called his attention to the bustle ashore, where work was proceeding as usual, and said, "Your Joss [God] is better than ours, for He gives you a rest one day in every seven, while we have only one rest-day in the year—New Year's Day." The Admiral added, "Just think of working for three hundred and sixty four consecutive days without any rest, and now learn to value Sunday." Many of us

who are not "working men" may also take this to heart, and take care to keep the Sabbath Day holy.

THE GOSPEL IN SPAIN.

A marvellous result of the success of earnest preaching in Spain is recorded by a Spanish paper—La Luz. It appears from a late number of that journal that the number of Protestant congregations is sixty, with an attendance of twenty thousand. There are also sixty schools, with seven thousand children being educated in the true faith. When we consider what Spain was and is, we cannot but be thankful for the wondrous blessing which has increased the seed a hundredfold.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE PEOPLE.

Anything that tends to the improvement of the masses, and any amusement that can keep the working classes from drinking habits, ought to be warmly welcomed amongst all well-wishers to the human race. The People's Entertainment Society was established last year, and the testimony we have received proves that a very encouraging amount of success has attended the entertainments. Nor is this to be wondered at, when on the committee we notice names well known and highly honoured in the world of literature and art. Some of our best musicians and our most popular entertainers have given their services; not only given, but volunteered assistance. At Lambeth, at Battersea, at Winchester, and Manchester kindred societies have sprung into existence; and other populous districts are following in these worthy footsteps. It is no small matter. The finer and more elevated the tastes of the people, the better and more worthy the nation and the national tone. Religious feelings will take the place of careless indifference; because, by the improvement of the tastes, the desire for still higher attainments will surely succeed. The Society has, however, other objects in view besides the cultivation of wholesome tastes, viz., the employment of the talents of those to whom they have been entrusted, and the establishment of a better feeling between the various classes of society. Such elevated aims as these deserve support, and all who have time, money, and talents, will do well to emulate the truly Christian example thus set them. They will thus assist in bringing their fellow-creatures to a sense of the beautiful in nature and art, and to the Great Author of all good.

A GERMAN COLONY IN PALESTINE.

We had lately occasion to notice the rapidly increasing colonisation of the Holy Land, and now a report comes to us of the German colony of Haifa, founded upon simple faith in the words of prophecy. The Society that undertook the work is called the "Temple," and its centre is Wurtemberg. Its aim is to set a good example to the natives by founding

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Christian communities, This colony is situated between Mount Carmel and the Mediterranean, on a strip of land well planted with trees, about a mile from the town of Caiffa. The population is chiefly composed of Germans. There are good schools, and agriculture is the principal occupation of the colonists. The example set is being followed by the natives; the town of Caiffa is increasing annually. A temporary road has even been constructed as far as Nazareth, that town so sacred to all readers of Gospel history. The difficulties which have beset the little colony have been steadily overcome, and we can now hope that the good example set by them will be followed, and that their high Christian aims will meet with the success they merit. Such an undertaking as this is highly interesting. Founded as it is on the basis of faith and Christian charity, it should commend itself to all who look forward to the great in-gathering of the nations.

If Christians must contend, let it be like the olive and the vine, which shall bear most and best fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind,—Jeremy Taylor.

Never do anything that can denote an angry mind; check and restrain it, never make any determination until you find it has entirely subsided, and always avoid saying anything that you may wish unsaid.—

Lord Collingwood.

He that is taught to live upon little, owes more to his father's wisdom, than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.—William Penn.

When heavy temptations come upon thee, expel them by what means thou best mayest; talk with good friends, of such things as thou takest delight in, —Martin Luther.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

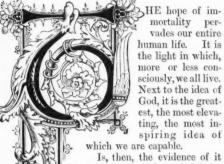
- 121. What two kings were mentioned by name many years before they were born?
- 122. Who was it caused the Israelites to give up the captives they had taken from Jerusalem?
- 123. Mention some occasion in which a lion killed a man but did not devour his body.
- 124. What service did an angel render to St. Peter?
- 125. What prophet mentions the piercing of our Lord's body on the cross?
- 126. For what object was Holy Scripture written? Quote passage.
- 127. Who is it speaks of Christians as the "Temple of God?"
- 128. Who is it mentions the Bible as one of the great weapons for resisting the attacks of Satan?
- 129. What book in the Bible is a testimony to the providence of God, but does not mention His name?
- 130. Mention six races of giants who formerly dwelt in the land of Canaan,
- 131. What tribes of Israel were specially noted for the abundance of their cattle?
- 132. Quote passage in which Moses prays God to be allowed to go into the land of Canaan.
- 133. For what purpose did Moses set apart the three cities of Bezer, Ramoth, and Gozan?
- 134. What famous battle took place at Ramoth?135. Under what three different characters is our
- Lord spoken of in one verse by the prophet Isaiah? 136. In what way did Moses try to find out the best route by which to enter the land of Canaan?
- 137. What reason is given by God for driving out the Canaanites from their possessions?

- ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 512.
- 104. Moses and Elijah (Ex. xxxiv. 28; and 1 Kings xix. 8).
- 105. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call His name Immanuel" (Is. vii. 14).
 - 106. From the tribe of Benjamin (1 Sam. x. 20, 21),107. St. Paul (Rom. xi. 1).
 - 104. St. Paul (Rom. XI. 1). 108. St. Luke, who says, "The fashion of His
- countenance was altered" (St. Luke ix. 29). 109. The shrunken sinew of his thigh (Gen. xxxii.
- 25—31).
 110. "The Lord your God, He is God in Heaven above and in earth beneath" (Josh. ii. 11).
- 111. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego (Dan. iii. 26).
- 112. To St. Paul and his companions at Philippi (Acts xvi, 17).
 - 113. By the inhabitants of Ekron (2 Kings i. 2).
- 113. By the final frames of Ekron (2 Kings 1, 2).
 114. Oreb, a prince of Midian, who was slain upon the rock Oreb (Judges vii. 25).
- 115. Of the prophet Balaam (2 Peter ii. 15).
- 116. The prophet Agabus, who foretold a great dearth in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, and afterwards the imprisonment of St. Paul (Acts xi. 27, 28, and xxi. 8—11).
 - 117. Pashur the son of Immer (Jer. xx. 1-6).
 - 118. Jeremiah the prophet (Jer. xvii. 1).
- 119. The City of Samaria, which received the first news of the flight of the Syrians, from four lepers who had been banished from the city (2 Kings vii. 8—10).
- 120. "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world" (St. John i. 29).

IMMORTALITY.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D., ISLINGTON.

"In hope of cternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began."-Titus i. 2.



Is, then, the evidence of it sufficient? are the probabilities and the proofs of it satisfactory? can we rest in them for comfort and for hope?

If any man deems himself bound to question or deny these—to take away from our life this great hope—he should feel as the physician feels

Q who has to quench in a patient the last hope of life. He should speak with the deepest sorrow that a man can feel. When, according to Greek fable, it was proclaimed that Great Pan was dead, the whole

creation mourned; very faintly did this represent the conscious darkness, and loss, and degradation, that would befall human life were the great hope of immortality lost to it.

Whatever, therefore, the truth concerning a future existence may be, one shrinks—as from a traitor, an assassin, a desecrator of a mother's grave—from the man who eagerly, vauntingly, scoffingly thrusts at you his demonstration that man is no more than a brute of higher development, whose lofty thoughts, and holy affections, and God-like aspirations perish "inthat very day." If truth makes it necessary to affirm this, it should be sorrowfully done. Even to weaken the faith in immortality is to lessen the moral forces that make life pure and strong and noble.

Amongst ourselves a new and active school of moralists has sprung up, which teaches that there is an adequate ground for virtue, and that it may find adequate urgencies and motives in the interests of the present life; that our virtue, our comfort, our strength, our impulse would be as great did we know that there was no hereafter. Are they right? Would human life be really as

noble without the hope of immortality as it is with it? Would the motives to virtue, the impulses to self-sacrifice and heroic goodness, be as strong?

It is a momentous question: it affects character and well-being here as well as hereafter. If it really can be shown that there is no reliable evidence for a life beyond the grave, it will not only destroy one of the strongest yearnings, the fairest dreams, the brightest hopes of human hearts, but it will seriously affect the great motives of human conduct, and the moral character of human lives. It is not, therefore, a mere speculation in which intellectual curiosity indulges, and which men may accept or reject indifferently; it is a practical estimate and feeling of what human life really is.

We have the history of the world behind us; the experiment has been tried on a large scale. We can see how peoples have been affected by The Greeks, in the protheir religious faiths. foundness of their philosophy, the genius of their literature, the perfection of their art, and the height of their æsthetic cultivation, attained an excellence unsurpassed even yet; but they lacked the great moral inspiration of a belief in immortality. They were not without the notion of Homer sung of it, Plato speculated about it; but it never became a settled popular faith, so as to have any practical influence upon life. Both the speculations of the philosopher and the imaginations of the poet were dreams, not beliefs; the blind uninformed instincts of the soul without knowledge of what it desired, without evidence of what it tried to believe.

What was the moral result, first amongst the Greeks, next among the Romans—the heirs of their empire and of their thought? Why, on the one hand, an epicurean sensualism and profligacy that has never been surpassed in the history of nations; and on the other a stoical philosophy of despair, which exalted suicide into one of the heroisms of life. According to the teaching and example of Cato, Attieus, and scores of the greatest and best of the Romans, it was braver and nobler, when the pleasures of life were exhausted, and its sorrows multiplied, to end life by suicide, rather than to live on in mere endurance.

Let popular belief in a life hereafter be lost—let the "powers of the world to come" be excluded from our own life, and it will soon become as selfish, immoral, and despairing as theirs. We shall wail over our dead as hopelessly, we shall live as ignobly, with as little to neutralise our sensuality,

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to check our selfishness, or to stimulate our nobler nature. Compared with the practical influence of this belief, that of almost all other beliefs is unimportant. So far as we are practically concerned, immortality gives its importance to the being and government of God Himself: while our life needs its great inspirations more perhaps than those of any other truth.

What reasons, then, have we for holding to the great belief that man is an immortal creature, and that "though the body die the soul will live for ever"? I purpose only to throw out a few suggestions. I can neither include all the particulars of proof, nor argue out any one of them to com-

pleteness.

I. What a sense of failure, of sad, hopeless incompleteness, of hardship—not to say injustice there would be in our life, were it not for the

assurance of a life hereafter!

In every part of his nature, man, the noblest of the creatures, would be the greatest failure among them, the greatest disappointment in himself, the greatest puzzle to philosophy. One of the principles of philosophy is, that every faculty and endowment has its corresponding use and satisfaction; the end always answers to the means. How, then, are the admitted properties of man to be accounted for? Their very greatness makes him, on this supposition, an insoluble mystery.

For instance, we can form the idea of immortality. We can think a life, picture a life, yearn for a life, purer, more spiritual, nobler than any we can realise here—a life in which there shall be no struggle with evil, no sorrows wrought by sin, no disabling ignorance, no triumphant wickedness, no aching weariness. A brute cannot think an ideal life, but a man can. We have a thousand ideas and capacities that are not satisfied with life as it actually is.

Did God give us this capability only to mock it? this nature of indefinite possibilities only to stunt and dwarf it? hopes of immortal perfection only to be nipped by the frost of death, like buds of tropical plants in an English garden?

Undeveloped, as here he is, man is the greatest of all solecisms. If he never does, if he never can attain to the possibilities, the perfection of his nature here, then either his Creator has blundered, or there is an hereafter. Nor is it, as in other classes of life, an exceptional or occasional failure; the failure is universal. No single human life, no single human faculty realises what it is consciously capable of. Every man feels that he has greater capabilities than he can develop. Even a Newton feels that he is but a child gathering pebbles upon the shore of the ocean of knowledge. It is the universal failure of an entire order of being. My understanding can know more, my imagination can picture more, my heart can love more, my hands can do more.

My social life-my relations of affection and friendship with wife and children, brother and friend-is full of failures; these have but a partial and disappointing development. How imperfect my knowledge of those nearest to me, and theirs of me! What unworthy feelings, misunderstandings, petulance, selfishness, mark and mar our intercourse! Social life is capable of infinitely higher conditions. And when social affection is bereaved, and we stand by open graves-how utterly baffled and broken the hope of life, how utterly desolate and despairing the feeling of life, if all ends here! "Wherefore hast Thou made all men in vain?" Read the inscriptions in a Roman Columbarium—how they wail in utterest Contrast them with the inscriptions despair! in the Christian Catacombs, so full of joyous hope!

The truth and value of beliefs are brought to the test in great intensities of feeling. Can any man bury lover and friend, and remember the precious commerce of lofty thought and tender affection; the claspings and clingings of hearts in the sweet unselfishness of noble love? Can any man look upon the dead face that has so often been the very sun of his life, and touch the cold hand that has so often thrilled with the tenderness of love, and recall the thoughts, and loves, and joys of living intercourse, and be content to think that this is the end of all—that all that was noble in spirit, as well as all that was base in

matter, perishes thus?

Who, again, ever personally stood face to face with death, and felt satisfaction in the thought of extinction?—

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned; Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day, Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

No! reason as we may, we cannot reason out for ourselves a scepticism that will satisfy us; we cannot so stultify reason and quench affection. And thought and affection, spirituality and religion, are as much a part of us as bodily sensations. And they will yearn, and believe, and hope in a life beyond the grave. You cannot persuade men that these are one huge delusion. As well try to persuade them that they neither see, nor hear, nor feel.

If they be a delusion, then the Creator, in the very properties of our nature, has suggested a falsehood, and inflicted a cruelty in so constituting us. We "are of all creatures most miserable."

Job felt that the Supreme Governor of the world could not end things thus, that there must somewhere be a redress of what is wrong, a vindication of what is right.

Again, can we believe that God appointed these sorrowful, often agonising, conditions of life for good men—men who, if not sinless, are pure, religious, and noble compared with thousands

who suffer less—without some purpose of ultimate benefit? What can this philosophy of unbelief, this negation of utilitarianism, this fatalistic materialism, say to a suffering saint? For the poor, the sick, the suffering, the ignorant, the degraded it has absolutely no gospel. If men have their only portion in this life, and, through no fault of theirs, it is one of long and bitter endurance, what equity, what fitness of things can it suggest? The teachings that really can reconcile men to suffering are a delusion; the hopes that for two thousand years the words of Christ have quickened and allured are false; there is no life to come; suffering never can find its recompense, discipline never can perfect noble character, wrong never can come right!

From our high Christian delusion these prophets of materialism come to awaken us. They baulk our upward look, and place us face to face with

blank despair.

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If God there be, is He not ingeniously cruel thus to have made men, thus to have filled them with imaginations, thus to have ordered their lives? I will not believe in such a God. If this condition of iniquity, and suffering, and wrong be the whole of being, if there be no life hereafter, I will be an atheist. There cannot be a God that is wise and good, a God who deserves my worship and love; goodness could not fail, iniquity could not pass out of His hands in this way.

II. There is a still nobler part of our nature that demands faith in immortality. We call it the moral consciousness, the religious part of us -the soul. What it is we know not. It is not physical sense, it is not intellectual faculty, it is not the mere conscience of right and wrong. It is the sense of God, the mystic feeling that apprehends God; it is religious awe, desire, worship; it is the sense of spiritual fellowship with God, it is yearning for God, it is love to God, "the heart and the flesh crying out for the living God." This religious sense may be very ignorant and superstitious. You may teach it that an idol is the god for which it craves, that a murdered victim offered as a sacrifice will please him, that paternosters will please him. Still the religious sense exists and yearns. You cannot kill it. It works mightily, moves men to strong Sometimes it makes them saints, sometimes ascetics or fanatics; but the man is still a religious man. This soul of mine is an essential, inseparable part of me, as real as my sense of taste or touch, as my feeling of love, or my desire for happiness. The physiologist cannot determine its place in my organism, the anatomist cannot subject it to his scalpel, the chemist cannot analyse it in his crucible, but it is preposterous for either of them to tell me that it does not exist. I know that it does exist, and that nothing that I can do can destroy its existence. Is then this, the greatest of my yearnings, an illusion? Is this strongest of

my desires to be baulked? Is its vision of hope to be darkened, its heart of love to be chilled, its rest of faith to be stricken away? Are all the visions of dying men—the rapture, the song—the "swallowing up of death in victory," the strange inspiration which supersedes natural sorrow by a mystic joy, and the sense of sorrowful parting with friends by the ecstatic sense of being "with Christ, which is far better"—are all these delusions? Has credulity such unnatural power, has fanaticism such transcendent spells, as to overpower not only the sense and anguish of death, but also the sense and anguish of parting affection?

It cannot be. It were a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. It were a refinement of exquisite cruelty to have created man with affinities with God, with desires for God such as these, and so bitterly to have mocked and quenched them.

Again, can it really be that my spiritual relationships to God are limited to this material sinful state of threescore years and ten? Can God have made me feel the blissful thing which I call His love, accepted my worship, permitted my fellowship with Him in thought, and prayer, and life; and then, when the body dies, is all this to be destroyed, and I, know His greatness, feel His love, rejoice in His righteousness, to which, through darkness and light, prosperity and adversity, I have clung, no longer? Is it credible that He should allow men on earth to yearn after Him, to strive with all the energy of their will and their self-sacrifice to serve Him, to rejoice with all the passionate love of their souls in His love, and to hope with all the ardours of hope and all the fidelity of martyrdom for His heaven; and then, with the swift mocking stroke of death, to consign it all to annihilation-to quench this mysterious religious nature of mine, like a taper, "as a dream when one awaketh"?

Oh, it does require an astounding credulity to accept such a philosophy of incongruities, and broken-off processes, and dishonouring conceptions of God. Surely it is a philosophy as false to the facts of man's nature, as it is to the teachings of revelation.

It comes, therefore to this:—If there be no after life, then every part and faculty of man as a moral being is a blunder, an imperfection, a disappointment; while the life that he does live is a fanatical delusion, whose chief springs of virtue

and power are pure imaginations.

The denial of immortality, therefore, is practically atheism; no ideas of a God that are worth caring for, are possible; all confidence in the righteousness, the wisdom, the love of God must go with it. I can neither love such a God, nor believe in him. A God who gives so much, and then so capriciously and cruelly mocks his gift, by plunging me into annihilation, cannot be the true God. Why should we shrink from saying that such a God were both cruel and wicked i

III. What, then, has this philosophy of despair to say for itself? On what grounds does it rest its contention?

Why do men refuse to believe in immortality?

First, because intellectual science cannot demonstrate it. It has no physical phenomena. The fossils of the rock, the treasures of ocean-depths can tell us nothing concerning spiritual life; the elements combine-gases into water for example-but they can suggest nothing concerning spiritual fellowship, of soul with soul, of soul with God. When men have come to think that the entire universe consists of physical phenomena, and that nothing is to be believed that the methods of physical science cannot demonstrate, not only must they cease to believe in immortality, but in the spiritual soul, and in God Himself. With such a foregone conclusion concerning the material basis of everything, scepticism concerning spiritual things is inevitable. If men suppress all motions of their own spiritual nature as delusive, they easily refuse to believe in a spiritual world at all. A man who tries to quench his own spirit soon learns to deem other men's spiritual beliefs delusive fancies. The things of the spirit are foolishness to materialistic minds, for "spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

The simple reply to all this is, that physical phenomena are not the only phenomena of human nature. The soul, with its wondrous powers—its marvellous play of passion, its love and its hate, its anguish and its rapture, its deep religiousness, its yearnings after God—is as truly and consciously a part of us as the physical senses. There is something in me that is not bound up with nerve-

centres and physical conditions.

When a man tells me, in the name of philosophy, that nothing exists that is not part of the physics of the universe, or dependent upon them, I reply that he is untrue to the first principles of philosophy. He asserts what is beyond his domain of knowledge, and what is contradicted by a thousand phenomena, of which he offers no ex-Whatever knowledge science may accumulate, it cannot qualify it to say a single word concerning the spiritual life, or God, or a life to come. And science is never so unscientific as when she shuts her eyes to everything in a man but his physical body. In the very nature of things the methods of science cannot apply to what is spiritual. The judgment of the greatest natural philosopher that ever lived is worth no more than that of an ordinary man. Immortality can be proved or disproved only by evidence applicable to spiritual things—by arguments such as I have suggested. The spiritual element in man's nature, the spiritual craving of man's soul, demand immortality, as much as hunger demands food, as much as the eye demands light. They do not prove immortality, but they are a great presumption in favour of it. If immortality can be proved by any other evidence, then all the great facts of human nature will be in harmony with it, will be explained by it, will find in it their perfect satisfaction and joy.

What other proof have we then? The ground is clear, these objections of sceptical science are invalid. Is there any other testimony?

Here, then, we submit to the thought and heart of men the revelation which God Himself has given us—from the first faint dawning of patriarchal faith, through the mingled lights and shadows of Jewish belief, until the full revelation of Jesus Christ, who "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." We are "begotten again to a living hope, by the resurrection of Jesus from the dead."

This is God's final teaching and proof of immortality. The lights of the pagan world had gone out, the old Jewish teachings were dim; there were Sadducees who denied that there were either angel or spirit—themselves a proof that the rest of the people believed in both. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, poured into the night of the world's hope the effulgence of the morning sun. Not only the darkness, the dim light of the stars disappeared also.

That, as a matter of historic fact, Christ really did rise from the dead is not to be proved here. The proof has its own proper place, and has been adduced a thousand times. We are entitled for

this argument to assume it.

What a marvellous revelation of the spiritual world, what a great birth of human hope it was! How it changed into certainties all men's surmisings! How it filled with satisfaction all men's yearnings! How it elevated and glorified all men's feelings! What new meanings it gave to man's relations to God—to right and wrong! What momentousness and nobility to human destinies!

For Christ avowedly came as our human Representative; to work out our redemption from sin and death. "Whereof God gave assurance unto all men, in that He raised Him from the dead."

Christ was not an isolated man who had accidentally escaped the doom of the race. He formally identified Himself with us; formally took up our gage of battle, "destroyed the works of the devil"; destroyed "the last enemy," which is death; stood forth as our representative and champion. His resurrection was the formal proof that He had conquered death; the formal pledge that we shall conquer it also. "Because I live, ye shall live also." How does Paul demonstrate the resurrection? "Christ, the first-fruits, afterwards they that are Christ's at His coming."

This is our supreme and conclusive proof of immortality—Christ has risen from the dead. It confirms a thousand presumptions, answers athousand necessities, satisfies a thousand yearnings of our nature. Before the planet Neptune was discovered, two great astronomers had made their

calculations; there were perturbations and other phenomena in the solar system that only the unrecognised presence of some great body could account for; their hypotheses were completed, their arguments were unanswerable, but there was no absolute proof—until Neptune was discovered where theory had suggested it should be looked for, and the presumptions and hypotheses were all converted into demonstrations. So with men's arguments and speculations about immortality. Christ's resurrection makes them certainties; and His own great promise gives us personal assurance: "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also."

This, then, becomes the warrant of my faith. And it so satisfies all the yearnings of my soul, all the phenomena and wants of my nature—my noblest affections and desires, my love, my religious yearnings, my spiritual sympathies and capacities—that I need no other proof. The risen Christ without me, becomes part of the life and hope within me. I have the witness in

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as eir I could not have proved it for myself, but now that the resurrection of Christ proves it, it confirms all presumptions of it; it solves all the problems, harmonises all the laws, and explains all the experiences of my being. Just as the principle of gravitation, when demonstrated by Newton, harmonised the phenomena of nature.

IV. The last thing is, the practical influence of this great belief in immortality upon our thought, and feeling, and conduct. Our affections and our practical life are always ruled by our beliefs. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If we believe in "things above," we "set our affections upon them;" if we believe in "Christ sitting at the right hand of God," we seek the things that are We adjust our thoughts to the spiritual and eternal world; our affections go forth towards it; "We labour to enter into that rest;" we "endure as seeing Him who is invisible;" we "seek a better country, that is a heavenly." If that life be at all, it is the greatest life that we know. It is the issue and consummation of the life that now is. "The powers of the world to come," therefore, are mighty; they mould, attemper, and control our present life as nothing else can do.

But does not this feeling and striving for the life to come injure the industry and prudence and benevolence of life here? Let the entire character and course of religious men be the reply—their integrity, their virtue, their fidelity to daily duty; the religious conscience that they put into even the service of a slave; the generosity and sensibility of their Christian philanthropy; their care for the poor; their hospitals, ragged-schools, missions; their war against slavery, oppression, and crime, and unjust laws. No influences that the world has seen have made men so virtuous, citizens

so patriotic, brothers so unselfish, men so compassionate.

If ever logic was contradicted by facts, it is the inference that a supreme regard for the life to come disqualifies a man for life here. Nothing else can make the present life so pure, and loving,

and self-sacrificing, and noble.

Mine is the dower of immortality. What an inspiration it is! How it penetrates every part of my life; inspires every faculty; brightens every experience! What a new meaning it gives to the thought of God! He is not a power remote from me, a transient relationship, an almightiness to crush as He has created me. My wickedness cannot evade His hand; my goodness cannot be separated from His sympathy. This wondrous religious light and love, this worship and communion of man with God, this light and bliss of His Divine Fatherhood, will be for ever and ever. It is not an ignis fatuus generated by the marshes of disordered life, deluding me with false lights to my hurt or destruction. It is a true light of life-a candle of the Lord shining across the darkness of death-a sun of immortality climbing above the horizon of mortal life. "This God is my God for ever and ever;" the loving Father into whose home, and to whose heart, I shall be eternally gathered.

What a new meaning it gives to moral law! Obligation to do right is not a mere unfruitful sentiment; it is not a mere transient expediency; it is connected with great moral issues. If I am selfish, or reckless, or sinful, I may not congratulate myself if I can but escape human punishment; there are other and stupendous retributions for wrong-doing. I live under a law of eternal righteousness. The character which I form by my doings abides for ever; as I sow here I shall reap through eternity. "Heaven and earth may pass away, not one jot or tittle of the law can fail." What a power of solemn constraint it is!

What a new character it gives to religion! What a living yearning heart it puts into piety, and worship, and service, and love; and fellowship with God! Religion is not a passing homage, a

transient fancy; it is "eternal life."

What a new feeling it brings into all human experiences! How it chastens prosperity! How it restrains arbitrary power! How it brings home to even the most thoughtless the solemn stewardship of life! How it gives fortitude and patience to the suffering, making them feel that it is but "a little while," that it is but a "trial of faith more precious than that of gold;" that in every appointment of suffering there is "a needs be" of wisest love; that it is the way of perfecting; that "the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed in us!"

And how it illumines the grave, with a light that was never on sea or land. Instead of the sad piercing words of pagan doom, we hear the great word of hope—"I am the Resurrection and the Life." Instead of the wild wail of blind despair, we "sorrow not as those who have no hope." It is not our friend and lover that we "bury out of our sight," it is but "the earthly house of his tabernacle" that he has forsaken. Nothing really precious to us is dead. Our very love restrains and rebukes our sorrow; "if ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I go to the Father."

Oh! it is a wondrous light to shine in upon our human darkness; a wondrous elevation and

joy in the sentiment of life; a wondrous sanctity and soothing in the experience of life; a wondrous inspiration, and power, and hope, in its strivings.

"Blessed," then, "blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a living hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for those who are kept by the power of God unto salvation."

A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FLAWED.



RNEST has been staying with Mr. Temple and his uncle for the last few days. It was Easter Eve before he arrived at Hig'swood. He was: thome when I returned from the Rectory from passing an hour with Linnet and her mother.

Lizzie was making tea in the drawing-room for him and Aunt Monica when I got in,

and I heard him saying, "Temple goes down to Bourne-mouth to-day. You will hardly guess with whom."

Of course it was impossible to guess, but, as he rose to meet me, Ernest's face had a troubled look, as if there was something behind the words he had tried to say so lightly.

"He has gone to look after Edwin," he added, after a momentary pause.

"To look after Edwin?" I repeated.

"He has got a holiday," was Lizzie's remark.

"He is ill," was mine.

"Yes, he is ill," said Ernest.

"He never told us," said Lizzie. "How long have you known?"

"I never knew till Temple told me," he replied, very gently, "and that was only the other day."

"And you have not seen him!" said Lizzie, reproachfully.

"Yes, I have seen him," he answered, sadly.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Lizzie, "And he is not very ill, is he?"

"I fear he is, Liz."

"How did Mr. Temple know?" said Aunt Monica,

"He met Edwin in the City one day, and went home with him," said Ernest. "Edwin was looking very ill—said the doctor had recommended him to take a holiday; had, in fact, told him that he must have rest. Temple offered to go down to Bournemouth with him for a fortnight."

"It ought not to be left to Mr. Temple," I said.

"Could you not have gone instead?"

"I would have gone," said Ernest, humbly, "but I believe it is better as it is. If I had gone, his wife would have insisted on going also; and there would have been no peace for him. Besides, he is better with Temple than with me," he added, looking at Aunt Monica. "He sends his love to all of you."

"Do you know what is the matter?" I asked.

"He has not been well all the winter," said Ernest,
"The doctor says he should have been consulted
sooner; it is disease of the lungs,"

We were all silent for a few minutes. Ernest was evidently suffering the keenest compunction, and we shared in it more or less. We had let him drift apart from us without a struggle, it seemed, and now, perhaps we were going to lose him for ever.

"Oh! Aunt Mona, we must go to him," cried Lizzie, as if it was a thing we could accomplish

within the hour.

I was silent, but my heart was crying out after him likewise. It seemed hard not to be able to be with him.

"Temple is to write. He will write to us daily," said Ernest; "and he may get better down there. The summer is coming, and there is nothing to hinder his recovery as yet."

Our Easter Sunday was saddened by this news; and on Monday, in spite of the crowded state of the trains, Aunt Monica and Lizzie set off to London to see Doretta and the children.

I had Ernest all to myself, and he broke silence with regard to Edith. He has, it seems, seen a good deal of her in London, and wishes to have the engagement between them recognised, even if they must wait for a year or two. He would have made it public before, only Edith would not have it.

"I can quite understand it," I said. "And even now, I think if you must wait so long it would be better not to make your engagement public."

"Why do you think so?" he asked.

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"Oh, only because of the former engagement, you know," I answered, wondering that he should ask me to give a reason when there was one so obvious.

"I don't see what that has to do with it," he replied. "The gentleman is dead—was dead, you know, before Edith and I came together again. Of course, there is his family, but they can't desire any consideration of that kind. By the way," he added, as I listened, astonished and aghast, "was it any of the people about here to whom Edith was engaged?" Was it possible, then, that he did not know?

"What is the matter, Una?" he said, quickly. "You look completely flabbergasted—just as you used to look when I had made you open your mouth and shut your eyes, and experimented on your trustfulness by giving you a taste of something not too agreeable. You know you never could be got to believe that anybody wanted to do anything disagreeable."

It was only too true—oh, so terribly appropriate to the present, that I wrung my hands, and, I have no doubt, looked, as I felt, in utter despair.

"What has happened?" he went on, laughingly. "You are growing tragic."

"Oh, nothing-only I made sure you knew."

"Knew! What in the name of wonder is there to know?"

"That Edith was engaged to our Uncle Henry." It was a shock, and he staggered under it.

"And why was I not told?" he asked, coldly. "I think it was you who told me of the—thing itself—why did you not tell me this?"

"Simply because it was so intensely disagreeable," I answered. "I shrank from writing of it, and afterwards I made sure you must know; I did not think it was possible for you to be with Aunt Robert and not hear of it."

"A nice thing to know—so intensely disagreeable that you all shrank from speaking of it; and she, too—she has never made the most distant allusion to it."

"Oh, Ernest! you must not blame her," I cried.
"She could not have spoken of it. She could never have thought that it was unknown to you. She must have believed that you were silent from motives of delicacy. Besides, she herself hated and loathed the whole affair. See how ill it made her. I do believe it would have killed her."

There was no relenting in his face. A stony sneer had taken possession of it.

How bitterly I blamed myself for this fault of mine, this shutting my eyes to things ugly or painful, as if ignoring their existence would cause them to cease to exist. It is not that I wanted to hide the truth from myself or others, so much as that I wanted

to cover it, as dead things are covered and buried. To me it seemed almost sacrilege to listen, to look when unlovely things were said or done. In my dishike I forgot that in order to be covered and buried, the things that hurt and offend must first be brought to light and handled, however reverently.

"Of course, every one but me knows all about this precious engagement," he said, at length. Then, after walking up and down the room for a few minutes, he burst into a mocking laugh.

"Oh, Ernest," I could not help exclaiming; "you hurt me so by laughing in that way; I would rather

see you cry." "Life is such a farce," he said. "Was there ever such an incongruity? I hate the whole thing! I wonder," he went on, standing still before me, and speaking contemplatively, "I wonder if the governor would let me change my mind about this law business? I should like to get away-to go in for a sword instead of a gown. I shouldn't mind a bullet through me, to let in the daylight; you know, Una, I never could bear anything that was flawed or damaged. Don't you remember what an insane desire I used to have to break and utterly destroy anything of mine that got injured in any way? No matter of what value the thing was, or how much I had cared for it, I never cared for it again. I feel like that about her!" he ended, in a hoarse whisper,

"Oh, Ernest! you are cruel! What a terrible thing to say!"

"It would be if I said it to her, but I won't. I can't break with her now. I must bear it in silence, I suppose."

"It is a cruelty even to think it," I said, indignantly. "People are not like things—like china that will only mend with a crack—or, at least, they are only like things that live and grow. A blossom or a fruit may perish without any hurt to the tree, the blossom and fruit of a whole season may perish, and yet the tree may live, and grow stronger and more beautiful the next."

"You are the poet of the family," he said, half mocking, half tender. "I am going out for a little. Good-bye for the present." And, nodding carelessly, he left the room.

My father and I lunched alone that day, as Ernest did not make his appearance; and after luncheon I went and sat in one of the drawing-room windows by myself, full of the saddest thoughts. I do not know how long I had been there, idly brooding, when I heard the clatter of hoofs. Through the trees I could see that the rider was a lady, but before I could really distinguish who it was, I felt that it was Edith, and very soon I saw her dismounting at the door.

My heart almost failed me, for I realised the task that lay before me; but I hurried out into the hall to meet her.

"Ernest told me you would be alone to-day, and I came over early to catch you before you went out," she cried, throwing down her hat and whip, and kissing me.

We went into the drawing-room together. Edith had not released me. She kept her arm half round me, and I fear I shrank a little; not from her—it was the consciousness of the task before me from which I shrank, for I meant to tell her what had taken place between Ernest and me.

She looked hurt at what she thought was my

"You know about Ernest," she said, looking into my face. "Do you dislike having me for a sister? Perhaps it is natural," she went on, rapidly; "but if he does not mind the past, you ought not, Una. And, oh! I mean to be so good." She held both my hands in hers, and her beautiful eyes were fixed pleadingly on mine, filled with the steady light of devoted affection.

Clasping her in my arms, I burst into tears.

"Dear," she murmured, caressing me, "I am so glad you will love me! Now I know you will. And you will help me, you and Aunt Monica. I want to help him to live the higher life he craves for, not to hinder him. And, indeed, dear, I never cared for a life of pleasure. Only one gets dragged into it; and once dragged into it, the machine goes round with you, whether you will or no."

With her arm still round me, we sat down together; but I was no longer passive to her tender-

ness, I returned it with all my heart.

"You have not seen Ernest to-day, then?" I said.
"No," she answered. "Last night he told me to

come to you, to see you alone."

"I must not withhold the truth any longer. Do you know, Edith," I said, "that Ernest did not know about—about your engagement till to-day?"

"Not know, dear! What do you mean? He has known all along."

"Not who it was. I have only now told him."

A frightened look came into her eyes.

"I never doubted that he knew all," she said.

"I am sure of that," I answered. "And it is all my fault." I could not say that I shrank from telling him.

"But how was it that he did not know?" she persisted. "Ah, I need not ask," she added. "You .te not blushing for yourself, Una. It was too disgraceful."

"I thought Aunt Robert would certainly tell him," I said. "But I blame myself acutely."

"You are blameless enough," she answered, sorrowfully. "Did he condemn me? Is he disgusted, angry?"

"He is not angry."

"But he is disgusted," she replied, quickly. "And now I know what that means with him, Una, there is only one thing for me to do, and that is to give him up."

"He will not give you up," I said.

"Has he said so?" she asked, looking bright and hopeful for a moment.

I answered, "Yes."

"Ah! but I know it is not for love's sake, only for

honour, because he will see that I had no wish to conceal it, and that he has only been deceived by accident. I know exactly what he will think and feel, and how he will act; but, if he had known, he would never have renewed his friendship for me—would never have loved me—and oh! Una, it must all be as if it had never been."

"Do not say that, dear," I exclaimed. "He must sympathise with your distress. It is no fault of

yours that he did not know."

"No, Una; I love him too well to keep him to his engagement, feeling sure, as I do, that this has revolted him. I have a complete conviction that it is so. I wondered at his generosity and goodness—thoughtit more than human in him, with his fastidious notions. I do not wonder at his disgust. I am going home," and she rose from her seat beside me, "and I will write to him at once. It will pass for one of my flirtations; manma will be a little harder on me than usual, and I will fall into the old round."

"Not that, Edith!" I cried, clinging to her.

"I wonder what I shall do with myself then," she said, with her old mocking look, only more gentle and spiritual. "I wish I might have been left behind in Italy, beside the sea. It would all have been over and done with, then."

"But you do not believe it would all have been over and done with," I said gravely. "There is 'the life everlasting,' which you repeat every Sunday."

She looked at me questioningly, and answered, "Of course we believe in that!"

"But it isn't 'of course,' Edith. It has never been 'of course' to me, you know, and I could not say it if I did not truly believe it. I heard you say the words last Sunday."

"Don't you say them?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes, these words I say, and some others, as I learn to believe them; but if we say them and believe them, then there is something quite other to live for than the world, even the world's best."

"You are more and more like Aunt Monica," she said. "Una, if he does not want to see me again,

will you send her to me?"

"Aunt Monica?"
"Yes. Good-bye, dear."

I watched her from the window, with tears in my eyes, as she rode rapidly away.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FADING LIGHT.

EDITH went home and wrote her letter. Ernest had it the next morning. I knew by the air of studied unconcern with which he opened it and only scanned its contents, reserving it till he could read it by himself. I will not speak to him on the subject. I hope everything from Edith's action, and will leave it to work. She has done just what I would have done in her place.

There was also a note from Mr. Temple, which Ernest passed round the table in answer to our entreating looks. It was very brief and anxious, Edwin was rather worse.

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"I think I ought to go down to him," said Ernest, when papa read the note and had handed it me.

He has also written to Edith. I saw the note lying with others in the hall, but concerning its contents he has not spoken.

Edith came to tell us what Ernest had written



"'I have nearly lost sight of you now,' he said." . p. 586.

"By all means go," said our father; adding, after a pause, "I think I shall go with you."

We are all so thankful; now there will be no more estrangement among us. We must not let Doretta separate us again.

Ernest has sent a telegram to Mr. Temple, to say that papa and he are coming down immediately. in answer to her proposal. He does not give her up. He says he cannot allow her to suffer, if indeed it would involve her in suffering.

"I did not try to make him think it would not. In spite of pride I could not do that," she said; "but I ought not to accept anything so coldly offered. And that doubt of his—as if he could not believe me

capable of disinterested affection! I shall not write again," she concluded, "lest I should be tempted to sin against the truth. At any rate, he shall not think more meanly of me."

I never saw any one so changed as Edith, so devoid of false pride, so anxious to do right, so unselfish in her suffering. The Easter holidays are rapidly passing away; Ernest is still at Bournemouth, and his accounts of Edwin are anything but re-

assuring. Of himself he says nothing.

I am a great deal at the Rectory with Linnet and her mother; they both welcome me only too eagerly. Linnet is still labouring under her mother's chill displeasure, and it seems as if the estrangement must go on increasing rather than diminishing. Neither of them has the key to the other's nature; and in a relationship so close and dear, the mere want of sympathy must be sufficient for the production of misunderstanding. With Linnet the inability to comprehend her mother's character arises from her youth and inexperience. On the part of Mrs. Lloyd it is deeper seated; still, both are suffering, and each carries in her heart a sense of outrage and humiliation.

It is not every one that could tell that Linnet is suffering. There are no traces of tears on her face, but the brightness has vanished from it; the smile has gone out of her eyes, and the gay tones out of her voice. Her mother thinks her sullen, as she sits by her side working her pretty embroideries, while she longs to jump up and run out, even in the drenching rain. She would like to take lonely walks, but dare not propose them. Her father still comes to the rescue, and takes her out with him, but he has become sadly preoccupied. He has had very bad accounts of his son. The doctor who has been attending him—an old friend of the family—has written to him in a tone of warning not to be mistaken; and now they are expecting him home every day.

I was sitting with Linnet and her mother the other day, when Mr. Benholme was announced. He came in saying that a slight accident had happened, and he had been obliged to send the carriage to the smith's. After a little chat and the serving of afternoon tea, at which Mr. Lloyd appeared, Mr. Benholme asked the latter if he could spare time to walk over to Highwood with him.

Mr. Lloyd explained that he was waiting for the carriage to go to the station to meet Charles,

"There are two young ladies, who will be all the better for a walk," he suggested.

We both expressed our willingness to go, and Mr. Benholme thanked us and accepted.

"I think I must bow to fate," he added, "and find some one to lead me about and read to me."

Mrs. Lloyd murmured an expression of commiseration, and feared it would be difficult to find the proper person—a difficulty she could sincerely sympathise with.

"Yes, indeed, I fear it will be difficult," he

answered. "It would be terrible to have one's favourite authors read with misplaced r's and h's; and yet to an educated youth the position could not be made other than irksome and disadvantageous. There is, I fear, little hope for me, unless," he added, with a smile, "a lady would volunteer."

"I wish I might," was on the tip of Linnet's tongue, as she afterwards acknowledged; but it was

not uttered.

We had both risen. Linnet was putting away her work, and we were about to leave the room in order to get ready for our walk, when Claude appeared.

All at once Linnet became hurried and confused. Her mother could see the crimson flame into her cheeks, and Mr. Benholme could hear the tremor that came into her voice as she simply answered his greeting and hastened from the room.

The only unconscious person was Claude himself, always excepting Mr. Lloyd, who had already forgotten all about his wife's recent trouble.

Linnet fled up-stairs. When I followed, she was standing in the middle of the room, her hands clasped in despair.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed. "Oh, if mamma would only understand! And what must he think of me, that I cannot meet him without this display of feeling—and I—I think I almost hate him."

In a few minutes we were dressed and down-stairs again, and Linnet was looking as demure as her mother could wish. She simply bowed to Claude, and slipped her little gloved hand into Mr. Benholme's, and we were soon out of the house and garden and on our way to the Park.

When we got fairly out into the road, Linnet slackened her pace, which till then had been unconsciously rapid. She was still holding Mr. Benholme's hand. He caressed it as he would have done a year or two before, and then placed it on his arm, telling her she was promoted to the dignity of a young lady; but he could not win back again the gay spirits and blithe chatter of the child who had loved him and whom he had loved.

"I must not lose my little friend," he added, tenderly. "I would not lose her for the finest lady in the land."

"You are not going to lose me," she said, with a return of the manner he knew, and making both hands meet round his arm.

"I have nearly lost sight of you now," he said.

She clung a little closer to him, and he understood the expression as it was meant—for a token of sympathy.

"My eyes have been very bad lately," he went on, "and I am going up to London to undergo another operation. But I am giving you pain. How selfish of me!"

"No, no!" she disclaimed; but her voice was broken. "Will it be very painful?" she inquired.

"The pain will be nothing," he replied. "Modern science has annulled the more terrible agonies."

"You will take chloroform?" she said, realising

"Yes. No need to suffer pain since that young Scotch doctor rebelled against the sight of it," he "No need to suffer pain, or the still more sickening apprehension of it."

"That must be the worst of it," she answered, shrinkingly. "And will you see again?" she asked.

"That is doubtful," he answered.

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"Oh, surely not!" she returned. "I fancy it is more than doubtful,"

"But they-the surgeons-would not operate unless they hoped to cure you, would they?

"Unless the balance was in favour of hope, perhaps not; but they hope to cure the pain, even if they cannot restore the sight. Only one does not like to lose one's hold of the last faint glimmer of

To Linnet, already laden with her own burden of sorrow, the added grief and tenderness came with overwhelming weight. She broke down suddenly, and sobbed aloud. Mr. Benholme stood still in dismay and essayed to comfort her, chiding himself severely for having caused her distress. He stood holding both her hands, and, I fancied, longing to fold her in his arms, and let her sob upon his breast, as he would have done a few years ago.

But he restrained himself. It was impossible that Linnet should love him with any other love save that of pitying tenderness. She was going forward to the sunshine and the spring, while he was passing into the winter of a darkened age. If this had not been so, I think he would have stood there with far other words upon his lips, to have met, perhaps, with far other response than these shaking sobs. As it was I felt sure that he loved her, and that he knew she could never be his. Alas, for the sweet sad story of Aunt Mona's bygone youth!

Linnet made a great effort, and calmed herself before she spoke again. What she said was enigmatical enough-

"I cannot say what I would say if I were good enough," she murmured, smiling through her tears at

"What a problem!" he exclaimed.

"I mean," she exclaimed, as we resumed our walk, "that I saw, for a moment, the joy of a perfect resignation, and could imagine some one who had reached it helping you to reach it too."

We walked the rest of the way almost in silence, I think I did the most of the talking myself, and cannot in the least remember what it was about. When we reached the Park, and had led its master through the hall into the library, he wanted us to rest for a little, but Linnet would not stay. She was anxious to get home again to meet her brother.

"Good-bye, then," he said, in taking leave of us, speaking to Linnet last, and retaining her hand, "Good-bye, and I hope to see you again when I return," and he laid a gentle emphasis on the words which conveyed his meaning.

"Oh, I hope so!" she said, with fervour, clasping the hand she held with her slight fingers.

He carried them to his lips.

"You must be my little friend," he said, "and help me to reconcile myself to whatever happens."

Linnet having once more bidden him good-bye, we walked back to the rectory.

Before another week was over, life at Highwood Rectory had undergone a sudden transformation. Its dignified routine was completely overturned. It had become the scene of a tragedy, the world-old tragedy of sin and death. Charles Lloyd had returned to his father's house to die, the victim of intemperance. His indulgences had begun, when a boy at Eton, in secret sensualities of eating and drinking, and they had gone on accumulating in kind and in degree ever since.

Twice his father had paid his debts. They were not enormous, for he was no gambler, no lover of fine things. His vices were not open, and, so to speak, social; they were still secret and sensual-less expensive to the purse, but more expensive to the life. He was but twenty-one, and they had wrecked and stranded him already on the shore of death!

The very sight of him the night his father brought him home, and, with the assistance of a servant, carried him into the house, overwhelmed his mother. She did not weep, or exclaim, or make any outcry. She saw he was beyond reproaches, and none awaited him. She kissed him in her gentle, untender way, and then sat down pale and trembling. Age seemed to have come upon her, not with his usual slow creeping pace, but with a sudden leap, under which she could no longer stand upright, but bent with feebleness. On the morrow she looked worn and withered, as she had never appeared in her life before-the crows'-feet showed round her eyes and lips, which were parched and colourless. All night long she had listened to that fearful cough, sounded actually like a hammer chipping and breaking up some substance, and that substance was living tissue! She had had to rise and go to him in the night, as she might to a sick and fretful child, and she had tried to do things for him, and failed. She could not place a pillow to please him, or arrange a covering-nothing satisfied him. He was irritable to the verge of madness.

The family, for many reasons, were anxious to keep the invalid to themselves, and the nursing fell almost wholly to Mr. Lloyd and Linnet, with the assistance of a kindly under-servant. Mr. Lloyd took the first part of the night, and the servant took the remainder, while Linnet spent the greater part of every day in the sick-room. Mrs. Lloyd, with a feeble effort to do that which it was her duty to do, would come and sit beside him for a little, with her handkerchief more deeply scented, and her bit of embroidery, in a blue satin and straw work-bag, also redolent of perfume, and she would try to keep down the rising in her fine white throat at the terrible cough and its adjuncts, till at length she would have to rise and come away, feeling that she had failed. Then she would sit

reading her prayer-book, as if it contained some spell wherewith to stay the horrors of advancing dissolution. Once, indeed, Charles pushed her rudely from him, and accepted his sister's services instead. What had she done to be treated thus? she thought, with slow, hard-wrung tears, till all that she had left undone came to her like a revelation, and spread a

to soar to moral if not to intellectual greatness, to spiritual if not to temporal high places. As for her son, if he thrust her from him now, how often had she thrust him from her? She had been pleased and proud to see the curled, velvet-suited darling at dessert, and to fill his little hands with cakes and sugar-plums; but when he had become troublesome,



"She knelt down and opened the box."-p. 590.

wintry desolation over her soul. Gradually it stole upon her, the conviction that she had wasted her own life in self-indulgence, though it had been all so graceful, and pure, and charmful. She had been wife and mother, and yet no wifely help, no help of any kind for body or for soul, had come from her—nay, she had even hindered, as in those hours of insight she learned to understand. She had hindered her husband, injured him through the very generosity and unworldliness which had made him stoop to her and grovel with her, when they might have led him

instead of patient, loving, oft-repeated correction, and instruction in righteousness, had she not rung the bell, and said, "Take him away"? So often had she said these words, that they came back to her now, ominous with fate. All this went on in her heart, unknown and unuttered, until it became a torture too great to bear, and she poured it forth to Aunt Monica, with tears of anguish. She began to realise the desperate loneliness of the self-seeker, and to try to turn back from the point at which she stood. And she had to try in such little things, things so

desperately little that they shocked her—such living by the side of such dying!

It was indeed a terrible sick-bed, The household where nothing impious had ever been heard were shocked at times by oaths and imprecations. times Charles Lloyd became wholly unmanageable. In his best moods his father had tried to prepare his mind for the great event which was before him. He tried to teach him to meet death, as he himself was prepared to meet it, with a reverent acceptance of the mystery, and a simple trust in his Creator and Redeemer, but the task was beyond him. Sunk in apathy or absorbed in suffering, the spirit of the sufferer refused to look above or beyond the dreary present. He had cravings, but they were all for meats and drinks, for ease and warmth and sleep-most of all for sleep. He had times of hope, ever lessening, for health and strength and life upon the earth; and of fear, but it was the pain and horror of physical death which he feared. His father, sitting by his bed, pondered painfully on the utter valuelessness of mere conventional Christianity, rousing himself from his reveries into an agony of supplication for that divine revelation which must come to every separate human soul before it can know God.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MRS, BOWER,

Mrs. Bower's health had gone from bad to worse, but she persistently refused to see a doctor. Claude had strongly advised the calling in of medical aid, but hitherto without success. John Bower knew but little of his wife's illness, and even from Phillis she had concealed so much that the girl's fears had never been roused concerning her mother until her weakness had become alarming.

One evening shortly after Easter, Claude returned from the forest, where he was in the habit of walking for hours, returning exhausted as if with conflict, rather than inspirited with invigorating exercise. He was thus exhausted now, and he had his sermon for the morrow still to write. Phillis brought him tea as usual, and when she had served it, lingered with a wistful look, which ended, however, in her asking simply if there was anything more which she could do for him. Claude thanked her, telling her that for the next three hours he wanted nothing except quiet, and that, he added, he was sure to have.

He was still writing when a hurried tap came to the door, and on his saying "Come in," Phillis entered, with a look of alarm on her face, and begged him to come down and see her mother. He hastened down after the girl, and found Mrs. Bower unable to speak. It was getting late, but John Bower had not returned home, and whispering his intention to Phillis, he went at once for the doctor, having seen at a glance that the poor woman was sinking rapidly.

Dr. Cole's house stood in the Row, nearly opposite, and he had but to cross the green and ring the good

doctor up. Claude waited in his study till he came down, and they returned together, Claude telling the doctor how long his patient had been ailing, and how ill he thought her.

Mrs. Bower started when they entered, and looked reproachfully at Phillis.

Quick at reading signs of that kind, the doctor, with his fingers already on her pulse, said softly, "She has not sent for me before it is time. You don't want to get us into trouble, Mrs. Bower."

"It is her side," interposed Phillis, as her mother tried to speak.

"It is only weakness," said the latter, with a great effort.

The doctor took a phial from his pocket and signed to Phillis for a glass. Raising the patient himself, he made her drink its contents. After a few minutes it seemed to revive her, and he began to question her about her illness.

"I must examine this side," he said.

"I thought it was healing," she murmured.

"Healing! Is there a wound?" he asked, and a strange look came into his face.

"Yes; I hurt it," she said, faintly.

" How ?"

"I fell against the corner of a table and bruised it. Then an abscess formed."

"Long since: " was the brief query.

"Before Christmas," was the almost inaudible reply.

The doctor proceeded to his examination. Phillis turned away to hide her emotion; not sorrow alone, but fear had seized upon her—fear which made her cold and sick, and seemed to freeze her falling tears. She had never heard of this burt before; but while her mother was speaking she remembered it, and who had inflicted it.

There was silence in the room for a little. "Why was I not sent for before?" said the doctor at length, but in a very gentle voice.

"It's too late, I know," said Phillis's mother; "but I thought it would get well."

The doctor shook his head. A glance had sufficed to show that mortification had set in, and that the end was near. She knew it was so from his face, and silenced him before Phillis. They thought she was weeping as she sat with her back to them.

The doctor went and patted her on the shoulder. He had known her all her life, and loved her.

"Bear up, like a good girl," he said. "Give her a table-spoonful of this every half hour, making it warm

Phillis moaned, but did not lift her face.

"I am going up-stairs," he went on, "Her comfort in these last hours depends on you."

He said it to rouse her, and it did. She forgot her stupor of fear in the agony of her sorrow, as she told us afterwards, when she poured out to Aunt Monica the whole sad story.

Dr. Cole went up-stairs with Claude; Mrs. Bower fell into a sort of slumber; and Phillis sat leaning on

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the bed. Then she heard the doctor coming down, and crept to the door softly, that she might not awaken the sleeper. The doctor and Claude were whispering.

"It is simply murder," said the former.

Phillis heard, and closed the door, that he might not see her as he passed. She trembled so, that she slid down on the floor behind it, watching from that position her mother's face as it lay on the pillow, almost as white as that was.

"Phillis!" murmured her mother, having slept only a few minutes.

Phillis rose, and hastened to the bed. Her mother raised herself a little, and she held her with her arm.

"Don't let any one come in," she said, "except father. I wish he would come."

Phillis shuddered.

"Is that father?" she said again, as a tap came to the door.

Phillis stood paralysed, and Claude came in.

"Can I be of any use?" he said. "Can I get some woman to be with you?"

"Mother wants me to be with her alone," said Phillis,

"Then, I will watch up-stairs," he said. "Call me whenever you want me."

Mother and child were left alone together.

"Oh, Phillis! there is so little time," gasped her mother, when the interruption was over.

" Mother!"

"You will find all that is wanted in the box yonder at the bottom." She pointed to a box, which stood in a corner of the room, covered with a flowery chintz, and into which Phillis had seen at intervals. It contained the baby garments which had been Phillis's own, and had descended to her from other wearers. She had never seen to the bottom; but she knew what her mother meant—that there lay her clothing for the grave. "And in the left-hand corner," she went on, "you will find a purse with some money in it. It is yours. Keep it for when it is wanted. It never was his."

She seemed to sink, and Phillis gave her the draught, as she had been ordered to do. Then she asked to be raised up in her bed, and Phillis raised her, and sat on the bed, partly supporting her with an arm beneath her pillow.

Claude came and went, throughout that strange night of watching and of prayer, with whispered words of heavenly hope and of divine consolation,

evidently falling on grateful ears.

Phillis's fear had taken flight before her sorrow, and now sorrow itself gave place to a great strain of tenderness. Over her mother's face had spread the signs and tokens of death—that strange and awful look which all can recognise. The room was filled with dying breath. Phillis sat motionless, only, with an instinct of tenderness, pressing closer to her, as she seemed going further and further on that dread journey. All her timidity was gone. She desired no one's presence, but now and then her lips repeated

some simple verse or hymn. Only once her dread returned.

"Did you see that?" said her mother, in a strange whisper." "That was Katie and Walter flying up there. They're there now."

Phillis looked with dilated eyes, following hers, and resting on the white hangings. All was silent after that, The clock had stopped at midnight,

At last the latch-key was heard in the door. Phillis sat still, and did not heed. All was numb in her but this watchful instinct. John Bower entered and stayed on the threshold beholding them. Then he crept a little further, and sat down near the door, and at a distance from the bed, and covered his face with his hands. His wife's eyes were fixed on him, but with no sign of recognition. So were those of Phillis, dark and dilated and expressionless. He could bear it no longer, and rose and went out into the night.

When he had gone, Claude, feeling that Phillis ought no longer to be left alone, went to rouse Priscilla Jewel, and ask her to come to the help of her friend. He had not much difficulty. It almost seemed as if Priscilla must have been watching too, so quickly was she dressed and with them. But she, too, saw that there was nothing more to be done. Only, after pausing on the threshold, as John Bower had done, she went in, and crossing the room, knelt at the foot of the bed in silent prayer. Once she rose and trimmed the lamp. Then the light of the morning stole in and quenched it. The last spark of life leapt up. The dying woman turned and looked at Phillis, who responded by a closer movement. The last breath sighed itself out—all was over.

Above the dead body of her mother Phillis neither wailed nor wept. She stood beside it in a dumb agony, which seemed to merge her mental suffering in bodily pain, to clutch at her heart, and stifle her very breath. Priscilla came to her side, and would have taken her in her arms, but she motioned her apart. At length she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the sight of death, and called out, beseechingly, "Mother, mother."

At the sound of her voice, low though it was, Lady, the old white hound, woke, and rose from her station on the mat at the door of the opposite room (her mistress's bed-room), and stole in to her feet. There the creature crouched, as if in terror, and began to whine and moan.

"Phillis," at length said Priscilla, who had been quietly weeping, "there are some things you must do—some things for her, dear. We can't do them ourselves, only come and let us do what we can, and get in one of the neighbours."

"Yes," said Phillis, removing her hands, and looking like one in a strange place, "you are right, Prissy. Go and fetch some one, and I will get her things out. She told me where to find them."

As she spoke, Phillis took her mother's keys from the toilet-table, and knelt down and opened the box. Priscilla left her kneeling before it. Parcel by parcel she lifted out the contents. Some of her own childish garments, and some old-fashioned things of her mother's, a shawl or two, dimly scented and dimly coloured; the well-worn baby clothes; a muslin gown, with a knot of satin ribbon, her mother's wedding-dress; and last, some unworn linen, white and clean. This she took and laid out on a chair piece by piece. Then, from the bottom of the box she took a small brown-holland bag, tied round the neck with tape. It was her mother's legacy, for she felt that it contained money, and she put it into her pocket, with a quick startled look.

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By the time she had replaced the contents of the box, Priscilla had returned, and telling her that two old neighbours would be there as soon as possible, she led her unresisting down to the little kitchen, and began herself to light the fire and make preparations for breakfast. Priscilla had looked into the parlour and found the master of the house sitting there, with his arms resting on the table and his head on his arms. He was not asleep, for he looked up as she entered, but Priscilla did not speak. She did not dare to tell him that his wife was dead. Her look told him, and his told her that he knew, and she closed the door gently, and left him there.

The neighbours to whom Priscilla had spoken, two decent elderly women, came in shortly to do the last service to the dead. They went about their task so quietly that no one except Priscilla, who waited on them, knew, when it was completed, that they had been into the house. When they were gone, she roused the little servant, and having hushed the outburst of noisy crying with which she received the news of her mistress's death, she told her to dress quickly and come down-stairs at once. Then she went away to get her father's breakfast. Mr. Jewel had been up and at work for the last hour. The little village world was awake and going on with its labours. Life must go on; it is only death that can indulge in complete repose. But in this house of death there was a pause, as if its whole living mechanism had stood still, and might stand still for Such a pause in the ordinary household routine is usual and natural, but in its place there is active grief and active sympathy filling up Here there seemed to be neither. Up in her attic the little maid stood dressed by the side of her bed, trying in vain to summon up courage to go down and pass the door of the deathchamber, and awed at last into silence. Priscilla returned she found Phillis kneeling where she had left her, tearless and trance-like, and no one else had stirred. Once more Priscilla tried to rouse She brought down the girl and set her to work. She led Phillis up to her mother's room to look at her "laid out" in the simple solemn state of the grave. The dead face looked calm and composed, but its expression was one of infinite sorrow. Priscilla wept over it, and hoped that Phillis would weep with her. But Phillis gazed, and did not weep; she only sighed and sighed again, with long moan-

ing sighs. A great and heavy burden of horror and despair was crushing down her heart, and stopping the channels of her natural grief. Priscilla told her where her father was, and would have had her go to him, but she passed the door with a shiver. Was he not the murderer of her mother? This was the terrible thought that weighed upon her. He had struck the fatal blow. If men knew it as she knew it, she thought he would be condemned to die the death of a felon. The horror of it was well nigh unbearable; but it was unmixed, unsoftened by pity. She had no thought of his suffering. So cut off was he from her sympathy, that she could not realise his desolation. Already she had made up her mind to leave him. Never, if she could help it, would she see his face or hear his voice again. He had taken away her mother. He had severed the tie between them. No longer, in her very thoughts, did she call him father. And she dreaded the man. Yet she resolved, as she looked on her mother's face, to stay till she saw her laid in the grave. To go while she was there and looking thus, would be too like forsaking her.

"You will speak to him about the burial," said Phillis, quietly, as they left the chamber. "I should like the service read over her; I think she would have wished it. I am going to sit in my own room. Don't let any one come to me, dear; only come yourself, and let me know what he says. I don't want to see any one just at present."

"And Mr. Carrol?" said Priscilla.

"Will you attend to him too, dear? I cannot, I cannot!" she moaned.

Priscilla kissed her.

"Leave everything to me," she answered, as she saw her into her room.

She failed to comprehend Phillis; but she thought that, left to herself, she might weep or even pray, and find relief. So she closed the door, and saw the faithful Lady, who had followed them up-stairs with something sadly like human trouble in her eyes, lie down at full length before it.

CHAPTER XL.

THE FUNERAL.

CLAUDE carried to the Rectory the tidings of Mrs. Bower's death, and Linnet brought them on to us, and within the hour Aunt Monica had settled with all concerned that Claude was to come to us.

Priscilla Jewel had taken upon herself the whole burden of the Bower household. The good brave girl did not hesitate to invade John Bower's sanctuary. Like most people, she loved him little and feared him a good deal, but she felt strengthened by her pity for him, as a sorely sin-beset man, to deal with him wisely and gently. So she set food before him and asked him to eat, and at length took courage to speak to him of the funeral, and, to her astonishment, he welcomed her interference, asking her to ascertain if Phillis had any wish in the matter. Priscilla

then repeated what Phillis had said, and he replied that it should be done. Shortly after, he went out, to give, as Priscilla supposed, the necessary

When her father had gone out, Phillis came down and made various household arrangements, and saw the few friends and neighbours who came to her as soon as they heard the news.

"How well she bears up," said they; only the old doctor shook his head and said, "I would rather see you crying, child. There is too much pressure here," and he laid his hand gently on her head, and looked into her eyes.

Mrs. Bower was to be buried on Saturday, and during the days that intervened no communication took place between John Bower and his daughter. She was not actuated by resentment, but by a revulsion of her whole nature, the least painful manifestation of which was to keep aloof from its object. Nor was she aware of the pain which she even thus inflicted. Sensitiveness had not yet become sympathy in her slowly developing nature. She could not know how the slave of evil passions felt the torture of their chains; how, in the lonely nights he passed, as he told Claude long after, he had many a dark thought of freeing himself from them by selfdestruction, freeing her likewise of his hated presence. The little of love he had been able to win, the smiles of his children in their infancy, the tenderness of his wife, long since only exhibited towards his sufferings, had given him some need of human sympathy. He began to long for it now, and felt that for him it no longer existed. As long as she lived he knew that there was one heart open to him, one who, if his better self should ever conquer, would recognise it as him, and might learn to love him. He yearned to look once again on her face, and began to watch for an opportunity to steal into the room unobserved; but Phillis seemed always flitting out and in there, and it was only in the night, when every one else was asleep, that he could accomplish his purpose. It was the last night, too, for on the morrow the coffin was to be closed. He stole up-stairs with a light. Lady lay as usual at the door of Phillis's room, and as he reached the landing she roused herself, whining. He silenced her with a menace, and went in at the opposite door, closing it after him, and then turning again to set it wide open. He lifted the cloth and removed the coffin-lid. A bunch of fresh flowers lay on her breast, and-oh, terror !- the eyes-the eyes, mournful as in life, but awful in their irresponsiveness, looked him full in the face. Neglecting to cover the coffin or to shut the door, he stumbled down-stairs, and sat down trembling violently. They haunted him, those sad eyes with their accusing memories; and they were so like her daughter's: they threw him off, repulsed him blankly. He would not endure it. He felt his passion rising, but he seemed to stand aloof, judging himself at the same time. Would he burst forth into a fury of destruction in the midst of sleep and death? In the midst of one of these furies

he would go mad. Perhaps now. Had he not better end it all? There was a gun in the house, which would serve his purpose. With its muzzle to his ear or in his mouth he could shoot himself out in the wood and disturb nobody, till the morning. He was going to rise and fetch it, when a gentle step was heard on the stairs-a pat of light feet. He covered his face for a moment, and the old hound stood at his side, caressing his knees. He put out a hand and stroked her head, and the tears rolled down his face. He wept long and bitterly, and the creature kept caressing him, till he grew calm. Then she gently went away out of the room and up the stairs, and lay down once more in her accustomed place.

All through the time that followed, people said John Bower behaved with a good sense and propriety for which they had not given him credit. Nevertheless, the funeral of Mrs. Bower set the village gossips chattering. No one had been asked to "follow," and no one therefore intruded on the mourners; but a good many of the neighbours assembled in the church and churchyard, and the rest were at their doors and windows to see the coffin borne past. The coffin was carried on the shoulders of four hired men, and after it walked John Bower, side by side with the curate. Behind them came Phillis and Priscilla, while Lady, unobserved, brought

up the rear.

When they reached the church, John Bower stepped aside and allowed the others to pass into the porch, while he remained without. When they came out and proceeded to the grave, accompanied by Mr. Lloyd, who read the service, he still stood aloof, but uncovered. A little knot of people followed at a distance, and among them stood young Myatt, who also had remained outside. Phillis was unconscious of his presence, for she never lifted her eyes, and her thick crape veil hid the pallor of her face effectually; and at length, to Priscilla's great relief, she was weeping freely. But Myatt never took his eyes from the down-cast face. He had been greatly softened by the news of her mother's death. His nature was generous at bottom, and the consideration of her sorrow and suffering banished the thought of his own grievances. But to see Claude standing by her side was bitter to him. It was his place by right, and an injudicious neighbour remarked the fact in tones loud enough to reach his

"And do you see the curate?" whispered the same unbridled tongue, ""Why, he's just like one of themselves, all in mourning, and letting the rector read the service too. It looks like something between him and Phillis."

When all was over, the funeral party walked back as they had come, and there was no more to be observed. John Bower entered his own house only to leave it again immediately. He had great faith in keeping out of women's way in times of trouble, believing that neither their grief nor their anger was

capable of long duration. When he did come back, it was to find the house set in order, swept, and even garnished, for on the little table in the middle of the parlour was set a vase full of flowers, the very flowers that had been laid on his dead wife's bosom

-the white starry narcissus-and the room was filled with their odour; but it was empty. There was no one in the house.

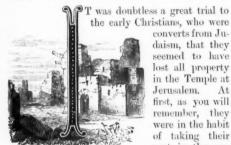
Phillis had fled.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST IN THE HEART.—II.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY.

"To whom coming, as unto a living stone . . . , ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house,"-1 Peter ii. 4, 5.



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converts from Judaism, that they seemed to have lost all property in the Temple at Jerusalem. At first, as you will remember, they were in the habit of taking their part in the ser-

vices of the sanctuary. "Peter and John went up together into the Temple at the hour of "The disciples continued daily with one accord in the Temple;" and it seems likely enough that, for a short time at least, the Christians of the early Church regarded themselves, and were regarded by others, as little else than a sect of Jews who were endeavouring to carry out with unusual strictness, but with certain peculiar notions of their own, the ordinances of the Mosaic law.

Before, however, many months, or perhaps even many weeks had passed by, the divergence between the old and the new systems became so distinctly marked that the Christians felt no longer at home in the house of God in which they had been accustomed to worship; and indeed, after a time, the appearance of one of their number in the Temple-courts was quite enough to excite a popular tumult, which well-nigh had cost him his life. Practically, then, they withdrew from the magnificent building-withdrew to the bare upper rooms which they were able to hire for the purposes of devotion, or to the houses of some of their wealthier and more influential friends, who, like themselves, had embraced the faith of Christ.

Now this surrender of the sanctuary was, I say, a grievous trial to the Hebrew Christians. It would expose them, of course, to the taunts of their fellow-countrymen; but, what was of far more importance still, it would tempt them sometimes to question whether they had acted wisely, and according to the Divine will, in accepting the discipleship and attaching themselves to the fortunes of Jesus of Nazareth. For what had they

lost? They had lost the Temple itself, with all its indescribable glory and beauty. They had lost the religious services with which they had been familiar from their childhood; the sacrifices which God had appointed, and which had been offered for centuries and centuries past: the grand outbursts of praise and thanksgiving, the anthems of David or of Asaph, raised by the voices of tens of thousands of devout worshippers. They had lost the High Priest, that living embodiment, that visible token of the Divine presence among them -with his mysterious power of entering into the Holy of Holies, and there transacting with God, on their behalf. In fact, they had lost all the prestige, and association, and influence, and, if I may so say, the romance of the Mosaic system. By their own act and deed, they had cut themselves off from it, and cast it behind them for ever. And what had they gained in exchange? A homely room, a little company, a plain service of prayer and praise, an unpretending ministry instead of a gorgeous priesthood; adoration addressed to One who gave no visible and tangible intimation of His presence-in every way as little appeal as possible to the senses, as much appeal as possible to man's inner capacity of realising the unseen, and of resting himself upon the eternal verities of the Kingdom of God. This is what they had gained; and sometimes, I fancy, they were in danger of suspecting that they had made a very bad bargain in the exchange that had taken place.

Now, if this be so, we can easily understand the line of thought pursued by the Apostle in the passage before us. He wishes to remind the Hebrew Christians, depressed on account of the loss they believe themselves to have sustained, that there is a far more majestic Temple than that erected by the hands of man on Mount Moriah, and that, of this Temple, they themselves (for all their humility and insignificance) are constituent parts. God cannot, except in a figure, be said to make His abode in a structure of stone and marble, but He can be said to dwell in hearts purified by His spirit, and pervaded by His love. And they have come by Christ, the one Foundation that has been laid, and are being built up upon Him, one after another, each in his proper place; and the fabric is rising, every day adding to its

symmetry and beauty; and the fabric will continue to rise through the ages, until the purposes of God are finally accomplished, and the topstone is brought forth with shoutings of "Grace! grace unto it!" Let them, then, on whom has been bestowed the privilege of being living stones in this "spiritual house," cease to look back with regret on the material grandeur, the earthly glory, the terrestrial magnificence—of the building in Jerusalem. Such seems to be the course of thought in the Apostle's mind. The subject suggested to us is that of the relation between Christ, the Foundation, or Living Stone, and believers, who are built upon Him. And this relation we will now proceed, to the best of our ability, to discuss.

I. It appears, then, to be conveyed by the language of the passage before us, that the being built upon Christ implies the coming of the man into actual personal contact—I know not how to express myself better-with the Lord Jesus Christ. For the sacred writer describes a living stone, which seems to have the power of attracting other stones to itself, and of infusing its own vitality into them. "Ye also as lively [or living] stones—are built up a spiritual house." Now by the word "contact," just used, I mean all that can be meant by the repose of one spiritual being upon another. In such a case as the present, it must mean the surrender of will, the dependence, the devotion, the self-consecration, which we are accustomed to speak of as the proper and natural attitude of a Christian disciple towards the Incarnate Son of God. I would distinguish between "juxtaposition" and "contact." The former is a cold, dead, senseless relation, such as that which you find existing between the component parts of a material structure. You are in juxtaposition with Christ if you content yourself with the mere outward form; if your heart is satisfied with the routine of religious observance, and if you can, with comfort to yourself, stop short in the doing of the thing, in the uttering the prayer, or reading the passage of Scripture, or singing the hymn, or partaking of the sacred elements, without reaching out after the personal Christ, Who lies behind it all. Christ, of course, Himself, is living, and is full of vital power and energy, which He desires to communicate to you. But you, by your own act and deed, interpose a dead wall between yourself and Him, and through that wall it is impossible for His vital influence to penetrate and touch you. This I call "juxtaposition." But there is "contact," when your soul, going forth in search of the personal Christ, will not rest until it find Him. The means of grace you value not for their own sake, but because they are means—the media of communication between Christ and yourself. The Word of God, with its promises and invitations,

and precepts and warnings, becomes a message sent direct from Him, in which you hear His very voice addressing you. Prayer brings you into His presence. You speak to Him, and He speaks to you. In the Holy Communion He makes Himself known in the breaking of bread, and you are able to realise, at least to some extent, that you are a living member of His mystical body. And this, I think, is what the Apostle refers to when he speaks of coming to the "Living Stone" (the stone that has life in itself, and communicates life to others), and the being built up into all the magnificence and grandeur of the spiritual Temple.

II. This point, then, being settled—that there is personal contact with the personal Saviour (a contact brought about, of course, and sustained by the power of God the Holy Ghost)-let us advance another step, and consider the results which follow from the building of the soul on this divinelyappointed and divinely-laid foundation. To begin with, then, by being built upon Christ, the man is brought into his proper position. Let me explain what I mean. The discomfort, the misery of being out of your place, we can all of us understand. A slight dislocation in your body, what anguish it causes! You can have no rest until the mischief is removed by the readjustment of the member. Or let a piece of complicated mechanismyour watch, for instance—be thrown out of gear, even in an apparently insignificant part of it-its usefulness is entirely suspended until the matter Now there can be no quesis set straight. tion (even infidels admit it) that there is something wrong with man as he is. We say that the cause may be found in the fact that he is spiritually dislocated. Made for dependence on God, he claims independence for Himself. He assumes to be his own master, and to act as he pleases. Made to find his happiness in God, he declines to do so, but seeks for his happiness in the world. A sinner, self-excluded from the presence of God, and the hope of heaven, and, as such, only to be reinstated by an act of grace—he utterly refuses to see this, and expects to win heaven by the force of his own excellence, the strength of his own good works. To sum it all up in one word, man is out of his place. Now it is one great object of the Gospel to persuade him to step back into his place, and to assume his proper position of dependence and submission. This is a difficult task to accomplish. Pride stands in the way; but when it is accomplished, and the stone has been built in upon the proper foundation, then comes all the comfort and all the strength which arise from proper adjustment. Away from Christ I am weak, for I have nothing to stand upon. United to Christ, I am strong, for I am placed at the true centre, and proper startingpoint, and real foundation, of my soul.

In the next place, the man who is built like a

living stone on the living basis, which is Christ, is in a right position for seeing the truth of things. You must remember that we are placed in the midst of a vast and complicated universe, and that consequently unless we occupy the right point of view, we incur not a little danger of misconception and mistake. The solar system, seen from the outermost planet, would be one thing; seen from the central Sun it would, I presume, be another. And it is quite conceivable that a philosopher may pursue his investigations successfully in one particular department of knowledge, and yet form a very erroneous estimate of what is going on in the rest of the world. Now if this be so, we may venture to claim for the man who is in Christ a position of peculiar advantage. We do not, of course, affirm that his religion imparts to him intelligence, or acumen, or capacity of investigation, which he did not possess before. I do not become a scientific discoverer because I have become a believer in Christ. Still less do we venture to deny that in many departments of inquiry the question is not one of religion, but of mental power. We admit, most readily, that a Godless man with brains will do more in many respects than a Christian man without them. But we speak of the whole survey, and not of one particular department. We speak of the relation which the several portions of the great system sustain towards each other; and we say that the man who is "in Christ," is placed in a position which secures him, to a great extent, from serious mistake, and which will enable him (if he be gifted with intellectual power) to pursue his researches with greater advantage than those who occupy a different point of view. Standing by the side of Him whose pierced hands hold the reins of the universe, who rules both the visible and the invisible world, who by His almighty power keeps the whole vast mechanism in order, arranging, guiding, controlling, subduing all things to His sovereign will-standing there, the Christian has the chance which no one else possesses of knowing the truth, of being saved from the tyrannical power of appearances, and of becoming acquainted with things as they really are.

Then, again, by coming to Christ, we come to the source and centre of life. There are different kinds of life, and all of them may be found in one and the same human being. There is physical or bodily life, and this may be led apart from Christ—at least, apart from that contact with Him which is the contact of sympathy and love. There is intellectual life, of which the same thing may be said—for not unfrequently the mental powers which Christ has Himself bestowed, and which He sustains in their vigour and activity, are turned against Him, and the man of genius or learning becomes the bitterest antagonist and opponent of the Kingdom of God. But beyond and above all this, there is spiritual life. And

what is "spiritual life"? It is that by which I think the thoughts, and do the acts, and experience the feelings, of a Christian. No doubt I receive every gift from God. But this is something more than a gift of God. It is a communication of Himself. It is the working of His Holy Spirit in the very innermost core and centre of my being. It is the faculty by which I know, and lay hold of, and become possessed of God. And can we enjoy this faculty, this communication, this working-apart from Jesus Christ? Certainly not. "Because I live," He says, "ye shall live also." It is, then, by coming to Christ, by building ourselves upon this "Living Stone," which vitalises all that it touches, that we receive this paramount blessing of spiritual life. And what does it mean-this spiritual life? It means strength to tread down temptation, and to do the thing that is right. It means holiness, and unselfishness, and purity. It means the power to rise into the serene atmosphere of divine contemplation, and to gaze upon the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. The great craving of the Christian is for more and more, and ever more of this blessing. And he may well use the words of the poet, who best perhaps of all our modern poets interprets this nineteenth century of ours to itself-

> 'T is life whereof our nerves are scant— Oh, life, not death, for which we pant: More life, and fuller, that I want.

And this life we draw from the Fountain of Life, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

III. We have thus examined the bearing of the subject on the individual believer: how, by coming to Christ, the "Living Stone," he falls into his right position and true relation of himself to God: and how, by so doing, he becomes acquainted with the truth of things, and is brought into contact with the source of eternal life. Let us occupy the time that remains by considering what the subject may teach us concerning the duties which arise from our connection with that aggregate of believers which we call the Christian Church. We are reminded, then, I think, by the Apostolic imagery, by the reference to the material Temple, and the spiritual House, of the gradual but sure carrying out of the Divine purposes concerning the people of Christ. An architect, to whom is entrusted the building of an important structure, is careful to lay his plan beforehand. He will spend time over itmuch time-before he begins to place a single stone. And if he were a perfect architect, the plan which he had formed would never be deviated from by a single hair's breadth, until the whole building is brought to completion. Now, that God is a perfect Architect, and has a perfect plan, it were superfluous to affirm. But if so, we must

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believe that He is engaged in carrying out, with unfaltering purpose and unfailing wisdom, the design which has been formed in the counsels of eternity. And if so, again we must believe that He has assigned to every one, with unerring accuracy, to every one who really belongs to His people, the place which He intends him to fill.

Just think of it, then. You did not come, of yourselves, to the great Living Stone, the great Rock foundation. You very well know you were drawn there by the power of God's Holy Spirit. Left to yourselves, you would never have moved in the direction of Jesus Christ. But you have come. You have been placed, living stones, in the spiritual building. Your part has been assigned you. Perhaps it seems an insignificant one, still you are part and parcel of the grand design. To leave you out now, would be to frustrate the Divine purpose, to make the structure defective, incomplete; and the thing cannot be done. There you are, and, by God's

grace, there you will remain. And, on the other hand, bethink you of the duties which your position in the fabric involves. The dead stone in a building (if it can do nothing else) fills up the spot in which it has been placed, and supports its neighbours. So should it be with us who profess to call ourselves Christians. It should be our aim, God helping us, to fill the space in which we have been put, whether it be smaller or greater; to fill it by the diligent, conscientious discharge of duty, by kindliness and consideration for our brethren, by the many gracious activities of a Christian life, by the force of our example, by the power of a holy conversation and a consistent walk with God-and thus to be a sustaining and a supporting influence to those by whom we are surrounded. Doing this, we shall show ourselves to be indeed constituent portions of the Divine scheme-living stones in that vast spiritual Temple which is rising through the ages, to the praise and glory of God.

THE COFFEE ROOM AT SMYRNA.

MYRNA was a Greek colony of earliest times—so early that the place was rebuilt by Alexander the Great—but in the course of centuries it fell into ruins, and was succeeded by a splendid new city which, Strabo tells us, was in his day one of the most beautiful in Asia. Its antiquity is evidenced

by its being one of the places which laid claim to have given birth to Homer (1,000 B.C.), and the ancient coins of Smyrna bore his effigy.

The epistle to the Church of Smyrna in Rev. iii. is addressed to the city of Alexander the Great. Singularly enough, Smyrna and Philadelphia, the churches of the Epistles most warmly commended, are the only two that remain as cities; the other five have ceased to exist except as deserted ruins.

Smyrna has been several times destroyed by earth-quakes, and ravaged by the plague. The last visitation of this kind was in 1846, when the city was much damaged, and several lives were lost. It rises abruptly from the shore of the bay, where the sea is so deep that large ships can anchor close by the wharf. It is a beautiful bay, with its deep blue waters, and dark mountains on either side, clothed with the silvery green olive, and the sombre cypress of Smyrna, and beyond—the calm open sea. The heights behind the city are crowned with castles, and the fine old walls and many mosques of Smyrna are striking as you approach it in the rich glow of a Mediterranean sunset.

Your attention, however, is divided between the lovely view and the picturesque groups on the shore.

Greek boatmen, chattering each one louder than the other; veiled Turkish women, flitting about like ghosts; Dutch, English, French, Germans, Armenians, Italians, Turks, and numbers of Spanish Jews; crowds of every sort of man, woman, and child, dressed in many varied costumes, most of them bright and picturesque, and all jabbering away till it is a veritable Babel with the confusion of tongues. Extricating yourself with difficulty from the bustle and clamour of the quay, you pass into the narrow roughly-paved streets of the town, each one with its unsavoury gutter in the centre, and encounter fresh groups of Greeks and Turks, smoking and talking, whilst strings of camels pass along with their heavy loads of goods. They walk in single file, attached to each other with ropes, and most of them have a large bell in front of their humps, which sounds in a sort of musical time as they tramp along, never moving aside whatever passes, but walking right over whoever stands in their way.

Smyrna is one of the busiest and most important marts of the Levant trade, with a very mixed population, such as is well represented by the crowds on the quay. The Turks are poor and wretched; they form about half of the population. The Greeks are next in number, and the Armenians are the better class of the community. The clean and comfortable houses of the latter strike you at once. They are hospitable, and glad to receive a visit from an English lady. On entering, they reach you a chair, and put another for your feet. Then a tray is brought with preserved fruits, flavoured with lemons or roses, of which you take a teaspoonful, and find it delicious,

and then wash it down with a draught of pure cold water.

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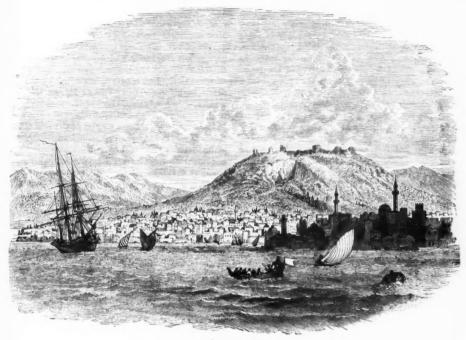
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ious,

But we must not stay to describe their simple customs, nor the more singular ones of the Moslems, not to speak of the dervishes' dance, a curious sight witnessed by our friends in a hall in Smyrna. We want to give some account of the opening of the "Smyrna Rest," which is a coffee-room, provided for all who will come to it and honestly pay their way, but which is specially intended for the numerous British workmen and sailors who go to Smyrna. Many of

they hoped would be ultimately self-supporting; and it was put into the heart of an English lady to respond to the earnest invitation of those friends interested in the religious welfare of Smyrna.

In the month of March last, this lady went there for the purpose of establishing this coffee-house, unconnected with any special mission. One hundred pounds of the money mentioned above was put at her disposal, and the Scotch Bible-woman who has been working in Smyrna was directed to co-operate with her; but it has been truly a work of faith and



MODERN SMYRNA.

these English and Scotchmen are engaged in railway work, and, having married Greek wives, and settled down in the country, have grown careless and indifferent to the religion they had, perhaps, prized in earlier life; so it seemed specially desirable to have some satisfactory place of resort for them, to keep them out of the wine-shops which crowd the quay. Some English and American friends, who had long been interested in their welfare, had for some time been anxiously making efforts to establish a coffeeroom for their benefit, somewhat on the plan of those which have been tried, and succeeded so well, in various large towns in England. Some money had been collected in Scotland, for this purpose, by an American lady already established in missionary work in Smyrna, as capital to start the coffee-rooms, which prayer, and through many difficulties and discouragements has fought its way into existence. Our lady missionary received much help from a kind-hearted Christian-Mr. P., a railway engineer, who is also superintendent of the British school, and was much interested in her work. He made arrangements for securing a suitable coffee-house, which, after some searching and negotiation, was found in a block of buildings on the quay-a most desirable situation, in the neighbourhood of the Dutch, English, and American Consulates. The rent, 145 pounds Turkish (about £135 sterling), was paid for the first year. The landlord had been offered £170 rent for it as a café, and our friends looked upon it as a direct answer to prayer that he was made to prefer them as tenants at a lower rate. Much had to be done to utilise it

for the purpose of a coffee-room-whitewashing, laying-on water, gas, and other fittings-but prayer smoothed the way, and the owners, who had at first refused everything, gradually gave in, and, after much labour, the contract was signed. Then a manager had to be sought for, and that was not an easy task, as he was required to be not only a person of some tact and force of character, but it was very desirable to find a man of Christian principles, and disinterested love for the work. A Greek was tried first, but he proved unqualified, and was afterwards made second in command under the Armenian pastor who undertook the management, whilst a Bulgarian, as waiter, completed the staff. A nice sweet-toned American organ, in a pretty oak case, had been brought from England by the lady who was the mainspring of the whole movement, and she and her friends had been busy illuminating texts, in various languages, for the ornamenting of the room, Many necessary fittings had also been got out from England.

While waiting for the completion of arrangements before the room could be opened as a place of refreshment, it had already been used in commencing a Bible-class for the benefit of English-speaking young men and lads, too many of whom generally spent most of their Sundays in loitering about the quay and frequenting the wine-shops, while others, French, English, and Germans, whose acquaintance the lady had made in the hospital, were glad to prove their gratitude to her for her visits to them there by coming to her class. When Greeks and Armenians came out of curiosity, some one was generally found to translate to them the simple teaching that was attempted, and all seemed to enjoy the music of the American organ and the hymns sung to it. But it became necessary to merge this smaller meeting into the larger one which was afterwards established, as the rooms were not quiet enough to admit of the two services going on at the same time.

At length, by the beginning of June, the coffeeroom was prepared for opening. Some of the workmen employed had got interested in it, especially one Filippo, an Italian, who worked with a will, and kept others to it-no small boon in that dilatory country-thus cheering the heart of our lady missionary and the Bible-woman. The room, a long large one, with three windows, one of which served as a door, was partitioned off by large screens, thus making two smaller rooms in addition. One of these was intended for a reading-room, and another for a sort of private room, where any kind helpers might rest. The public room was tastefully decorated with a few pictures and large illuminated texts in the various languages prevailing amidst that mixed population; and in one corner stood the organ, though screened from view by The bar at the upper end, and the numerous chairs and small tables for customers, were the furnishings of the room. Outside was an attractive sign-board, bearing the inscription, in green letters on a white ground—"Smyrna Rest." A Crevass, in his picturesque dress, stood at the door to keep order, having been kindly lent by the English Consul for that purpose. A Crevass is a sort of orderly who accompanies people on dangerous journeys, or when forced to be out late at night. All the authorities of Smyrna possess them, and the different Consuls have them standing at their doors. They wear a blue braided Zouave jacket, with a sort of full skirt, tied in at the knees, and meeting tight blue gaiters; a red cap, with a black tassel, and a many-coloured girdle, in which glitter a dagger and other arms, complete the attractive dress of the Crevass.

On June 4th the coffee-room was opened about 5 P.M., after much prayer amongst those working for it. The pastors of both the English and Scotch churches had become interested in it, and rejoiced in the faith and hope that upheld the lady missionary. The people, whose curiosity had been much excited by the preparations made for them, flocked in, and the room was quite full in about two hours. Turkish coffee, in the smallest of cups, without milk and often without sugar, was in constant request at the rate of twothirds of a halfpenny per cup. Just when this was being served out most busily, a slight explosion of gas unfortunately occurred. This caused a panic gas unfortunately occurred. This caused a panic amongst the motley crowd. An alarm of fire was raised, and out they all scampered helter-skelter, in the greatest excitement, whilst the crashing windows added to the noise and confusion. Five large panes of glass were broken, and part of the frame torn away. In consequence of this accident, and the crowds escaping without paying, the first day's receipts were only sixteen piastres-about one and ninepence.

There was nothing for it but once more to have recourse to Him who is our refuge and strength in all trouble; and, with the assistance of good friends, the damage was repaired. The next day the most ridiculous and exaggerated reports were flying about Smyrna as to the cause of the accident, and as to the origin and motive of the new establishment. Some called it a school, and supposed that its frequenters were bribed. Some imagined it to be a place where Roman Catholics were made Protestants. In spite of their doubts and misgivings, however, they once more flocked to the place; and as evening came on, the Crévass, shrugging his shoulders, and yielding where he could not resist, looked in despair at the increasing crowds. The receipts that day were an improvement on the commencement, being 201 piastres -about £1 sterling. This time, however, all the Bibles in the reading-room, except one, were stolen; all the books, illustrated newspapers, etc.-not one remained. Among the Greeks of Smyrna are many thieves; and they afterwards said they thought it no sin to steal books, as there was no commandment directly saying, "Thou shalt not steal books!" However, their loose notions on this subject caused the reading-room to be locked up for some time daily at 4 P.M., before the crowded hour arrived.

The first Sunday after the opening of the coffeeroom great numbers assembled before the hour of evening service, and when the doors were opened, every table and chair, nook and cranny was immediately filled. Things had been going on so quietly for some days that the Crévass, kindly lent by the English Consul, had been returned. The lady missionary, seeing the crowds, retired into one compartment with the English boys, leaving the Armenian pastor to address the Greeks and Turks. Nothing, however, could be heard for the noise, and presently crash went one pane of glass; so the manager, with difficulty, turned them all out, and closed the doors. The little band of workers had a prayer-meeting amongst themselves, feeling that their arduous undertaking required afresh the support and guidance of God's Holy Spirit, and then they went home. another hour every pane of glass in the coffee-room was smashed. It was not known who were the offenders, but the damage was believed to be caused by the jealousy of the neighbouring cafés, whose proprietors had no idea of losing their good customers by the introduction of any novelties in Smyrna. The Turkish officials were applied to, and at first reproached our good friends for not having sought specific leave from their Government before commencing the work; but they showed much kindness, and set some of their soldiers to watch all night. Everything, however, remained quiet, and after that there were no more attacks on the coffee-room.

From this time the encouragement became more evident. By ten o'clock in the morning a dozen men, or upwards—English sailors, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews—might be found in the reading-room, sitting quietly, and engaged with tracts, or newspapers, or Bibles; some talking to a friend, Bible in hand. Our friend writes:—"The most cheering part of the work is the eagerness to read the Bible. To some it is a new book. Many want to buy Bibles, but as yet we have no organised plan, and do not know how to meet the demand in the many languages asked for. No one pities me for the robbery of Bibles, as they say it is such a good thing they should read them anyhow."

From one to three o'clock the coffee-room is closed, during the heat of the day, when all the Smyrniotes sleep. Then, from three to nine, when it closes for the night, are the busiest hours of the day. During a good part of these afternoon hours the lady missionary is there herself, sometimes playing on the organ, which is a great attraction to the men. The Sunday following the disasters, in spite of the discouraging advice of friends who meant most kindly, but thought it unwise to attempt anything like services in a café, our friend again cautiously opened the door of the room for a meeting in the evening, feeling that at any rate she had the countenance and good wishes of the English Consul and chaplain, and strong in faith that He whose guidance they had sought in every step of their troubled path would stand by them and give them a wise judgment in all things.

And so He did.

"The passage was so quiet, the iron shutters closed, and only a small entrance left to the front, where the *Crévass* stood, letting in one by one, and brandishing his stick at any who tried to push rudely past. It seemed just as much as he could do sometimes, but prayer was fully answered, and no harm was done. And so God *did* keep the people quiet. From sixty to seventy were there, all sorts as usual, with a few women, and we had a nice service, enjoyed by those there, as some came to the pastor's house afterwards to tell him."

Well was the coffee-room discussed in Smyrna during these first weeks of its establishment. The people seemed at a loss to decide on the motive that had prompted these good folks to put themselves to so much trouble. Not profit—the food was too cheap for that—though that cheapness might be to bribe the people in, and make Protestants of them. The Greek priests discouraged their people going very much, but the Jews went freely, and were often found reading the Bible. This was particularly the case on Saturdays, their Sabbath.

The Sunday evening service has continued to progress satisfactorily—being sometimes conducted in Turkish and sometimes in Greek, as supply can be procured—and the room is quite full of quiet attentive listeners. Many come in from the quay, where the bands are playing, and crowds sit round little tables outside the cafés, and stand at the door when the seats are full, listening intently to the Word of God preached to them. Occasionally a Greek priest may be seen amongst the crowd, though what his motive may be does not yet clearly appear.

There are many proofs that God is blessing the coffee-room. The large text at the door is a great help. A Jew, baptised a year ago in Palestine as a Christian, passed one Sunday, and saw preaching going on. He had no friends in Smyrna, and was feeling very lonely. He wondered what this place was; then he looked up, and his eye caught the words, "Unto Him that loved us and gave Himself for us," etc., and he thought, "Oh, here is a Christian place for me."

The sailors say, "What a comfort the place is!" and that the hymns they hear there bring back thoughts of their homes and of heaven; and many scoffers and infidels come in, and wonder, and argue, as in St. Paul's days.

Lately, when some evangelistic services were held there by a visitor from Constantinople, the room was more crowded than ever; every chair filled, many standing, and a line of men round the walls, standing on the tables—wistful enger faces—some proud ones, some poor beggars. This, in Smyrna, is indeed wonderful, and surely the work of the Lord. He had been earnestly asked that the missionary might come to Smyrna in the "fulness of the blessing," and some days after his arrival the "fulness" seemed to be poured out upon him, and after that it was one continued song of praise that God was hearing and

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answering the many prayers ascending for the place. Bibles have been sold; Greek priests have been seen coming in and asking for tracts, and even a Testament. It is hard cold ground, but the good seed penetrates here and there, and God is giving the blessing.

We feel sure that this slight sketch of the commencement of a good work in Smyrna will interest many readers, and we trust that some of them will uphold the hands of her who has so bravely fought through the difficulties connected with it, by remembering the "Smyrna Rest" at the throne of grace.

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MEDDLESOME MINNIE.

CHAPTER I.



ATE for school again, Harold; you must try and be more punctual!" observed Mr. Durham, the rector of Dillon, a small town in the south of England. Mr. Durham, a widower with four children, was a grave but very kindlooking man. He was not

given to incessant reproofs, or continual scoldings, even had there been occasion for them. But there rarely was. The Durhams were good children, whose lives were influenced by the highest motives, and who were trying to please God in their every-day work.

Harold, a boy of twelve, had been unpunctual for several mornings, and as he stood strapping up his books in the hall on that bright May day, he listened to his father's words.

"Papa, really I cannot help it—it's Minnie's fault," exclaimed Harold, in self-defence; "she will go and hide my books, and that is what keeps me every morning."

"She does not do it on purpose, you may be sure," said Mr. Durham mildly.

"No, papa, but she will always meddle with my things, and puts them where I can never find them again. I have told her not to, over and over again," and having finished strapping up his books, Harold was off, only reaching school at the last stroke of the bell.

Charlie, his brother, who was two years younger, had arrived ten minutes before.

Mr. Durham had been left a widower just eight years ago, when Una was born. Between her and Minnie, who was fifteen, came the two boys.

Minnie had a morning governess and masters in the afternoon, who came up from Dillon. Though so young, Minnie was really mistress of the house, and a good deal lay in her hands, and was left to her management, though she had to be subject to her father and the old nurse; the latter reigning supreme in the nursery and store-room, and who was housekeeper as well. Minnie was a very sweettempered girl, generous, affectionate, and desirous of doing what was right. Her great fault was one which seemed at first sight a very trifling one; it was that which gained her the nickname which Charlie had once given her of "Meddlesome Minnie," There was no noisy interference, no conceited advance of her own opinions, no apparent fussiness about Minnie's words and actions; and yet there was that spirit of meddling in a quiet way in all she did, that often provoked her brothers and the old nurse very sorely, and sometimes even her gentle father, as on this special May morning.

For when Mr. Durham went back into his study, and after finishing reading his letters, he looked for some papers he wanted. He could not find them anywhere, and at last it occurred to him that Minnie, perhaps, had touched them. He sent for her, and she came in a few minutes, looking very pretty. Her sunny bright nature had a true index in her sweet face, with her dark blue eyes and delicate complexion.

"Minnie, I want to know if you have touched the clothing-club accounts?"

"Oh, yes, papa. I will tell you what I did," said Minnie, with a beaming smile, which spoke volumes of her confidence in her father's pleasure at her having helped him, as she fondly imagined she had done. "You know I was here when they came, and you said the account from Christmas to March must be made up, and returned to Mr. Withers at once. So I ran in after tea, when you were at the school, made up the account, popped it in an envelope which I saw all ready addressed, and Charlie left it on his way to school, this morning."

Mr. Durham looked annoyed as he answered—
"Really, Minnie, I wish you had left it alone."

"Why, papa, I thought it was all right; you wanted it done, and——"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Durham, "but you know, Minnie, that I never like your doing things of the kind, unless I am there and can say what I wish. You did it with a good intention, my dear child, but as it happens, it is annoying to me. There was one member's name which Mr. Withers had particularly wished struck off the list, and I demurred

at first. I cannot enter into the whole case now; but suffice it to say that he did not consider this person had a right to the society's benefits, and I was not sure. Last night I made inquiries, and find he is right in all he said, and I am annoyed that the list should have gone back with the name still there."

"I am very sorry, papa," said Minnie, looking rather crestfallen, and yet having no idea of the extent to which her father was annoyed. No more was said, and Minnie returned to the schoolroom, "Oh! but, nurse," exclaimed Minnie, as nurse paused to take breath, "it was my fault, and I am very sorry."

"Your fault? dear heart, no! how could it be?" said nurse, who, for the moment, had forgotten Minnie's meddling propensities.

"I met Jane Heath last week, and I told her I was sure you had agreed to take Milly, and that she need not wait for the place any more," said Minnie.

" Now, Miss Minnie, my dear, that was really, so



"'I am very sorry, papa,' said Minnie."

where Miss Lindon was piloting Una through a sum. The next afternoon nurse came into the schoolroom, where Minnie was preparing her lessons, to pour out a grievance which was greatly troubling her.

"You see, Miss Minnie," said nurse, "your good pa says I may have a girl to work under me in the nursery, help me mend Miss Una's clothes, dust a little, and be useful in other ways, and I had my eye on Jane Heath, and had a'most engaged her, as I had quite given up the idea of that Milly, who lived at the baker's, since I heard such a character of her; and to-day I inquires of Mrs. Heath for her daughter, telling her she can come in to her place to-morrow, and says she, 'My daughter's gone; she 've engaged herself to Mrs. Wayne, what keeps a fancy shop in Renworth, and she 've gone there to-day.'"

to speak, too bad," said nurse. "I've no call to say you are not to manage the house that's rightly yours, but your pa gives me the arrangements of them household matters, and it's leaving your spear to interfere," and forthwith nurse gave Minnie a "piece of her mind," as she called it, Minnie paying but little attention, and only feeling sorry to have vexed nurse. The next evening, as she was in the drawing-room, Charlie burst in, looking extremely angry as he made his way to where Minnie was sitting.

CHAPTER II.

"MINNIE!" exclaimed Charlie, "it's really a great shame of you, meddling and fussing about my things."

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"What is the matter?" asked Minnie. "I have not been touching your things that I can remember."

"You have; you've gone and painted my boat all

wrong, putting-"

"Now, Charlie," interrupted Minnie, "you need not be so vexed; I went into the play-room, and, knowing you wanted your boat finished soon, I painted the line round it—I did it to please you, and——"

"Well, you have not pleased me," said Charlie, who was too much vexed to remember that at least he might speak courteously to his sister. "And now you have spoilt my boat."

"Spoilt your boat! nonsense!" said Minnie; "what can it matter if there is a line of green or

yellow above the red keel?"

"It does matter to me!" said Charlie, who was very nearly crying; "it matters very much, for Harry and I were doing each of us a boat, and his uncle was going to give us a prize for the best, and—""

"Well, I am very sorry," said Minnie, who really regretted causing annoyance to any one; "but you

can take off the paint, can't you?"

"No," said Charlie; "it's all messed and horrid, and I can never make it right again." So saying, he left the room, and as he went up-stairs, and looked again at the boat, it must be confessed that some hot tears fell upon it.

Poor Minnie seemed in for it that day, for no sooner had Charlie left, than nurse came in to fetch Una to go to bed, and she aired her grievance about Jane Heath, loudly lamenting her having gone, all through Minnie's interference. When Minnie was left alone, feeling much worried, after a few minutes her father entered, and expressed his surprise at finding her all alone.

"All alone, Minnie!"

"Yes, papa," said Minnie, sadly.

Something in her voice made Mr. Durham ask her what the matter was, as he felt sure she was troubled about something.

Minnie generally told her father her troubles, and that evening as she sat there she began, and told him all that was grieving her—all her mistakes, her efforts to do right, and her desire really to serve her Lord faithfully, and the wretched failures that she was continually experiencing.

"In all work, dear child," said Mr. Durham, "there is often a certain amount of failure, but here I think the reason of your mistake is a very simple one."

"Oh, papa, then do tell me, for I would give anything to know why I am always failing."

"Well, Minnie, one thing you say is that you try to help others."

"I try, papa," said Minnie, humbly, "but I never seem to succeed. I generally do the wrong things."

"Minnie, one reason is, you forget that 'To every man his work.' We are to do our one work in the world, and——"

"But, papa," said Minnie, "that seems so selfish,

especially when we are told to bear one another's burdens."

"You don't understand me, Minnie. Doing our own work will not interfere with this. We should do our work well, and in helping others exercise tact and judgment, and try and do what we know pleases them, not just what we please, on the chance of its being right. Meddling, believe me, is very different from helping others, and most of your mistakes arise from meddling."

They talked it over, and Minnie quite understood her father, and promised him to try and do better for the future. She did; and for some weeks all went on smoothly, and the boys had no complaints to make, and Mr. Durham, too, felt the comfort of Minnie's understanding that meddling and helping others are

not synonymous terms.

But Minnie was by no means cured, and only by a severe lesson was she at length taught. Pride is often at the root of the matter. An interfering spirit is the result of thinking that others can be helped, not in their way, but ours.

Autumn came, and one day Una had a severe sore throat and cold. She was ill for some days, and nurse attended entirely on her, only leaving her one day, when the child was still very ill, and she asked Minnie to sit with her during her unavoidable absence.

Minnie went up, and although Una could not speak much, she enjoyed having her sister by her, and Minnie repeated all her favourite hymns. The room being darkened, for Una's eyes were weak, she could not read to her.

At length Minnie thought that it was time for Una to take her medicine, and moving gently across the darkened room, she felt on the chimney-piece for the bottle she had seen nurse use. Just then she remembered nurse had said she was only to sit by Una, and not to give her anything, saying she would return before her medicine time. But Minnie felt impelled to meddle, and poured out the quantity just as nurse returned.

"Miss Minnie! what are you doing?" she asked, hastily, as she entered.

"Giving Una her medicine; it's all right!"

"Her medicine! Why, her medicine is just fetched from the chemist's. There's only the *embarkation*, the doctor called it, for rubbing on her chest. Oh, Miss Minnie!" and nurse, looking horrified, took the glass out of Minnie's hand. "You don't mean that you were going to give the dear lamb that?"

"Yes," said Minnie, turning very white; "is it not

right?"

"It's the stuff for her chest, and, Miss Minnie, if she'd have drank it, she'd have been killed. It's poison," said nurse, and laying down the glass she was going to lecture Minnie soundly, when she had to put her arm round her, for she was fainting.

In one moment Minnie had realised what an awful mistake she had nearly made. Had nurse not entered then, Una would most likely have swallowed the stuff; but the possible or rather probable results were so dreadful that the reaction of relief was too much for her.

That evening Minnie had a long talk with her father—one she never forgot. Una was soon well

again, and Minnie bright as ever, only in her heart there ever lived the remembrance of the lesson she had had on interfering, and in her daily life she was so changed that never again could she be called "meddlesome Minnie." L. E. D.

JOHN BERRIDGE AND HIS HYMNS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.



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HIS excellent and honoured servant of God was one of the most peculiar of men. He seems to have been as eminent in gifts as he was eccentric in character; as full of wit and humour as he was of grace and Christ-like love. His career was remarkable, and his life full of instruction. Though a writer of hymns,

some of which possess almost average merit, he can hardly be accounted a poet. His productions exhibit some amount of taste, but they were no doubt written hastily, and are lacking in finish, and while they teem with gracious thoughts and heavenly doctrines, and varied Christian experience, are frequently overlaid with too much of the writer's humour and eccentricities to make them either fit for public singing or generally popular.

John Berridge was the only son of a wealthy farmer. He was born at Kingston, Nottinghamshire, March 1st, 1716. His father intended that his son should succeed him in the farm, but his Heavenly Father had ordained otherwise. At an early age he received good impressions, by means of a boy about his own age, who invited the farmer's son into his house, and asked if he should read a chapter of the Bible to him. Young Berridge consented, and as his way to and from school lay past the home of this zealous boy, the invitation was repeated and accepted many times. Berridge, however, felt an inward aversion to this Bible-reading boy and his practices, and would have avoided him if he could have done so without losing the credit of being considered a religious lad. One day, as he was returning from a neighbouring fair, the youth again invited him to a Bible-reading, asking also if they might not have prayer together. While they were at prayer, Berridge felt that he could not be right at heart, or the amusements of a country fair would not be preferred to the

service of God. This led to a decided change in his tastes and pursuits, and he found pleasure in imitating the zeal of his young friend.

Another person in humble life exerted considerable influence on the mind of young Berridge at this early age; for he was little more than fourteen years old.

A tailor, who sometimes went to the house of the farmer to work, manifested much interest in the lad, who was drawn towards the pious man by the attractions of considerable religious knowledge and a devout and loving spirit. Young Berridge derived much instruction in his frequent conversations with the tailor, and became greatly attached to him.

The older Berridge was greatly disappointed by the apparent unfitness of his son for agricultural pursuits, and after threatening to bind him apprentice to the village tailor, decided to send him to Cambridge to prepare him for "the Church."

At college he discovered those great natural abilities which were afterwards all laid on Christ's altar. He made rapid progress in many branches of learning, while his abundant humour and ready wit won him much attention from men of superior social rank, whose manner of life and lack of right principles acted very injuriously on the all too susceptible student. From the first, of a too self-righteous spirit, he was not proof against the seductions of false doctrines, which he seems to have easily imbibed. These doctrines involved a denial of the Deity of the Son of God, and of His death as a sacrifice for the sins of men. They told very sensibly on His character and upon His happiness, One proof of this he mentions, recounting with much pain and sorrow that for ten years he lost almost all serious impressions, and almost entirely neglected secret prayer.

At times, however, he would suffer much distress of mind, and shed many bitter tears, as he reflected on his sadly altered condition, sometimes saying to a fellow-student, "Oh, that it were with me as in days that are past!"

The Spirit of God did not wholly leave him, and His renewed influences led to his renouncing his injurious sentiments, and his seeking to recover the ground he had lost. Passages of Scripture which set forth the character and claims of Jesus were brought to his mind with much power, especially Christ's own declaration—"That all men should

honour the Son, even as they honour the Father: he that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent Him."

In 1749 he accepted the curacy of Stapleford, near Cambridge. He commenced his ministry with much earnestness, but he saw no success. In truth, though he had renounced his more serious errors, he had not received the Gospel as the power of God to his salvation. His sermons, too, like his own spirit and religious duties, savoured more of the covenant of works, than the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. In much the same spirit, he entered on the more onerous duties of the vicarage of Everton, Beds, Here, for six years, he laboured wholly in vain: no evidences of the operation of the Holy Spirit were manifest; the dry bones moved not, and the dead in trespasses and sins remained dead still. A change, however, was near. We give the leading points in his own words.

"As I was sitting in my house one morning, and musing on a text of Scripture, the following words were darted into my mind with wonderful power, and seemed indeed like a voice from heaven :-'Cease from thine own works; believe only.' Before I heard these words, my mind was in a very unusual calm; but as soon as I heard them, my soul was in a tempest directly, and tears flowed from my eyes like a torrent. The scales fell from my eyes immediately, and I now clearly saw the rock I had been splitting on for near thirty years. Do you ask what this rock was? Why, it was some secret reliance on my own works for salvation. I hoped to be saved partly in my own name, partly in the name of Christ; though I am told that there is salvation in no other name, except in the name of Jesus Christ."

Berridge was a man of thorough sincerity and earnestness, and, having now received Christ as made of God unto Him "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," he at once commenced preaching the truth which had made him free. fervent prayer and simple reliance on the help of the Holy Spirit, he began his evangelical ministry, and it was not long before proofs were seen that he had not laboured in vain. The Spirit of God began to move on the dark minds of his parishioners. The words, "only believe," had led him to think much on faith, and, looking into his concordance, he found whole columns filled with passages having reference to faith and believing. This led him to dwell much on this subject, and to press home his appeals to the conscience of his hearers. One day he was waited on by a female member of his congregation.

"Well, Sarah," said he.

"Well!" said the poor woman, "not so well, I fear."

"Why, what is the matter, Sarah?"

"Matter! I don't know what is the matter. These new sermons. I find we are all to be lost now. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep. I don't know what's to become of me."

The next week, others sought his advice in similar

perplexity, and a widespread movement opened out all around, in which many were brought to forsake their sins, and, leaving the drowsy slumbers of a cold and self-righteous formalism, to seek redemption through faith in Jesus Christ.

Mr. Berridge became acquainted with the Wesleys. with Whitefield, and other evangelical preachers. and by their encouragement, as well as obeying the ardent impulses of his own heart, all afire with the love of Christ, he gave himself to itinerant labours, preaching in all the parishes around, and in many other parts, as many as ten or twelve sermons a week. The power of the Holy Ghost was very manifest, and multitudes were brought to repentance and faith in Christ. The wonderful effects of his preaching have been described by John Wesley. He says: "While Mr. Berridge preached in the church, I stood with many in the churchyard to make room for those who came from far; therefore I saw little, but heard the agonising of many panting and gasping after eternal life." He then describes the scenes he witnessed, and the various demonstrations of distress and joy in those who fell under the power of the Word, and those who laid hold of eternal life. So mighty, and deep, and widespread was the work, that about four thousand souls were brought to seek God, through the preaching of Berridge and his neighbour Hicks, within the space of twelve months.

The spirit of the good man, and the tone of his preaching, may he seen in his hynnn on "Thy Kingdom come":—

O Father, let Thy Kingdom come,
Thy Kingdom built on love and grace,
In every province give it room,
In every heart afford it place.
The earth is Thine; set up Thy throne,
And claim the Kingdoms as Thine own.

But if he had large success, he encountered great The neighbouring gentry, the local clergy, and the bishop of the diocese, all bestirred themselves to put him down, and at least to put a stop to his earnest labours. The bishop used various methods to induce him to desist, but without avail, and he warned him that his proceedings would bring him either to a mad-house or a prison. His predictions were not verified, and, through the intervention of Pitt, the Prime Minister, who had been a college friend of Berridge, he was not disturbed from his vicarage, nor stopped from his itinerating as long as he was able. He was denounced, however-by many who knew not his true and sturdy, his humble and loving spirit-sometimes as a madman, sometimes as a villain, and sometimes as a fool. One day he was on his way to a visitation, when he was joined by a strange clergyman, who inquired, "Do you know one Berridge in these parts? He is a very troublesome good-for-nothing fellow, they tell me!"

"Yes, I know him," said Berridge, "and I assure you one-half of his wickedness has not been told."

The stranger expressed his surprise, and begged to have the wicked fellow pointed out to him when they came to the church. The conversation was prolonged as they pursued their journey, and the strange clergyman became interested in his intelligent and witty companion. Arrived at church, the request to point out the notorious Berridge was renewed.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am John Berridge."

"Is it possible?" cried the other; "and can you forgive me? Will you honour me with your acquaintance? Will you admit me to your house?"

"Yes," said Berridge, "and to my heart too."

The simplicity and transparent sincerity of the good man's character may be traced in his hymns, a great number of which, out of the three hundred and forty comprised in "Zion's Songs," were written during a severe illness, when he was wholly laid aside from preaching. They are on a great variety of subjects, experimental, practical, and doctrinal. He was never married, and in a letter to the Countess of Huntingdon speaks in no flattering terms of the fair sex; but he had a kindly, loving heart, and was quite in sympathy with all classes. He has written a good wedding hymn, which is still in use, and has tended to cheer and sanctify the spirit and life of many a

Our Jesus freely did appear To grace a marriage feast, And, Lord, we ask Thy presence here, To make a wedding Guest.

wedded pair-

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with Thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

With gifts of grace their hearts endow— Of all rich dowries best; Their substance bless, and peace bestow, To sweeten all the rest.

True helpers may they prove indeed, In prayer, and faith, and hope, And see with joy a godly seed To build their household up.

*

He possessed a child-like spirit, and this finds expression in not a few of his hymns. In the hymn on "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth good" (1 Sam. iii. 18), there are some very soothing and instructive verses. The hymn begins—

Poor angry bosom, hush, Nor discontented grow,

and proceeds from the third verse-

The lions will not roar,
The billows cannot heave,
The furnace shall not singe thy hair
Till Jesus give them leave.

The Lord is just and true,
And upright in His way;
He loves, but will correct us too,
Whene'er we go astray.

With caution we should tread,
For as we sow we reap,
And oft bring mischief on our head
By some unwary step.

Lord, plant a godly fear Before my roving eyes, Lest some hid snake or wily snare My heedless feet surprise,

Or, should I start aside,
And meet a scourging God,
Let not my heart grow stiff with pride,
But bow and kiss the rod.

In some cases where the hymn, as a whole, is not up to the mark, either as to correct taste or other requirements, good passages may be found, as in the one on Ps. Ixiii. 1, beginning—

A godliness that feeds on form.

The third verse is full of a devout spirit and happy expressions:—

O Lord, Thy Spirit's aid impart, And fill me with devotion's fire; Create anew my earthly heart, And heavenly breathings there inspire. Bid heart and flesh cry out for Thee, And Thou my joyful portion be.

He did not forget, in the midst of many cares and claims, the requirements of household servants, and the needs of labouring men; he wrote morning and evening hymns for them, abounding in sound instruction, expressed in plain common-sense language, easy to remember. The servant is made to say—

If unto labour I am bred, My Saviour was the same; Why then should I a service dread, Or count it any shame?

The working man is taught to sing-

A trusty workman I would be, And well my task pursue; Work when my master does not see, And work with vigour too.

Berridge was a man not only with wide sympathies, but with fervent love for all who loved the Saviour. "The whole household of faith are my brethren," he says, in the preface to his hymns, "and some care has been taken not to give any of them a needless offence. In matters which are not fundamental, let every one see with his own eyes, and judge for himself."

Incidentally he gives us a peep at the state of psalmody in the parish churches of his day. "Psalmsinging has become a vulgar business in our churches. This tax of praise is collected chiefly from an organ, or a solitary clerk, or some bawling voices in a singing-loft. The congregation may listen if they please, or talk in whispers, or take a gentle nap. By feeling ourselves monuments of mercy, spared, fed, and redeemed by it, we learn to love and praise the Author of such mercy." This is another testimony to the fact to which so many have borne witness, that earnest evangelical faith, experimental piety, and practical godliness, require, as they have ever called forth, psalms and hymns and songs of praise in which all can join with heart and voice in singing

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unto the Lord. "O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless His name; show forth His salvation from day to day. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised."

We have referred to the child-like simplicity of Berridge. This appears nowhere more conspicuously than in that one of all his hymns which possesses the greatest points of excellence. It is on the text, "My soul is even as a weaned child"—

Jesus, cast a look on me, Give me sweet simplicity, Make me poor, and keep me low, Seeking only Thee to know;

Weaned from my lordly self, Weaned from the miser's pelf, Weaned from the scorner's ways, Weaned from the lust of praise.

All that feeds my busy pride, Cast it evermore aside, Bid my will to Thine submit, Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child Of my strength and wisdom spoiled, Seeing only in Thy light, Walking only in Thy might,

Leaning on Thy loving breast, Where a weary soul may rest, Feeling well the peace of God, Flowing from Thy precious blood.

In this posture let me live, And hosannas daily give; In this temper let me die, And hosannas ever cry.

In 1842 Berridge's hymns were republished under the editorship of the late Rev. J. C. Philpot, M.A., formerly Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. Mr. Philpot sought to impress upon "Zion's Songs" his own sentiments, in so far as they differed from Berridge's views of the universality of the invitations of the Gospel, and the wide provision of saving grace in Christ Jesus, but the alterations are by no means numerous. Mr. Philpot's ripe scholarship enabled him to detect many flaws in Berridge's compositions, but his genuine piety led him to admire and love the deep spirituality, the heavenly-mindedness, and the Christ-like humility of the old Vicar of Everton; and though in his preface he has perhaps needlessly obtruded his own somewhat narrow views of things, he has shown considerable insight into Berridge's character. He excelled, he says, "in the simple breathing of his desires after communion with God. There is a pressing after it in his own soul, as the only thing desirable, loved for its own sake, valued for its own sweetness, mourned after when lost, rejoiced in when found,"

> I would be near Thy feet, Or at Thy bleeding side, Feel how Thy heart does beat, And see its purple tide;

Trace all the wonders of Thy death, And sing Thy love in every breath.

Berridge possessed a considerable income, derived from his father's estate, which descended to him, a Fellowship at Cambridge, and his living at Everton, and all was employed in the cause of his Great Master. In twenty years he spent £500, chiefly for the homely fare the poor cottagers afforded him in his evangelistic tours. On Sundays and great occasions he kept almost open house at Everton; besides which, he sustained and clothed at his own expense several lay preachers, who laboured under his direction in making known the Gospel. He was of very unassuming manners, and was equally at home in the company of the godly peer and the pious peasant, while he was alike familiar with the dignified clergy, the evangelical Nonconformist minister, and the unpolished lay preacher. His preaching was highly esteemed, and everywhere popular, whether in the parish church, the farmer's kitchen, the spacious barn, the open fields, or in the chapels of Mr. Whitefield and the Countess of Huntingdon.

But the time drew near when he should cease from his labours and go to his reward, where he should realise the sentiments and the prayer of one of his own hymns in which he contemplates the happiness of believers, where, at God's right hand, are "pleasures for evermore"—

O happy saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Jesus, clothed in white; Safe landed on that peaceful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Released from sin, and toil, and grief, Death was their gate to endless life; An opened cage to let them fly, And build their happy nest on high.

We may picture the good man in his lonely study, bending under the weight of years and multiplied labours, pouring out his heart in longing desires, as he hums over the last verse of his own hymn:—

Ah! Lord, with tardy steps I creep, And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep; Yet strip me of this house of clay, And I will sing as loud as they.

He had not long to wait when his work was done.

"Sir," said a neighbouring minister to him in his
last short illness, "the Lord has enabled you to fight
a good fight, and to finish a glorious course."

"Yes," he replied; "and blessed be His holy Name for it."

"Sir," said another, "Jesus will soon call you up higher."

"Ay, ay," he answered, "higher, higher, higher!"
Thus, with the port full in view, with confidence unshaken, with hope bright, and clear, and strong, in firm reliance on the merits of his Saviour, did this servant of God pass away, to "walk with Jesus, elothed in white," and sing among the ransomed for evermore.

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CHAPTER XII.-CARRY IS INCOMPREHENSIBLE.



OOMS reflect the character of their owners. Carry and Nell shared the When same. it belonged only to Nell it was orderly enough, and spotlessly clean; but when possessed by Carry it becamesomething more; there was about her that subtle essence of womanliness, that gra-

ciousness and daintiness which pervades not only the woman herself, but the atmosphere she creates around her. It is like the perfume of a flower. Nell had nothing of this seductive quality.

One morning as they were together making Carry's bed a book fell on the floor from under the pillow, Nell, stooping to pick it up, did not see the look of uneasy annoyance that passed over Carry's face.

"Oh," said she, "I was awake so long this morning, that I got a book to amuse myself with."

Nell now had it in her hands, and was gazing at it in astonishment. "Why, Carry," she said, "it is Mr. Derwent's!" A tunult of feeling had awakened within her, she scarce knew the why or the wherefore. She looked across at Carry. Carry was blushing slightly, and her face wore a somewhat conscious smile.

"Where did you get it?" asked Nell, her voice sounding unsteady.

"Well, really, Nell, you needn't look so astonished," and Carry gave a little laugh. "There's nothing so very extraordinary in Mr. Derwent's lending me a book, is there?"

"No," said Nell. She put the book down, and the two girls continued their work. There was no sign of temper in either face, and the harmonious sweep of their arms, as they simultaneously smoothed the sheets, was suggestive of inward unity. But underneath the calm exterior there were elements working in both natures, capable of producing a breach too wide for angry words and looks. Carry had a strong instinctive feeling of the necessity of covering the surface of life with pleasantness, whatever might be hidden beneath. Therefore it was she who first broke the silence by starting a fresh subject.

The coldness between them, however, lasted all day, though it did not betray itself openly. Carry

retained her customary gentle cheerfulness. In the evening, indeed, before going to bed, she was more than usually lively. Mr. Derwent had called rather late, and when he went away Mrs. Masters sent her to the door with him. She was gone a long time; a cold wind blew down the passage, showing that the front door had been left open, and Jack was dispatched to shut it. When he reached it he saw, through the darkness, Carry come flying up the path. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes wide open and shining. Nell, in the parlour, heard her say—

"I've had a run round the garden; it's such a lovely night. Come and have another turn with me, Jack; I can't come in yet."

And then came the sound of crashing feet on the gravel outside the window, with an accompaniment of merry tones and ringing laughter. All was still outside when Nell went up to bed, but Carry had not made her appearance in the sitting-room.

Nell did not take a light into the bedroom; she had a strange ache within her, and she was glad to get alone. She had not been many moments in the room before a low stifled sob trembled through the stillness.

Nell started, went up to the window-seat, and found Carry there. She was lying half across it, her head buried in her arms.

"Carry!" said Nell, in a low awe-struck tone. Carry replied only by sobs.

Nell knew not what to do. She had never seen her sister like this before, and the strangeness made it awful. She sat down beside her and touched her softly. Carry took hold of her with both hands, and putting her head on Nell's lap clung fast, still sobbing.

"Carry, Carry, speak! oh, tell me what it is!"
But Carry only sobbed, with her face hidden. Nell
put her hands on Carry's soft hair and waited.

Presently the sobs grew fainter, and then ceased, and Carry raised herself up, and pushed back her hair from her eyes.

"Oh, Nell, you are good to me," she said.

"Carry, dear Carry, do tell me what is the matter!" cried Nell, her own tears falling now that Carry's had ceased.

"Oh, everything's the matter, Nell; it's all so hard and so dreadful."

"What is hard and dreadful, Carry?"

"Oh, everything! father's eyes, and—and—everything," and Carry shivered.

Nell was more and more alarmed. Carry's hands were hot and trembling, and then her manner was so strange; it was evident that nothing dreadful had really happened. She must be ill.

"Nell," said Carry, in a faint tremulous voice, hiding her face on Nell's shoulder, "I think if any one had done wrong, you would be very hard on them, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know; I think it would depend on what it was. Why do you ask that?"

"How do you mean on 'what it was,' Nell?"

"Why, there's some things I don't feel as if I can

"Carry," said Nell, "I'm sure you're not well. You must get to bed."

"Yes," said Carry, and gave a long-drawn shuddering sigh.



"But Carry only sobbed, with her face hidden."-p. 608.

forgive—what's underhand or deceiving, or anything like that."

Carry seemed suddenly to be transformed to stone. Her hands turned from hot to cold, and her whole form grew rigid. Nell put her arm round her, but she made no response.

She allowed Nell to help her to undress. When she was in bed she said, "I'm so cold."

Nell put a shawl over her, and then stooped to kiss her. Her cold lips scarcely seemed to feel the pressure of Nell's warm ones, and she did not heed her tender good-night. She lay as if stunned, with her

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Nell was awake long; indeed, she thought herself too anxious to sleep, she was sure that Carry was seriously ill; but at last sleep overcame her. When she awoke, the events of the past night seemed like a dream. Carry was not ill. She was quieter than usual, that was all. She made no allusion to what had passed, and Nell understood that there was to

be silence between them.

CHAPTER XIII.-DERWENT DOES HIS DUTY.

The same morning Derwent sat in the drawing-room at the Vicarage. He had the last number of a weekly review on his knee, and a paper-knife in his hand. But he was not cutting open the leaves; he was idly balancing the paper-knife, and looking out of the window. He was mentally uncomfortable, and his brow was ruffled. Miss Lettice sat at the other window, stitching diligently. Contrary to his usual custom, Derwent did not care to talk, and there had been silence in the room for some time. His thoughts were unpleasant, yet for once he could not evade them, for his conscience had awaked from a long slumber, and was giving him some trouble, as the most sleepy of consciences will do when once fairly roused.

"Well," he was thinking, "I can't for the life of me keep out of these flirtations. It's my unfortunate temperament. When I get thrown with these pretty, sweet women, I can't help myself. I begin to say things I don't mean, and so it goes on, until ten to one they fall in love with me, as Annie Redfern did. Nice girl she was! And I don't think her feeling for me did her any harm. She got over it directly, and married that other fellow. No, I've never done any serious harm to a girl, and that is a great comfort. But I don't like it in myself. It's not good form; really, I don't think it's at all manly; and I am determined I never will make love again, even in the most innocent way. And as I'm quite resolved to go away at once, I hope it will be all right about this poor little Carry. I could never have believed that she could suppose me seriously in love with her; it struck me last night that she had really thought I intended to marry her. Dear me, how girls may be mistaken! I certainly gave her no reason to believe so; but I begin to think I must have an unfortunate manner. I feel affectionately, and I suppose I must show it. Well, I can't help it; it's natural to me. I feel sure Carry will be all right when I'm gone. She'll forget me in a few weeks, when she has nothing to remind her of me. It's inconvenient, but I'm sure it's the only right course, and it's not often I do wrong wilfully. Poor child, how heart-broken she looked last night, when I told her I was going away! It went to my heart. I almost gave up the idea. And yet that would never do. Her distress was only an additional reason for going. Yes, I must go, and at once."

A few minutes after, he turned to Miss Lettice,

and said, abruptly-

"Cousin, I think it's time I left Hazlewood."

Miss Lettice looked up from her work in astonish-

"Why, my dear boy, I thought you were settled down here till the end of the summer."

"So did I; but I suppose, after all, I'm beginning to get tired of idleness. I think it doesn't suit me; at any rate, in such large doses. I shall go to town and knock about there a bit. I've got a few friends to look up, and a little business to see after. And who knows but I may take your advice, after all, and make myself eligible for the Woolsack?"

Walter, tilting back his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and an *insouciant* smile on his face, presented a picture much out of keeping with the idea of the legal profession, and his cousin laughed.

Walter looked slightly aggrieved.

"Your intentions are very laudable, Walter, and far be it from me to discourage you; but I think you would do well to stay with us a little longer. Seeing that in August London is well-nigh empty, you would find none of your friends at home; and I should think you could hardly transact your business to advantage."

"Ah!" exclaimed Walter, "I forgot that."

He rose and walked to the window, looked out for a minute, and then returning said, in a tone of fresh resolve—

"Nevertheless, I must go; call me an unreasonable fellow, but don't try to keep me. Let me see, it is now Thursday. Can I be ready to start by the end of the week?"

Miss Lettice, amazed, let her work drop. She

regarded the young man keenly.

"What does this feverish energy mean? You, who cannot make up your mind in less than a week to walk into the next parish, now require only three days to form and carry out an important plan like this. You astonish me. If I were not so satisfied of your good feeling towards us, which I am sure would prevent your harbouring an unexpressed offence——"

"Nonsense, my dear cousin! You know better than that," interrupted Walter. "Don't take the trouble to find a sufficient reason for my absurdities. I assure you I do not. I suppose the fact is that having made up my mind, I want to get the disagreeable duty done as quickly as possible."

It was finally arranged that Walter should leave

the next Monday; he could not be induced to stay a day longer. Great was the surprise among his friends at the farm when they heard of his immediate and unexpected departure. This did not happen till Sunday. As they were returning from church, Martha, the Vicarage servant, ran after them to tell the news. After the first expressions of astonishment, Mrs. Masters said—

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"He'll be going to see his fine friends in London, no doubt. Hazlewood'll see no more of him, you may be sure."

"Nay, mother," said Mr. Masters, "he's not the lad to forget his friends, wherever he be, and big man as he'll get if talents can do it. We shall see him again some of these days."

As for Nell, the shock of the news to her had been so great as to put off for a time the full realisation of it. Over and over again did the question repeat itself within her, Will he come and say good-bye? The whole of her consciousness was merged in that one point. She saw and heard nothing around her. He had been at church that morning, sitting in the Vicarage pew. He was going away, perhaps for ever. Was that the last time she was to see him? No, it was impossible that he should go without bidding them farewell; and yet she would have deemed it equally impossible beforehand that he should not have told them he was going away.

Carry testified neither surprise nor regret at the morning's news. She simply remained silent. The afternoon and a great part of the evening passed away, and Derwent did not come. Nell was consumed with a restlessness, utterly unlike her usual reposeful energy. She must be incessantly in motion—she could not sit still.

With the dusk Derwent came at last. Carry, who was in the garden, entered with him. The rest were all in the parlour. He had but a few minutes to stay, he said, and there was a general feeling of relief. Leave-takings are almost always painful, either from too much feeling or too little. The two girls were very silent. At length the last hand-shake had to be given. Carry's appeared cold and formal, but Nell gave him her hand freely, and lifted up to his a face full of sorrowful affection. The look was so frank, so carnest, so trustful, that it went straight to Walter's heart, and smote it sore. It was as if his conscience had met him in Nell's look, and convicted him of cowardice and selfishness. As he went out into the night, it was Nell's face that haunted him. Nell, now that the yearning of her heart had been fulfilled, and she had, for the last time, looked full in the face of her friend with entire self-revelation, was comforted and lifted up above her sorrow into a region of passionate renunciation.

CHAPTER XIV.-THE FALL FROM THE BRINK.

Nell went about her work next day in her usual brisk and energetic fashion, but in a mood some-

what more subdued than usual. Her grief at Derwent's departure was of a kind to soften rather than to embitter the spirit. There was in it no sting of disappointment. Gratitude, loyalty, affection, she had given him, but she had expected nothing in return beyond the cordial friendliness he had always shown towards her. Her mind had never entertained the idea of love-making between Derwent and herself; she had fully recognised the fact that her intercourse with him would soon come to an end. And now he was gone, and she would always be glad and proud she had known him. Nell, unapt at self-analysis, did not seek for an explanation of the heart-aches she had felt lately, and was far from suspecting that jealousy had been concerned in them; nor was she conscious how large a share of her thoughts and feelings had of late been engrossed by Derwent.

If the restlessness of the day before had departed from Nell's spirit, it had apparently taken possession of Carry's. Had Nell been less absorbed by her own feelings, she would probably have noticed that her sister's face was pale, and that her smile seemed like a weary hiding of some secret grief. She wandered about aimlessly, scarcely heeding what was passing, until even her mother was irritated, and spoke sharply to her. Carry's power of endurance, which had been strained to its utmost limit, gave way under the new burden, slight as it was. She broke down and sobbed hysterically. Mrs. Masters, full of self-reproach, soothed her tenderly, while marvelling much that such a trifle could so disturb her. The tears were a relief, and the love was comforting, and Carry appeared more like herself when the little episode was over.

After tea she said to Nell, who came into the parlour with her hat on—

"I want to go down the fields to the brook, Nell.
You'll go with me, won't you?"

"Why, Carry," answered Nell, who was standing at the table with her back to her sister, "don't you know I'm just starting to Firley?"

Carry turned pale—whether from the shock of disappointment, or the keenness of relief, she herself could not have told. With an effort she spoke again.

"Put it off till to-morrow, Nell; and come with me to-night."

"Why, you unreasonable girl, how can I?" answered Noll, laughing. "I can't give it up; and I don't know that I should if I could, to give way to a whim. If you want a walk, come with me."

"It's too far."

"Well, come part of the way; and bring Bob with you for company back,"

Carry did not reply; but as Nell was going out at the door, she ran to her, and catching her round the waist, said, in an excited way—

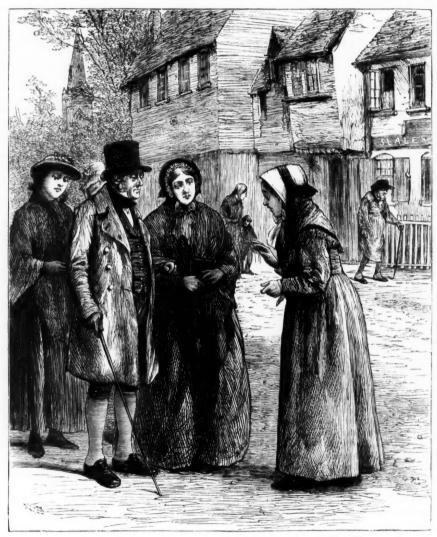
"Nell, Nell, do go with me!"

"Don't be such a goose, Carry! what has got into you to-day?" cried Nell, impatiently, and then

added, "Go on with those fine crochet roses for your antimacassar, and I'll go with you to-morrow night."

In another moment she was gone, and Carry heard

wards, choosing a route which, though indirect, lay through the fields, and was pleasanter than the dusty high-road. Her spirit, full of gentle sadness, felt attuned to the solitude, the cool air, and the evening



"Martha, the Vicarage servant, ran after them to tell the news."-p. 611.

her quick step outside. Her whole frame quivered with excitement.

"I can't be blamed now"—and the thought was exultant—"I've tried my best, and she would not come,"

Nell's errand accomplished, she set her face home-

light. At a distance of some three or four fields from the farm, the path crossed that which formed the nearest route between the village of Hazlewood and the Dubsley Station. Here this path ran under a high hedge. As Nell came up to the stile, which divided her from it, the sound of voices came to her ears from the other side of the hedge. Her heart leapt within her; the voices were those of Carry and Mr. Derwent. One moment of amazed bewilderment, and she had crossed the stile. She stood transfixed. Carry, her face white and drawn, was standing, motionless and speechless, gazing at Derwent with piteous tear-filled eyes. He, bending over her, had his arm round her waist.

"Darling," he murmured, "I must go. We must say good-bye. Give me one kiss,"

Nell, with a desperate effort, threw off the nightmare horror which had rooted her to the ground.

At the sound of her movement, they started apart, and saw her. For a moment the three gazed at each other. Not a word was spoken. Under the pitiless scorn of Nell's glance, Carry quailed like a reed before the wind. Speechless Nell confronted them, speechless left them.

Relieved from the spell of her eyes, with a wild cry Carry threw herself on the ground; her hands clutched the grass convulsively, her slight frame was torn with the passion of her sobs. Between her sobs she wailed, brokenly—

"They have found me out! they'll never forgive me! Father and Nell will never forgive me. I've been deceiving them, and they'll never, never forgive me! Oh! I cannot go home—I cannot go home! They will kill me with their scorn!"

Derwent, amazed and aghast, knelt at her side.

"Nonsense, Carry! nonsense, my darling!" he said, in a soothing tone. "You are excited; you

haven't done anything wrong. Don't talk so wildly!" He sought to take her hand.

"No, no, no!" she cried; "it is you that have done it! Oh, let me die! I cannot go home—I cannot go home!"

Derwent drew a great breath, and threw off his cap; he felt suffocated. What was he to do! The sight of Carry's misery wrung his heart. What a sensitive child it was! He cursed his selfish folly that had brought this upon her.

He could not endure the thought of her encountering hard words and looks, without a soul to pity and comfort her. He pressed Carry's shoulder.

"Get up, darling," and there was both tenderness and authority in his tone; "you shall not go home, you shall come with me."

Will, judgment, even thought, were impossible to the girl; quivering in every nerve from the strain of emotion, the sudden relief well-nigh turned her brain. She was as one to whom the gates of paradise are opened. Fear and anguish were swallowed up in bewildering joy. Scorn and anger could no longer touch her, she was to be married to the man she loved!

Derwent helped her up with firm hands, he put on her hat for her, gave her stricken face one pitiful kiss, and then, with his arm round her waist, he hurried her on to the station. Carry was like a dead weight on his arm, but they must reach it in time for the train.

(To be continued.)

DELIVERANCE FROM THIRST.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

"And gavest them bread from heaven for their hunger, and broughtest forth water for them out of the rock for their thirst." . . . "Thou gavest also Thy good Spirit to instruct them, and withheldest not Thy manna from their mouth, and gavest them water for their thirst." "NEH. ix. 15, 20.



E come now to consider the mention of Thirst under much more pleasing circumstances than those which have hitherto met us.

Trial, failure, chastisement are

what met us there. Here it finds place when the Levites call upon the people to "stand up and bless the Lord their God for ever and ever, to bless His holy name, which is exalted above all blessing and praise."

The Jews are restored to their own land, and in humble and contrite spirit confess their sins, and give thanks to God for His mercies; they rehearse, under the guidance of the Levites, all the wonderful dealings of the Lord to their race, from the time that He chose Abram, and brought them forth from Ur of the Chaldees, and amongst those mercies there finds place for deliverance from hunger and from thirst.

From these mentions of Thirst, and deliverance from it at this particular time, there are some useful teachings for ourselves.

Here is remembrance of old past mercy—the life, the wonder of it has not died out because it is so long ago. Hundreds of years had gone by since those days of deliverance; the nation had passed through many doleful experiences, and had been blessed with many signal deliverances; but these mercies are not forgotten now, in this day of remembrance, because they had been vouchsafed long, long ago. There certainly is not now any immediate cause for remembering this; they had not been recently delivered from a calamity like this—it is simply in their history; and as such it came up into grateful review.

Now, this is a matter in which all of us come very short. "Eaten bread is," as the proverb says, "soon forgotten." And so is the water which we have been given to drink. Our old mercies become very stale; the life, the freshness of them die out—time covers them, as it does all other things, with what is newer and fresher, and the old, if remembered at all, is remembered only as an event that happened once, without any of the emotions or appreciations which belonged to it then. The disciples had forgotten the miracle of the loaves, though it had been but as it were yesterday; and if yesterday's mercies are so easily and quickly forgotten, is it any wonder if far older mercies fare worse?

It not only glorifies God, but it does ourselves great good, to bring up old mercies into remembrance—to think of the circumstances under which they are vouchsafed, how precious they were then—to rehearse all about them in our minds, until we have some freshness of concep-

tion and feeling about them.

Let us imagine ourselves in those same old circumstances again. Let us think of the perplexity and discomfort, of the relief when God brought all things out right for us. How wonderful it all seemed then! and let it seem equally wonderful now. Let us feel that we have had a blessing. Memory has, alas! only too many sad pictures to bring up. Let us conjure up the bright ones, and receive, as it were, the blessing over again in thinking of it.

Even though we remember the fact of certain blessings, it is very often only as facts in our history that they remain. The God that was in them at the time is not in them now; but we are losers by this. Our God should be in all our long, long ago: and we shall be gainers by its being so, for we shall thus gather in the past into the present. The mercies thus thought on to be praised for afresh, will become the property of the present—to meet its needs, to encourage us

in new expectations and hopes.

And it is to be observed that this remembrance of old mercy-this deliverance from thirst, came in along with the rehearsal of other mercies. The division of the sea, the destruction of Pharaoh, the leading by the pillar of fire and cloud, the giving them precepts, and statutes, and laws, are all rehearsed at the same time. Surely, when we begin to praise, matters for praise will crowd in upon us. Even if we set ourselves to review one mercy, we shall find that it has its collaterals; others akin to it, or connected with it, or incidental circumstances belonging to it, will all crowd in-the very association of ideas will start fresh subjects for praise. If we begin to think of how we were delivered once at such and such a time, and in such and such a way, we shall in all probability think of some other deliverance too. Rehearsing a mercy of God, and praising Him for it, is honouring to Him; and we never can honour Him without getting blessing ourselves. And it is more honouring to God to bless Him for an old mercy, the taste of which may be said to have gone out of our mouth, than for a new one, the benefit of which we are sensibly feeling at the moment. If only we will start the note of praise, who can tell how varied will be the song before we end? We shall feel ourselves richer in the mercies of God than we thought we were; we shall find we have stores of blessings of which we did not know. And all this shall give us strength. When we think that we have had one mercy after another, we shall believe that we have not come to the end of God's store of blessing; we shall say, "What has been, shall be. The God of manifold blessings in old time is the God of blessing now, and He shall not leave me."

You do not know what mercies lie in the treasury of your memories until you go and look for them. Go and turn over that storehouse, and you will be surprised how many things turn up. There will be some which you knew were blessings at the time, and which you praised for as such; but there will be far more than this. Many things will now commend themselves to you as choice blessings, which at the time were not considered blessings at all, but the reverse. For now you will see things in their true light; you will be thankful for some things which you got, but would rather then have been without, and some things which you were very earnest to get, but never could obtain. You will find that chastenings which at the time were "not joyous, but grievous," have borne "peaceable fruit," and you will see that you had more to praise for than you thought.

And next, we have here the association of past mercies on God's part with our unworthiness. This lesson is taught us in the 16th verse—"But they and our fathers dealt proudly, and hardened their necks, and hearkened not to Thy commandments." And then follows a mention of several of the people's most heinous offences against God, proceeding so far as to the denial of the Lord Himself—the making a golden calf, and saying, "This is thy God that brought thee up out of Egypt;" as they themselves say, "They wrought great provo-

cations."

The natural effect of a feeling of our unworthiness must ever be to keep us from God. And, in truth, if we look only at what we are in ourselves, we cannot wonder that it should be so. We can only appear before God, and even think of Him, with a deep consciousness that we are unclean. But when we think of what God is in His mercy, fear need not prevent our thinking of Him, and of ourselves at the selfsame time. Our unworthiness is met by His pity and love. Indeed, we then best know what He is, and what we our selves are, when we join the two together. Our unworthiness is a foil to set off His goodness, and His goodness manifests our unworthiness. There was unbelief, petulance, waywardness—

many a sin connected with their former time of Thirst—but God provided them with water, de-

spite them all.

And much good would it do us if we associated these two together; how humble this would make us in the reception and in the enjoyment of blessing; and perhaps we might add—how safe, too. And when we remembered how good God has been to us in the past, despite our unworthiness, how much it would encourage us to seek again, when otherwise we might be down-pressed with a sense of our demerit. The past is full of uses; it does not die. If we know how to use it, it can do much for us. Therefore, when we want to come to God for blessing, and feel, "I am not worthy to receive," let us say to ourselves, "Did I not receive before, when I was unworthy? I received out of His goodness, and that goodness is unchanged."

We must not refrain from coming before God on any subject because of our demerit in that very point. Sometimes we shrink from certain subjects, in prayer and in praise, because they bring up our shame, and make us wince; but we must not allow ourselves to do this. If we look closely enough into this feeling, we shall find that a certain measure of self-righteousness underlies it; we do not like to come to God with a great consciousness of our own badness. No; the best way is to be full, free, open, candid with God to the utmost. After all, we are only telling Him what He knows; but, though it be so, He will value the confidences which we repose in Him. Let us never be hindered in prayer on account of past demerit in the matter concerning which we want to pray. That is all the more reason why we should pray about it; and the old demerit, if rightly used, is likely to make our prayer far more vigorous and effective than it otherwise would have been. Daniel says (chap. ix. 8, 9), "O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face." And then, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him." Indeed, our sins may be most powerful helps in both prayer and praise, if we know how to use the shame of them aright.

It is worthy of observation here, how in long years after God had shown mercy, He reaps the glory of it. Many hundred years had passed since the Lord had given water for the Israelites' Thirst in the wilderness. Those whom He had favoured appear by their conduct to have given Him little glory for it; but now, if not from them and then, yet afterwards and from others, He is

glorified.

No seeds in the moral world are destined to remain without fructifying. They may, like natural seeds, remain a long time deep under ground, but sooner or later they come to the surface, and assert their vitality, and flower and fruit after their kind.

And so it is with all the dealings of God. If not from some, yet from others, God will reap the glory of all He does. "Jesus shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." As we have a due season in which we shall reap, if we faint not, so God, in whose hands are all times, has His due seasons also. When the fulness of time had come, God sent forth His Son, but not until that fulness had come. The world may have had many needs before then, but the fulness of time had not come. The honour now rendered to God is fruit, the seed of which had been sown in the wilderness.

And now, as we advance in life, and are removed by many years' interval from the sights and places of former sin and former mercy, can we not, as we look at the past with understanding, see great cause for glorifying God? And shall we not do so still more by-and-by? In heaven we shall praise, no doubt, with very full remembrances of earth. Those who sing know that they have made their robes white in the blood of the Lamb. Whatever others know about us, we certainly shall have a strong and abiding inner consciousness of what we are, and, with it, of what God has been to us.

And as in His dealings with us individually, so with all His ways. A day is coming when God shall be justified in them all. He may allow whole ages to intervene between His dealings and dispensations, and their being appreciated, but their day must come. God is patient. The ages are His, He can wait the fulness of time in all, and be no loser. Let us be able to wait too—as regards His matters and our own. He knows the best times and seasons for bringing His own honour to light; though the vision tarry, we are to wait for it, for "it will surely come, it will not tarry."

There is a word here for ourselves also in our own small affairs. As it is with God Himself, so often is it in some respects with His people toowith them in their measure. In all good which we try to do, let us be content to wait for the acknowledgment of its excellence. The glory of it will shine eventually. And if not here, and within our span of life, are not we also connected with the ages? Have not we a future? Cannot we, in imagination, pass beyond the short span of this little life, and look unto the great reaping-time which is to come? We may be sure that no good done can die; the day of its appreciation must come. Many a long day elapses between the clothing, and feeding, and visiting, and the grand recognition of it from the Son of Man on the throne of His glory. If nothing in any way, either to yourself or to others, seems to come at once from the good you have done, lay it all quietly by; it will all retain its vitality, and assert its life at the proper time.

There is one more observation which may be of use to us in our consideration of this passage—

this teaching from Thirst. We must not forget mercy received-the actual fact-because of chastisement received, which seems an opposite.

This caution is not unneeded. We are so petulant, so ungrateful, so little able to see the real meaning of things, that we are always more ready to judge of God by what appears bad, than by what we think is good. And when God sees fit either to try or to discipline us, we look only at the momentary pressure, and not at all the

good we have already received.

We are exactly like ill-tempered children. You may give some children ever so many amusements and toys, and all that can make them happy; but punish them even slightly, and they forget it all, and consider you their worst enemy, and say all sorts of things against you. To them their punishment seems to be a contradiction to your former kindness-you are no longer the same person to them, they do not know that the same heart which prompted the giving of the enjoyment, prompted the giving of the chastisement

Here the Levites, though they had chastisement full in view, remembered mercy received. No doubt there are seasons when, smarting under chastisement or discipline, we are tempted to forget the thousands of mercies which we have received. and to become rebellious, as though we were under some hard taskmaster, and were being badly used. A remembrance of mercy also received would restore our balance. And it would say to us, "God must be consistent with Himself: the love which gave the mercy is the same as is now sending the affliction."

These, then, are some of the teachings which we receive of the mention of Thirst in that praise of the Levites. Like all Scripture, it is written for our instruction, and that far-off song of the Levites penetrates with its notes some even of the common-places of our spiritual

STORIES ABOUT CHILDREN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," ETC. ETC.

L-THE IMITATION FISH.



lived with three or four imitation ducks in a cardboard box, to which there was a glass lid. It was about an inch and a half long, and made of tin: one side was painted a bright red, and the other a deep yellow. At the end of its nose was a very little bit of wire, and this bit of wire sadly puzzled the poor imitation fish. The ducks and the fish

were all packed in soft cotton-wool, and placed in a

quiet corner of the toy-shop.

The fish would have had a comfortable sleepy time if his nose had not been always longing to touch the end of a strange little stick at the other end of the box. The ducks had no such longing and aching, at which the fish wondered much, until it noticed that they had no tiny bit of wire at the end of their noses, and somehow it could not help connecting this fact with their placid peacefulness.

One day, the ducks and fish and the little stick (which, with the exception of about a third of an inch at one end, was painted a bright red) were all violently disturbed, and the next minute the lid of the box, in which they had slept so long, was quickly pulled open, and a fair little child with golden hair and large grave blue eyes stood looking at them.

"Oh, you pretty ducks!" he cried, in a voice that was so sweet, the imitation fish longed for a heart to beat at its sound. "Oh, you pretty ducks, and you dear little fish, I will take you home, and you shall swim in the nice cool water." And the lid was gently closed, and the child carried the box home to the house by the sea. "Now you shall have a large bath to swim in," the child said, "and you shall be as happy as the day is long."

And then the gay little ducks and the red-andyellow fish were placed in the cool clear water, and bravely swam upon its surface. Ah, how happy they were, going round and round as the fancy of the child directed, listening to the gleeful voice, and sometimes feeling themselves taken up by the careful fingers, looked at for a moment, and then tenderly placed on the water again.

"Mother," the child asked, "what is the little

"It is a magnet," the mother answered. And then she showed the child how to hold it close to the little bit of wire at the end of the fish's nose, and lo! in a moment, the whole of the imitation fish's being seemed satisfied, and it clung to the stick as if the gift of life were in it, or swam swiftly and recklessly after it, as if a whirlwind were behind.

"There is only one fish, mother," the child said presently, taking the stick out of the water, "but there are three or four ducks. Poor little fish! how lonely you must be, all alone in your box, with no

other-

Then a voice was heard calling, and the child vanished, leaving the fish and the ducks aimlessly waiting in the bath. Presently the mother came, and lifted them all out, and put them once more into

"The dear child!" she said lovingly, to herself,

"all things are real to him as yet; even this foolish bit of painted tin he does not dream to be without life or feeling, for he knows nothing of things that are false."

And she placed the box on a shelf, and left the fish wondering greatly at the words it had heard.

The next morning the ducks and the little fish again swam about the bath, and chased the strange stick round and round, while the child laughed with glee, and was happy; but the fish was not so bright as yesterday, for it remembered the words it had heard, and wondered much. And yet the child loved the little fish far more than the placid and contented ducks that troubled themselves not at all about anything.

"Don't be lonely, little fish," the dear voice "Then they die-the real fish do."

And the poor imitation fish trembled lest its falseness should be betrayed to the one heart that thought it real because it knew no falseness; but the mother said nothing more. And many times that day it was taken from its resting-place, and looked at long and



"The child laughed with glee,

and was happy."

lovingly, and kissed. And once the soft voice said-

"Ah, dear fish! you shall not be lonely long. I will not let you die, because I love you; to-morrow I will take you back to your great home, the sea."

Then the little fish, having learned to love the child, trembled, for how could it bear to leave the one thing that cared for it?

And when the morrow came, the child took the fish once more from its soft

little home, and looked at it for a few minutes with sorrowful blue eyes, and then gently carried it away -away from the stick, and the imitation ducks, and the little cardboard box in which it had lived so long, and out of the house by the sea, which was the child's The sound of the waves came nearer and home. nearer, and on and on the child went, until at last he stopped at the end of a long pier, beneath which the water rushed and foamed. Then the child looked



"'It is so like a toy my darling loved.'"-p. 618.

would say, while the tender fingers put it away in the cotton-wool. "I will come and see you again tomorrow." One day the little fish heard the child ask-

"Do all fish live in the sea, mother-in the great sea which is before our windows?"

"All real fish do, my darling," the mother answered.

"And when they are taken out, mother, what then?"

at the imitation fish again, and kissed it for the last time, while his tears fell upon its red-and-yellow sides.

"Farewell, dear little fish," he said. "You shall never be lonely more, or live in a stupid little cardboard box; you shall go back to your home in the sea, and dwell among others like you. I love you, dear little fish—farewell!" and the child dropped it into the deep water beneath. For one moment the poor little imitation fish dimly saw out of one painted eye the sweet face above, and then the waves tossed it away and away, farther and farther out to sea.

"Ah, dear child," it cried in terrible fear, "your purity has been the ruin of my false self. I was not made for things that were real; now I am indeed

lost."

But no one took any notice of the poor toy, and the living fish swam past it with scarcely a glance; even they knew it was a sham; and when the fisherman cast his line into the sea, the hook at the end did not touch or hurt the imitation fish; all around it was heedless of it presence, only the waves went on tossing it day after day, week after week. Sometimes the sunlight came, and the real fish swam about and were glad of the storms, and they crowded into the fisherman's net; but nothing pleased, or hurt, or harmed the imitation fish—only the waves went on tossing and tossing.

At last, after a long, long time, the waves seemed

to be going on and on, always in one direction, and the fish went with them, until at last it was thrown on the shore among the pebbles and seaweed, and the little pools of water that collected between great stones; and the little fish was thankful, for it had escaped from a great loneliness, and the quiet of the shore seemed a blessed thing after the ceaseless tossing of the waves.

How long it lay there it never knew, but one day there was a sudden sound of a voice, and the little fish was lifted up by hands almost as tender as the

child's.

"It is so like a toy my darling loved!" a voice said; and a great happiness stole over the poor little fish, for he knew the voice of the child's mother. "He had a little fish that pleased him more than all his other toys, but he thought it was real, and threw it into the sea to make it happy," and she raised it to her lips, and kissed it passionately again and again, and bathed it in her hot tears. Then the little fish was sad, and yet thankful and glad to feel itself going back to the child.

And the mother placed it in a soft hiding-place, and looked at it many a time, kissing it tenderly; but the sound of the child's voice was hushed, and the blue eyes that had so lovingly watched the imitation fish, watched it never again—grave blue eyes that

were closed for evermore.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

OME and sit by my side, my daughter, for memory stirs to-night (How the wind on the wold is sighing, though

our hearth is warm and bright!),

And I feel sunk in a slumber, with the past for a vivid dream;

Less real than the lost and vanished, do the living and present seem.

In the gloaming I see the spire that keeps guard where your mother lies,

But the very ghost of her girlhood looks out in your wistful eyes—

And your brother is just such a lad as I was in years gone past:

Life is a dream, they say, daughter. But the morning must come at last. I am weary, you think, and wandering? I know I am frail and weak,

And old folks are like little children: they cry when they cannot speak.

There's a new life beginning in both, with longings they cannot say;

But the mothers lull the babies, and death hushes the old away.

Are you weeping, my daughter? Nay, nay, what is there to make you weep?

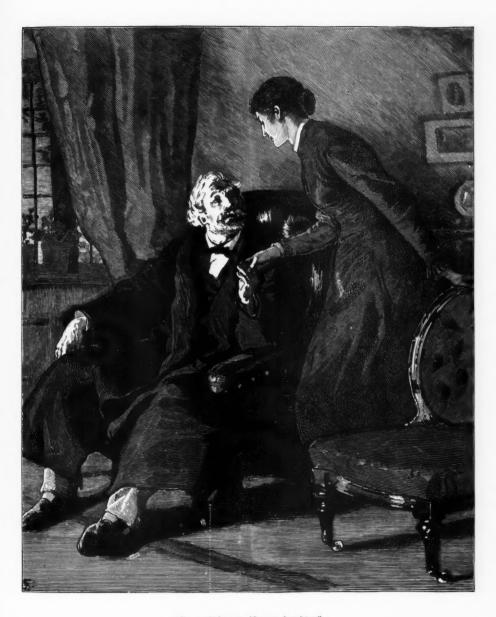
An angel, see, on the other side, is sharing the watch you keep:

And she does not grieve, daughter Mary. And yet, let your tears have way,

For all save the bride and bridegroom are sad on the marriage-day.

I. F. M.





"Come, sit by my side, my daughter."

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., AUTHOR OF "CHRIST BEARING WITNESS TO HIMSELF."

"And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly."-LUKE XXII. 44.

HERE is no subject possible to consider that ought to be more sacred, more delicate, in all our minds than this.

Doctrines, however important or mysterious, are matters of study; like truths of science, they are our own as far as we can master them. But it is not so when we become aware of some pathetic incident in the life of a fellow-man. It continues to concern him, to be his more than We may not trifle with what we

know. In every man's heart there is, or ought to be, a place of secret intimate privacy which none ever enters but himself, so that one reason why we never can fully judge another is that we never can know either the best or the worst about our fellow-mortal.

ours.

In the best man there are ineffable possibilities of evil, from which only the death of Christ could save him; in the worst man there are such possibilities of good as Christ reckoned to be worth His blood.

You may suspect the person who is too ready to wear his heart upon his sleeve. And you are right to resent as a freedom all wanton intrusions, even in the name of religion, upon the innermost sanctuary of your own soul. There are questions which no one has any right to ask his neighbour.

Well, this must be most true of the profoundest of all lives—the awful, the sublime life of Jesus. Beyond doubt, He felt, and thought, and suffered things far more, and other, than ever were recorded—more than it would be right, even if it were possible, to tell.

Of what is recorded (what we are permitted to know), the Agony is very much the most personal, the most intimate event; and St. Luke's account leads us farthest into this mystery of the sinless soul

Now you may be sure that there were very grave and solemn reasons for what would otherwise be an unwarrantable exposure. You may safely conclude that a great deal must have been left untold. And you may consider whether thoughts are not very naturally suggested by this solemn story which one can only think alone. Just as each of you knows for himself the quiet time when he can say to his intimate friend in solitude what no third person may overhear, so it is between us and our Lord. No preacher or writer can say all for you. You must think—your own ears must listen for an unearthly

voice—or the deep things of God will remain for ever unknown to you. For this is a subject upon which to speak out everything would be desecration, and to become rhetorical would be profane.

But the solemn narrative would not have been given to us at all if it were not intended for our learning. And we proceed to notice some few among its important teachings.

I. It impresses upon us the reality of Christ's Manhood.

No person doubts that. The old heresy which fancied that He only acted a part, only showed what we were to become, as in a picture or a drama, without really becoming what He seemed, is dead. We believe that Christ was very Man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh consisting. Yes, we believe it. And we also believe in medicine and astronomy; but who is there that practically and fully realises the laws of health and sickness, and the vastness of the wilderness of worlds? Even so do we fail to realise, even while we confess it, the truth of Christ's Manhood.

When we read that Jesus asked questions, marvelled at people, and was astonished at men's unbelief, many of us have a vague notion that He cannot have felt real surprise or real doubt as we feel these things, because He was God.

And when we read of His prayers, the same notion steps in that He cannot really have wished things to be other than they were, or else He would have answered His own petition.

And there is an element of truth mixed with the error in all this. His teachings were infallible. He knew what was in man, and needed not that any should testify: the Spirit This was was given to Him without measure. necessary to His office. But, apart from His official requirements, He had to marvel and to ask. He, who could multiply bread for others, might not command a stone to become bread for Himself. He was compassed about with infirmity. It is not so now. Christ is perfect Man this day in heaven, yet His human nature is so glorified as to sit on God's throne and to be made equal with God. On earth it was not yet so; those were the days of His flesh. Here He took our infirmities; here He was made not only flesh, but in the likeness of sinful flesh; His divine attributes were withheld from rescuing His human heart in its anguish, His body in its pangs, His soul in its prayers.

Manhood hangs not like a cloak around

this august sufferer; it is Himself; what touches it, wrings and tortures Him.

We see in Him our natural wish for sympathy and fellowship. "Watch with Me: could ye not watch with Me one hour!" And yet we see again the contrasted feeling that our sternest battles must, after all, be fought out alone: He leaves even these chosen three behind; He is withdrawn from them a little space. He prays not now for Peter that his strength fail not, nor for those that shall be given Him, but for Himself, for the passing of His own bitter cup. And all the stress of His longing is on the side of His escape: to be resigned He must put it aside firmly, even as we must put our intense desires aside, saying, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

And there is the restlessness of ardent feeling: now He turns back to His disciples, again He prays more earnestly. And only one strong cry can come—in that vehement reiteration which is no vain repetition He prays again, saying the same words.

And who was this? The story would teach us much, if we would thoroughly learn this one great lesson—that God was in Christ in Gethsemane. We should trust our Father in heaven if we would believe that God is so tender and real in His sympathies, so profound is the humanity of God, that He could thus take upon His divine personality the agitated pulses of a breaking heart.

II. We learn again the profound earnestness of life. All great lives are deeply solemn, earnest, and intense. And how could it be otherwise?

You look up to heaven and see it flooded with sunlight, or strewn with stars like dust, and every grain of dust a world; and you say, "When the last of these has burned out in the socket, I shall exist, I shall bear the very character which I am moulding now." That is no trifling thought.

Or you look around and see others-immortal men, and women also, triffing with moral ruin, playing with serpents, dancing on the edge of a volcano. The deep echoes of eternity are in their ears, but they are not startled; the sword of God is sparkling overhead, but they do not see it flash. And you may help to ruin or to rescue them. Is that a small thing? My brethren, it was not in the heart of Christ to make light of life. Not even His own burden, His own sorrow of heart, was borne as foolish men are proud to bear griefs, airily, with a half-laugh. He brought it to God in an agony which He was not ashamed to let His disciples see. Do not indulge the miserable affectation and grimace that nothing matters much—that it will be all the same in fifty years. It will never, never be the same, and it is certainly not the same now. And we shall deal better and more wisely with our mental, spiritual, and even physical pains by facing them bravely, than by striving for a dull drugged stupid insensibility. Let us gird up the loins of our mind, and wrestle and contend.

III. We cannot learn the solemnity of life without feeling the need of prayer.

Have you noticed how a child in danger clings to its mother's side ? How we ourselves at midnight. or when vague spiritual fears beset us, dread, most of all, the piercing sense of utter loneliness? That is the witness of our nature, that we are not made to face peril in our own strength, but need that One should be with us, whose rod and staff may comfort us. Jesus Himself looked up to God. and as His agony intensified, so did His prayer. And if He would not stand alone, who are we to attempt it? He offered up prayers, and supplications with strong crying and tears; and He was heard, if not in the letter of His entreaty, yet in the spirit. Because He was so prostrate before God, therefore He was erect before Judas and the band, serene before Caiaphas, dauntless before Pilate. And we too may gather strength in solitude, which will not fail us in the crowd.

IV. Finally, we learn the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Why, but for our sins, did Jesus face what cost Him such a deadly struggle to contemplate? When we read about the cross, we confess that it was endured for sin, but we do not realise the cruel endurance, the keen vivid shrinking of that sensitive and fine humanity. We say, indeed,

Me did nails grave upon His hands, my name Did thorns for frontlets print between His eyes; He, Holy One, put on my guilt and shame, He, God, Priest, Sacrifice. A thief upon His right hand and His left,

Six hours alone, athirst, in misery, At last in death one smote His side, and cleft A hiding-place for me.

But it does not come home to us that Jesus felt all this far more tenderly than I could have felt it, because His perfect nature was far more keen, vivid, and alert. It is Gethsemane that has to show us this,

That picture of an anguish so terrible as to prove the whole Gospel story—for never was forger audacious enough to invent this agony of incarnate God, nor did worshipper dream this of his adorable One—an anguish so intense that science can only know enough to explain the possibility, but cannot, from all her records, produce a perfect parallel for the great sweat of blood—that awful picture shows how real were His sufferings.

The darkness of this midnight reveals the love of God. In these birth-pangs our souls were born.

In the horror with which He looked forward to His fate, we learn the intense horror of our guilt, to which He would not abandon us, although His only alternative was to be Himself God-forsaken.

And as we listen in the great silence broken by His sobs, surely we seem to hear Him say—

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared? I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above: I not the flesh, I not the Spirit spared: Give thou the love for love.



A little child had crept. A toddling two-years' babe, It stole by shy degrees fill its head was pressed to her heaving breast, And it slept upon her knees; Soft, soft, It slept upon her knees.

> Her tears gushed forth amain, But these were tears of grace; Her heart was sick with pain For the little famished face. And when the round eyes oped,

And watched beside the bed.

When sunrise lit the pane, No baby blessed her sight; But, lo! where its head had lain, A hovering haloed light! And gone from the weeper's heart Was the weight that pressed so sore; Her tears might flow for another's woe, But she wept for her own more; Ah, no! She wept for her own no more. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 19. JEROBOAM.

Chapter to be read—1 Kings xi., xii. (part of).

NTRODUCTION. About whom did we read
in last lesson? Over which kingdom did
Rehoboam reign? Must now turn to the
other kingdom. What was it called? All
twelve tribes really descended from Israel
(i.e., Jacob), but these ten received the name. For
names of the ten tribes refer to Gen. xlix., Josh.
xvi. 4. Why was Levi not reckoned? Priests and
Levites were to live among the people—to teach God's
law—so Joseph's two sons made up the number to
twelve.

1. JEROBOAM REIGNING. (Read xi, 26-40.) What sort of a man was Jeroboam? Brave as Saul and David had been before him. What training had he had? Had been made ruler over the revenue (ver. 28, margin). What call had he had to the throne? Thus his being king was "of the Lord." Can picture Jeroboam meeting Ahijah in the field-his surprise at his message-his surprise at the sign given. What was it? For what cause was the kingdom rent from Solomon? What charge also was given to Jeroboam? Just as had been given to Solomon. If he feared God and did right he should be prosperous. Then picture him running into the city, telling his friends-showing his torn dress. The news spreads through Solomon's palace-Solomon hears of it-is jealous, tries to kill him-just as Saul had behaved to David when Samuel had anointed him as his successor. Where does Jeroboam flee? How long does he stay in Egypt? Then at Solomon's death returns. Is accepted by the people as leader (xii. 3), and made king. Do not hear of any consecration, or prayers, or sacrifices. What qualities had he for a king? (1) Courage. What had he been called (xi. 28)? This valour needed in these troublous times. (2) Wisdom. As far as worldly matters were concerned. But what had he not? What was David's usual designation? How had he proved to be after God's heart? Was Jeroboam's title like this? Not only sinned himself, but made Israel to sin. What did Christ say about persons leading others to sin? (St. Matt. xviii, 6.) Yet Jeroboam had had warning both from prophet, and from example of Solomon and his wives. What a sad title to be known by! Must all take heed by his example. What are we doing? Live with others, go to school with them, play with them. Do we help them to what is right or wrong? Must give account to God of influence as much as of anything

II. Jeroboam Sacrificing. (Read xii. 25—33.) Where did the king live? Remind how Jacob had prophesied the greatness of Ephraim (Gen. xlviii. 17, 18, 19). What had Rehoboam done to his cities? So Jeroboam fortifies some of his. What a new and strange sight. For first time the people arming and preparing for war, not against outside enemies, but

against each other. But now Jeroboam takes a very wrong step. What had all the men to do three times a year? (Deut. xii. 5.) Where was this place? But Jerusalem was the capital of the rival kingdom. What effect might their going up have upon them? Might perhaps be persuaded to forsake him and join kingdom of Judah. So what did Jeroboam do? We shall see that he in four ways broke God's law, (1) He built temples. Where were these temples? (Show by a map that Dan and Beth-el were at the two opposite ends of his kingdom.) But God only allowed one place, and that Jerusalem, to put His name there, (2) He made calves, probably like the ox-gods worshipped by the Egyptians, among whom he had been living. Had any one else ever made any similar idol for Israelites, using just the same words? (Ex. xxxii. 4.) Which Commandment forbids this making of graven images? (3) He offered sacrifices. Who alone were allowed to do this? But was he of family of Aaron? No, was an Ephraimite, therefore he profaned the office of priest; and not only so, but whom else did he appoint as priests? Not even Levites, but of lowest of people, thus bringing religion into contempt. But why did he appoint new priests at all? Remind how saw in last lesson that the true priests been obliged to go to Judah, could not stand the idol temples and false worship. (4) He changed the feasts. (See Lev. xxiii. 34, for account of Feast of Tabernacles.) In what month was it to be? How did he change it? Must not think it a light matter even to change a month.

Perhaps feel disposed to ask, What was the harm of all this? People did not worship the calveswere only an outward sign of God, like the cherubim in Holy of Holies. What difference does the place of worship or time of feast make? But fault was this-worshipped God, not as He told them, but as they chose. So some people still think can love and serve God just as much in their way as in God's way. Shall see in other lessons how soon whole country became idolatrous-left off worshipping true God at all in any way. So must just do what God tells us. Believe in Him-worship Him-seek Him as He has told us, and we shall be safe. David said, and so must we, "Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments." Out of that path is danger, in it is safety. God could and would have kept the people loyal to Jeroboam, because had promised (xi. 38). He forsook God, and so made Israel to sin.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Name the ten tribes.
- 2. What sign was given Jeroboam that he should be king?
 - 3. Describe Jeroboam's character.
 - 4. What sad title did he earn?
 - 5. How did he lead the people to sin?
 - 6. Which Commandment did he break?

No. 20. THE DISOBEDIENT PROPHET.

Chapter to be read-1 Kings xiii.

INTRODUCTION. About which king did we read in our last lesson? Was Jeroboam of Israel, or Judah? What was his distinguishing title? But though "made Israel to sin" was not to go unwarned. Where were the two calves set up? and who were appointed as priests? (xii. 31.) Yes, but sacrifices not left entirely to these priests of lowest of people—who offered incense also? Thus Jeroboam disobeyed God's law in every possible way; new place for sacrifice, new form of worship, new time for feasts, new order of priests; defied and despised God, and taught people the same.

I. THE PROPHET'S WARNING. (Read 1-10.) Remind how the priests had left Israel and gone to Judah. Perhaps one of these sent by God, for prophets often acted as priests, such as Samuel and Elijah, who both offered up sacrifices, though not of family of Levi. Who sent this prophet? To whom was he to go? Picture the scene-the king standing in gorgeous robes before altar of incense; smoke ascending to heaven; crowd of Israelites worshipping. Stranger seen pushing his way through the crowd; goes right up to the king; begins to call aloud. What does he say? Who was to be born, and what would he do? Men's bones to be burnt on the altar! What terrible words! Can they be true? Will the king and people believe them? What sign does he give? See the strange sight! By an invisible power the altar at once rent, and its ashes poured out. Meanwhile, what does the king try to do? What makes him so angry? his scheme is interrupted. The people will believe the prophet from Judah, and probably return to worship at Jerusalem. King's plan for keeping them at home will be frustrated. Does he succeed in attempt on prophet? Why not? God's power turned against himself. Can no longer resist God's message. What does he ask prophet to do? So God's power again shown in healing. What three wonderful signs! And now the king becomes his friend, offers him a reward, offers him hospitality. Does the prophet accept? Why not? So king lets him depart in peace. Did the king turn from his evil ways? (Ver. 33.) Became worse than ever-seemed determined to defy God. Would these new priests be respected? Thus religion openly brought into contempt. But God would wait and would punish. Jeroboam's house should be cut off. God must show His power-must reign till has put all His enemies under His feet (1 Cor. xv. 25). Now notice about the prophet—(1) He was bold. Had to face the king in midst of his subjects, tell a most unwelcome message, just as afterwards Elijah rebuked Ahab, and John the Baptist Herod. Still did it without fear, because

was his duty; knew that God would protect him.
(2) He was obedient. Would not stop to eat and drink even at invitation of king, because of God's command.

II. THE PROPHET'S FALL. (Read 11-32.) What a sad story! The prophet had been so bold, so obedient, and now have read of his falling away-what a sad end! Let us see how he was tempted, and what lessons it teaches us. Who tempted the man of God? Where did this other prophet live? Why then had he not rebuked the king? Was evidently a bad man. How did he hear about the prophet of Judah? but how did his sons know? must have been at Jeroboam's sacrifice-i.e., a prophet's sons worshipping in idol temple! now what did the old prophet do? Why did he tempt him? To see if could make him disobedient-thus make him like himself. Prophet had had long day, was tired, hungry, longing for rest. How did old prophet persuade him? What could the prophet from Judah have done? but did not stop to ask God-to see if it could be true that God should give contradictory commands. It fell in with his own inclinations, so he yielded. Now who rebukes him? the very man who tempted him! Whose voice came to him? So God sometimes uses unholy men to be messengers to His people. What was the end of the prophet? God's word soon came true. Who buried him? Perhaps old prophet convinced of his sin in tempting the other, or perhaps merely a sentimental wish. Anyhow the old prophet deserves our deep scorn for tempting the other to sin.

III. THE LESSONS. (1) Implicit obedience. Must obey God's commands at all risks. He can preserve us from danger; He can supply our wants; we may trust, and not be afraid. (2) Danger of delay. His message over, what should the prophet have done? Where did the old prophet find him? Perhaps brooding over his fatigue and hunger; perhaps murmuring at the hard command given him. Had he gone straight back, old prophet would not have caught him, and all would have been well. (3) Ask counsel of God. There is one infallible guide, what is it? (Ps. cxix. 105.) Must always ask-What hath God said? Cannot go really wrong if seek God's guidance. Therefore, while we pity disobedient prophet, may take warning not to depart in very least degree from what we know to be right, and never believe any one who advises us contrary to God's word.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Who sacrificed at Beth-el?
- 2. What three signs did the prophet give?
- 3. Name two points in the prophet's character.
- 4. What effect did the warning have upon the king?
 - 5. What led the prophet to sin?
 - 6. What lessons may we learn from his fate?

"THIS IS THE WAY, WALK YE IN IT."

CHAPTER I.



H, mamma, mamma, I really cannot go! How very unkind of Aunt Marie! How could she tell of all I might have to give up! A whole year, too! So unreasonable! Oh, mamma, I shall go out

of my mind, I know I shall! Do, do say I need not go! What does money signify? I don't want her money! You and I are happy enough as we are, mamma."

idea of making Hattie her heiress, therefore this invitation might by no means be treated lightly. Mrs. Corbin had learned in many early struggles how sad and cold and hard is a life of poverty, and she would fain have shielded her child from all that she had herself endured. But they were poor now, and, worse than that, the mother's little income would die with her.

"Must I go, mamma? Do you wish to get rid of me? I know I am tiresome, and not always so good



"'You remember the text, Hattie?'"-p. 626.

And poor Hattie looked up with pleading brown eyes and tear-stained face, while she clasped her mother's hands as she knelt before her, and kissed them again and again.

And her mother looked down at her, and then bent over her tenderly, far more moved than she chose to show: but she knew that she must on no account give way to her daughter's persuasions.

Mrs. Corbin was a widow, and Hattie was her only child. Her late husband's aunt, Miss Marie Corbin, an old lady, very rich, and if whimsical not unkind, had sent for Hattie, giving her mother to understand that she wished to keep her for a twelvemonth. The old lady had also hinted in her letter that she had an

and kind to my darling mother as I ought to be, but I love her, oh, so dearly, for all that! Oh, mamma! dear, darling mamma! don't send me away." And Hattie burst once more into bitter weeping.

"Don't talk so, my child. You know I cannot bear to think of sending you away." And Mrs. Corbin kissed her daughter fondly, while the tears began to drop from her own eyes.

A step, brisk and firm, sounded along the gardenpath, but neither mother nor daughter heeded it, and in a moment a young man stood in the open parlour doorway, his merry blue eyes and handsome face expressing no little surprise at what he saw.

"Why, Aunt Mary, and Hattie! What can be

the matter? Nothing serious, I hope? Has Hattie been rebellious again?"

Hattie sprang up, and dashed away her tears.

think; to say nothing of all that may come

Hattie strove not to show what she felt. And "Oh, it's Charlie!" exclaimed Mrs. Corbin, with a could Charlie let her go as easily as that? Surely,



"The click of the gate-latch attracted her attention."-p. 627.

look of relief. And then, in a few words, they told him of Aunt Marie's invitation.

"And here is the window open, and the fire nearly out, on a cold March day like this! Why, I wondered what had happened. Go? Why, go, of course, Hattie! What is to hinder you? It will be a pleasant change for you, I should

if she had been the veriest child, he might have shown a little more feeling. And she was not a child, though her simple and secluded bringing-up had kept her far behind her actual age, which was two-and-twenty. She felt both hurt and indignant, and began stirring the fire vigorously, while Charlie himself closed the window.

And Mrs. Corbin sat still, watching them both, and in reality feeling almost as much disturbed at Charlie's off-hand manner as Hattie had done. He had called her (Mrs. Corbin) aunt, but he was not related to her, though she had brought him up from boyhood. And Charlie was getting on in the world now, having just started prosperously in a small business of his own.

Mrs. Corbin had once hoped that he and Hattie might have loved each other, but slowly and unwillingly of late she had come to see that she must make up her mind to be disappointed in the matter. Charlie Milton was the son of one of her earliest friends, but it seemed he would never be her son, very much though she wished it. Well, things in this life happen in a very contrary fashion (or appear to do so), as she had learned before to-day, though Charlie had, quite unconsciously, sharply reminded her of it afresh.

It was later in the evening: Hattie was still gloomy and angry.

"I do not wish to go, mamma," she urged, as she sat shading her face from the tell-tale light of the lamp; while Charlie lay back in an easy chair, and glanced over the day's paper. "I do not like leaving my nest—my dear home; I have always been so happy in it; and I shall miss everybody so—and—and—oh, I can't, I can't go!" And Hattie began to sob again.

Charlie put down his paper; and Mrs. Corbin looked anxiously across from the letter which she

was beginning to Aunt Marie.

"Look here, Hattie," said Charlie, seriously, and with great determination in his voice, "I think you are quite in the wrong, you know. It is such a grand chance for you; an opportunity, do you see, that may never knock at your door again as long as you live. Who can say what may be the end of it? You will feel leaving home, of course, but you will soon get over that. When have you to go?"

"The day after to-morrow," and Hattie slowly and

sadly wiped her eyes.

"So soon?" And Charlie looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he added—"I don't know how it is, but sometimes, all in a moment, things seem to happen as though "—and he paused, as if not quite knowing how to put his meaning into words.

"As though a Providence were behind," said Mrs. Corbin, suddenly. "As though a voice said urgently, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' You remember the text, Hattié? It was one of your poor father's favourites. And he used to say that if we disobeyed the voice, we were following in Jonah's footsteps—bringing more and more trouble and vexation upon ourselves, and but having to obey in the end.

And now the mother laid down her pen, and crossed over to her child—

"My dear Hattie," she said softly, "God knows best. He only commands for our good. Save sorrow, then, and honour Him by learning your lesson, whatever it may be, and by obeying at once." CHAPTER II.

HATTIE was on her way to Aunt Marie's. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her lips were quivering yet; but her veil was down, and she strove as far as might be to keep her emotion from the eyes of her fellow-passengers. She was taking her journey alone, for her mother could not afford to send any one with her, and besides, as Aunt Marie had said, she was old enough to take care of herself.

The train rushed along, soon leaving all loved and familiar waymarks behind, and Hattie could only in imagination sorrowfully look back upon the home had left. Charlie had bidden her good-bye very unconcernedly, only saying that he supposed they would be hearing from her every day for a while.

How cold, how unkind he had appeared to Hattic, and she pouted as she thought it all over. If he cared no more for her than that, she need not be so very sorry to come away. And yet he had so long been her friend, her companion, her brother, all in one, how could it be anything but hard to leave him?

She reached Aunt Marie's house at last. A roomy, handsome, comfortable dwelling it was, and Miss Corbin seemed quite inclined to be very kind and

indulgent to her young niece.

But kindness could not make very much impression on Hattie just yet; and that first evening, how very long it seemed! But it was over at last, and she was conducted to her room.

And Hattie had never slept in such a room before; and even in her sorrow and loneliness she looked at it and all in it admiringly, curiously, and yet, after all, carelessly, while she murmured to herself, with a sad little smile—

"What do I care for it all in comparison with home and Charlie? But he will very soon almost forget that there ever was such a person as Hattic Corbin, even though she was foolish enough to think more of him than—"

But Hattie's voice trembled here, and tears began to fall again.

The days passed: spring was deepening into summer. Hattie, by-and-by, recovered her spirits. She was young; and then her days were so constantly and so pleasantly occupied in shopping, gardening, reading, and fancy work, and in amusing herself with the young people, whom Aunt Marie, from time to time, invited to meet her. And then, too, Hattie received many invitations in return. And she wore pretty dresses, for Aunt Marie insisted upon it, and she was the envied recipient of the attentions, and admiration, and complimentary speeches of half the young men in the neighbourhood, but Hattie would not allow one of them to go beyond simple friendship; and she valued nothing in her new life so much as a little reminder of that last evening at home, which she found one night on her dressing-table, on her return from a birthday party.

It was a text: Charlie had seen it in the village stationer's window, and purchased it, and Mrs. Corbin had had it framed and glazed. And these were the words:—

And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.—Isa. xxx, 21.

It was a lovely autumn afternoon. Aunt Marie had gone to take tea with a friend, and Hattie had elected to stay at home alone.

She was standing now in the garden, thoughtfully and slowly gathering two or three late roses for the drawing-room.

"Nearly six months have passed," said she to herself, "since I left mamma and Charlie. I can scarcely believe it! I wonder if they will think me improved, and whether Aunt Marie will allow me to spend more than a day or two at home before settling down here for the winter." And at the last thought Hattie sighed.

Yes, she had certainly improved greatly; she looked more womanly, and her manner was not so pettish and spoilt as formerly; kindly discipline with Aunt Marie had worked wonders.

She was in the act of fastening one of the beautiful blush roses in the belt of her blue dress, when the click of the gate-latch attracted her attention. She looked—started—and looked again. It was surely Charlie! The colour rushed to her face. It could not be. Such good fortune surely could not have befallen her as a visit from Charlie! And he looked so handsome, and so happy! Why had he come? To tell her—and her colour faded, and she turned cold and stiff in an instant—that he was going to marry Millie Wingfield, one of her old school-fellows, of whom Hattie had often felt inclined to be jealous in days gone by?

"Why, Charlie! How did you get here?" And Hattie held out her hand, but not altogether cordially. "You might have paid me a visit before, I think. How is Millie?"

Charlie glanced at her in surprise, as well he might, and then he grew offended in his turn.

"Millie! What do I know or care about her? You are just your old self, then, Hattie! I came to see you, but," and he frowned, "if you don't want me, I can go again."

"Now, Charlie," and Hattie smiled brightly, "come in, and don't be cross. How is my dear

"Very well; and she sent her love, and bade me say that you were to treat me kindly, if you valued her good opinion."

Hattie looked at him wonderingly; he had not been used to trouble himself as to whether she treated him kindly or not.

A few minutes later the two sat together in Aunt Marie's handsome drawing-room, and Charlie looked round him with a sigh.

"And all this will be yours one day, I suppose, Hattie?"

"I don't know; if I stay here, and keep upon my good behaviour, I suppose it may. But, oh!" she added, with sudden warmth and longing, "I wish I could come home again! I do so want my home!"

"Do you?" returned Charlie softly. "We have missed you so much, Hattie, your mother and I."

"You have missed me, Charlie?"

"Of course I have; and equally of course, you have not missed me. Once here, and, I dare say, you were happy enough."

Hattie would not utter her thoughts, as she had been but too apt to do in old times; but, feeling the colour leap into her face again, she turned away, and was silent.

" Hattie !"

"Well?"

"Say you missed me."

The brown eyes shyly met his: one glance was enough, and the next moment she was clasped in Charlie's arms, while he whispered in her ear—

"Say you love me, Hattie."

Time went by unmeasured. The stars were out, and the moon was looking over the tree-tops, and Aunt Marie would soon be coming home.

"Did you care for me when I came away, Charlie?"

He hesitated, then honestly answered-

"No, dear. I did not know what Hattie was to me till I lost her."

"And were you thinking of Millie Wingfield in those days?"

"Yes, but very soon after you went away I found that it was Hattie, not Millie, whom I wanted."

It was Hattie's wedding-day. She was at her own home now, and Aunt Marie was there also.

As Mrs. Corbin, with all a mother's fond pride, dressed her child in her bridal robes, she softly said —"It was a hard lesson, darling, but it was worth learning, was it not?"

"Yes, oh, yes, mamma! Oh, if I had not gone away, how miserable I should have been now! We never know what is good for us, do we, mamma? We cry at what is for our good, and we try to keep what will only do us harm; but if we would only go on step by step, just taking what comes, what a deal of trouble we should save ourselves, not to speak of anything higher."

And then Hattie went away to meet Charlie at church, in her heart giving thanks all the time for that which just a year ago had been her greatest trouble and annoyance.

And so it is with us all. We daily, and often hourly, give ourselves double and treble sorrow and vexation, because we will not take the little wholesome and needed discipline that comes to us, with patience, and in submission—because we will close our ears when we hear the voice behind us saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

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RELIGION AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY THE REV. JAMES STUART, STRETFORD, MANCHESTER.

HE Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only religion adequate for man, and of it alone can it be truly said that "Nothing which concerns man is alien to it." It touches our nature

on every side, recognises all our relationships, whether domestic or social, commercial or public. It aids us in each of our duties, and meets every possible variety of our need. It is addressed to us in the entirety of our being, and in every aspect

and condition of our life.

One of its principal aims is the formation in man of a pure and perfect character—a character free from every taint of evil, from the slightest bias towards wrong; whose dispositions shall be in harmony with the spirit and requirements of the Divine law, and whose principles shall be so firm that under no possible temptation will they allow us to swerve from the right path. But character can only be formed and developed amid such circumstances and conditions as will call its principles into play, and afford scope for their free and unfettered exercise. Man is not a recluse. His nature is essentially social, and God has appointed for his good the different relationships into which he is born, or finds it necessary to enter.

Personal religion—the love of the individual soul towards its Creator-does not withdraw us from association with other men, or exempt us from the responsibilities and trials which belong to us as members of the race. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." He who has established the kingdom of grace, and called us to the participation of its blessedness, is also the Author of Nature. Its manifold institutions and laws, whether in the purely material world, or in the realm of human life, are of His appointment. He it is who fixes for us the bounds of our habitation. We fulfil our Christian calling not by standing aloof from the pursuits and occupations of the world, or by declining the duties which devolve upon us as husbands or wives, as parents or children, masters or servants, rulers or subjects, but by discharging them in a distinctively Christian spirit. It is not more absurd than it is impious to imagine that because a man is a Christian he may be a negligent father or husband, a disloyal subject, or a bad and unskilful workman. Christianity produces in its disciples a spirit of universal fidelity, demands the utmost exertion of their powers, and makes them in every direction wiser, stronger, and better than apart from their religion they could possibly be. The feature which distinguishes a Christian from an

unchristian man is not that he is a rapt dreamer, an ecstatic devotee, or a pious ascetic, but that he walks along the common highways of the world with a sense of Christ's companionship, and a desire to do His will. His life throughout is pervaded by the spirit of the Gospel, and in virtue of the principle from which he acts there is to him in the necessary institutions of the world nothing common or unclean. His ordinary occupations lose all their littleness; the secular is made sacred, work is transformed into worship, and earth itself becomes the type and pattern of heaven

Among the relationships of earthly life the most fundamental and important are those which centre in the family. No other ordinance of God possesses so subtle a power as this in its action on our personal character, in the coherence it gives to the elements of our social system, or in its promotion of the strength and prosperity of nations. In those countries in which the sacredness of the domestic ties has been respected, there has been a continuous progress in civilisation, in material and moral greatness. Where this sacredness has been dishonoured, the sacrilege has brought in its train weakness, corruption, and death.

Decay is the inevitable fate of all nations which despise the laws so legibly written by the finger of God for the welfare of His creatures on

earth.

We naturally expect, therefore, that the Scriptures will take direct and explicit cognisance of these relationships, and offer us their guidance as to the fulfilment of the duties which pertain to them. Nor is the expectation vain. The Bible invests the family with especial honour, as the institution through which God's great purpose of redemption was largely to be wrought out. In our present paper we must be content with a bare outline of its teaching on some aspects of this momentous theme.

Marriage lies at the very foundation of domestic life, and is rightly regarded as "an honourable estate, instituted by God in the time of man's innocency." It is the oldest of all earthly ordinances, and the only one which preceded the fall. "God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him: male and female created He them." He further declared it to be His will that "a man shall leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." When our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was upon earth, He also blessed the marriage bond, and honoured a festal celebration of it with His presence, and with His first miracle, in

Cana of Galilee; while the Apostle Paul sees in the union a type of Christ's love to His Church.

This ordinance is grounded upon the essential constitution of our nature, on our need of a close and intimate companionship with one whose heart is as our heart, and whose interests, aspirations, and hopes are akin to our own. Among other purposes which it is designed to serve, marriage affords for us a sphere of moral and spiritual training. It creates opportunities for the exercise of confidence, affection, and self-denial. There is scarcely a virtue which adorns the human character, whose foundations are not laid in the familiar every-day duties of married life.

Man and woman are mutually dependent. However wise, strong, or cultured any of us may be, we are necessarily subjected to the limitations of our sex, and are so far one-sided and imperfect. A man's nature has properties and powers which are not possessed by women. He has, as a rule, greater physical strength and courage, broader judgment, and a more resolute will. Woman's nature, again, has properties which are not possessed by men. She has keener intuitions, deeper affections, stronger and more refined sympathies. The one sex is no mere likeness or repetition of the other. With much in common, each presents human nature on one side only, and it is God's design that in the union of the two should be found the fulness and completion of both. In such a union our humanity gains a breadth, and nobleness, and grace which an isolated life would render impossible. The words of one of our poets are familiar almost to triteness. Yet where can we find others to supersede them? The bond between the sexes is this:-

Not like to like, but like in difference; Yet, in the long years, liker must they grow The man be more of woman, she of man: He gain in sweetness, and in moral height; Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world. She, mental breadth, nor fail in childlike care, Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind; Till, at the last, she set herself to man, Like perfect music unto noble words.

The relationship is from its very nature the most influential into which we can enter. It can raise us to the loftiest heights of contentment and delight, or plunge us into the deepest misery. It can facilitate our progress towards perfection, or so clog our steps, that such progress will be rendered impossible. It either makes or mars our character. It brings an accession of strength and happiness, or casts over our life the folds of an impenetrable gloom; and places on us a burden, from which, as it would seem, there is almost no relief.

The importance of marriage is enhanced by the fact that it is indissoluble. We enter the union for life. It is almost the only relationship which admits of no change, save that of death. "It is that

engagement in which a man exerts his most awful and solemn power—the power of doing that in this world which can never be reversed—the power or the responsibility which belongs to him as one who shall give account, of abnegating his freedom, of parting for ever with the right of change."

Such being the case, it is needless to say that the relationship should be formed, not as it too often is, with thoughtless haste, in the blind intoxication of passion, or with the deliberation of cold and calculating prudence. In all our ways (especially in those on which such momentous issues depend) we should acknowledge God, and so act as to secure His approval. The parties to so close and prolonged an union should possess a harmony of disposition and opinion. should, as nearly as possible, have kindred tastes, sympathies, and beliefs. They should, above all, be of one mind in relation to God. Discord here will be productive of innumerable evils in every other direction. The fellowship of married life should be complete and universal. When it rests on a lower basis than this-on the attractions of physical beauty, on intellectual cleverness, or social accomplishments-when it has been dictated by merely prudential considerations, its charms will prove evanescent; and after the spell is broken, all sense of reality will be gone. Many are they whose life has been deprived of brightness, who have had to carry a secret weight of sorrow, and been fretted by an intolerable yoke, as the result of their early thoughtlessness and

After the union has been formed, its duties on both sides are to be discharged with faithfulness and affection. They who enter it should regard each other as in a special sense the gift of God. Their conduct should be determined by the confidence, the esteem, and the gratitude which such a thought will inspire. There should be an effort to find each their own in the other's good; a cleaving to each other such as befits the vows which were made when the relation was formed. On ground so sacred, selfishness is utterly out of place, and should be lost in a spirit of uncalculating Faults should be patiently borne, generosity. and a loving endeavour be made to effect their removal. The sober realities of our later years may not correspond with the romance of early life; but if the charms with which we clothed our ideal vanish, if imperfections come slowly to light, is it not also true that time discloses new virtues? that we are enriched with more and choicer treasures than we looked for, and that we have acquired a nobler heritage of faithfulness and love? A husband and wife, as co-heirs in the grace of life, should be helpers of each other in all holy things. It should be their aim, not only to have a community of interest in regard to the affairs of this life, but to pursue the path of their

earthly pilgrimage hand in hand and heart in heart, so that at last they may sit down together

at "the marriage supper of the Lamb."

The relation of parents and children is no less honourably recognised in the Sacred Scriptures. It is continually referred to as the symbol of God's relation to mankind. This symbol rests, as we believe, on a great and eternal reality in the nature of God, and expresses that, which essentially and absolutely He is—God is not only like a father, but He is our Father in heaven.

Parents should regard their children as a heritage from the Lord. They have been entrusted with the care of beings, who, though now weak and dependent, have "folded up" within them germs of intellectual and moral, not less than of physical perfection. The family is the training ground on which, in the earliest and most impressible stages of life, they are to be prepared for the positions awaiting them. They are subjected to the parental influence, not of their own choice, but of necessity. Their character, as yet unformed and keenly susceptible, may be moulded into almost any form we will. Self-willed and unruly as they often are, they soon learn to submit to a will which they instinctively feel to be wiser and stronger than their own. There is in children a simplicity and a spontaneity of movement which will not remain with them throughout their life, and we can reach far more easily the depths of their nature.

The subordination to which children are accustomed at home will be of the highest service to them in school and in business, no less than in their relations with society and the State. Even those few who may at length be invested with authority to rule must first learn to obey.

At first, parents stand to their children as it were in the place of God. We cannot instil into their minds a distinct and vivid conception of a Father in heaven apart from their contact with a father The relationship should therefore be rendered amiable and attractive, so that it may call into play affections of trust, gratitude, and devotion; and that these affections may in due time be directed towards Him to whom all service is due. When the tenderest and most hallowed associations of children gather around those who have cared for them from their infancy, and who have at the same time imparted to them their first and best instruction in divine things, it is immeasurably easier for them to realise the presence, to revere the authority, and to rejoice in the love of our Father in heaven.

On the specific duties of parents we need not in such a paper as this minutely dwell. The obligation to secure their physical maintenance and their intellectual development is universally recognised, but there are other responsibilities which are not so widely or readily acknowledged. Parents are entrusted with the care of the spiritual life of their children. Every child has to be trained for God. The moral atmosphere of the home should be pure and healthy. The spirit which pervades it should be such as will invest the idea of religion

with naturalness, power, and beauty.

In the work of religious instruction, the most efficient instrument is the Bible. No other book can appeal so powerfully to the imagination, the heart, or the conscience of children. It abounds in the most exquisite poetry, in history the most fascinating and instructive. Professor Huxley will not on this point be suspected of partiality. Yet he writes :- "If Bible reading is not accompanied by constraint and solemnity, as if it were a sacramental operation, I do not believe there is anything in which children take more pleasure. At least, I know that some of the pleasantest recollections of my childhood are connected with the voluntary study of an ancient Bible which belonged to my grandmother. There were splendid pictures in it, to be sure; but I recollect little or nothing about them, save a portrait of the high priest in his vestments. What come vividly back on my mind are remembrances of my delight in the histories of Joseph and of David; and of my keen appreciation of the chivalrous kindness of Abraham in his dealings with Lot. Like a sudden flash there returns back upon me my utter scorn of the pettifogging meanness of Jacob, and my sympathetic grief over the heartbreaking lamentations of the cheated Esau, 'Hast thou not a blessing for me also, O my father?' And I see, as in a cloud, pictures of the grand phantas-magoria of the Book of Revelation." Rightly, also, does the same author contend that by no other book can children be so humanised, and made to feel that they must do good, and hate evil.

To induce this feeling parents must exercise over their children continuous watchfulness. There are in their nature evil propensities which have to be checked, germs of wickedness which must be eradicated. Selfishness, pride, anger, malice, and all kindred feelings must be condemned; nor must any sanction be given to such displays of passion as, if developed, may prove the ruin of their life. Their affections must be enlisted on the side of truth, purity, and honour. They must be directed into the love of God.

Verbal instructions must be illustrated and enforced by a corresponding example. Deeds are more powerful than words. The indirect unconscious influences of our life may accomplish far more than the efforts which result from deliberation and design. There must be one law for parents and children. Then may children be expected to revere that law.

Those parents who are in any measure alive to the difficulties of their task, and the issues involved in it, will feel their dependence upon God, and earnestly seek His aid. Prayer will be an essential element of their domestic life. Family worship will be an established custom. In his own household every father should be as a priest, pleading with the members of his family for God, and pleading with God for them. There is, on earth, no place more sacred than home—there are no duties higher than those of a parent, nor has the occupant of the noblest office received a holier anointing.

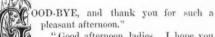
How bitterly parents would regret if, through any fault of theirs, their children should grow up physically diseased, or crippled, or if they should be mentally imbecile! Is it a less evil when they grow up, as thousands do, either in utter ignorance of God, or in the grossest misconception of His character and government, with deep-seated preju-

dices, perverted affections, seared and blemished consciences, weak, capricious, or head-strong wills? Spiritual deformity is more deplorable and mischievous than physical, and it cannot be generally avoided, unless those to whom God has committed so precious a trust endeavour to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

There are aspects of domestic life which our space will not permit us to discuss. But to one and all of them—as for instance the duties of children to their parents—the relations of brothers and sisters, and of masters and servants, the principles which underlie the whole of our article are, of course, applicable, and our readers can easily make the application for themselves.

AN HOUR WITH SOME "DAISIES."

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,



"Good afternoon, ladies. I hope you will soon come again; we have so few visitors."

And so, after a final hand-shaking, we were bowed out, by one of the cheeriest, brightest, most genial of little women in this happy realm of England.

Have you any curiosity or interest to know where we had spent our leisure afternoon? If you have, and will kindly follow me, I will retrace my steps.

Let us go down this winding lane. It connects two thoroughfares in this out-of-the-world, quaint, old-fashioned town on the eastern side of our little island. It is but a dull walk so far. We see only the high walls of well-cultivated gardens, or the back entrances of hotels or breweries. we reach an unpretending-looking house, and see on our right hand four windows-two above, two below, A faultlessly white muslin curtain screens the two lower windows from intrusive glances. In the central space of the walls, equi-distant from the two lower windows, we see a modest title, and an appeal to the liberality of the passer-by-" Girls' Industrial Home, Supported by Voluntary Contributions." The words run round the edges of a bronze plate, riveted to the grey house wall, the central portion containing two transverse slits to receive the gifts of the stray passenger. We pass on, and find ourselves before a high door, Gothic shaped, and pull the bell-wire hanging on our right hand. Whilst waiting, we notice the unusual height of the letter-box, placed at the top of the door, and hope the postman, for his own comfort, has a long arm. Below, stands the numeral letter of the street, 8, and one word-Home -occupies the central space where letter-boxes are usually placed. We have not much time to begin

moralising on this simple suggestive word, for we hear rapid footsteps, and presently a young woman unlocks the door, and, standing with it wide open in her hand, awaits our pleasure—

"Good afternoon," is our greeting. The response, a country curtsey.

"Can we come in? We should like to see the matron."

"Will you walk in 'm? and I'll go and tell-Who is lost in some parting word, as she turns away from us, and scuds along the paved asphalte yard to find the matron. The young woman, however, recollects herself in a moment, and returning, asks us to sit down in a little parlour and wait, the door of which she opens, and so leaves us. She is dressed in a comfortable dark blue serge dress, which has probably three widths in the skirt, hanging round her in serviceable fashion, neither impeding her movements by its scantiness, nor extra weight. It reaches her feet, and clears the ground by three inches; the sleeves are rolled up at the elbow, the bodice is neatly buttoned in front, and is surmounted by a white cambric threecornered "kerchief"-to borrow a word from the vocabulary of our great-grandmothers; and I dare say on a closer inspection we should find that fine longcloth, and not cambric, was the material in use. Her hair is neatly brushed back under a plain white cap, which shows no border, but is apparently kept in its place by a tape run round the edge, tucked in so as to prevent the hem being seen, and the two ends meet under the back of the cap, which there finishes like the coal-heaver's bonnet, or the head-gear our sailors call a sou'-wester. We find neat black shoes peeping out below the dress, and the costume, in its simple arrangement and dual colouring, puts us in mind of a Breton peasant sans the sunshine and foreign local

One step down from the yard, which slopes upward

from the street, and we are in the matron's parlour. A couple of windows light it—one looking into the street, which we have just passed, the other flanking the entrance door of her room, and commanding a view of the interior of the building. Simple furniture occupies her room—a comfortable sofa, one chair for rest, others plain and uncompromising, a square table, central piece of carpet, a few modest ornaments on the chimney-piece, and a hearth-rug on which sits a sleek tabby cat. A narrow door, opening from the parlour, stands partly open, and shows us a glimpse of the sleeping-room within. Presently we look up, and see our cheery friend, framed in by the door of her own apartment. Allow me to introduce her—

A ringing voice, an earnest look, A way of listening where rebuke Is softened down With, as it were, a half assent; A sort of resolute content; A kindly frown.

She bids us welcome in a voice which has the slightest Hibernian inflection.

"Will I show ye over? Yes, and with great pleasure; but will you enter your names, ladies, on the book?"

I note, as I comply, that the preceding entry bears the date of five months since.

Again we cross the threshold of the little parlour, and find ourselves in the entrance yard once more. It is surrounded by buildings nowhere more than two storeys high—here and there but one. Sums of money have not here been expended on the erection of buildings of architectural beauty. Its founder has utilised whatever lay to his hand; and so long as his daisies flourished, he was evidently not particular whether they were planted in a park or a field.

A pleasant hum reaches us of womanly voices as we cross the entire length of the yard, and enter a door facing that of the little parlour we have left behind. We find a group of girls and young women, all busily engaged in ironing on tables placed down the centre of the room, to right and left of us, round the sides, and under the windows. In all, perhaps, there are fourteen ironers, and one elderly woman, whose grey hairs do not earn for her any exemption from labour.

Behind her is a linen-press without doors, on which lie piles of garments reposing after their interview with the mangle before they are—to use an expression not to be understanded of the masculine intellect—"got up." Almost every imaginable article—from a white quilt to a baby's sock—is represented, and the pile is always diminishing, to be added to the stock accumulating in deep wicker baskets, destined for a journey by rail. Fine white linen cuffs, collars of all shapes and sizes, grow into shining smooth fabrics as the busy ironers ply their work. Not a sad face amongst them all, and hardly one that looks constrained. They move quietly about, with just sufficient hum to give a ripple to the even flow of labour, and pass to and fro to the tiny room where a score or

two of flat-irons are heating to perfection on a hot hearth nearly two yards square. Our guide shows us, with much pride, an odd little arrangement, looking something like a black toast-rack—an original contrivance of the founder, she remarks—to heat the goffering irons. Two girls are folding sheets, and pulling out the edges carefully, before they transfer them to the mangler. Antimacassars of red braid, and white knitting, or crochet-work, toilet-covers, small mats, frills, and goffered laces, hang upon lines, growing crisp from the hot dry air of the room.

Now we ascend a somewhat steep narrow staircase, and find ourselves in a room above the laundry. Its furniture is very simple, but suggestive—six benches, each with a back to lean against, and each evidently having accommodation for six people, occupy the greater part of the floor. Opposite to them is a desk, on a platform about a foot higher than the floor of the room. Behind it is a narrow Gothic-shaped window. Ground-glass words appear upon the two arched sides, and we approach to see them more distinctly—"Go, and sin no more." The best spiritual advice ever given to sinners, the greatest encouragement to all who, having erred, would now do better.

The desk is unoccupied, and the benches are empty, but when we think of the conflicts bravely fought, nobly won, between good and evil, of which that room must have been the scene, we hear the echoes of angels' voices still lingering about us. The tempting spirits of evil have slunk away, abashed by holy resolutions made in the presence of the divine words, so healing and so comforting. He believed that sin could be overcome. He believed that shame need not cling for ever to the garment of the peni-He believed-nay, he knew-that good is stronger than evil. He never turned away from the cry, "Help me!" And as we stood there, in the "place where prayer was wont to be made," consecrated by its being set apart for spiritual use, it seemed to me that we should all grow purer and better if we laid aside our human distinctions between sin and sin, and learnt, like the lowliest penitent, to "go and sin no more."

We had only seen, as yet, a small part of the busy hive, so we followed our guide into a large new room, still in the hands of workmen, but which is presently to be given up to ironing. It has windows on each side, is lofty, cool, and will have thorough ventilation. We pass through the drying-room, where screens are occupied by clothes in all stages of preparation, to-day chiefly by clean print dresses belonging to London house and parlour maids, the gathers round the waistband drying thoroughly in the hot air, and we see that no dampness will be allowed to lurk in the sleeve-seams, prolific source of rheumatism in the arm to many an inexperienced housemaid who puts on a print dress insufficiently dried. Then there is the wash-house, with large and small tanks ranged all down one side, supplied with hot and cold water.

Nota Benc.-Every tank, being wood, has some



spoon and fork has fallen into rank and file, awaiting the sortie of to-morrow.

The bread, too, has been drawn for the day, and is privileged to have a little room all to itself, with a brick oven, and a flour-bin; and behind sliding panels of a cupboard we see the tempting halfquartern loaves. I forget how many stone of flour a week, we were told, is consumed; but I calculated at the time that there could be no stint, and no waste. An unpretending dining-room adjoins the kitchen, a cosy fire burns in the grate, and there is a welcoming smile in the bright but homely fire-irons, the carpet near the hearth, the couple of Windsor arm-chairs. There were benches round the walls, and plants, I think, in the sunny windows. It looked kind and motherly, as though the substantial comforts it afforded resulted not so much from hard calculation of a profitable investment as from parental kindly forethought. Hitherto we had seen chiefly the concomitants of work; this embodied physical rest.

 Still we had not completed our survey. We were shown a broad shallow staircase, and invited to ascend. Here was a bookcase, Inside its glass doors we read the names of many an old friend—literature for children, periodical publications for the older inmates, and toys in abundance as well, and dolls—

actually dolls!

Still we were hardly prepared, even by these indications, for the sight which greeted us as the beaming little matron opened the door of a schoolroom. Eighteen girls were gathered there under the care of a teacher, whose kind, thoughtful, intelligent features proclaimed that she, too, had found her right niche in the woman's kingdom. When we entered, they all rose, and as needlework was the occupation of the hour, our inspection was invited. I am rather critical about darning; I look upon it as fine art of a domestic order, and seldom see it carried on with any right appreciation of the difficulties which must be overcome to insure success. Stitches are put in, across and across, like the sticks of a crow's nest; and the treacherous threadbare borders of an impossible hole are seldom drawn together first, as a foundation on which to place the even uncompromising stitches which must knit up the audacious aperture, if future wear and tear are to be taken into account; but here the girls were really taught to darn well and thoroughly; to put neat patches into underclothing; and the essentially womanly task had its happy influence on the moral atmosphere of that room. Here, as in the laundry, the study of faces was most interesting, the absence of harsh treatment restoring so wonderfully the gentler softer lines of the young faces which had nearly lost their womanliness. Some delicate invisible sponge, full of loving kindness, had softened the hard lines on many a bold forehead which had been branded with shame. The shy pleasure of approbation glanced out of some sweet blue eyes. There was no sullenness, born of intimidation and injustice, apparent in any face, but hopefulness and encouragement, and here and there

a sly twinkle of merriment. One dear little face was a picture of modesty and loveliness-a sweet wee daisy; blushes on her cheeks, smiles on her mouth. dimples in her chin; and after we had heartily expressed our good wishes, and the door had closed upon us, we eagerly asked her history. It was told in a few words. They call her the child and pet of the Home. Some years since, on a bitter winter night, two girls knocked for admittance there who had been wandering forlornly for two days without shelter, They had no mother, and had fled from a father's brutality, singing childish songs for halfpence as they begged for crumbs. Some one had directed them to this haven, and whilst the elder girl had been trained and gone out into the busy world to earn her living, the younger was still in the early stage of education,

And now we had spent more than an hour in this Girls' Home, and many inquiries were eagerly needing

a reply.

Where had the girls come from? Well, from all over England.

What had they done?

They were nearly all thieves.

Did they reform, generally, as a body?

Oh, yes; very few indeed returned to bad courses. Most go to service, some marry, but nearly all do well. Subsequently we learnt these facts:—

More than twenty years ago, an active magistrate in this town had many cases of juvenile theft brought before him; and a most loving, tender, fatherly compassion grew up in his heart for these not yet hardened offenders. What could he do for their rescue? How could they be weaned from bad company? Where could they go on their release from prison? And, as nearly all important works have small beginnings, so it was here. He made a little home for a few, chose his matron and a schoolmistress, hunted up his resources to see whether they would bear the strain, and, little by little, increasing yearly, still pursuing its quiet modest way, this Home has grown up under his fostering hands. He has brought the business habits of a lifetime into his treasury, but the mainspring has been devoted human love to the outcast or the thief. And I have given my little narrative the title of "Daisies," because the modesty, the quietness, and the unobtrusiveness of the whole scheme, and the lowliness of the inmates, reminded me of our gentle English flower. Many-petalled, bright-eyed-telling of hope, of God's goodness-crushed, yet ever upspringing; decking our pathway, yet almost unseen, so common, yet so lovely. What could be a better emblem than this of the fruits of an honest Godfearing mind ?-the practical results of one man's benevolence flowing over the path of life for nearly a quarter of a century !

The annual expenditure of the Girls' Industrial Home is £923 4s., and of this £163 4s. is raised by voluntary contributions. All the rest—every item, with the exception of the Government grant—comes from the liberality of its founder. He writes

to his large family every Christmas, and letters from many of them find their way to him. His house is their home if they pass through the town on a visit to neighbouring friends. They find his interest in them does not abate with their departure from the Home; his advice, his loving help, is always at their service; and to some of them he is the type of the only human father they ever knew.

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The girls are encouraged to learn all possible branches of domestic service, and are glad of laundry-work from private families. Some supply them from London with private washing; some from the town in which they dwell. This the girls are permitted personally to collect, their distinctive dress being their safeguard.

One judicious prohibition is made on their taking service: they are not allowed to accept situations in the town where they live. Each inmate, it is calculated, costs £23 10s.; this includes, so runs the annual report, "salaries, clothing, maintenance, fuel, light, outfit for service, repairs, laundry, and other expenses."

The girls all attend Divine Service every Sunday in their neighbourhood; but for twenty years, until illness lately overtook him, at seven o'clock in the morning their founder was always with them to open the day with reading and prayer, in the room to which I have referred.

The Home is under Government inspection, and the yearly report is satisfactory.

Many excellent bye-rules contribute to wise administration, and every girl who keeps her place one year, and maintains a good character, has one sovereign given her as a reward.

We found on inquiry that every hour has its assigned occupation; the day beginning at six o'clock and ending at nine P.M. Besides recreation in the middle of the day, when, as the matron told us, they often play and romp like so many children, an evening hour is put aside for the same purpose. The work of the place is performed by all in turn, and all

in turn benefit by education in the school, some on their admission being densely ignorant.

The rigid rules of penitentiaries as to recurring periods of silence, and cutting off the hair, are all unknown here-love in general principle and detail governs everywhere-and but very few punishments are ever found necessary. The scale of the dietary is excellent; beer, wine, and spirits are totally excluded, but roast beef, roast mutton, vegetables, and the famed dumplings of the eastern counties, with other varieties, are liberally supplied. Night and morning, tea and bread and butter are set before them-no skilly nor skim milk-" Everything," as the matron said, with honest pride-"everything we have here is plain, but of the best, and the best butcher in the place supplies us." One word as to the future. The father and founder of the Home is only mortal; he is over eighty years of age now, and in the ordinary course of nature he must look forward to leaving his work soon, I wish all our accounts of a life's work, begun and carried on, could show such a principle of steadfastness as that of this fine old patriarch. He has placed his work in the hands of trustees, and he will not be found to have left it unprovided; but no amount of money, nor fitful passing interest from visitors, will compensate to those girls for the blank that must one day fall upon them when they are left orphans.

Do not forget my daisies. Let the remembrance of them cluster round your heart. It matters not that I should tell you where they are blowing—they exist, and that is enough. They do not court your notice by sign-board nor advertisement. In the lowliness of their growth, all they need is space in which they may expand, air by which they may flourish. Think sometimes of a good man's single-minded work, and wish it "God-speed." Cannot you find a little plot of ground near at hand, and go and plant your daisies, too?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

HYMNS AND HYMN-BOOKS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.



N the subject of Hymns and Hymnbooks, I address my readers from the point of view of an elderly churchgoer. I speak as a representative of the minority of clergymen, ladies, and

laymen, who have never made, and never intend to make, a collection of hymns.

Hymn-books are multiplying with amazing, almost amusing rapidity. The best of them are, perhaps, beautiful gardens which require some weeding. I venture to offer respectfully some critical hints to those who have the responsibility

of choosing hymns for public worship, which, perhaps, may be looked upon as a modest contribution to an ideal hymn-book in some distant future

Very general critical rules are not worth much. I mean such canons as these—"'Subjective hymns are to be avoided;' e.g., it has been said that of 473 hymns in one of our well-known collections 150 are styled 'General Hymns.' Of these about one-third are expressed in the singular number, and are, therefore, not adapted for a plurality of voices." It is the reductio ad absurdum of such a

rule that, if carried out, it would deprive the Church of "When I survey the wondrous cross." Nor do we gain much more when we put the antisubjective canon in another shape:—"Hymns are not to be used in public worship containing expressions of thought and feeling, which only a comparatively small part of any Sunday congregation can be supposed to utter as the literal expression of their feelings." My answer is simply to read one verse of the translation of the forty-second Psalm:—

My longing soul faints with desire To view Thy blest abode, My panting heart and flesh cry out For Thee, the living God.

Are you prepared to apply your canon to that? No! In hymns we must assume the existence in the worshippers of the elementary principles and aspirations of the spiritual life-without this assumption, a hymn-book is an absurdity, and so is a prayer-book. Another canon of rejection is that hymns are to be excluded which are too metaphorical, too poetical, or too mystical. Another-laid down by one who shoots flying, and misses, when he does miss, gloriously—is the rejection of hymns that are emotional, materialistic, theatrical. The hymns which drew those sweet and abundant tears from the eyes of Augustine at Milan, I fear, must have been more or less emotional. Another writer of exquisite taste considers hymns particularly relating to the Passion as necessarily tainted with a theatrical element. We have no right to lay the icy finger of such rules upon lips that are touched with the fire of genius and of devotion.

There are other rules which are more practical and more easily applied. On the difficult and perilous question of doctrine in hymns, I shall only say that I hope collectors will not sail too close to the wind. But, passing by this, I will venture to propose some tests to which all hymns used in our churches should certainly con-

form.

I. A hymn to be used in public should inexorably be required to preserve the balance and adjustment of general principles of Holy Scripture. I refer—with remorse and regret for the reference—to Montgomery's hymn—

In the hour of trial, Jesu, pray for me.

True, that in the days of His flesh, he said, "I have prayed for thee;" true, that "He ever liveth to make intercession for them that come to God by Him." But intercession is realis or verbalis. Realis—evermore by His presence before God, with continual, unbroken, everlasting intercession. The verbal would be fragmentary, suspended, occasional. Is there any instance of "Pray for us," addressed to our Lord? I doubt it.

2. The sacred human name of Jesus is used alone, frequently with questionable taste, reverence, and propriety. I am not laying down a hard and fast line, which would exclude

Jesu! the very thought of Thee-

and several others, which our hearts could ill afford to lose; but I am objecting to a flippant, familiar, sentimental use of that holy Name, and to its being made a vehicle for a jingling rhyme. Let it be noted that in the Reformed Prayer-book our Saviour is thrice only addressed by that name—once, "O Lord Jesus Christ," once, "O Blessed Jesus;" once, "O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesu Christ." The prayers and the hymns should be of the same material, as, in the old Temple, the pillars of the Lord's house and the harps and psalteries for the singers were made of the same wood.*

3. Hymns honoured by a place in our public service should be accurate in the use of Scripture; every brick in the structure should be carefully rung before it is laid. A hymn, or any part of it, grounded upon a manifestly false interpretation of a text, should not be admitted. Thus lines in our best collections of hymns upon the

cross speak in this fashion-

Fulfilled is now what David told In true prophetic song of old.

"Among the nations, God, saith he, is King; He reigneth from the trees." This is simply a strange rendering of Psalm xevi., ver. 10, "Dominus regnavit a ligno, received into a Passion hymn by Fortunatus.

4. Another rule I suggest with some confidence. There is a bird (called the bower-bird) which has the curious habit of tesselating the entrance to its nest with bits of stone, glass, spangle, feathers—anything that is bright, however incongruous. There are bower-bird hymns, which take up and repeat striking words again and again, playing with them as the bird does with the bright

feathers and bits of spangle.

Hymns for children should not, as a general rule, be sung in the church, but in the school-room, or in private; and such hymns should be anything but of the genus bower-bird, if they are to be of the slightest use. They should aim at fixing a dogma, a doctrine, a moral or spiritual truth upon the heart and mind. Each single hymn should be a pellucid shrine, in which the dogma, or the lesson, should be seen—true, clear, definite, precise, glittering (if it glitter at all) because it is sharp. It may be an innocent amusement for children to say that a river is a river, and a shining river, but it teaches them nothing. One of the main elements in hymns,

^{* 1} Kings x. 12.

according to St. Paul, is teaching. Bower-bird hymns mean little or nothing, and teach little or nothing.

The application of these principles would bring about a notable diminution in the *number* of hymns sung in public worship—in itself a thing to be desired. Hymns, to be effective, must be comparatively few, and worked into the primary religious instincts of those who use them.

Let it be further laid down that humanly composed hymns shall be used in subordination to those which are divine. In the Reformed Book of Common Prayer almost no provision is made for the use of metrical hymns during divine service. Upon reference to that great repertory of learning in Bingham, * I find that this was the ancient balance of the sanctuary. Bingham mentions the Doxology, the Angelical Hymn, the Trisagion, the Alleluia and Allelujatic Psalms, the Hosanna, Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis, Creed, Te Deum; other hymns, such as those of St. Ambrose, Hilary, and others, were dear to particular dioceses and churches, but occupied a subordinate position. It seems to be generally assumed that people are entitled to be as frigid as ice during Psalms and Canticles; and it is almost esteemed a mark of spiritual superiority to prefer the hymn to the Psalm or Canticle, i.e., the human to the Divine. The constant invariable element, carefully taught, will be the best corrective to the fluctuations of taste in hymns. A want of robust faith in the Bible among clergy and people, deposes the Psalter and Canticles from their places, and makes the first last, and the last first.

This, too, will correct that over-estimate of mere quantity of emotion, mere temporary effectiveness, which so much pervades our hymnbooks, and crowds them with inferior productions. But Church poetry, like Church music, is not merely a means of gratifying our feelings, however innocent and laudable. It is an offering to God. It should, therefore, be pure and excellent of its kind. But it is constantly assumed that the apparent verve and fervour manifested by congregations in singing hymns is ample justification for their introduction into hymnals, in spite of coarseness of composition, sensationalism, and even questionable doctrinal associations. Yet St. Augustine warns us† that the Donatists ridiculed the Orthodox, because they sang divinelyinspired canticles, and them almost alone, with a sober quietness of devotion. The Ponatists, on the other hand, shouted out their human compositions, as if flushed with the strong wine of their fanaticism. Care should be taken to avoid such hymns. A weak excitability, propagated by an unregulated hymnology, may become the phylloxera vastatrix of our English Christianity.

Enough of this criticism. My heart asserts its claims.

I wish that I had time to turn your attention to certain hymns overlooked by collectors, worthy, as I think, of lasting place in hymn-books: one by the Rev. E. Littlewood—another by an Irish layman, Mr. Murphy. Hymns are the exclusive property of no Church or party.

O that I could say what we owe to men and women of every Christian communion and school! what we may find in—

> When I survey the wondrons Cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Or in-

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

I heard the voice of Jesus say—
"Come unto me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad—

Weary, and worn, and sad— I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad!

Art thou weary? art thou languid? Art thou sore distrest? Come to Me, saith One, and, coming, Be at rest.

Nay—for truth must speak, where the reserve of affection might prefer silence—what we may find in—"The roseate hues," "When wounded sore," "His are the thousand sparkling rills."

Hymns of heaven touch us as nothing else can, even as "Home, sweet home," sung by children, made tears run down the bronzed cheek of the veteran who came back from Africa. Nay, more—in a material age, that in us which breathes itself forth in hymns tells us that we are immortal—that we have in us affections which have for their object the Infinite God, and for their career illimitable ages. One who wrote the beautiful Advent song—

Thou art coming, O my Saviour-

ten minutes before death sang a verse of a hymn—

Jesus! I will trust Thee; There is none in heaven Or on earth like Thee; Thou hast died for sinners, Therefore, Lord, for me.

In her very last moment, her utterance expired in one sweet long note. Is not this the fulfilment of the Psalmist's great word \(\)—

"I will lift up psalms to my God while I have my being"—durante me—"whilst I can call myself I."

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[&]quot;"Antiquities of the Christian Church," Book xiv., chapter 2—"The Most Notable Hymns in Use in the Ancient Service of the Church,"

[†] Epist. xl. 18.

SHORT ARROWS.

MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN.

HE visitor to Sevenoaks may have lately

noticed a new Home being built for the

children of missionaries, but every one

who notices it does not make inquiry concerning its objects. We have made it our business to assist a good work, and will put the result before our readers. There are at present a number of excellent men labouring for the Gospel in distant lands who are unable to keep their children in the climate and under the conditions in which they themselves So the little ones are sent to England, and now the kind and thoughtful work of a lady has resulted in the establishment of a new Home for these children. It is not yet finished, but we hope the influence of kind friends will soon see that the house is put in order. Fathers and mothers will appreciate the sympathy already shown, and will perhaps pay a visit to Sevenoaks and make inquiry for themselves, with a view to hasten the completion of a good work. Mr. Pye-Smith, St. Katherine's,

ARE WE GROWING BETTER?

Sevenoaks, will give them every information.

Is the world any better? It is growing older and wiser, but is it improving? We can answer this question in the affirmative. We think no one will deny that our manners have undergone a considerable change for the better during the last century, and the following condensed statement of the progress of Christianity will prove our case. In the first century there were about half a million believers; in the fifth century of the Christian era their number had increased to fifteen millions. Three hundred years later this number had doubled itself. In the fifteenth century one hundred millions of people were believers in Christ, and in the eighteenth this number had been doubled. During the present century it is estimated that the increase has continued in the same proportion, and the number of communicants is steadily increasing. Now when we consider that this increase is far in excess of the increase of the population of the earth, we may congratulate ourselves that Christianity is rapidly gaining groundwe may "thank God, and take courage."

"SUFFER THE CHILDREN TO COME."

Of all places in Palestine, none is more fitted to be the scene of Christian love, and ministration to children, than Bethlehem, where our Saviour was born into the world. In this village a noble work has been for many years carried on by a German missionary, Mr. Müller. Not content with instructing the native children, this worthy gentleman has assembled as many young children into his own house as he can afford to clothe and feed. Some of these children are from roving Bedouin tribes, but all are daily instructed in God's Word, close to the very place where He was born. But manual and other useful labour is not neglected. Valuable instruction is given daily; and the number of applications for admission to the good man's house has necessitated much self-denial on his part.

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE ABROAD.

While so many appeals are being made in the missionary cause, and on behalf of so many societies for Gospel teaching, it may be useful and instructive to glance briefly at the work done, and its possible future. No true Christian can stand and consider the mighty strides which have been made by the missionary societies within the last halfcentury without a feeling of deep thankfulness, Before the Christian Knowledge Society led the way in our numerous colonies, the great mass of the heathen were lying in outer darkness. Africa, Australia, and the Asiatic Continent were without a witness to the truth, Slavery and its horrors were rife. The result has been astounding-the little leaven of heavenly truth is rapidly leavening all. Let us see what has been done. There are no less than 160 Protestant missionary societies, in whose fields are now working 2,500 missionaries, and 20,000 natives. The native Christians number 1,650,000, and there are nearly 750,000 communi-From this abstract something may be cants. gathered of the immense extent and success of modern mission work, But this is not all, Take Sierra Leone, where the work has so well prospered that the mission is self-supporting. There African clergymen carry on the work, and manage the schools and the churches, and do all the varied parish work, not only in Sierra Leone, but in many outlying districts on the Niger. On the other side, Japan is awaking to the Light of the Gospel, and is already The adherents of idolatry are bestirring herself. lessening in number daily, and members of all classes are professing Christ, to the number of 3,000 already. In China, the name of Christ is triumphing over In Assam, in Madagascar, the West Confucius. Indies, and in the Sandwich Isles, as in other places, the pure rays of the true Light are dispersing the thick darkness of superstition and idol-worship. This is what has been done, and is being done. The Gospel is being preached to every creature; and though we may not see the end, the glorious day of consummation will come, and the great shout of victory will be heard, when the battle has been won by the brave army of Christian soldiers in distant lands.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

At a meeting on behalf of the above-named object, the Rev. W. Guest, founder of the Milton Mount College for ministers' daughters at Gravesend, urged upon his hearers, and upon the young women of the middle and upper classes, the great need there was for earnestness in the cause of Christian education. In the course of his remarks the speaker referred to the tendency to educate women in the present day up to a very high standard, and showed that in many schools and colleges teaching is of a very high mental calibre. He urged it was, therefore, necessary that Christian parents should seek to establish colleges where sound Christian and Scriptural instruction for their children may be obtained in conjunction with a good education. With this object Christian ladies should join, and endeavour to raise the necessary funds, for such a work was greatly to be desired. We believe that steps have been already taken with a view to the establishment of such a seminary for the Christian education of young women in England.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

Those who are anxious respecting the propagation of the Gospel, and even those who are sceptical concerning its influence, may be interested in the following figures. There are seventy missionary societies, twenty-seven of which are in Great Britain and eighteen in America. There are in connection with these two thousand five hundred European preachers, and twenty-three thousand native catechists. The number of converts is calculated at one million six hundred and fifty thousand. In the year 1878 no less than sixty thousand pagans embraced Christianity, and in places whole districts and islands have become Christian. The money which has been spent to bring about these results amounts (annually) to nearly one and a quarter millions sterling, one half of this immense sum being contributed by Great Britain alone. In the mission-schools are four hundred thousand scholars. In addition to this cheering news we learn that the Bible has been translated into two hundred and twenty-six different languages, and one hundred and forty-eight millions of copies have been circulated. We may add that more than seventy barbarous tongues have been endowed with a grammar and a literature. Surely in the face of these facts no one will dispute the mighty power of the Word, and its influence upon mankind.

RAILWAY BOYS.

A short time back a very pleasant evening was spent at Kennington by those who attended to hear the Earl of Aberdeen's address at the prize distribution of the Railway Boys' Mission. We learnt that no less than seventeen hundred boys, between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, are employed by the three large railway companies running south of the Thames. The number of members of the society is being

increased, and the books show a list of one hundred and sixty-two. The work connected with the institution includes carpentry, model-making, and turning. Bible classes are held; there are religious services, and the visitor will find an excellent readingroom and library in the Mission-house in High Street, Vauxhall. The object of this society, as explained by Admiral Fishbourne, is to keep the boys safe by finding them healthy employment during their leisure hours, and providing them with good and interesting literature. There is now a large room provided for the society, of which Lord Shaftesbury is the patron. Many other influential people are much interested, and, judging from appearances, we should say this excellent institution is in a fair way to succeed.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

From the extremely interesting reports of the London and other medical missions, we gather the following account of the useful and varied work done by these excellent institutions. In the London Mission a most useful and blessed work has been accomplished. There are Bible classes, sewing classes, flower work, and outdoor visiting, etc. A convalescent and a holiday home have been established, to the former of which 127 patients-more than one-fourth in excess of previous years-have been admitted. The Marylebone and the Bristol Missions are also doing excellent work; nor are Brighton and Liverpool behind in this race to do good. The reports from all these centres are full of hope in the future blessings which, under heaven, may be expected to accrue. The distressing scenes witnessed by the visitors show what great need exists for these institutions, and no one will underrate the influence of the members of such associations who, while "pouring in the oil and wine" for bodily healing, do not neglect to apply the more precious balm of heavenly consolation to the souls of men. The good work has been boldly carried on, and is bearing much fruit in every district under its influence.

EXPLORERS IN UNKNOWN CHINA.

Some very interesting particulars have come to light respecting the remote provinces on the northwest border of China. One of the busy agents of the China Inland Mission lately established his head-quarters at the city of Tsin-Chan. It appears that on the western border of the remote province of Kan-Suh is the (new) city of Tao-Chan. Here the appearance of the people and their surroundings are very different from those we are accustomed to associate with Chinese. The house-roofs are flat; the women, though healthy, are coarse and heavy. They part the hair in the form of the letter Y, the locks dividing over the sides of the head and hanging loosely beyond the cars. This "new city" of Tao-Chan, is a wretched place—a heap of ruins without a street.

The town was built about twenty years ago, but almost immediately destroyed by the Mahommedans. It was formerly populated by the border tribes known as "Fan-tsë," who are troublesome neighbours. The city of Tao-Chan itself is some distance off, and is a desolate spot. The inhabitants are kind and hospitable, and enjoy all food with milk. On the banks of the Yellow River the mission agent (Mr. Easton) journeyed to Sining-Fur, and numerous other places which have not yet been indicated upon any map published in Europe. In the Yellow River district Mr. Easton found the inhabitants (the Sah-las)

differing but slightly from the Chinese people, though they have a distinct language, which bears little or no resemblance to the Chinese tongue. These people are Mahommedan. Another tribe, called Tu-li or Tu-ren, was also encountered. They are entirely Mahommedan. Our explorer met Count Szechenzi, a Hungarian, who failed in his attempt to push on to Thibet, and was then at Sining, with his scientific associates. Commander Cameron was also expected. Sining is in lat. 36° 33′ 32″ N., long. 102° 24′ 35″ E. Some further details of this hitherto unexplored region will be gladly welcomed by geographers.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

138. What penalty attached to those who tried to lead the children of Israel into idolatry?

139. Quote a passage which sets forth the humility of John the Baptist.

140. When was the name Cephas (or Stone) given to St. Peter?

141. By whom were the words "as thy days so shall thy strength be" first spoken?

142. Under what circumstances could a Jew retain the services of a slave during his whole lifetime?

the services of a stave during his whole lifetime?

143. By what means were the kings of Israel to become fully acquainted with the Law of Moses?

144. What people were exempt from serving in the Jewish army?

145. What favour was accorded to the Egyptians beyond any other foreign nation?

146. What trees were not allowed to be cut down by the Jews during the siege of any town?

147. Quote a passage which shows that the custom of placing food in or upon the tombs of the dead was practised by the people amongst whom the Israelites dwelt.

148. What was the largest number of stripes which could be given to a Jew as a punishment?

149. What is likened by the wise man "as cold water to a thirsty soul?"

150. Under what circumstances were the Jews allowed to sell the firstlings of their flocks and of their herds?

151. How often did God command the Law to be publicly read to all Israel?

152. Where was the pool of Bethesda situated?

153. In what way was John the Baptist to recognise Jesus as the Messiah when He should appear?

154. What proof of His divinity did our Blessed Lord give to Nathanael?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 576.

121, Josiah king of Judah, and Cyrus king of Persia (1 Kings xiii, 2, Is, xlv. 1).

122. Oded the prophet, and the heads of the children of Ephraim, who caused two hundred thousand women and children to be restored to their brethren at Jericho (2 Chron, xxviii. 9—15).

123. When a lion slew the disobedient prophet near to Bethel (1 Kings xiii. 24).

124. St. Peter was released from prison by an angel, when Herod intended to kill him (Acts xii. 7—10).

125. The prophet Zechariah, who says, "They shall look on me whom they have pierced" (Zech. xii. 10).

126. "All Scripture is written by inspiration, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness" (2 Tim. iii. 16).

127. St. Paul, who says, "Ye are the Temple of the living God" (2 Cor. vi. 16).

128. St. Paul calls it "The sword of the Spirit" (Eph. vi. 17).

129. The Book of Esther.

130. The Emims, the Anakims, the Horims, the Avims, the Zamzummims, and the Caphtorims (Deut. ii. 10, 11, 12, 20—23).

The tribes of Reuben and of Gad (Numbers xxxii. 1).

132. "I besought the Lord at that time, saying, I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan" (Deut. iii. 23—25.)

133. As cities of refuge, that the slayer who killed his neighbour unawares might flee thither for safety (Deut. iv. 41—43).

134. The battle between the Syrians and the kings of Israel and Judah, in which Ahab king of Israel was slain by an arrow (1 Kings xxii. 29—35).

135. As our Judge, Lawgiver, and King (Is. xxxiii.

136. He sent twelve men into the country to spy out the land (Deut. i. 22).

137. The great wickedness of the inhabitants; and because God would fulfil the promise made to Abraham (Deut. ix. 4, 5).

JESUS THIRSTING AT THE WELL OF SYCHAR,

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.



JACOB'S WELL.

HIS story contains in each incident, in each word of it, some teaching -something very humbling to man, and exalting to Christ. It is, therefore, looked at from each of these sides, one of the most profitable stories we can read.

Our space is limited; so limited that we can only indicate some of the lines of thought on which our minds may run. On two or three we shall dwell at greater length.

Christ is the revealer of all our deeper needs. Of such need this woman of Samaria did not seem to know anything. Her life pursued its daily round, and conscience seems to have fallen fast asleep within her, but of aught lying outside the circle of that round of household toil and common life she knew nothing. But she came into contact with Jesus. He spoke to her personally, and to her alone. And when He did so, He revealed to her what was in her, even though she knew it not-the existence of a need for which she herself could furnish no supply. And this is not an experience of the Samaritan woman alone; it is that of all who come really into contact with Christ at all. Man has many needs which he knows only too well. They are pressing on him every hour-the cares of family and professional life, the wants of the body, the cravings of the mind, of the affections, the everrecurring wants of a state which is and must be one of need; and life is slipping away, to a great extent, simply in their supply. And many are content that it should be so. They are not dissatisfied at being only hewers of wood and drawers of water, which is all that they really are, provided only they can have plenty of wood and plenty of water. They have no thought about anything beyond until they be awakened to it. Sometimes there are dissatisfactions-vague thoughts of a something "better," a something "beyond," rise in the mind. These pass before man as in a dream, but he does not understand them;

they do not press upon what only his soul is alive to, the interests which are around him, and he lets them go easily; he turns in his sleep, and is at rest again.

Nothing amid the woman's ordinary occupations, or thoughts, none amongst her ordinary companions, came into contact with her to awaken her; a new influence, one altogether from without, is required to do that, and it came to her in the voice of Christ.

Is it not so with ourselves? Men are now just as prone as that woman of Samaria was, to go on with no knowledge of need, other than that which is forced upon them by the exigencies of daily life. They will never find in their accustomed round that which will rouse them to feel a higher want. They may find dull dissatisfactions, which have indeed a voice, but they have no ears for it, and therefore they do not hear; there must break in upon them something new, or they will remain as they are.

And so Christ comes to us, and speaks to us, and tells us plainly of our deepest need. A voice altogether outside the beat of our common occupations, and common life, says to us there is something beyond this-something which it would be precious to us to have, but which we Have we heard that voice, and have have not. we heard it saying that? Have we been awakened to the belief that we are poor, with a poverty which is not of earth, and which no riches of earth could remove? Has our ordinary beat of thought, and estimation, and life been broken in upon? If not, then may we not ask ourselves the question-"Have we ever been spoken to at all from heaven-are we earthy, of the earth, and nothing more?" The subject of the existence of present unfelt need is a very terrible one. There it is-the hollow covered over with a thin crust, which must sooner or later fall in, and reveal the yawning chasm beneath. One of the very purposes for which Christ came was to reveal to man his need, to make heaven touch the circle of our common life-enter it; to make us feel that earth is not all; to wake us up to what we have capacities for; to make us feel a want. And it is only thus we can have them. He comes to fill the hungry with good things, and to send the rich empty away. He comes to make men feel an hungered. And you, reader, must ask yourself whether this sense of need has ever been awakened in you-whether One from outside all friends, occupations, interests of earth has spoken to you; and, if they have, then what have they said? Do not fear to talk with Jesus—to let Him talk to you, and say what He will; for observe next:—

Christ did not make the revelation of need without making also an offer of supply. He says, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." And how full that supply was to be He told her presently; the water that He would give was to be, in the one who drank it, "A well of water springing up into everlasting life."

When our Blessed Lord addressed the Church of the Laodiceans, who thought themselves full, He revealed to them their true condition; they thought that they were rich, and increased with goods, and had need of nothing, but knew not that they were wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; and He told them the truth, He revealed to them their need; but He made with the revelation of the need, a revelation of the supply also. He was ready to furnish them with gold tried in the fire that they might be rich indeed, and with white raiment that they might be clothed; He would give them eye-salve, that they might see.

And here, as in so many points, Christ comes out in grand superiority to man and his actings. Man can often make a revelation of need, but there he has to stop; he has no supply. The physician tells us our disease, but he cannot always suggest a remedy; the lawyer can point out a flaw in our case, but he cannot tell us how to mend it. Even our own hearts do this. They sometimes sink within us; they have some vague kind of consciousness of dissatisfaction and want, though they cannot exactly tell what it is, or whence it comes. Our occupations, our possessions! there are times when we feel a certain insufficiency in all; but not one of them has anything to suggest. They can only draw upon themselves, and from themselves, and where they have failed before, they will fail again.

We can account for that. God never intended that reparation should come from any source but Himself. He began that work in promise in Paradise. He is carrying it on by Christ in that testimony by the well-side; He will carry it on,

until the last soul is saved.

It is with such a God and such a Christ we have now to do. Not with one who intends to show us only our need and shortcoming, and then to leave us depressed, and in despair at a consciousness of our want, and our hopelessness of remedying it; but with One who proposes to supply a need, and for every revelation which He gives us of our necessity, to give a corresponding one of His generosity. We need, therefore, never ask God to withhold the revelations of our low estate—we need never be afraid of what He chooses

to tell us about it—He is willing that we should never know about ourselves without knowing correspondingly about Him. These two teachings go hand in hand in the economy of grace. It is well for us that they should do so, for what would become of us if we were left to continual revelations of our own need, without anything to counterbalance them? This may be the portion of those who reject grace. God may deal thus with them hereafter, and this may prove their greatest punishment; but in this, the day of grace, discoveries of sin and need go hand in hand with offers of discoveries of a supply abundantly sufficient for all.

Observe, too, how it is out of Christ's individual sufferings that there comes the highest consideration for ours. Jesus thirsted here—He felt a personal need—and the denial, or, at any rate, the practical denial by the woman, of a supply for that need, and His being left in that state of individual distress, led Him not to withhold from her as she had withheld from Him, but, on the other hand, to pass away to consider her very

highest need.

Surely in all things we are bought with a price. We are reminded that all our good evolves out of some trial of His—some suffering, be it of body or of spirit. "Bought with a price" seems to be written on all we have. We have nothing that may be called cheap: every good of ours has to be traced back to Him, and to some suffering in Him. The highest good is brought out of sorrow. This has its truest exemplification in the experiences of Christ, but it is true in our own experience also. Few attain to any height without coming up from the depth—it is the darkest shadow which throws up the brightest light.

And we must observe, too, the great readiness of Christ to pass from His own need, and that an immediate and pressing one, to that of others, of another who had just given Him direct proof that she cared little for His need. It is an instance of His self-forgetfulness—the same spirit that made Him refuse to send away the woman who cried after Him, which made Him come forth to meet the multitude who intruded on His intended rest, which made Him, amid all the solemn sufferings of the cross, remember His mother, and commit her to the beloved Apostle's care. This is a bright example of the self-forgetfulness, the unselfishness of our Lord, and, like all He did, as well as said, surely it has a voice for us. How often we allow our own suffering to make us forgetful of the far higher sufferings of another, our own want to hide out another's greater wants! We are roused with difficulty from being absorbed in self-need. The Saviour saw the opportunity His earthly thirst afforded Him of making a way to that woman's heart, and turned what is a misery to Himself into a proffered blessing to her. It may be that as it was the Saviour's meat and drink to do His Father's will, He forgot, in this high ministry to this poor woman, His natural thirst. In ministering to others we know that very often we forget the pressure of our own immediate pain or sorrow. Ministry is one of personal trouble's greatest alleviators. All that belongs to a good man, as a good Man Jesus had—the natural laws of goodness blessed Him, as they would do any one else. Try in your sorrow to bless another, and, in all probability, you will reap the great blessing of being able to forget yourself.

And this readiness abides in Christ still. He is not absorbed in Himself; He never can be. His glory will not preoccupy Him any more than His need did; He lives as much for others now, as He did when He was on the earth. Our necessities are His opportunities as much now as when He conversed with the woman at the well, when He ministered to the need she even knew not of, out of the need from which at the moment

He was suffering Himself.

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The offer which Jesus here made to this woman was one bought with the personal price, so far as that particular offer went, of His own suffering; that He could make the offer at all was already bought, and had to be paid for by the price of the height of all suffering yet to come, by that terrible thirst of soul and body on the cross. And what is true of this offer is true also of all others which He makes—they have all been bought with a price, and so what will become of us if they are refused? "How can we escape if we neglect so great salvation, if we refuse Him that speaketh?" (Heb. xii. 25.)

Then again we are reminded here that we are thought of in the power of Christ's experiences. He remembers "the days of His flesh;" all His sufferings, whether of mind or body, live in His remembrance, and He uses the remembrance for us. This thirst which He endured (and, so far as we know, unsatisfied), He remembers in connection with our thirsts—the refusal, or, at any rate, the non-appreciation of His request; He remembers for us when we are thrown off in our earthly expectations, and still more when we come thirsting in our souls—all Christ's memories

are for His people.

And note how her natural thirst led this woman up to the consideration of her higher spiritual drought, and how tender and sensitive Jesus is to the presence of need. We see this, by comparing His conduct with that of the woman. Jesus had told her plainly of His thirst, He had asked for wherewithal to relieve it, but she had not even the consciousness of thirst at all; she made no request which could move Him; she had unconscious drought, and He knew it, and offered her a supply. All with which our Lord had to do in the natural things of life led up to their correlatives in the life spiritual, the bread

which perished to the bread of the soul; the field white with the bending grain, to the harvest whose sheaves are to be gathered into a heavenly garner; the water at the well to the water springing up unto everlasting life; the water refused or held back, to the water given. What a blessed thought is it for us that the tendencies of Christ's mind are ever toward our need; that He knows our necessities not only before we ask, but even before we know them ourselves; that our mere need moves Him, whether we know of its existence or not. It is out of this—the fulness that there is in Him, that there flows any life for us.

Observe, too, that what He gives to us is not first dependent on what we give to Him. He had received no water from the woman of Samaria, when He made her His great offers. This is an epitome of the mind and way of acting of God, of the way of Christ, embodying the mind of God. There is nothing harder than to persuade man of the spontaneity of the offers of God-that it is all free. He is for bargaining in some way, but God offers to give, before He has received anything. Yes, He still continues to offer, even though He has been refused. And even if we did give, there could be no proportion between His giving and ours, no more than there could be between the one draught of water from the well of Samaria, and the well of water springing up into everlasting life. If we considered the subject of proportions, we should come to juster ideas on the subject of merit. As there can be no proportion but a ridiculous one, so the subject of merit must be simply ridiculous. But we are so prone to magnify what we have to give-what we do give, even though it be but a fraction of what we could give-that we actually establish, to our own satisfaction, a kind of proportion. There are those in the world who are putting side by side together a cup from the well of Samaria, and the well springing up into eternal

Our Lord's sitting on that well is a life-picture, a grand life-giving picture for the world. He is refused even a little, and yet He is offering much -yea, all He had to give. He is not as men, who will sometimes give as much again, but He will give without anything at all. Great comfort, great reproof flow from the freeness and generosity of the action. We may come and expect much, yea, all from Him, even when we have nothing proportionate to offer. But there is reproof also. Alas! that we are continually refusing Him such little as we can give. Let us not say, "Lord, when saw we Thee athirst and gave Thee no drink?" He has told us that "whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward." We, too, may meet Jesus at the well—Jesus thirsty—Jesus weary. Such as it is, we may have something to give

Him. What have we given? What will we

give?

The woman's quick apprehension of any personal earthly benefit is also to be observed; and her eagerness to avail herself of the chance of securing it. Two boons, precious more or less to all of us, seemed to come within her reach, by what our Lord offered—the one personal satisfaction, "that I thirst not;" the other self-ease, "that I come not hither to draw." It is thus always; the mind is quick to spy an earthly advantage, very slow to lay hold of a spiritual one. This is one of the disadvantages against which the offers and teachings of our Lord have to contend. If only they bore more on earthly things, if only they would offer more palpable material benefits, many would be eager for them. She is quick to realise points in which relief and benefit could be obtained, but slow and dull to all consciousness of higher needs. The patient One has also to bear much with His people in this way. He sees us doing the self-same thing; and if it were not that He deeply wills to do us good, He would leave us in our poor aspirations, and never lift us beyond the low level of our own thoughts.

As long as the woman dwelt on these things she could get no more. Earthly good, or even the prospect of it: certainly the heart's eager desire for it above all else, prevents our going deep enough into ourselves to know of deeper need, and of higher supply. And so Christ, who willed that woman the highest blessing, led her into depths in which her need of something more than earthly water must press upon her. He roused her by a tremendous appeal to her conscience, and her position, even to her womanhood. He says "Go call thy husband," Alas! she has none. She has had five husbands, and has probably been divorced many times, and now she has not even the semblance of an husband-"he whom thou now hast is not thine husband." He touched her with a caustic hand on the tenderest feeling of womanhood; and those were terrible words which He uttered-"and come hither." She may not go away, and hide from herself, in her ordinary occupations, or in a brazen effrontery, her sin. She must come to the One who has discovered it, she must stand before Him fully convicted. Surely this woman found herself plunged in unexpected depths, but they were to her, doubtless, the way of life. Ah! the like has happened to ourselves. How often we have had to be brought low down, very deep, into the consciousness, the self-abasement, the confession of sin, before we could be led up to anything higher! This poor woman would have been contented with her position as a sinner, if only she had not to come and draw water, if only her natural wants were supplied; but she was to be offered higher blessing, and, therefore, had to be led into the dark region of other and deeper need.

There remains enough in this scene for many more pages; we shall merely indicate the tracks of thought which the reader may, if he will, think out both with pleasure and profit for himself.

See the position of Jesus on that well, thirsting, with a supply at hand and no means of getting at it. The circumstances of the case were naturally aggravating. Christ took experience of aggravating circumstances. He put Himself under the complete and ordinary conditions of humanity.

Observe how Jesus answered her question as to His greatness. She challenged Him by an earthly comparison. Was He greater than Jacob? All that man can do is to compare the earthly with the earthly. Jesus passed by all that was personally depreciative, to enter into deep truth. We are touchy upon anything that concerns ourselves; we dwell upon that as the chief point. Jesus passes it by; may we have grace to do the same! All that the woman could have here was water severed from its source, serving a turn and then gone. Jesus keeps up the idea of water, and adds to it that of the well itself.

"Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." You have here the incompetence of Jesus to mere human vision, the poor result which is open to the unassisted eye. Jesus says that whosoever drank of the water of that well should thirst again. "Thirst again!" It is the melancholy story of all earthly things—perishing in the using, failing to

satisfy.

Mark the woman's proud presentation to Jesus of the well in its fulness—Jacob drank of it, and his cattle, and his children; and yet it had not the power to satisfy permanently even one person's natural need.

There was the halo of antiquity and tradition about this well. Jesus did not deny either; He let them stand for what they were worth, He touched the vital point—that that well could never satisfy; it was worth what it was worth in itself, but it had no standing when brought into relation to the highest need.

Jesus was not afraid to enter into competition with all this. Once let the sense of the deeper need be awakened in the heart, He knew that the heart must find out that that well could not satisfy it; it must come to Him alone who could give water which would be a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

"Sir, give me this water!" It appears to have been said immediately; there is an eager grasp at any promise of something better than the present state of things—the ever-recurring toil, and the no satisfaction. And this must have been aggravated by the service being to one who was not her husband.

See, too, Jesus' answer to the insult of this woman. He had been practically refused the small boon for which He asked. He meets that refusal with readiness to give what He had, and to give it on the easiest of all terms—for the asking—"Thou wouldest have asked, He would have given."

He would have treated her in a way altogether differently from that in which she had treated Him.

These are some of the thoughts which rise in our minds as we contemplate Jesus thirsting at the well of Sychar.

They are far from exhaustive, but they are as much as scope is afforded for in so limited a paper as this. If we dwell upon them we shall find

much to rouse, much to help us in our own spiritual life; we shall see much to make us admire Him, who is the chiefest amongst ten thousand, and altogether lovely; the One whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, and whose ways are not as our ways.

In mercy He does not cast us off when we first reject Him; in mercy He deals not with us after our sins, neither does He reward us according to our iniquities; in mercy He leads us to depths, only that He may make us spring to heights. He shows us the recurring thirst of all human things, only that He may give us the Water of Life freely.



THE HAPPY RETURN.

HEN yon shi

HEN you ship made the signal she wanted a boat,

How little I dreamed, as I pushed from the shore,

The treasure, Miss Jessie, that there lay afloat, Or the joy and delight that for us were in store.

The whole of our village had mourned you as dead, And pitied your father, and wondered why he Could believe you alive, when the newspapers said

That your vessel had sunk with all hands out at sea,

Yet the worthy old pastor ne'er wavered a bit

In his faith, but declared, as he pointed above, He was sure that his Master some day would see fit.

To restore to the nest his one wee little dove.

And the good man was right, and the roses of health Which you went forth to seek when you dared the salt foam,

Your old life and brightness, that best of all wealth, You have won back again, and are now bringing home. John Geo. Watts.

A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

PHILLIS'S FLIGHT.



T soon became known in the village that Phillis had fled. She had not even confided in Priscilla Jewell. No one knew anything about her. In ignorance, Priscilla set afloat inquiries, which returned upon herself when the truth had become evident to her.

and the inquiries could not be evaded. In the course of the day, after having tried to find Phillis more than once, and having ascertained that no one else had seen her, Priscilla had gone into her room, and missed the little personal belongings that usually indicated her presence there; and at last, beginning to search for confirmation of her fears, she had found empty drawers, and in one of them a note addressed to herself, which ran:—

DEAR FRIEND,—This is no home for me any longer, and I could not stay. Think kindly of your unhappy
PHILLIS,

Priscilla took the note to John Bower with a troubled spirit, and eyes that swam in tears. He read it without a word of comment, and handed it back to her in silence. He said nothing, he did nothing, taking no step towards recovering his daughter. He seemed to mind no one, and no one minded him—that is to say, though every eye was on him furtively, no one intruded into his presence, or offered him help or comfort—no one but Priscilla.

And Priscilla did everything. She set the little maid to work in the house; she put food before him, and waited upon him almost tenderly.

"Why do you?" he asked, abruptly.

And Priscilla answered, simply, "Because you are in trouble."

"What is that to you?" he queried, rudely.

"I am bound to do it," she answered.

"Bound to do it? What binds you? Did you promise her?" he asked, having got on a wrong tack.

"It is the law of Christ," she answered, with some difficulty.

He made no answer, but gave her a penetrating look.

The day wore on, and towards evening a trace of Phillis had been found-a trace which even Priscilla did not care to bring to John Bower's notice, though the pity of it concerned only the poor old hound. Phillis must have left for London with the earliest train, for by that train a young lady had travelled who came into the station followed by a white hound. The lady was in deep mourning, the hound was white as snow. The guard was a Londoner, and did not know Phillis, who was seldom from home. The dog had followed the lady, although she tried to send it back. At length she had appeared successful, and the dog had left the station droopingly, while she had taken her seat in one of the carriages, after having stooped and printed a kiss on the creature's head. But no sooner was the door fairly closed on her than it returned, and lay down before it on the platform. The lady had taken no notice, but just as the train started, the old dog had risen bewildered, and tried to stand up against the door; and finally, as the train moved out of the station, it had sprung on the lines, and begun steadily coursing behind and alongside of it. The guard, whose attention had been attracted by the persistence of the creature, watched it from his van with eager interest, as did the driver and the stoker. They saw it put forth its utmost strength and speed. But the course was a short one. The down train, an express, was due; it was coming on; it was close at hand. The men held their breath, and then shouted, as if the creature had been human, and could understand their meaning, and avoid the deadly peril. At length it swerved from its arrow-like course, but too late. The trains sped on, and there was no more to be seen.

On their return journey the men were on the outlook, and came upon the traces of the catastrophe. They did not care to look at one another for a while, said one, only it was a comfort that the old dog must have been cut in two as with the stroke of lightning,

In the evening, Priscilla in her trouble and distress came to Aunt Monica, and told us the story of poor Lady's end, about which all the village was talking. All, too, were blaming Phillis for having left her father just then. Of course we could throw no light on the matter. Conjecture was vain. We knew no one in London to whom Phillis could have gone, and we did not then know all the reason for her flight, but we readily undertook to do all we could to trace her.

"And Claude must have gone up by the same train," said Lizzie, when Priscilla had left us.

He had, and Phillis was already found. We had a letter from Claude the next morning, giving us all the details of his meeting with her. And Claude himself was coming back that same evening. He came back, but what took place then was not written till long after—could not have been written—a tangled skein cannot be wound until the threads have been freed from their entanglement.

When Claude stepped out of the carriage in which he had travelled up to London, rather slowly and dreamily, for with Claude great activity and energy alternated with fits of dreaminess, he saw Phillis coming out of the one next him. He recognised her in a moment, though a thick veil was over her face, her mourning veil. She, too, was behind the rest of her fellow-travellers, who had passed in a small stream to the entrance of the station. If she had not been so close to him, Claude would have bowed and passed on, regarding her presence as a quite ordinary occurrence, an affair of shopping in London. But she was quite close to him, and seemed to have a rather large travelling-bag in her hands, and he spoke to her accordingly.

She hardly answered, but then she was very silent, and might have been crying over her recent loss. The porter came up, and she told him to take the bag to the cloak-room and keep it for her. Then Claude was walking on by her side, about to say, "Good-bye for the present," when they passed the barrier. But she stopped for a moment, evidently unable to proceed, staggered to one of the benches, and, begging him to leave her, threw up her veil as if for breath.

"It is nothing," she said. "If you will leave me here a little, I shall recover," and, with unconscious stateliness, she bowed in dismissal.

But Claude had seen her face, and it had startled him completely. It was deadly pale, and a look of supreme horror had fixed itself in the dark dilated eyes.

"What is the matter, Miss Bower?" he asked. "I cannot leave you in this condition."

"I have been terribly shocked," she answered.
"Lady would follow me, and she has been killed."

An involuntary cry—low, but full of anguish—escaped her, and she put her hand over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight.

" How ? "

"Oh! don't ask! The train went over her," she added.

Claude thought it was quite enough to account for her condition, knowing her as he did.

And, indeed, but for this Phillis would have been calm in her deep desolation; but she had seen poor Lady leap against the door, and watched her spring upon the rails, and, after some terrible minutes of anticipation, had only shut her eyes to the inevitable. The rest of her journey had been accomplished by Phillis she knew not how. Crushed in a heap on the floor of the carriage, in which she was alone, with her hands pressed over her eyes, as if to shut out the horror and cruelty, in which the fate of the gentle beast seemed to involve the whole universe, she had only roused herself when the train had stopped, and was still incapable of moving.

"Leave me, Mr. Carrol," she pleaded. And, indeed, more than one group of bustling strangers had looked inquiringly at the pair.

"But, indeed, I cannot leave you," urged Claude; "not just yet, at least. Where are you going?" he

added, simply. "I can accompany you."

Phillis had lost her presence of mind. "Nowhere," she answered, and she met his eyes with so strange a look that a sudden fear darted into his mind. Was she losing her reason?

"You must come with me," he said, feeling that he must act on his own discretion, whatever was wrong. "You must come with me. I will take you to my mother, and then we will see how you are."

"I have left home," she murmured. He thought she meant now, and that she was fairly distraught.

"I mean, never to return," she said, meeting his questioning look, and rousing herself. "And I am better, and will manage very well if you will only go now."

"I can do so less than before," he answered; "at least until you tell me where you are going. Have you any one to go to?"

" No."

"Miss Bower—Phillis," he said—"you do not know what you are about. It is impossible for you to enter London with nowhere to go and no one to look after you. You will meet with insult and cruelty."

She shrank visibly.

Taking the matter now entirely into his own hands, Claude called a cab, and, putting Phillis into it, drove her across the City and then, by train and another cab, to his mother's house.

There was no pause for conversation, nor did they attempt any, and Phillis had somewhat regained her self-possession before she was handed over to the somewhat perplexed and astonished ladies.

When Claude had explained to them all that he could explain of Phillis's position at home, it still left her quitting it, as she had done, a sufficiently doubtful action, and one which Mrs. Carrol and her daughter, as well as Claude himself, felt bound to condemn. And, therefore, at first their united efforts were directed towards persuading her to return.

But Phillis kept her ground; with gentle but firm persistence she reiterated the impossibility of a return,

"Of course, I shall feel bound," said Claude, "to acquaint your father with your presence here, and your purpose, whatever it may be."

She acquiesced. "He will not compel me to return," she said. "I cannot return."

Seeing that further remonstrance was useless—had she any plans? they asked.

And Phillis had a plan, and, on the whole, a well-considered one. She had made up her mind to be a nurse, and had resolved to present herself directly at the gates of the nearest hospital, and ask to see the matron or one of the heads.

It was explained to her that they could not have received her; that they could only take people with some sort of character, and some sort of training.

Well, she was ready to go into training, and to live under strict supervision, and her character could be inquired into. She did not intend to hide herself, only to get away. She would have written to Mr. Lloyd or Miss Lancaster.

Seeing there was no help for it, Claude sat down and wrote to Mr. Bower and to Aunt Monica, and Clara set about placing Phillis in a respectable lodging, while she went to get her admitted to training, as she desired.

The next day, as I have already written, Claude was to return. That same day Edwin came back from Bournemouth. Our father had already returned. Ernest and Mr. Temple went with our poor boy as far as London Bridge. He was better, declared himself wonderfully improved, and was in excellent spirits, when they parted from him. Ernest had come home to us for a day, and Mr. Temple to go to his uncle. The day after that, they were to return to their chambers together.

We had fixed the dinner-hour at eight, for Claude's convenience as well as Ernest's. It was an hour later than usual, but after waiting some time longer, we were obliged to sit down without the former, which we did naturally believing that he had missed his train. We had finished dinner, it must have been about nine o'clock, and we had left our father and Ernest together in the dining-room, where the lamps had been brought with the dessert, and were sitting in the drawing-room enjoying the deepening twilight, when we saw a flying figure approach the house. At first we could not distinguish who it was, and we went out into the hall, Aunt Monica and Lizzie and I, and stood on the steps, more in curiosity than alarm.

It was Priscilla who came towards us with flying feet. We made way for her, went before her into the hall, for we could see she had tidings to give us. At first she could not speak, but sank down on one of the seats. We knew by her face that something dreadful had happened, and Aunt Monica bent over her begging her to be calm.

"They are bringing him here," she said. "Mr. Carrol—he is badly hurt. The doctor is coming with him;" and she burst into tears.

"Is it an accident?" asked Aunt Monica.

"Yes," and "No" came mingled incoherently from Priscilla's trembling lips, as, rising from her seat, she flung herself on her knees before Aunt Monica, saying—

"I cannot tell. Oh, help me, hide me—do not let them ask me. I must speak the truth, and witness against him, perhaps to take away his life. Lord and Saviour, help me," she murmured, hiding her face in her hands, and turning aside even from Aunt Monica, as if human help were vain.

Meantime, Lizzie stood in the doorway in the fast-

fading light, with hands clasped tight before her, and eyes strained in the direction of the gate. I went and stood beside her, and flung my arm round her. But she took no notice of the caress, and then almost seemed to shrink from it. At that moment I felt farther from my sister than I had ever done in my life. I was full of fear and trembling, my heart was beating wildly; but Lizzie was beyond all that.

There was no mistaking the look on her face—the terror overpowered by a passion of tenderness—the love mastering the anguish.

Yes; there was something moving—four men were bearing something along. I gave a suppressed cry, but I do not think Lizzie heard it; she was murmuring, under her breath—

"Oh, my love, my love!"

They came swiftly and steadily towards the house. and all, for a space of time which I could not measure, was bustle and anxiety. Our father and Ernest had caught sight of the bearers and their burden, and had slipped out of the open windows and across the lawn to interrogate the men and then to hasten back with them. Lights sprang up all over the house as if by magic. The bearers rested their seemingly unconscious burden in the hall before it was carried up the stairs. Aunt Monica went before them, the doctor followed, servants hurried to and fro at his bidding. He had ordered Lizzie and me to go away as soon as he entered the house, and I had taken Lizzie into her room, and knelt with her in voiceless prayer. What a divine instinct it is which compels us in our deepest sorrow to seek the highest solace! I wonder if there is any human heart which in its supreme moments never turned to God. I think not.

After a time Lizzie whispered to me, "Go and see," and I rose and left her still kneeling with the words of prayer on her lips.

I found one of the servants who had come out of the room, and inquired of him. Mr. Carrol was still alive, that was all he could say. They had undressed him, cutting off his clothes. Mr. Ernest, the man said, had gone some time ago to telegraph for a surgeon from London, and Miss Lancaster had gone to her room. I went to seek Aunt Monica in the little room in which she spent her mornings on the other side of the drawing-room. I had to cross the hall, though the room could be reached by a private staircase. Priscilla was there still; poor girl! we had forgotten her in our trouble. I went up to her and asked her to come with me. Two men stood there in silence; they had a strange waiting look, as if they were condemned criminals; I glanced at them, and saw that the one was John Bower, and the other young Myatt. The other two, who seemed to be labourers, were pacing about outside. They had evidently been told to wait.

I longed to carry some comfort to my darling Lizzie, but it did not seem that I could find any.

CHAPTER XLII.

DEAD MAN'S POOL.

WHEN Claude had arrived at the station, instead of setting out on the straight road for Highwood, he had taken a short cut through the forest, with the intention of seeing John Bower, and supplementing the letter he had written to him on the preceding evening. The track which he followed emerged on the lane which ran by the side of Mr. Jewell's garden and smithy, and in the rear of the village it passed through one of the closest thickets in the wood. The

And sometimes I think we do not know ourselves, Claude did know, however. He was not sighing over the past, for his youth had neither been tainted nor suffered to run to waste. Poverty had invigorated and braced, without hardening or humiliating him. He was the son of a noble-minded mother, one of those brave and pious women who fulfil the hardest duties of life with wisdom and faithfulness, and meet its trials and sufferings with holy resignation; one of the few, too, who do not lose, but gain in sweetness, under disappointment and sorrow. Only in one



"'Have I been very unkind?' she asked."-p. 653.

trees here were small and stunted, but so near each other that their branches interlaced into a kind of roof, while portions of the way were completely walled in by impenetrable masses of thorn and bramble. Only on one spot was there an opening of any size, or trees of any growth, and this was where a clump of ash and a fine old willow overhung a large shallow piece of water, called Dead Man's Pool. The spot was ragged and unsightly in the extreme. The green and stagnant water gave back no ray of light; rank weeds, with seared and spotted leaves, grew round its margin; the ash-trees shivered on its brink; and the willow hung over it pale and drooping. As Claude reached the place, he paused and sighed.

Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own, Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh, thing she had never been disappointed. She had desired, with a great desire, that her only son should enter on his father's profession, and had met with glad and simple acquiescence from the boy—an acquiescence which his youth and early manhood had not revoked. He had begun the work of his life, and the Christian graces had crowned him already. He was full of faith, hope, and charity.

And yet a fog had been creeping over Claude's spirit, and it had risen, like an evil genius, out of Mr. Benholme's books. Apart from the falsehood of their conclusions, such books have their influence for evil. They have an atmosphere—the paralysing atmosphere of doubt. "Faith may live in honest doubt." I know that this is true; but I agree with Claude that faith has a miserable life of it. His

faith lived—it did not die; but from joyful it had become suffering faith.

"It is not the simple danger of adopting the conclusions of unbelief that is their worst danger," says Aunt Monica. "It is a far subtler influence which is to be dreaded. Once accept a conclusion, and if it be a false conclusion, something, sooner or later, will be sure to shake it, some contact with the truth and the life will render it untenable; but the spirit and temper of unbelief, once imbibed, will enter into everything, and is hardly to be dislodged."

Claude had not imbibed this spirit. His whole heart, on the contrary, rebelled against it, as well as against the conclusions which were set before him by the school of thinkers to which Mr. Benholme belonged, but yet their very entertainment had rendered him grievously unhappy. He was morbidly sensitive, and because all his earthly desires, as well as all his heavenly hopes, were ranged on the side of religion, because love and honour and even daily bread were concerned in it, he felt that he could not pause on the inquiry upon which he had entered.

His one evening at home had been spent alone with his mother, Clara having gone out with Phillis, and he had seized the opportunity, which indeed he had been looking for, to unburden his mind to her. She had fixed her gentle dim eyes on his face, more in loving expectancy than apprehension, when he told her that he had something to say that he feared would pain her. He tried to soften it to her, but His resolution took shape as he gave it ntterance. It might be, he said, that he had mistaken his vocation, and that he might be bound for truth's sake and for righteousness' sake to give it up. He told her that it was no mere question of latitude that troubled him; he had been in contact with the opinions of men to whom doctrinal differences were merely shades of superstition. The whole revelation of God was in debate, and he felt that he could not be an altogether unbiased advocate. While at times, though he felt that he could yet stand fast, his feet upon the rock of ages, as wave after wave swept over him it seemed as if he must lose his hold.

His mother trembled as she listened. Her son—her brave pure-hearted son—was he about to suffer shipwreck on the sea of life? Was the fair promise of his morning about to be lost in the blackness of darkness? What was standing by his father's deathbed to this, the death-blow of all her hopes? The physical pain, which mental agitation far less than this was apt to produce, came to her almost as a relief.

It was a sad and sacred interview, and Claude had come out of it exalted, for the time, into that region of spiritual calm which was his mother's daily dwelling-place. Yet now he went on his way heavily. He paused by the pool. Above it was the open bit of sky—crystal, clear, and tender, with the evening light. In its midst, as he gazed, a star began to gleam. But the sullen pool gave back no answering

glance. Its green and slimy surface caught the deepening shadows, but had no resting-place for the lights of heaven. It seemed to Claude an image of the unbelieving soul, and in the solitude which he imagined to be about him, he looked upward with a cry of anguish. It had hardly passed his lips when young Myatt sprang upon him from the opposite thicket, where he had been standing waiting for him. He sprang upon him, and seized him by the throat, hissing into his ear—

"What have you done with her?"

In his astonishment, Claude remained perfectly passive and silent.

"You know who I mean," said the other, with fury—a fury too deep to be noisy. He spoke almost in a whisper, "Liar, deceiver, hypocrite!" And with each word Claude's slenderer form was swayed like a sapling in his adversary's iron grasp.

At length he tried to speak, but just then Myatt hurled him off, and with a crash he fell against a tree, and from thence reeled backwards into the pool. He sank beneath the stagnant water, and lay there evidently stunned, for it was only just deep enough to cover his face. But it did cover it, and a few minutes more and life would be extinct. Only, other eyes had seen the deed, and as Claude fell, a woman's scream had echoed through the wood. It came from the lips of Priscilla Jewell, and in another instant she had dashed into the pool, and was holding Claude's head above the water.

"Oh, help me, help me!" she cried, with terror in her voice.

Young Myatt made no response; he neither moved nor spoke.

Again Priscilla cried out to him, "Oh, Tom, help me—help me to save him; he will die—he is dead," she added, in an agony of terror.

"I have done for him, I think," said Myatt, and a pang shot through his heart, though he stood erect and fearless, when he saw Claude's white face, which Priscilla had freed from the weeds of the pool and was holding up, leaning his head against her knees.

"If you would only lift him out of the water," said Priscilla, "I could run into the village and get help, and you—you could go away."

He went into the shallow water and lifted Claude out and laid him on the grass.

"Oh, Tom, fly," said Priscilla, wringing her hands. He shook his head with a scornful smile. "No," he said. "I am here to bear the punishment. I did not mean to kill him, only to make him tell me what he has done with Phillis."

"There is nothing between him and Phillis, Tom. He saw her by chance, and took her to his mother. Here is the letter he wrote," and she took it from her pocket.

He snatched it from her hands, and devoured its contents.

"Oh, Tom, make haste!" cried the girl; "make haste, and get away. I think he is quite dead."

They looked at him as he lay at their feet, and for

a moment he opened his eyes on them, and then closed them.

"Go you, and get help," said Myatt, hastily kneeling down by Claude. "I will stay by him, Go."

Priscilla wrung her hands.

"If they find you, they will take you."

"Well, you saw me do it. You can't deny it. Could you swear to a lie?" he asked, and with an impatient gesture he sent her from him.

Once more there was a quivering of the eyelids, and Claude opened his eyes to see Myatt bending over him. The latter forgot everything in the sudden rush of thankfulness with which he saw those eyes unclose, forgot himself, and his pride, and his unbelief, as a fervent, "Thank God!" rose from his heart to his lips.

Claude spoke no word, but looked up at Myatt with a face which, in its pallor, and the mingled pain and tenderness of its expression, was more than he could bear. A faint smile of compassion dawned on the lips, and then the eyes closed again, but not, it seemed, in unconsciousness.

"I am sorry," said young Myatt, "and I ask you to forgive me. I have never asked as much of God or man before."

"Forgive—," repeated Claude. Some of the words were lost, but he knew that he had murmured, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

"I shall have to suffer for this," said Myatt, speaking again, "but at this moment I would give my life to bring yours back."

"You did not mean to kill me," returned Claude, "and I hope, for your sake, you have not. I would give you my hand, but I can't move it."

Myatt took Claude's right hand, "Where are you hurt?" he asked, trying in vain to hide his new and strange emotion.

"Everywhere, it seems," said Claude, speaking with difficulty. "I cannot move without pain, nor speak either. I wish I could, that I might tell you something of the joy that has come to me with this pain—I wish I could share it with you—the joy of my Lord."

Myatt thought his mind was wandering, but as he spoke from time to time, the meaning became clear even to the mind of the sceptic—clear, and a reality, and yet incomprehensible—incomprehensible as the idea of God, of light, of life.

Priscilla came back at length, bringing with her John Bower, and two men out of her fathers' workshop, with a litter which they had improvised out of a broken truck. The doctor followed, and met them by the way, and so they had all come on to Highwood.

When everything had been done for Claude that could be done, Dr. Cole insisted that a deposition should be taken while his mind remained clear. Our father had been elected a magistrate, and Mr. Lloyd, who now joined us, had a seat on the bench. It was

accordingly proposed to Claude, who, however, met the proposal with a decided negative. "I only wish to say," he added, "if an investigation must take place—and I suppose it must, if I die—that I believe my death will be the result of accident, and that I freely forgive him who was the cause of it."

The words were written down; and when the gentlemen came into the hall, as the doctor and Mr. Lloyd were going away—the former only for a short interval—our father read them over.

"I should like to know how it happened," said Dr. Cole, addressing Priscilla Jewell. Aunt Monica and I had come out to speak to the doctor before he went, and Priscilla followed us. "I know you will speak the truth," he added.

"Oh! do not ask me!" she sobbed, shrinking behind Aunt Monica, to whom she had already given the same reply.

"It was my doing," said young Myatt, advancing a step.

"It was mine," said John Bower.

"I suppose it was an accident," said Mr. Lloyd. "Can't you tell us how it was, Priscilla?"

"You need not trouble her," said young Myatt.
"I tell you, I did it, and did it wilfully, though not fully intending to kill. I did it, and I am ready to suffer for it."

"It was my doing," doggedly repeated John Bower,
"It is impossible to come to any conclusion at
present," said Mr. Lloyd, "especially as Mr. Carrol
positively refuses to accuse any one."

"I quite agree with you," said my father.

"That Bower is a madman, and capable of any outrage," said the doctor aside; "but I can't understand the present affair, I confess, especially young Myatt's share in it."

"Let us send them away for the present," said my father. "I think we can depend on their coming forward when necessary."

To this they all agreed, and the whispered colloquy came to an end. John Bower and Myatt were dismissed by my father with his usual courtesy, and some money was sent out to the men who had waited without, and who were asked to see Priscilla home.

John Bower strode off without a word; but young Myatt, after he had bowed to us stiffly, seemed to linger.

Aunt Monica, with ever-ready sympathy, went over to him, and said a few words of encouragement and hope.

"Will you let me stay here?" he asked,

She looked uncertain what to answer.

"I might be of use," he added. "I will walk up and down outside."

"Oh, no; you must not do that," she said. "You can stay if you wish it. You want to know how he is?"

Myatt nodded.

"Stay, then. I do not suppose many of us will be in bed to-night," said Aunt Monica, "as a surgeon

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from London is still expected. Come with me into the library."

"No, thank you. I will watch here."

scale would turn. His mother and Clara had been sent for, and arrived the day after, the latter taking her place in the sick-room, along with a hospital



"She held out her hand to him."-p. 655.

Before midnight, a celebrated surgeon had come down from London, and pronounced Claude's an almost hopeless case.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FROM THE GATES OF DEATH.

DURING the week that followed, Claude Carrol's life hung in the balance, and no one could tell how the

nurse. With the exception of his mother and Aunt Monica, no one else was admitted there. Dr. Cole had given orders that the patient should be kept perfectly quiet, and though the surgeon from London, having no hope of his recovery, had said that he might see his friends, we did not dare to accept the conclusion to which the permission led, and slacken our precautions on the point.

It was a week of terrible tension to all of us. Lizzie crept about the house weeping in secret till she looked the very ghost of her former self. As for me, while I shared the common anxiety and sorrow, I had a new grief and anxiety in the knowledge of the mistake I had made with regard to Lizzie's affections. What unhappiness I had brought about by my reserve and timidity! How should I repair the error? Ought I to go to Claude, risking the excitement of such an errand, and telling him of my mistake, ask leave to break my promise of silence, or bid him speak for himself. Impossible! it would be no ordinary excitement, and might kill him outright. Or ought I to tell Lizzie of Claude's love, and intensify her sorrow by the knowledge of all she was about to lose? For a moment, too, I thought of myself and of Herbert, Would not the true, the generous thing be to tell him also? I knew that I could not, that I never could, be brought to do this, but I felt the unutterable joy it might be to be capable of a perfect unreserve toward any one we love. Yes, that must be the joy of joys, the perfection of love itself.

The long debate which I was wont to carry on within myself was but begun, when fever and delirium set in, and it was doubtful whether Claude would ever again be conscious in this world. Then I hesitated no longer. In the morning, after the worst had come, when both the nurse and Clara were exhausted with the terrible night they had spent, I went to look for Lizzie, who had already heard the tidings, and found that she had left the house. I put on my hat and followed, catching a glimpse of her as she quitted the grounds by a little side-gate which led into a lane by the churchyard. I followed, and found that she must have entered the church, for she was nowhere to be seen. I did not follow her farther. This sorrow of hers had put us apart more than anything else could have done. It was something she wanted to keep to herselfsomething-the first thing in her life, except the love which had led to it, which she felt she could not share with me.

On a flat tombstone opposite to the little porch, I sat down to wait for her, and after a time, which did not seem long, she came out. My Lizzie was looking pale and sorrowful, but very sweet and calm. She had been altogether occupied with grief before, but now she seemed free from preoccupation, unburdened, with room in her heart for tenderness and love.

"You here, Una," she said; adding, as the thought struck her, "Have you come for me? Is he gone?"

"No, my darling," I answered. "There is no change. I followed you. I want to speak to you."

She put her arm round me, and we sat down again on the stone.

"Have I been very unkind?" she asked. "I have felt so hard. I could not bear any one to speak to me. Have I hurt you?"

"No, no!" I answered. "Lizzie, darling, I am going to break a promise I made to Claude, because

I think he would wish it now." Then I told her of Claude's confession and my own misapprehension.

"But, dear," she interrupted, "how could you make such a mistake? I loved Herbert chiefly because he loved you, though I liked him for himself as well; but Claude—well, that was very different. I could never care for any one as I care for him."

"Have you loved him from the first?" I asked.

"From the very first," she answered, simply. "I did not know that he cared for me—I mean specially. I know he did care—was, and would always be, a dear friend—and I tried to be able to bear that he should love some one else better, as I have thought he did of late, and to be glad if he was happy; and now, Una, I have tried to give him up altogether. I don't think it will be so hard, now that I know he loves me. Do you think they would let me see him, Una—be with him to the last?"

"Are you able to bear it?" I asked.

"Oh, I will be calm. I will be strong for his sake. It is terrible to stand outside. It would be such a comfort to be near him."

"You shall, my darling," I answered, and we rose and went back to the house together.

I went straight to Aunt Monica, while Lizzie went up to her room. Aunt Monica and Mrs. Carrol were together, and as yet we had not even breakfasted. I told them of Lizzie's wish. A very few words sufficed to make known to them the bond that, unspoken, existed between her and Claude. Just then Clara came into the room to summon her mother.

"He is quiet now," was all she said; "come, mamma." The delirium had gone, and he was sinking.

Mrs. Carrol rose trembling, and Clara gave her an arm; with the other hand she clung to Aunt Monica. At the door Lizzie met us. Mrs. Carrol quitted her hold of her daughter and Aunt Monica, and folded Lizzie in her arms.

"Let us go together," she said, weeping; and we all fell behind, and followed them,

There was a chair beside his bed, and Mrs. Carrol sat down upon it. She took his hand, and he opened his eyes, and looked up at her with a faint smile, and then closed them like a tired child. His mother signed to Lizzie to take her place; but Lizzie knelt downat her feet, and she placed his hand inhers. Lizzie took it in both of hers, with a firm steadfast clasp, and once more he opened his eyes, and fixed them on her face. Her looks were eloquent of a love stronger than death, and told him all. He looked from her to his mother, and back again, and smiled a smile of infinite content. Then he closed his eyes again, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

By imperative gestures, the nurse gave us to understand that he must not be disturbed, that the sleep was critical. Clara and I drew her out of the room to consult what was to be done.

"If Miss Lancaster can remain motionless until there is no fear of disturbing him, all may be well." Lizzie had understood the signs, and knelt on,

holding his hand. All the rest of us withdrew, except Mrs. Carrol, who sat down in the easy chair which had been set there for the nurse. The whole house was hushed; the morning passed, the nurse retired to rest, and still he slept. Mrs. Carrol came out and took a little breakfast, and returned to her post. Lizzie had not moved; she had gently removed his hand from hers, lest some uncontrollable restlessness should seize on her. He had sighed, but his sleep deepened. Only once in the course of the long hours of that interminable day had we invaded the sickroom. We feared that Mrs. Carrol might suffer from want of nourishment, and Lizzie too. But Mrs. Carrol was asleep in the chair, and Lizzie, alert and watchful, would only take from us a glass of milk, and motion us away.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before we were summoned, to find Claude awake and conscious, refreshed and craving for the food which was at once administered.

The doctor came. He had already been and gone away. Now he pronounced the patient better, and out of immediate danger. The crisis had passed, though there was long and sore suffering—it might be life-long weakness—before him, his life was saved, and there was in all our hearts the deepest thankfulness.

We felt that Lizzie's place was by him now. She became his nurse in the day-time, seldom leaving him unless driven away, and then only to busy herself for him in some way or other. At the end of the week his progress was visible, and delighted Dr. Cole. Happiness is a wonderful healer, and he lay there so tranquil and happy that healing flowed into his body and spirit at every gate of sense.

"She brought me back to life," he said to me.

"At the first touch of her hands I felt that I should live."

But it did not appear that he would soon be able to resume his duties. At the end of another week he was as helpless as ever. His mother and sister spoke of removing him. This Aunt Monica and our father would not allow—at least for the present. Aunt Monica had told our father all there was to tell concerning Claude and Lizzie. No one lifted a voice against the tacit agreement by which they were accepted as belonging to one another. It was accepted, and that was enough. They seemed to live in a little world of their own, and to lift us all into an atmosphere of unworldly love.

I was inclined to lament the hopelessness of their love as I saw Lizzie's sparkling health sink down, and her spirits flag at times—at least, I thought it was so—but she silenced me. "Do not make difficulties, Una, dear. We shall make none," she said. "We are thankful for every day in which we can love each other, and we can love each other whatever comes. Nothing can hinder our happiness. Ours cannot be a selfish love," she said again. "We are looking forward to being parted, to leading much of our lives apart. And you think the prospect a dreary one, but we do not, Claude and I. Claude says the secret of

the weariness of such divided lives as ours must be, is that each hoards his or her life for the other till it runs to waste. I am sure he is right, and we must spend ourselves freely in duty if we would have to give in love."

One of the first for whom Claude asked, as he slowly regained the power to think and speak, was young Myatt. We had not seen him since the night of the catastrophe, when Claude had been pronounced in the extremity of danger. On that night he had wandered round the house like a ghost till the verdict of the surgeon had been given, and then he had gone quietly away, leaving a message where he was to be found. During the terrible suspense of the week that followed, we had all forgotten the young man's existence, until Claude asked for him and begged us to send him a message, and then it was discovered that we had also forgotten where he was to be found, That was, however, a matter of no consequence, as it was easy, no doubt, to find out, and Aunt Monica and I went down to the village to Priscilla, to get her to send Claude's message. We found her looking pale and drooping-ill, indeed; and when we told her that Claude was out of danger for the present, and that he wanted Myatt to know, adding that he would like to see him, and would send him word as soon as he was able to do so, the revulsion of feeling was too great for the poor girl; she staggered into an armchair by which she had been standing, and fainted

Aunt Monica and I lifted her out of the crushed position in which she lay, and I went and got some water, and opened a window close to her. It was only for a few minutes that she remained unconscious. Even while I was moving about doing this, she was coming to herself, and when she had done so fully, she seemed desperately distressed at her weakness, and apologised to Aunt Monica, with tears in her eyes and painful blushes.

"You have been overstrained, poor child," said Aunt Monica, tenderly; "bearing other people's burdens, too, and your own have not been light." Aunt Monica alluded to her father's conduct, which was only too notorious. Then she asked after her neighbour, John Bower.

"He is so strange," said Priscilla. "He persists in saying that he committed the assault; and it is true in a certain sense, that he was the cause of it."

"How so?" asked Aunt Monica.

"When Mr. Carrol wrote to him about Phillis, he went into one of his rages. I knew it, though he did not say anything. It was I gave him the letter, and he gnashed his teeth and grew black in the face, and went up and down muttering to himself; then he went out and met Myatt, and said something dreadful to him about Phillis having gone away with Mr. Carrol. He told me himself."

"And since then?" said Aunt Monica.

"Since then he is always calling me, and saying such strange things—some of them true, as that his wife looked at him in her ceftin; for I found the room just as he says he left it, and I believe it was poor Lady that kept him from shooting himself that night. But some of the things he says have no truth in them."

"Why should be tell you untruths?" I asked.

"Oh! I don't mean that," she said. "They are delusions, things that he says he sees and hears. Mr. Carrol had better not see him," she added.

"No wonder you are ill," said Aunt Monica.
"Have you heard from Phillis?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, brightening and smiling tenderly, though the tears came into her eyes.

"Phillis ought to be with her father," said Aunt

"Oh, if you would only write and tell her so," said Priscilla, "I think she would come back,"

"I will write," said Aunt Monica, "and you—you will take our message to the young man Myatt."

But Priscilla's colour deepened, and with trembling lips she answered, that if any one else could take the message, she would gladly be excused.

"Could we not take it ourselves, Aunt Monica?" I said; "Priscilla could direct us where to find him."
She did so at once. It was not far distant, if we took the way through the wood, and she would throw on her hat and show us it.

We set out accordingly. Priscilla turning back when we came in sight of the cottage, and Aunt Monica and I going on together.

We found young Myatt alone in the cottage; he had been alone there all the time; yet there was not the slightest sign of dirt or disorder. He opened the door for us himself, and at first it seemed as if he did not intend to admit us. He waited for us to speak. Then Aunt Monica gave him Claude's message, and signs of a conflict past and present appeared on his face, and in the voice with which he thanked her, husky and broken with emotion. She looked at him with that swift glance of sympathy so peculiarly her own, and which had nothing of pity in it. One's guardian angel might have just such a look if, forbidden to help yet hopeful of victory, he might be permitted to gaze upon our conflict. Then she held out her hand. He knew well enough that an English lady does not hold out her hand to a man of his position, and he took it blushing, with a sort of pride which seemed to say he would rather it had not been offered. But he bowed over it with a grace which would not have shamed the highest breeding, and led her into the cottage. I preferred remaining in the porch, and did so until they came out again.

"He has been living on bread and water. I saw it on the table before him," said Aunt Monica, when we had left the cottage a good way behind us. "And he has been setting everything in order, fearing the worst. He told me how he had laid out some work still in his hands, among his best workmen, that no one might suffer loss or hindrance at his hands. I told him the truth about Claude—that he was likely to be disabled for life—and he seemed to think it was worse than death. He turned quite pale at the very

thought of it; and what do you think he proposed? That his own life should be forfeit!"

"How?" I asked.

"Why, that all he could gain by his skill and labour should be Claude's for ever."

"And what did you say ?"

"I told him that I did not think that Claude would agree to that; but I told him of Claude's Master, to whom he would be glad to have such a transfer made."

John Bower came up to see Claude that same evening. Aunt Monica thought he looked strange, and was glad that Dr. Cole came in, and was with Claude during the greater part of the interview.

"His brain is going," said the doctor, shortly, when he looked in upon us before he left. He had been speaking of Bower.

"Ah!" said Aunt Monica, quickly, "who knows that disease has not been at the bottom of his evil behaviour all along."

"Most likely," said the doctor, smiling mischievously; "he has injured his brain by indulgence in evil tempers. That is quite possible, you know; but we won't discuss the question of responsibility. Only he ought to be looked after."

That night Aunt Monica wrote to Phillis, and the next day brought an answer. She would return to her home. She saw it was her duty, as Aunt Monica had pointed out; but, sooner or later, if her father could spare her, she would go back to the work. It had made her ill at first. She had seen things which made her so sick that she could not stand, but now that she could help, it was different; and she longed to give herself wholly to it.

"She has found her calling," said Aunt Monica.

"People have vocations in our days, as much as in
the so-called ages of faith, only they are entered
upon in another fashion."

CHAPTER XLIV.

LIKE ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES.

CLAUDE was still unable to leave his room when distressing accounts of Edwin reached us both from Ernest and from Doretta. Ernest wrote cautiously, unwilling to alarm us, and so alarming us all the more. He said that coming home fatigued one wet night had brought on a slight—a very slight—bleeding from one of Edwin's lungs, and that he had been obliged to keep his room for several days. The doctor had ordered him to be perfectly quiet, to have no excitement, and not even to speak, but had assured him that if there was no return of the dangerous symptoms he would be all right again in a week or two.

But Doretta wrote with an absence of all restraint, bewailing herself as a widow in prospective and her children as orphans, while she was still in a strange country, with no mother or sister at hand to help her. Mr. Ernest came to see his brother, she wrote, and Mr. Temple was very kind, and visited him two or three times a week; but they were not like women. They did not think of her. It was well for her if she kept the children quiet; and the children would not be kept quiet. If she was only in her own country, she could find some one to take the children, and let her be more with her dear husband, seeing that it was not likely that he would be with her long.

After reading this letter, we felt that we must see Edwin, and see him that very day; only Aunt Monica suggested that it would not be good for him to have us all coming at once, and I gave way to Lizzie. Our father, too, stayed at home for the same reason. But before Aunt Monica and Lizzie had started, it was arranged that we should all go and live near Edwin for a week or two in this way.

"Oh, Mrs. Carrol, I wish we were back in the little house next-door to yours," Lizzie had exclaimed.

"We could go and take lodgings near him," our father had said in answer.

"We are taking up yours; and though it is a poor exchange, if it will answer the purpose, it will be better than lodgings."

Of course it was better than lodgings. Juliana was there—our Juliana, who had transferred her services to Mrs. Carrol—and we could take another servant, and Aunt Monica and one of us could be there with our father. It was settled without controversy, even to the point that I was to go with Aunt Monica, and Lizzie to stay with Mrs. Carrol and Claude, coming to see us every day or two.

Aunt Monica and Lizzie came back with a good report of Edwin. They had found him sitting up in his room, looking even brighter than usual, with the flush on his cheeks and the smiles with which he greeted them on his lips and in his eyes. It was they, of course, who had talked to him, ordering him to keep silence and answer only in dumb show, on pain of their immediate disappearance; so that they really had not learnt much of his condition. What they had learnt was from Doretta, and they were inclined to think it was exaggerated. She complained of the sleepless, restless nights, of the extreme prostration, utter hopelessness, alternating with almost gaiety. Lizzie was not inclined to sympathise with Doretta's complaints, Aunt Monica was more tender.

"After all," she said, "it is the stupid people and the selfish people who are the most to be pitied."

Our plan was carried out without delay. We established ourselves in Mrs. Carrol's little house, happily without causing Edwin to remark upon it as a sign of anxiety concerning himself. We wanted to spend a week or two in town. The house was at our disposal, and suited us, and we could be near him. That was how we put it, and he was satisfied. Edwin was always so easily satisfied. And he looked so bright when I saw him that I could not help thinking we had been subjected to a false alarm.

But before we had been beside him for a single day,

the brightness had vanished, and we could see that it was only the signal of his weakness, called up by the least excitement, and followed by a reaction which showed it to be only too dearly bought.

The one alarming symptom did not return, but Edwin made no progress towards recovery. At the end of a week he was still the same, and we could not help thinking with mournful remembrance and foreboding that his work would have to be given up. Still, however, he clung to it, and spoke with the utmost confidence of getting well in no time.

Ernest came to us on Saturday. I was with Edwin in the afternoon when he came to him. I thought when Edwin greeted him that there was something wanting to his satisfaction, that he looked beyond him, expecting some one clse. At length it came out—

"Where is Herbert?" he asked, a little querulously.

"He is not with me to-day," Ernest replied. "He thought you would not want him," he added, rather awkwardly, "when you had them all with you."

"But I do want him." Then, checking himself, he smiled, and held out his hand to me, with his old sweetness—"The more one has, the more one wants, they say."

I was with him alone the next day, while Aunt Monica went to church, and Ernest had run up to Aunt Robert's.

"What day is this?" he said.

"My dear, it is Sunday." I thought it so strange he could forget.

"Yes, I know; but what Sunday. Whitsun Day is it not?"

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I did not think you meant that."

"No, for I would not give in to going to church with you. I wish I had; but I mean to go when I get better. Will you read to me? Herbert does."

I read.

"You don't read it as Herbert does. One would think you were going to cry," he said. "But isn't it splendid? How it all fits in, one thing following another, as season follows season, as blossom and fruit, seed-time and harvest."

"You are talking too much, dear; let me read to you again," I said.

"No," he said, gently, "give me the book. I want to learn my lessons," and he took the little volume with a smile.

I feared to make him speak again just yet, but I longed to ask him when he had begun to care for these things; but presently, as if he had known my thoughts, he volunteered the information.

"I have been learning since Easter," he said, looking up at me. "Herbert is teaching me, and I go at it just like one of the little ones."

He was not thinking of the words in their spiritual significance, and they were all the more touching in their application. I had to hide the tears they brought into my eyes.

He applied himself to his task again. How like a

boy he looked, as he flung back his hair and moved his lips in repetition!

After a silence, he said-

"Now I know it. Ever since Easter I have learnt the portions of Scripture for the day. I have so much to learn, you know. I did not know where to begin, but Herbert told me to begin just where I was, and it would all come round to me. And so it does, only sometimes it is almost more than I can bear. How much there is to think of to-day, and how wonderful that just when you are likely to be carried away as with a rushing mighty wind, or melted in that fire of divine love and mysterious communion, you are called to pray for a right judgment in all things, just what, calmly reasoning about it, one would expect to be the highest practical result, as far as one's intellect is concerned, of the gift of God's Spirit."

I, myself silent in wonder and thankfulness, had to

silence him by entreaty.

Afterwards, when he was weary, he returned to his disappointment, saying, "I wish Herbert had come. I am not much when I am left to myself."

"You are wearied now," I said.

"He makes me rest," he said, sadly. "I want to do so much. There is so much to do."

I could not help smiling sadly. It was so unlike Edwin to talk of doing much.

"Oh, but I am going to be quite different," he said, understanding what the smile meant. "I never

thought it worth before. I mean to be a very different sort of fellow," he repeated. "I never tried to do anything before. There's Doretta—I mean to be different to her."

"You have been very good to her."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Of course, she's very fond of me, and I've been—well, kind enough, I suppose. But I've never helped her—helped her to be better, you know; to see things in a higher light. And the little ones—I mean to bring them up quite otherwise. I want to speak to my father about it, but I can't. He will think I mean to blame him. However, there is time enough when I get well."

That evening I asked Ernest why Herbert had not

"Probably because he thought he would not be wanted," said Ernest, who was not in a happy mood—was, indeed, as his sensitive face showed, wretched to the last degree.

" Edwin wants him," I returned.

" But you do not?"

I evaded the half-question.

"Tell him to come," I said.

"Tell him you wish him to come?"

"If you please," I said.

Early on Monday afternoon Herbert came down with Ernest. I knew he would come, and took the children away in the morning, bringing them back in the evening after he was gone.

(To be concluded.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 21. ABIJAH.

Chapter to be read-2 Chron. xiii.



NTRODUCTION.
It is not intended in these lessons to go right through the kings of Israel and Judah, but only to select those stories from their lives and reigns which may seem most interesting and profitable.

The last two lessons were about the kingdom of Israel—the king who made Israel to sin and the

prophet who warned him. What is that prophet generally called? His warnings proved to be without effect. Jeroboam continued to sin, and people followed his example. Now turn once more to Judah.

Who was king after Solomon? Rehoboam now dead, and his son Abijah succeeds,

I. ABIJAH'S CHALLENGE. (Read 1-12.) Remind how Israel and Judah were same nation, only divided into two parts. Sad to find them quarrelling and fighting-as sad as to see two brothers doing so. Not told who began the quarrel, who challenged the other, but ver. 12 looks as if Israel did. Let children remember that one side or the other always begins a quarrel; that the beginning of strife is like letting out water, easy to stop when small, most difficult when has became large; therefore best to stop beginnings of quarrels. Now each side musters its forces. From Judah and Benjamin on one side, and all the ten tribes on the other, which can get the largest number? Why, Israel's men are double those of Judah (ver. 3). What chance can Judah have? What does Abijah do before the battle? He does not want to see those brave men-brothers of same nation-kill each other, so he will try a parley. Picture him standing on Mount Ephraim and calling aloud. What does he say? (1) God gave kingdom to Judah. Who was promised the crown for ever? Over and over again were these promises confirmed; but always under a condition. What was that? they must keep God's statutes, and observe His laws. (See 1 Kings ii. 4.) This mutual obligation implied in a covenant. How had Solomon broken the covenant? Abijah says nothing about this, but only speaks of Judah as being under God's special protection, which was true. Who had rebelled against Judah? What are they called? So Eli's sons were called sons of Belial (1 Sam. ii. 12), as we should say now, children of the devil. What had the Israelites taken with them into the battle? (Ver. 8.) Just as Israelites took Ark of Lord (1 Sam. iv. 4) in battle with Philistines. Could these calves do



BLOWING RAMS' HORNS.

them any good? (See Ps. cxv. 4-7.) What else does Abijah reproach them with having done? To what tribe had the Lord confined the office of the priest? But whom had Jeroboam made priests? Not only lowest of people, as we saw in previous lessons, but even priests of strange gods! So that worshippers were scandalised (ver. 9), and God's offering profaned. (2) Judah worships God aright. What did the king say about his people? Had duly ordained priests of right tribe, serving in due order, burning incense, offering up sacrifices, all outward observances attended to. So far, all well. Also to what were they trusting for success in battle? Who was their captain? Just as God appeared by His angel to Joshua as captain of Lord's host (Josh. v. 14). Who were sounding trumpets of alarm? As priests did when walls of Jericho fell down (Josh, vi. 20). So all being well prepared in the name of the Lord, what does the king urge Israelites to do? Even now at last minute let them give up the battle.

Notice about the King—(1) He was confident. Notwithstanding larger forces of enemy, feels sure of victory. Why? Because fight in name of Lord. Just as David did against Goliath (1 Sam. xvii. 45). This most useful lesson to us. In resisting sin—battling against world, flesh, or devil—sins of pride, malice, envy, lust, etc., may feel sure of victory if trust not in selves but in God (Ps. cxviii. 7). (2) He was generous. He did not fight for sake of fighting, but only when attacked. He tried to make peace without

fighting. Again an example to children. "Blessed are the peacemakers" (St. Matt. v. 9).

II. THE BATTLE. (Read 13-22.) While Abijah was fighting, what was Jeroboam doing? This ambush a regular plan in many battles, as Israelites fighting against Ai (Josh, viii, 14), Judah might well be alarmed; looked behind and before; enemies on both sides; looked up, and help was near. They trusted in God, and He did deliver them. What did they do? As their forefathers had done at Jericho, Why were they saved? The battle was the Lord's, and He fought for them. How many of the enemy were killed? More than the whole army of Judah. What an awful sight that battle-field must have been, What cities did they take? Beth-el, where Jacob had had the vision of God (Gen. xxviii. 19). How had it been polluted by Jeroboam? Now once more belongs to Judah. Can picture the temples built for the calf being pulled down. Perhaps a true sacrifice offered up there once more by a real priest. God's pure worship once more revived in Beth-el. What was the result of this victory? Jeroboam's power quite humbled. What became of Jeroboam himself? What an awful end! Like Herod, had put himself as it were in the place of God (Acts xii. 22), and had same miserable end. What a warning to those who lead others into sin. Might have been prosperous and happy; but forsook God, who had given him all, and was finally forsaken by God. Let us take heed by this awful example.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Between whom was war made?
- 2. How did Abijah try to stop it?
- 3. How does he defend Judah's right?
- 4. What do you notice about his conduct?
- 5. Describe the battle.
- 6. How is Jeroboam a warning?

No. 22. A SICK SON.

Chapter to be read—1 Kings xiv. (part of).

Introduction. We turn to-day to the kingdom of Israel. Remind of warning sent by prophet to the king. What was the king doing? What became of the prophet? To-day shall read a sad story of trouble in king's own house.

I. A QUEEN DISGUISED. (Read 1—5.) Sickness always a sad thing—when strong man cut down by fever and become weaker than a child—or mother of a family laid aside—sadder than all to see sick child, perhaps much sharp pain, perhaps crying, but too young to describe what it suffers. Do all we can to alleviate pain. Whose child have we been reading of? Remind of distress few years ago when Prince of Wales ill—so when Abijah was sick—all nation mourned him. What did king tell his wife to do? Why to disguise herself? Perhaps out of shame at consulting a prophet of God, when had broken God's commandments. Perhaps from wish to hear prophet's exact opinion, thinking he might

not give it if he knew it was the queen. Had Jeroboam ever seen Ahijah before? Yes, when prophesied he should be king. What was Jeroboam's wife to take with her? Just as Jacob sent a present to propitiate Joseph when sent sons the second time to buy corn (Gen. xliii. 12). Now picture the queen going on her journey. Perhaps borrowing clothes from one of her servants—then creeping out of palace—veil over her head, and face concealed (see illustration)—a large package with her,



EASTERN WOMEN WITH VEILS.

loaves, etc.—comes up to the house of the prophet. Could he see her? Why not? But, though eyes dim with old age, might know her voice, as Isaac did Jacob's (Gen. xxvii. 22). Hence all this disguise. But was it any use? She could hide nothing from eyes of God (Ps. cxxxix. 3). He had already sent message to Ahijah. So the prophet expected the queen. How surprised she would be!

II. A QUEEN REBUKED. (Read 6—16.) Prophet not only told of the queen's coming, but also of her errand, and what his answer was to be. Thus God spake by him. And what was the message?

1. Death. This dearly loved child of the king must die. At what time (ver. 12)? Thus his mother would not see him again. What an increase of grief to her. Remind of similar cases, both of kings. Pharaoh's eldest son slain when Israel came out of Egypt (Ex. xii. 29), and David's child by Bathsheba (2 Sam. xii. 14). But had the child done any wrong? No, but surely was in mercy that the child was taken. Was evidently a good child (ver. 13).

Would probably have been taught idolatry, so was taken away from the evil to come. 2. Evil. Who had raised up Jeroboam to sit on throne? Because of Solomon's sin; but he has made whole nation to sin. What had he done to God (ver. 9)? Remind of different ways shown in previous lesson in which Jeroboam had provoked God: had, as it were, cast His laws behind their backs as if cared nothing for them (see Neh. ix. 26). How shall the people be punished? Dead were to lie unburied in the city, be eaten by dogs. Greatest dishonour that could happen to any one's body. How soon was this to happen? Even then the judgment beginning. What would be the fate of the living? Would lose their beautiful land, gained with so much toil after their wanderings, and be scattered far from home. Shall see in after lessons how this came to pass.

III. A CHILD MOURNED FOR. (Read 17-20.) With what a sad heart queen must have gone back. Did the prophet's words come true? Just at the moment the prophet had said. What a contrast to the return home of the nobleman (St. John iv. 53) after a visit to a greater Prophet than Ahijah. Both death and life sent by God. (See Ps. civ. 29, 30.) Now is there sadness in the palace. Are hired mourners necessary, such as were put away by Christ from house of Jairus? Why not? Whole nation mourned. Wonderful sight to see whole nation moved with grief. Remind of death of Prince Consort. This grief only for a childcould have been known personally to few. Still, they knew about him, and loved him, and now grieved for his early death. Let children learn these lessons about children—(1) Children are known to God. Christ told St. Peter to feed his lambs as well as sheep (John xxi. 15, 16); they are dear to Him. Remind of what Jesus did and said when mothers brought little children. (Mark x. 16, 17.) (2) Children can serve God. Do not know where this child learned to fear God; perhaps from a pious nurse; had influence over whole nation. Like our own king, Edward VI., who influenced all England for good. Are we doing so? (3) Death is gain. Children often dread death. But need not do so. If love God, if have sins forgiven, if have asked for Holy Spirit, death only a sleep to wake up in glory. So if live like Christ, death will be gain (Philip, i. 21); and Christ speaks as if they were very near Him in heaven (Matt. xviii. 10).

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Who disguised herself, and why?
- 2. How was the disguise found out?
- 3. What message did the prophet give as to the child?
- 4. What was to befall the people of Israel?
- 5. What sort of a child was it? How do you know?
 - 6. What lessons may children learn from this story?



OUTSIDE.

GREY pale man went wandering down the way—

A man whom nations in their praises name; But no wife met him at his lonely door, No little children ran his kiss to claim.

Ever his voice had spoken out for truth: He was the direst foe oppressors had.

He knew he fought for God, and God approved— And yet at times his human heart was sad.

He stood and gazed on happy homes around,
Rich, where he lacked—he felt his glory cold,
It left the homeshald beauth on deale and have

It left the household hearth so dark and bare— We cannot buy our food with sunset gold!

He marked one chamber where a woman sat
Working beside her babe. She raised her eyes
As his step fell, lest haply it was that
Whose coming made each eve a sweet surprise.

The picture stung him—stung him once, no more.

An angel touched his heart, and whispered there

"By every blow you've dealt for Truth and Right, You have in that glad home your sacred share."

"Do you stand outside? Even as we stand;
But say not outside—rather at its heart!
For who has empty hands to work for God,
Like God Himself in all things has his part."

Some told that woman who had passed that day:
"Alas!" she sighed, "to think I did not know;
We can't repay what he has done for us;
Although we often speak of what we owe."

And he went home—the house was very still— He sat and supped beside an empty chair; And ere next morn God called him higher up, And we are sure he is not lonely there.

I. F. M.

SEVEN WEEKS IN A LONDON HOSPITAL, AND THE PEOPLE I MET THERE.

BY AN IN-PATIENT.

CTING upon the advice of a much-esteemed medical friend, I left my village home the middle of September, 1879, to enter a metropolitan hospital (which I will call St. Augustine's), in the hope of being relieved of a most painful and dangerous disease of seven years' standing. On arriving and presenting my order of admission, I was directed by the house-surgeon up two flights of stone steps, and then at the end of a long corridor I should see "Crusaders' Ward" written over the door

-that would be my ward.

Entering, I was civilly asked to sit down on a couch till the head nurse came, who courteously pointed out my bed, and gave me a few directions as to the routine of the place. It being about seven o'clock, I had time to look around before bed-time; with the scrupulous cleanness and orderly appearance of everything I was well pleased and satisfied. At eight o'clock, seeing the other patients preparing for bed, I did the same, and soon the hospital was quiet within. But not so without, for, owing to repair of roads in the vicinity, the traffic was turned on the road by us, the noise of which was something awful up to about three o'clock A.M., especially to me, unaccustomed to anything louder than a footfall after ten P.M., and I was unable to get any sleep. The next morning, at half-past four, the night nurse, a happy-looking "bonnie lassie," fresh and bright as the bloom of the heather, began to move about, busily preparing breakfast. When ready at five o'clock she turned on the gas, then a striking scene followed. First the cheery greeting of "good morning" to the nurse, then to one another, with kind inquiries how each had passed the night; but what so interested me was to see head after head rise from its sleeping-place. They were a mixed group; the boy of six years was there, as well as the old man of seventy or eighty, and I thought how, altogether, it formed a striking type of a future morn, when a more glorious light will awaken the sleepers from a longer and deeper sleep, not to days of sorrow, suffering, and care, but, let us hope and believe, to an endless life of joy, peace, and rest. Now began the real business of the day. After breakfast came bed-making, cleaning, dusting, etc. etc.; those who were able left the ward for the bathroom and lavatory, to perform their daily ablutions and toilet duties; those not allowed to leave their beds were supplied with the necessary articles for these purposes, and when unable to help themselves in these duties, it was tenderly done by the nurses,

By nine o'clock the ward was in ship-shape, and all the patients again in bed, awaiting the first visit of the house-surgeon, dresser, and a few students. The visit lasted about half an hour, being only

preliminary to the more important one at two o'clock. Here I would observe that at ten we had lunch-a pint of new milk each, with what bread you would like. At twelve o'clock, dinner, the best of beef and mutton, always hot, with vegetables. Soon after two I heard the noise of many feet in the corridor, when Mr. K., the senior surgeon, entered, a gentleman in the prime of life, rather above the middle height, having a noble head, quick and keen eyes, and a genial and manly countenance, at once inspiring hope and confidence. He was accompanied by the house-surgeon and a number of students, who, without delay, proceeded with their duties. On reaching my bed Mr. K. looked at me for a moment, and said, "You are from Oxfordshire," "I am, sir," I said. "How are you?" he asked. "Exhausted with my journey, and unable to turn in bed," I replied. "Ah, well," he said, "we must leave you alone for a day or two, till you have recovered from the effects of your journey," and turning to the next bed observed to the students, "No joke, riding sixty miles on a railway in his condition." As he went from bed to bed. I could but admire his gentle tone and manner, and when he left the ward, I said to myself, "If any man can relieve me, that is the one to do it." I am most happy in saying I am not disappointed.

As soon as the surgeons left the ward, the patients betook themselves to their amusements-reading, talking, rolling bandages, picking antiseptic, etc. etc., but above all things, nothing like the newspapers to amuse and keep the patients in good humour with themselves and everything about them. I have since thought however much the ancients may have surpassed the moderns in arts, refinement, and other points of civilisation, we may fairly claim the advantage over them, that we have what they had not-public hospitals, with trained nurses, daily broad-sheets, illustrated newspapers-to heal, to attend, and to cheer the sufferer. At five o'clock we had tea, same diet as breakfast, at seven o'clock supper, an hour's chat around the fire till eight, then prayers and bed. Thus ended my first day in St. Augustine's Hospital.

My own preconceived ideas of hospital nurses and nursing, acquired by a little reading, and the stories of ignorant and prejudiced patients, seemed to blend themselves with the "Sairey Gamps" and "Betsy Prigs" of other days, exhaling as they came about you the delectable slang, and fumes arising from a too plentiful use of gin and snuff. But no; the nurses here are fairly well educated, clean, good-looking, cheerful, and intelligent young women, from 22 to 35 years of age. The first to speak of personally is the head nurse of the ward, or, as she is addressed by all, "The Sister," a lady of indomitable energy, somewhat

breezy and peremptory in speech and manner, induced, no doubt, and necessary by the responsibility of her situation, and the variety of characters that come under her care, yet a truly kind-hearted and noble woman. When necessary to be decided in tone and prompt in action, she was, to use a slang term, "all there," never leaving a disobedient patient, after a wigging, without calmly reasoning with him on the importance, if he wished a return to health, of strictly adhering to the orders of the surgeon.

Of her kindness to myself I cannot speak too highly. Her attention to me before and after the operation I had to undergo, could not have been exceeded. No wife, mother, or sister, except they had been trained nurses, could have done more for my comfort and recovery. Her nursing was superb, and to it, in a secondary sense, I owe my speedy recovery. Although herself at times a great sufferer, and under medical treatment, there was no neglect of patients on her part, nor would she allow it in others. I must say this of her, that she had not mistaken her vocation, and that she was really and truly "the right woman in the right place." Of the nurses proper, I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to their amiability, patience, and kindness (with one exception) to the afflicted. I have seen one or two, belonging to another ward, come into ours to consult the Sister, stop for a moment as walking down the ward, and arrange bed-clothes, and shake a pillow-no part of their duty, but evidencing a well-disposed mind and feeling. My bed being near the fire-place, before which were couch and arm-chairs, these they would use during a lull in their work. I availed myself of this in drawing them into conversation and leading it up to the point where I could, without being thought too inquisitive, ask the question, "How it was they had chosen such an occupation?" The answers I received were to this effect, "Because we love the work;" "Because it is so interesting." This I believe to be true, their remuneration being such as a good cook or lady's-maid would despise; and to their credit be it spoken that in no one instance did I get an answer indicative of mercenary or unworthy motives.

But there are nurses and nurses, and whenever there is a carelessness about the comfort of the patients, and a perfunctory performance of other duties by any nurse, I think it is incumbent upon the executive of the institution at once to put its foot down firmly upon this dereliction, and inform such nurse that it would be better for her to choose some other field of labour more congenial to her habits and inclinations. By careless nursing I could see that the skill and experience of the surgeon would be rendered abortive, the sufferings of the patient prolonged, and the funds and other resources of the institution wasted.

My ward companions must not be passed by without a word. I consider myself fortunate in meeting with such a set of good-natured and lighthearted people as those with whom my lot was cast.

First I must mention an old man, a great favourite with all. His ailment did not necessitate his keeping his bed, and being very active, he was the first to rise in the morning, and was the greater part of the day busily employed at something for our comfort-for instance, passing books and papers from bed to bed, carrying coals and water, stoking fires, helping nurses to give patients their meals, and before sitting down to his own, the poor old fellow would see that we, who were unable to help ourselves, had got all we wanted. Another good fellow was A. E. He had been valet to a gentleman of sporting proclivities, with whom he had visited many of the large towns of the three kingdoms, as well as having seen a good deal of London life. He was altogether a very entertaining companion, and a very kindly one, for at all times he was most ready to do anything for the comfort of other patients or nurses. We had also two little London lads, about six years of age, miniature men-in fact, so precocious, inquisitive, and loquacious were they, that I could not fail to contrast them with the dull bacon-and-potato-eating lads of eight and ten in my own village.

To return to my own case :- On the Tuesday of the second week, Mr. K. came to my bed, and said, "We must now see what we can do for you." On examination, my constitution, and ability to undergo the operation, appeared satisfactory. On Friday he came again, accompanied by two or three more medical men, who again examined me.

Before the day was over, the Sister told me that Tuesday had been fixed for my operation. When that day came, Mr. K., with another gentleman, just looked into the ward about twelve o'clock, and, pointing to my bed, said, "There is your old friend." This gentleman was the one alluded to at the commencement of this paper, and he had come to witness the operation. He talked to me for a few minutes, and informed me that my case came on first, viz., at two o'clock.

Almost to the minute the Sister, with a large cloak over her arm, came, and smilingly said, "Now, Mr. W., you and I will go to the Theatre."

Out of bed I got, hastily drew on stockings and slippers, she threw the cloak over me, and taking her arm, off we marched to a small room in another part of the building, in which was a narrow bed, or couch, at the head of which sat a gentleman, who bade me sit down. I did so. Immediately the Sister placed her hands under my feet, and turned me at length on the bed. The gentleman then said, "Take a long, deep breath-now another." Then a suffocating sensation came over me for a moment, and I knew nothing more till about two hours afterwards. When consciousness returned I found myself in bed, attended by two nurses. Soon after, Mr. K., having finished his afternoon's work, came to me, and said-

"Well, how do you feel now?"

"Don't know, sir; cannot tell," I replied.

"Never mind," he said; "you are quit of your old enemy."

He saw me three times before the next morning, and once or twice a day during the week. I was told by the nurses the operation was so skilfully and quickly performed, that the fifty or sixty medical men and students who witnessed it rewarded the operator, Mr. K., with a hearty round of cheers.

With the thoroughly good nursing I received, I was able to get up a little in a fortnight, and at the end of three weeks, to walk about and visit the convalescent ward-a large long room at the top of the building, furnished with lounge-cushioned armchairs, bagatelle-board, dominoes, solitaire, rockinghorses for juveniles, a quantity of books, and several volumes of illustrated papers. This part of the institution is presided over by a nice old lady, booky inclined, and who had evidently seen better days. With her I became a great favourite. We used to read and criticise bits of Shakespeare, and "Newton on the Prophecies," with an erudition that would have amazed Charles Knight and old Richard Porson had they been able to hear us. But be this as it may, it amused us, which was sufficient. My narrative, I feel, would be wanting if I failed making any observations upon the ordinary daily working of the ward. Between meals, and when the surgeons were not in attendance, general visitors were admitted; these were ladies, gentlemen, home missionaries, Scripture readers, etc. One would give books, another fruit or flowers, and with each gift a kindly word, so that, with one little passing event and another, we were never dull or melancholy.

The liberty allowed in this hospital to amuse and to be amused is very commendable, and appreciated by the patients, and must have a good tendency if kept within proper bounds. It kept us from sleeping in the day-time, so that when night came our ward was generally as quiet as if no sufferers were lying there.

One little peculiarity of hospital life I must mention—that of ignoring proper names, and adopting fanciful ones: hence "Daddy," "Sir Garnet," "Old

Soldier," "Uncle," and so on, my own being "\$2," the number of my bed - and amongst my new acquaintances in the convalescent ward I found "Little Tailor," "Irishman," etc. At this part of my narrative I can imagine one of my readers saying to me, "How did you fare on Sundays?" I answer in this way-Sunday morning brought a seriousness and quiet befitting the day and the place; no newspaper, no novel to be seen, only books and magazines for Sunday reading were on this day allowed for our amusement. There was divine service in the chapel, twice in the day, for those able to attend, first at eleven o'clock till twelve, and again from six till seven o'clock. From two till four the patients' friends were admitted, which made some little bustle for that time; afterwards the same stillness as before. Only on my last Sunday was I permitted to attend chapel; and in these days of extreme religious opinions it was quite refreshing to hear a plain, practical, and most earnest discourse, from one so unassuming as the respected chaplain of the institution. On the whole I can conscientiously say I never spent a more happy

In concluding this paper, I cannot forbear giving an opinion which I think will be endorsed by every thoughtful mind; it is, that of all our philanthropic institutions none reflect so much glory and honour upon our creed and country—certainly none appeal with such force to the charitable feelings of the wealthy and well-to-do, for support, as our great public hospitals, and their important auxiliaries, the homes for training nurses.

A few days before I left, my good doctor informed me that I might leave as soon as I chose, but it would be as well to wait for a favourable day. The 10th November dawned fine and mild, and though inexpressibly pleased with the treatment I had received, and its results, my feelings were not unmixed with regret as I took my leave of my many kind friends, and bade adieu to the "Crusaders' Ward" of St. Augustine's Hospital.

"NOT AS I WILL, BUT AS THOU WILT."

(ST. MATT. XXVI. 39.)



ASSIVE in Thy hands, O God, I My will to Thine submit; Knowing that, beneath Thy rod, Thou wilt do whate'er is fit.

Bitter though the cup may be, Yea, as wormwood, or as gall; If that cup be sent by Thee, To the dregs I'll drink it all.

Yet, O Father, hear My prayer, Thou wilt grant Me all I ask; If to die I must prepare, Fit, oh, fit Me for the task.

In My body, on the tree,
Let Me bear the sins of all,
And the ransomed then shall see
What Thy mercy since the Fall.

Let My blood, which soon shall flow,
Plead with Thee in realms above,
Pardoned sinners then shall know
All Thy goodness, all Thy love.
Paglesham Rectory, Essex. J. HARRIS, M.A.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

HE Rev. Peter Goss to the Curacy of St. Bede's, Ditchly." The Rev. Peter Goss I aid down the paper. That brief notice was all it held for him that day. Politics or general news, what were they in comparison? He sat over his untouched breakfast, wrapped in bright visions of the coming years. Already he saw the eager listening faces raised to his as he imparted

learning, instruction, or counsel from his well-furnished stores, the ever-increasing respect and admiration as they came to realise the mighty efforts he would put forth in their behalf, and how the fame thereof would spread through the surrounding parishes, until—ah! there were vast possibilities shrouded in that "until."

It was Saturday morning when the announcement appeared, and the following Saturday, late in the afternoon, the Great Northern Railway deposited the newly-appointed curate in Dufford station, that being the nearest point of communication to the future field of action.

"Not particularly cheerful as to scenery," he observed to himself, as he gazed out of his venerable four-wheeler, at the flat fields enveloped in drizzling mist; and even that limited view was swallowed up in darkness, when, after an hour's drive, his chariot drew up at the rectory gateway. In a note from the rector he had been requested to call immediately upon his arrival; that was one reason. Another, and still more potent one, was that he had not the slightest knowledge of the locality, or of where he was to find a habitation that night.

He was shown into a large dimly-lighted room. It felt oppressively warm, after the fresh chill air outside. Across one end was a folding screen, and under the shadow of it, in a deep leather chair, sat the rector. A frail, delicate-looking, elderly man, evidently a confirmed invalid. He held out his hand with an apology for not rising, and Mr. Goss, trying to reduce his voice and movements to a modulation suitable to the subdued atmosphere, sat down by the tiny table, and upset it with a resounding crash against the fender.

He picked it up with a dismayed apology. The invalid lay back with closed eyes.

"Do not distress yourself, but I must beg you to be very careful; the least noise upsets me now; my nerves are exceedingly weak."

Mr. Goss again expressed his contrition, and then sat still and waited for his recovery. The silence was broken by the door opening and closing softly; there came a light footfall across the room, and a lady made her appearance from behind the screen.

"His wife," decided Mr. Goss at the first glance.
"No; his sister," at the second, as he noted the strong resemblance between the two. Neither could have been much beyond fifty, but she wore her years

with the better grace, and all the strength and capability seemed to have fallen to her share. She waited for no introduction, and looked at the curate with quiet searching eyes, as she shook hands across the unlucky table.

"I came in to explain the arrangements a little, in case my brother should not feel equal to it," she said, in a low distinct voice. "We thought that you might not object to occupy the rooms your predecessor has vacated; they are over a little confectioner's shop, but, I believe, comfortable, and in a place like Ditchly it is most difficult to meet with suitable accommodation."

What a shock! had he come to this? Was the first step on the way to greatness to be taken from a confectioner's?

Miss Barry explained a little further, and the rector gave him a few general directions about the morrow's services, and then, remembering the waiting chariot outside, he rose up and took his departure.

The little confectioner's was not far distant. His landlady-elect came from behind the counter and greeted him warmly. She was one of his flock, she told him, as she led him up the corkscrew staircase to the tiny sitting-room. Then she went away to see about some tea for him, and the curate sat down by his own hearthstone and regarded his new quarters.

Hitherto he had not considered upholstery a subject worthy of any man's attention, but as he looked from the gorgeous drugget and scarlet curtains to the china dogs and peacocks' feathers on the mantlepiece, he was conscious of an inward irritation that never wholly wore away whenever his eyes chanced to fall upon them afresh.

Nevertheless, he put it aside as a trivial annoyance when, after his tea-tray had gone down, he drew out his sermons for a final re-reading before the morrow. There, at least, was unalloyed satisfaction; carefully written, brimming with fervour, eloquence, and classic references, surely this first seed was not unworthy of the sowing; it must bring forth some fruit. Very hopefully he spent the rest of the evening over them.

Sunday morning, half-past ten precisely, the new curate passed out of the little vestry into the reading-desk. Prayers and lessons, he read them well and carnestly, and then, while the hymn was being sung, he lifted his head and looked round at his congregation. Alas for his hopes! his heart died within him. Rows of solid, ponderous faces, with precisely the same vacant expression, or rather want of any. Was it possible that one gleam of intelligence had ever lit them up in the whole course of their existence? Were these the men and women he was to study and sympathise with and labour for? These? And then the singing ended, and he had to stand up and deliver his sermon; deliver it to ears that would not catch one shade of the finer meaning, even if they

understood the language, which he did not feel at all sure about. He fancied he saw a flicker of quiet amusement in Miss Barry's face as she shook hands afterwards, but she only inquired if he had had any trouble in finding his lodgings, and hurried away.

There was one exception, a big grim-faced man in the front seat, who had contemplated him with a have been that any man should stop, even without the additional incubus of a Radical blacksmith who did not altogether believe in the Bible. In an utterly dejected frame of mind he went out to the evening service.

Ditchly never heard that second sermon. Years after, the Rev. Peter came across it, all dusty and



"She shook hands across the table."-p. 664.

kind of patronising attention throughout the entire service, an attention that Mr. Goss could by no process of reasoning flatter himself contained any element of admiration.

He asked his landlady about him, when she brought up his tray. "That's Dale, the blacksmith, sir; he's a Radical; and people do say that he don't altogether believe in the Bible either," she added, with suppressed awe. "He's given a deal of trouble to all the other curates, but he won't stay away from church."

"All the other curates." So he had had many predecessors. Well, he did not wonder; the wonder would crumpled in an unused drawer; he straightened it out tenderly, as he remembered the high hopes that had gone to the writing thereof, but he did not preach it. "There are no birds in last year's nests," and he had learned many things since the days he builded that one.

By the end of the first week the curate began to understand something of the state of affairs in his parish. Mr. Barry was to be disturbed about nothing of an unpleasant or troublesome character; his nerves were to be considered; that was law. Miss Barry was sensible and energetic, but she believed in her brother most thoroughly as the incarnation of wisdom and learning; most of the practical suggestions were hers, but by a sophistry that was nature now, it had been practised so long, he was invariably referred to as the author, nay, had come himself to regard them as original. Naturally, his views were bounded to a certain extent by ill-health; his sister's mission in life was to consider him, he believed; she did consider him most faithfully, but it limited her horizon also, down to nearly the same level as his own.

During that same week Mr. Goss made his first essay at parish visiting. That either could hardly be considered a success. His sole experience hitherto had been amongst the London poor, who are by no means backward at taking their full share in conversation with any stranger. He could not understand these rustic souls, who stood in blank silence when he addressed them in the orthodox manner; that stolid respectful stare checked his own flow of language most effectually, and it was hard to say whether he or his hosts were most relieved when the doors closed between them.

Coming back in the evening from this first round of pastoral visitation, he passed a little smithy, with "Dale, Blacksmith," over the door; he hesitated, remembering his landlady's description.

"But at least he will be able to do something more than stare at me," he said to himself, and he pushed back the half-door and stepped in.

The blacksmith was busy straightening an immense nail. Mr. Goss waited till it was restored to a satisfactory condition, and then proceeded to explain his reason for looking in. The blacksmith responded that he was glad to see him, and then the usual blank ensued, and the curate, racking his brains for some congenial topic, unfortunately stumbled upon his own sermon. The blacksmith listened with the same patronising air that had distinguished him during its delivery; and when Mr. Goss wound up his remarks with a fear that it was a little unsuitable to the congregation, "They were unaccustomed to that style," Dale calmly expressed his opinion of the matter—

"It don't make much difference. You're but a lad yet, and people don't expect old heads on young shoulders."

For a full minute Mr. Goss stood in petrified amazement,

"Upon my word, I think you are forgetting my position and yours."

The blacksmith shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not forgetting that you are in the twenties, and I in the fifties; and it's likely I'll know more about some matters than you."

Mr. Goss turned to the door. "Then, under these circumstances, I had better say good evening at once."
"Good evening," returned the blacksmith equably,

taking up his nail again.

Mr. Goss walked home in no placid frame of mind; truly, if this were parish visiting, his attempts at it should be few and far between. At his own door he encountered Miss Barry, and told her something of his annoyance.

"Yes," she agreed, "Dale is very aggravating at times; indeed, though he sees so little of him, I think my brother is almost the only person who has any real influence over him."

"Probably that accounts for it," observed Mr. Goss, thoughtfully.

"Yes; I often think that some natures are ruled best at a little distance; still it is a great trial to be so entirely withdrawn from active service; it would be almost unbearable to some men. Don't you think he bears it very well, Mr. Goss?"

"Exceedingly well," assented Mr. Goss, briefly. And he took great credit to himself when he reached the solitude of his own room that he had not stated his opinion of Mr. Barry's patience much more emphatically.

Mr. Goss speedily came to the conclusion that whatever degree of eminence his brethren had attained on the score of annoyance from the blacksmith, he was in nowise likely to be behind them. Dale did not condescend to argue with him, only quietly ignored all his opinions on the score of his youth and inexperience. One ridiculously aggravating circumstance in connection with him was that he tacitly declined to address his pastor by any of his lawful titles; it was a trivial matter, but it irritated the curate exceedingly at times.

One night he fairly lost his temper, and flatly contradicted the blacksmith upon some point of order before a small vestry meeting. Unhappily for Mr. Goss's dignity, his opponent proved to be in the right; and the curate conscientiously, but very reluctantly, apologised to him at the next meeting. That did not tend to promote friendly feeling—all the less that Dale received the amende with an air of lofty indifference that raised a strong desire in Mr. Goss's breast to take it back again.

Taken altogether, that first year at Ditchly was a rather trying one for the curate. All his efforts seemed to make very little headway; he could not feel that he was growing any nearer to his people or understanding them better, and there were times when, in very weariness of spirit, the wish for it almost died out. Then with a new day would come new strength to try, and so he struggled on, day by day, not looking much beyond it; the faith to believe in that great future was gradually forsaking him.

The second June after his appointment was an intensely hot one; there was much sickness abroad even in those fair country lanes. As the curate passed through the little shop one morning his land-lady was chatting with an early customer.

"Oh! Mr. Goss," she cried, "Dale the smith is down with small-pox, dreadful bad, Mrs. Dawson tells me."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear it. He cannot have been ill long?"

"Only a few days," volunteered Mrs. Dawson; but it's a terrible thing for catching."

"It is terrible," agreed the curate, passing out. A sudden grievous misgiving came into his mind as he walked slowly down the street. This man came to his church; he was ill; was it not his duty to go and see him? He had not crossed his threshold since that first visit. If it had been any other person he would have gone as a matter of course; and had he any right to let a private dislike stand in the way? It was not for him to decide if it would do any good; the doubt did not absolve him from his duty. It was a loathsome disease—one he had a special horror of; but a soldier cannot choose the foes he will fight. He found himself standing still in front of the village pump as he debated within himself. He finished the discussion sitting in the refreshing shade of his scarlet curtains that afternoon, and the outcome of it was that immediately after tea he put on his hat and went down to the blacksmith's house.

He found his enemy in bed, looking less attractive than ever; he sat down beside him and quietly said he was sorry to see him in that state; it must be very painful to bear.

"Aren't you afraid of catching it?" asked the blacksmith, curiously.

" Miserably afraid."

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"Then what made you come?"

"Because I believed it was my duty, and tenfold more in your case."

"Why in my case specially?"

"Because I have disliked you, and you have despised me," was the curate's response.

"Honest, at any rate," spoke the blacksmith, after a minute or two of silence. "Well, my lad, you may read me the lesson and go with a clear conscience."

The curate's face burned at the style of the permission, but he read it and went. The same routine was gone through the next day, and every day for a fortnight. Mr. Goss could not flatter himself that he was doing any good by it. If the visits were figurative coals of fire, they scorched his own fingers quite as severely as the enemy's head. Nevertheless, he continued them till Dale had reached the convalescent stage, then they suddenly ended. One afternoon, when he opened the book as usual, he found a difficulty in seeing the words; he stumbled on for a while, but it grew more and more incoherent, and at last he shut it up in despair.

"I don't know what is the matter with me to-day," he said; "I can't see at all."

The blacksmith looked sharply at him. "It's my belief you are in for the small-pox as well as me. If I were you I should just go home and go to bed; it's the only place you are fit for."

Mr. Goss rose up unsteadily. "I believe you are right, I did hope I should have escaped it."

As he stumbled home he was conscious of a vaguely disappointed feeling that even now Dale had not shown the slightest gratitude or concern; but it faded out before long in the general miserableness that shrouded all things for days and weeks to come,

His landlady and a hired nurse alone attended him through it. Some of the poorer cottagers came to ask at the door in the evenings how he was; and Miss Barry called or sent regularly, but she never entered.

"I don't think as she 's afraid of it, sir," explained his little landlady to him one evening, as she reported one of these messages. "But it's Mr. Barry, he's dreadful nervous about anything catching; and she can't do just as she would like."

"Yes, I understand," answered Mr. Goss. But as he turned his face wearily to the window again, he did feel that even the sight of her face would have been a little help to him, lying there weak and alone.

The yellow sunlight faded slowly away from the window-panes. He could hear the children's voices grow fainter down the village street, and the ponderous roll of the distant harvest wagons going home for the night, and then on the narrow stair came a man's heavy foot, a loud knock at his door, and his old antagonist, the blacksmith, blundered into the room.

The curate looked at him in astonished silence for a moment; then he held out his thin hand.

"I'm glad to see you, Dale; there is no danger for you here."

Dale did not answer. He stood looking down into the curate's scarred seamed face. He had not been exactly a handsome man, but healthy and pleasant to look upon. Now that was a thing of the past. Some of the disfigurement would wear away, but the traces would be visible to the last day of his life.

Suddenly Dale bent down.

"I believe you've tried to do your duty honestly, and I'm downright sorry I've ever been a stumbling-block to you. You've taught me a lot more than I meant to learn from any man. I thought I'd just like to come and tell you this—Mr. Goss."

It was jerked out hurriedly and awkwardly, and before it was well ended he was gone, as abruptly as he came.

The curate lay back on his pillow alone again; but the sick weariness had passed, the room had broadened and brightened about him, hope was dawning at length, and he wanted health and strength once more, that he might rise up and do his work. It seemed as if a contented peace came to him from that hour. Though the harvest was all gathered in before he was able to creep out into the September sunshine, he would be a better happier man all his life for the lessons learned in those quiet weeks.

He looked back upon that summer afterwards as a time of general wakening. His first outdoor excursion, he turned into one of the cottages for a few minutes' rest. The woman—a particularly stolid specimen—looked at his altered face as she dusted a chair for him.

"It's been a bad time for you, sir," she remarked.
"I nursed my lad through it, and I mind he looked just like you do."

"Ah! I had no mother to nurse me," said the

curate. "I did not know you had a son; I have never seen him."

The woman's face hardened.

"It's twelve years gone this Michaelmas since I 've seen him. They put him in prison for snaring a pheasant, and he never settled here after he came out; we'd always been respectable till that."

"Poor mother," said Mr. Goss, pitifully.

"Ay, it's nigh broken my heart; I grow fair sick at times for a sight of him."

Mr Goss pondered it over as he walked slowly

we were sure it would take you elsewhere in a very little while."

"I thought so, too, at one time," said the curate, quietly; "but I have come to believe that we are not driven about by mere chance—that if God gave me more enthusiasm than some, it was not to choose out the easiest corners, but that I might work in places where they could not for want of it."

"'And they also serve who only stand and wait," she put in, half-sadly.

"Yes, 'well waited is well done,'" he answered.



"'I'm glad to see you, Dale."-p. 667.

home. For twelve long years that woman had carried a bitter sorrow under that stolid manner, and it might be that she was only one of many; it might be the silence of patient endurance in their faces, instead of vacant blankness. He went amongst them henceforth with a different feeling, a deeper sympathy, and often it came home to him, as he grew to understand them better, that in many things he would have to learn from them, instead of teaching.

"You have stood it longer than we expected, Mr. Goss," remarked Miss Barry, one evening, as they walked slowly down to the lych-gate together. "You came here so full of energy and enthusiasm,

It was not for him to suggest that her image was only clay. Nay, he did not know that it was so, there are heights and depths in all lives that only One can judge, and He that judgeth is the Lord.

And after Miss Barry had left him, he leaned over the old bridge in the fair sunset light. God's gift of content had filled his heart with the knowledge that it was not where he worked, but how. Content though it might meet with no recognition beyond its own blessedness, though it might be that the only message of promotion that would ever reach him in quiet Ditchly might be the Master's summons, "Come up higher," and he that had been faithful in the little things should have to pass through the grave and gate of death to be exalted over the many.

E. K. O.

WORKERS FOR GOD.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BALLYMONEY, CO. ANTRIM.

HE village church, half bowered with cherishing woods, stands by the margin of the lake. Two white swans sail on its calm surface, and the water-lilies, vested like the spotless

saints, lift up their eyes to heaven, and float in its sunlit peace and joy. The waters lap gently and drowsily along the churchyard wall, as if to hush the sleepers in their graves; and from the steeple overhead the tolling bell sends forth its

solemn call to prayer.

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One half the churchyard is gleaming in the summer heat, and half is shadowed by the temple itself—an emblem of the shadowed waiting of the dead, and of the cloudless morning of the Resurrection. And I remember well how, marshalled two and two, the children of the parish Sunday-school filed down the village street, and, entering where the sombre yews and clustering laurels guard the way, passed quietly into the venerable church.

Early one Sunday morning a parson found his way through back streets to a wretched house in a large city, where little children lived all uncared for and unprayed for. Up a filthy stair he found the family living in two rooms, whose grimness was rivalled only by the inhabitants themselves. The father was in bed; the mother had lately risen, but she expected the clergyman that day, for he had promised to call and fetch two of her sons to the school. She would not send them before; their father did not care whether they went or stayed; but, now, both were willing they should go, and, accompanied by their guide, the boys made their way to the church. It stood upon the border-land of city lawlessness; and the noise already rising in the school-room behind, betrayed the social rank from which the children were collected. It was not a scene of rural calm-there was storm there, and the mark of many a ravage of parental sin; but it presented withal the outline of a grand picture which a skilful artist must admire, and might well devote his genius to fill. Out of the chaos of unruly homes, discipline and order had reduced the masses into shape; and the classes there sent forth into a world of hard work, or reluctantly yielded to an early death, many a youth and maiden devoted to the Lord.

Both village and city might indeed excite in the fervent breast all that piety could wish, and intelligence and labour expect—alike to rescue from sin, and to train for heaven the tender

children which our Father has entrusted to His Church,

But look at other facts. There are streets, back to back, where the houses appear to crush one another out of anxiety to make more room; and, beyond their black doors, and up their creaking stairs the children are crowded together this Sunday morning. They see little of earthly love, and reck nothing of heavenly, and they hear the unhallowed utterances of ill-tempered women and men, and think that life is only this—nothing better here, and nothing better beyond. And only one out of every five is at the Sunday-school, and the rest are taught nothing at home.

And there is the *gaol*, too. It never lacks of guests. Some have drifted there because there was no rudder to that miserable boat of their life.

To others there, life has been

A fatal and perfidious bark, Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark.

They have been driven hither as it were by an ever-clinging destiny of failure and despair; while others have found that the solitary refuge of earth from men whose carelessness, ingratitude, or wrong have forced them from a spurning virtue to a welcoming but lie-girt vice. And yet we are told two-thirds of these were once at our Sunday-schools.

Here, then, is surely an overwhelming task, and here a vision which demands an interpreter.

No person except a parent has, in the whole Church of God, the same chance as a Sundayschool teacher. He has a thousand advantages over a clergyman. Parson and preacher alike have access most to the adult. When people become eighteen and twenty years of age, their disposition has assumed not only direction but strength. A hundred attractions are clamouring for his attention and enthusiasm, and unless his heart has been already touched by the finger of the Unseen it is difficult indeed to shield him from the temptation of material pleasure, and to raise his thought and hope to an absent joy. The clergyman's own classes may attempt to fill the blank; but, in any parish or congregation, can he expect to gather there all who stand on that perilous isthmus which joins the Sunday-school to the

And so we have many things to consider before we can fix the Sunday-school teacher like the pillar of a great bridge, properly and firmly in his place.

First, then, what class of children is the Sunday-

school intended for? In America and in Ireland they would answer-for all: in England-For, says the home-loving only for the poor. Briton, "if I am able to teach my children, I am the proper person, and the only proper one, to Yes, good sir, you are the proper person; but not the only one. You will grant that yourself, if you do not think of the Sunday-school; for in your great day-schools you take care that in matters of religion your boys shall be taught by others. That argument would send all kinds and

ranks to the Sunday-school.

But the social difficulty arises: shall the ragged and the rich sit together on the same bench? For the occasion, it would not do either much harm. But a little tact and watchfulness will lay such obstacles, and where they can be laid it is well to let Sunday-school influence stretch to every home. For there is a power in school life which thrives nowhere outside the school. It is not merely competition, but the sympathy of numbers—the great truth forced upon the child's mind that he is one of the vast body whom Christ has redeemed, that in the new Kingdom every one possesses as high privilege as himself, and that it is his duty to care for, and to help, wherever he may, those whom his Father has loved so well. Home teaching is invaluable, It is the sunlight of the growing soul. But the splendour of the nightly heaven, with all its argent host, is lost, unless the soul is roused to look beyond itself, and to learn the reality of the communion of saints.

This suggests the ranks from which our teachers are to be taken: for unless a teacher has been trained in the classes of a school, he falls far short of the efficiency which he would otherwise have attained. I should say, therefore, that, teaching all ranks within our schools, we should select our teachers from all. Every teacher, of course, must have a natural qualification for the work. There are diversities of gifts: and one of the rarest, and of the most precious, is the ability to instruct the young. Some people are never at ease if left alone with a child, and children have a marvellous instinct which tells them who are their special On the other hand, some good souls, as soon as their consciences tell them they ought to do something for the world, pounce upon the teacher's function, and fancy they are called to it of Heaven. Nothing is more disastrous than an outbreak of such irrational imagining; and one of the delicate difficulties of Church work is the direction of such anxiety into a sober and fitting channel. But if you find that, as they say in the North Country, you can "get on" with children, if you have a disposition which (with all proper modesty) you consider somewhat gentle, a heart that owns a moderate amount of sympathy, a temper that will not break down at every prank of a thoughtless boy, and so much of humour and imagination as will permit you to enter into the childish jokes, understand the childish fears, and appreciate the childish sorrows of bashfulness and timidity; and if, moreover, you have an average intelligence, a fair knowledge of Holy Scripture, and an earnest and restless desire for the welfare of immortal souls, then, beyond a doubt, you may-and (permit me to suggest) you ought to undertake or to seek the high and noble

responsibility.

It is a shame that any shadow of truth should be found in the pert platitudes so often affronting us, that the Sunday-school teacher is a well-meaning but weak-minded individual-a sentimental and disappointed woman, or a talkative and shallow-brained man. In all its workers the Church of God has been too often and too sorely imposed upon. "The call from Heaven" is right and good, but the Church must judge of its existence and strength; and not unfrequently the inward monitor has been but a painful sense of unfitness for work in the world, or the bitter reaction that springs from actual failure in other pursuits. If any one is to be a teacher of the young, he must be a whole-headed, whole-hearted, and real man; and she a whole-headed, wholehearted, and real woman. "Be strong in the Lord" is a worthy precept, "that ye may be filled with might" a perennial prayer.

But the Sunday-school can point, beyond the race of puerile weaklings, to many-to a crowdwho would adorn any profession, and insure the success of any task. Our three last Lord Chancellors have been Sunday-school teachers. It is told that one Sunday morning, the Bishop of London received a document which demanded at once the highest legal opinion in the realm. He drove to the residence of the Lord Chancellor of the time, and was informed that he was "at school." He ascertained where the school lay; and on reaching it, he found the second peer of England. He was sitting in a quiet corner, surrounded by a class of poor lads, who knew him simply by his old and unadorned title of "Mister," which he had borne amongst their predecessors and them for more than a score of years. He was so punctual, too, in his attendance, that the people in the neighbourhood used to test the accuracy of their clocks by seeing him pass at the same minute week after

It needs, moreover, no little intelligence and no low range of genius to attain to great success in working with the young. We have discovered

this in our day-schools; and the "Double Firsts" at Oxford, and the Senior Wranglers at Cambridge are divided between the legislator's seat at Westminster and the master's desk in our public schools. But the teacher in the day-school has the matter, as much as can be, in his own hands. He has continuous access to his boys, he controls them by a constant discipline; he inspires them

at once by the contingency of immediate disgrace, and the hope of the highest honour. The teacher in the Sunday-school works without one of these advantages, and against a thousand obstacles. The parents are often against him; they are careless at the best, both in the child's attendance, and in the learning of the home lessons. The child is perhaps all but a total stranger to learning of any kind. He can scarcely spell out a verse in the New Testament. He can remember little, and he is incapable of uniting two of the simplest ideas, and drawing the plainest conclusion from them. Not seldom, too, he is devoted to a vagabond life during the week—a newspaper boy, or half a "match" boy and half a beggar.

To arrange and classify the incongruous masses of a large school demands tact and ability that are sadly scarce. The superintendent is a creator so far as man can create. He has units, atoms, and his arduous task is to mould and to unite them. To choose his teacher, to discover his aptness for this class or for that; to form his children into classes where neither social station nor mental acquirements shall clash; to restrain the noisy and to encourage the timid; to secure attendance and regular instruction; to send his own zeal and personal influence through every class; and withal to keep both children and teachers in good humour and cheerfulness—these are the mere rudiments of his art.

It is with more than a limping reason, then, that we ask in this, as in all the work of God, for the cleverest, the truest, the strongest, and the

It is one of the profoundest mistakes of the ordinary teacher that his work begins and ends with the school hours. Not one-fourth of his work is performed then. His class is a care to him through the week, and if attendance and interest are to be enjoyed on the Sunday, they must be purchased by personal attention on the Monday and the Tuesday. If a scholar is absent, he ought to be visited at once. "I would not visit my scholars," a lady once said, "because I She feared do not wish to know their parents." some intangible social loss. "She's like myself," honestly confessed another, whose class was very small; "she does not visit." Visiting does both the parents good and the children. In half the cases the parents do not come to church, read their Bible, or take any trouble about religion. They are willing enough for the children to go to school, because it saves noise at home; but to play in the streets or in the fields affords as sure a relief, and they will neither force them to go unwillingly, nor see that they have prepared the necessary work at home. Now, the teacher's prayerful visit may, and in many instances will, attract the parent to better things for himself, create opportunities for instruction which perhaps the pastor has never enjoyed, secure the child

himself for the next Sunday, and arouse a mutual affection between the teacher on the one side, and the parent and the child on the other.

If a child is sick, a good plan has been tried of sending to him, by two of the scholars, a little present direct from the school-a flower, a picture, or a book. It makes him feel that he is not forgotten, and he will probably appear in his old place as soon as he is well. It is as the opening of a heaven for many a soul to know that some one is thinking of him with interest and love. The superintendent in a parish where I was once a curate devotes the few spare hours of the night after he is released from his shop in thus calling upon the sick. Where there is poverty, he bestows the requisite clothing and food, and where there is plenty he leaves a little present, which is always appraised at more than twice its value. school, in a new parish, numbers seven hundred girls and boys.

An equally important part of the teacher's work is the mental and spiritual preparation for his class. If he is to be a teacher, he must have brains; if he is to teach well, he must use them. Hence I say mental preparation. The blundering. the bewilderment, the stupid puzzling of this teacher and of that, would be to some minds rich amusement if they were not so exceedingly hazardous. The teacher's business is to discover from all sources at his command the accurate meaning of the passage for the day. He is not at liberty, as many think, to put a meaning into it which the words may bear, but which, at the same time, they do not bear naturally. What he wants first is to ascertain the thought of the writer. He may not be a scholar; but he has his "notes" supplied by the school, or perhaps a commentary bought with his own savings. Let him study these. Let him then think the matter over for several days, until it sinks into his mind, and becomes a part of his own information. He will not remember or assimilate all he has read. Possibly he retains but a wretched fraction of it; but what fits into his own mind is really what he is able to use in teaching. For this reason the preparation on Saturday evening is of little use unless we have stores enough laid by from which we can draw at will. Such new material as is then acquired is like a new coat-or a borrowed oneit hangs uneasily. He cannot command it. But when the new thoughts are actually acquired, when they are chiselled like stones for a wall, and laid in their places, he may gather up illustrations from nature, fancy, poetry, or anecdote, found this general truth upon the passage, enforce this special duty upon one child, or suggest that course of life and action to another.

For each boy and girl must be studied too, and each one made a subject of his teacher's prayer. Each soul is a great world; with facts as loud in their demand for interpretation, fields as ready for tillage, cliffs as passionate with storm as the material earth we tread. Into this opens then a wide gate, wherein the faithful teacher may get ready for a hopeful task. This is beyond all else a spiritual work. The soul must rise first into God's heaven, and "feel" Him, and then, like the angels upon Jacob's ladder, come down again, and touch the waiting spirit on the earth. All spiritual instruments must be used: sympathy, with its

delicate hand unclosing the windows of the heart; Love, strong to do and patient to wait; and Prayer, laden with remembrances to heaven, when the thoughtless week, like a rash and cruel wind, scatters the rosy clouds of life which are beginning to gather to the Sun.

It is a high ideal, friend; but let the highest go always before us, though it never be actually in

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OUR NELL.

CHAPTER XV.-CONFLICT.



ELL rushed forward blindly, scarce knowing whither. Her soul, like a boat on a storm-lashed ocean, was a mere toy in the grip of the passions surging within her. There wasa capacity for feeling in Nell, the existence of which, in her

ordinary moods, would have been hard to guess. Wrath strove with contempt, and contempt with love; for the knowledge that she had loved Derwent was the fatal gift which that night had brought her. At one and the same moment, as she had stood before him, love blazed up in her heart, and was for ever extinguished. It was not in Nell's nature to become slave to a passion which was at strife with self-respect. The joy of loving was to be hers never, only the anguish of having loved. Honour was at the root of Nell's nature. The discovery of Derwent's utter duplicity struck, as with lightning, her affection for him at its very core.

At the centre of motion is perfect quiescence; the intensest emotion creates a fictitious calm. Thus it was with Nell. Speeding onwards, as though she could flee from that terrible anoment, over and over again came the words from her lips, "Why don't I feel it?"

It seemed to be some one else who was fighting through this stress of pain, while she was looking on and wondering. Presently she came in sight of the farm. It appeared strange, as though she had never looked on it before; and yet, at the same time, it had to her eyes a familiarity that sickened her. She entered the kitchen; all her senses were unusually acute. She observed that Sally had a new pink

ribbon on; the clock seemed ticking too loudly; not a detail in the aspect of the kitchen escaped her. She said, "Where's father?" and she listened to her own voice as though it came from some one else. They were all in the parlour, and had begun supper, Sally answered. Thither Nell went, and took her place at the table. They did not perceive anything wrong. There was no appearance of distress about her; there was even a heightened clearness and effect—like that of an outline on a frosty day—about her speech and her movements.

"Where's Carry? Didn't she come in with you, love?" asked her mother.

"No, mother," Nell answered; "she went by herself down the fields. She 'll be in directly, no doubt,"

Supper over, she went up to her room. Here she felt even more like a stranger. She sat down in the window-seat. Was it possible that she could be the same girl who had left that room but an hour or two before? or had she never left it?-had she only dreamed a hideous dream? It did not occur to her to wonder why Carry did not come home. Such an intensity of scorn and rage had been excited within her against Carry that there was no room for other feelings. Deception was, to Nell, the unpardonable sin. It would have been out of possibility for her beforehand to conceive of such conduct as Carry's, either for herself or for her sister. That that sister could have been living a hidden life, unknown to father and mother-that she could have been lovemaking in secret-was an idea that shook the very foundations of Nell's mental existence. image was ever present to her mind, as it was scorched in by that vision of her, as she stood with her eyes fixed upon Derwent, and her hands resting in his. That life would move on for Carry beyond that moment, she had not begun to realise. Of pain, of need, of danger to her sister, she had no thought. Carry was no more to her, in the intoxicating tumult of her selfish emotion, than if that moment had indeed been her last, and Nell's scorn had had the power to kill her. Nell was little better in that hour than the murderer of her sister.

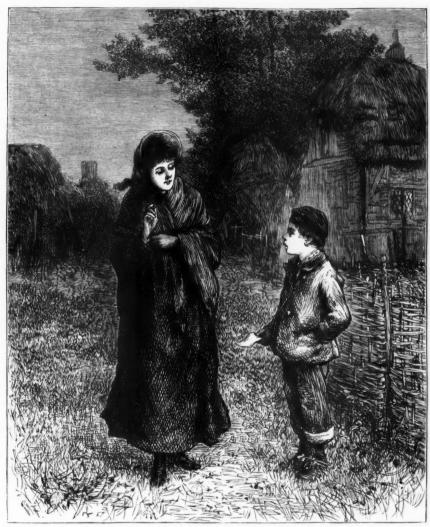
But an awakening was to come. Twilight deepened. Nell, still sitting at the window, heard voices beneath.

"Isn't Carry come in?" said some one.

"Oh, yes, long ago," was the answer.

Nell started up. With a rush of alarm, she remembered that Carry had not come home. It was nearly dark; what was she doing? For the first

the strange realm of passion where they had been rioting, into the familiar channel of sisterly love, and accustomed ways of self-forgetfulness. At last she became possessed by the idea that Carry had fainted,



"'Eh, miss,' he said, 'I've got this for you."-p. 674.

time, her imagination began to work upon the idea of her sister. Concern for her acted upon the fevered excitement of her brain as cold water acts upon a drunken man. She strained her eyes through the gathering gloom, but Carry's slender figure appeared not on the meadow path. And ever as her anxiety grew, her thoughts more and more came back from

and was lying senseless somewhere in the dark dewwet fields, perhaps in the very spot where Derwent had left her. She snatched up her hat, and descended the stairs with cautious tread. Her father must not hear her; he believed Carry was come home. Her father! For the first time in her life, she had forgotten him. How far beside herself had she been! He must never know of Carry's deception—he would never forgive it.

Through the fields she hurried. The furnace fires cast upon them a fitful glare and shade; often did she dart aside, thinking, "This is Carry!" but only found a mocking shadow. Now she came to the spot where she had seen her last. She was not there. As she looked upon that vacant spot where, two hours ago, she had looked upon Carry and Derwent, as they stood together, the conviction seized on her that they had not parted, that they were together still—seized on her so powerfully that further question was unthought of. She turned and went back the way she had come, but this time she looked neither to the right nor to the left. Her search was over.

And now, indeed, the waters flowed over her soul; now, indeed, was it whelmed in a gulph of bitter anguish. There was no excitement of passion to sustain, no softness of self-pity to allay; nothing but an agony of fear for another, and the lashings of remorse. In that hour the veil of self-complacency was rent in twain, and Nell writhed under the vision of her soul in its nakedness. Before her lay bare her coldness of heart, her scorn, her self-absorption. She, the strong, had stood on one side, had withheld her hand, while Carry, her frail and gentle sister, had drifted on to danger.

She retraced the events of the past weeks, since Carry had returned home. With cruel pain they brought home to her the dishonourableness of Derwent, the miserably complete deception of Carry. And yet they carried meanings with them to which, as they passed, she felt, with keen remorse, she had been self-blinded. With agonising vividness stood out to her mind the night of Carry's distress. Again she heard the quivering sobs, again the tremulous question, "I think if any one had done wrong, you would be very hard on them, wouldn't you, Nell?"

Then her ear had not caught the appeal in the faltering voice; now it rang through her heart with tenfold power of pathos! Had she met that faint appeal, Carry had confessed, and all would have been well. Then, like a great blow falling on her, came the recollection of the last words she had heard her sister speak. She had begged Nell to go with her that evening, and now Nell recognised that this was a desperate effort, from the midst of her misery, to regain, at the last moment, her sense of self-respect. Again had Carry appealed to her, appealed to her for the last time, and again had she resisted. And then came the consciousness, with crushing force, that the withholding of help did not alone make up her share in her sister's guilt and misery. Last of all, it had been her hand which had urged Carry over the brink. Derwent's farewell had been given: the two were parting. She knew Carry's nature: she knew that her scorn would have power to rob Carry of all her strength of will. Had some demon possessed her, that she had not rushed to her sister's side, and held her safe from harm and brought her home?

With this last thought, Nell's power of endurance gave way; there went up a bitter cry into the darkness, charged with long-pent pain. But there was none to hear, and it seemed to save her heart from breaking. Was there indeed none to hear? Nell thought so; she knew not of the Pitiful Heart, to which rise night and day the sorrowful cries of earth's children.

As she drew near home, she overtook a boy, who was sauntering on towards the farm.

"Eh, miss," he said, "I've got this for you. A miss at the station gave it me."

It was a crumpled bit of paper. On it was scrawled in pencil, in Carry's handwriting—

"I am going to be married to Mr. Derwent."

* * * * * * *

Nell stood before her father, resolute and pale.

She said—

"Father, our Carry has run away, and it is my doing. She has gone away with Mr. Derwent. She has gone to be married to him."

Though the shock of the words was stunning, there was no possibility of mistaking them.

Mr. Masters rose, and stood like a man bareheaded in a storm, yet with repellent front. For one long moment he stood silent, and his face was terrible to look upon. Then he said—

"She has deceived us! She is a worthless girl! She shall never more come under my roof!"

Nell broke into loud weeping. She threw herself on her father's breast.

"Father! father! take back those words! Do you want to kill me? I tell you it is my fault—it is my fault!"

CHAPTER XVI.—THE UNRETRACEABLE STEP. AT first, sitting by Walter's side, his protecting arm around her, whirled further and further away from the scene of her misery, Carry was in no condition to realise the consequences of the step she had taken. The sudden relief from paralysing fear, from the tension of nerve with which she had dwelt on the idea of her return home, the unlooked-for escape from the anger and scorn which made that home appear a terrible place, caused her present condition to be one of mere unthinking content. As far as her feeling was concerned, this journey would never end, they two would glide on for ever, and life would be but a blissful resting at Walter's side.

To Walter, on the other hand, every moment added keenness to his consciousness of the folly, the madness of his rash act. Consequences to Carry, to her friends, to himself, revolved themselves over and over again in his brain. Look at it how he would, he could see nothing but misery now and to come. The only way out of it would be, he felt, for Carry to go home again, immediately, as soon as their train arrived at the London terminus. Yet how could it

be done? He looked down at her, as she rested on his shoulder. Her eyes were shut, her face was pale and wan, but there was on it an expression of repose and content, and the tender curves were like those of a tired child.

Remorse stabbed him to the quick. Poor little Carry! The most unselfish feeling he had yet had for her filled his heart and dimmed his eyes with moisture as he gazed. No, he could not send her back. Exhausted as she already was, it would kill her to go through more miserable excitement. And yet, if she were to go back, it must be at once. Yet, how could be risk the shock it would be to her when she discovered that he wished her to leave him? No, having taken the fatal step, he must abide by it; there was no shirking the outcome. But what was that outcome to be? Instincts of duty, wisdom, and prudence, warring with his instincts of affection, love of case, and shrinking from pain, caused a chaos within from which he strove in vain to bring forth some definite plan. At last, after what appeared to him the longest journey he had ever taken, through the darkness outside he perceived the first signs of approach to London. The next quarter of an hour was a very purgatory; and when he jumped out of the carriage into the great terminus, he had no more idea of what was to happen next than if he had never given the matter a single thought.

With a sense of rude awakening from a blissful dream, Carry stood on the platform. The hustling crowds, the glare, the noisy shouts, so unfamiliar, so strange, brought her suddenly to her senses.

How came she here? What did it all mean? Had she left behind her for ever the peace, the sacredness, the familiarness of life? Why had she this confused sense of something wrong, something degrading? Dishonour, shame-she had thought to escape these horrible things; she had thought to cast them behind her for ever, by this leap into a new world with Derwent. And now they dogged her still. It came upon her with a flash that Derwent had not meant to marry her. It had been forced upon him; she, in her weakness, had forced it on him. A gleam of selfrespecting pride struggled up through the chaos of feeling. Should her father's daughter be where she was now? Was it so she should be wooed and wedded? No, no! all had been wrong, all misery from first to last. Bitter, incomprehensible as it seemed that she should have to suffer thus, yet for the first time in her life she entered into the full realisation of that abiding law of the universe-safety, happiness, lie in the right, and wherever else they may appear to lie, will be found mere mocking "Will-o'-the-Wisps."

Outside the warm shelter of Derwent's presence the world appeared dark and cold, and full of fearful chances; yet, in spite of herself, she was urged towards it, urged to rush away into it, away from the love which made a heaven for her. She must flee, at once, that instant, before her resolution failed. He would be angry, he would entreat her to stay, but she would not falter. Whither should she flee? Not home—no, anywhere but there, where there would be cold words and looks, or a torrent of upbraiding. Her mind was made up in a moment. Walter must believe she was going home, or he would not leave her, but in reality she would go far away to some big town, and bury herself there, and be forgotten.

All this took place within her as she stood by Walter's side, while he waited to claim his luggage. When at last he turned towards her, she said—

" Mr. Derwent, I'm going back."

"God bless you for saying that, darling!" he exclaimed, pressing close the little hand that trembled on his arm. "I was never more thankful to hear anything in my life. Painful as the alternative is, it is the only one possible—the poor reparation I can make for my folly. You must go home by the mail train; it leaves in ten minutes, and no one but your own people need know that you ever left it. I wish I could take you back myself, darling; but it is better not; it is much better you should go by yourself."

When Carry was safe in a first-class carriage, under care of the guard, when he had torn himself away from her with a last tender kiss, when he recollected how composed she was, how perfectly resigned, as it seemed, to parting with him, Derwent drew a great breath of relief.

"She will be at home the first thing in the morning," he said to himself, "and then the poor child will get rested and comforted. They'll not be angry with her, not they; they'll be only too glad to get her safe. I can fancy the tears of joy and the petting, when the pretty bird flies back to the nest. Lucky girl! There's no one to care what becomes of me."

It was a necessity of Derwent's nature to be on pleasant terms with himself, as well as with the rest of the world, and it was not long before he began to feel a returning sense of self-complacency. It is, however, to be observed, to his credit, that shame remained sufficiently strong in him to cause an abiding shrinking from the recollection of his life at Hazlewood, and a sense of fitness which forbade him to communicate with Miss Lettice for many a long day to come. Derwent was not of the stuff out of which saints or heroes are made, but it is probable that he was never again entirely the same man that he had been before these events. They had at least revealed to him the possible fruits of idleness, for, ere long, he procured himself a commission in the army, in a regiment which was ordered out for active service.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE FARM AND THE VICARAGE.

DREARY days followed at the farm. To each of the elder members of the family had the catastrophe brought its individual burden. With Mr. Masters pride was a passion and honour an idol. That the breath of scandal should ever dim the bright reputa-

tion of his name, that the imputation of blame should cause to shine less clear the uprightness of his own character, were calamities that had never taken shape in his consciousness as possibilities, and they held within their opinion that he had been in the right of it, and that it was a fine thing to get your daughter married to a rich gentleman. These even hinted that the father's anger was a mere blind to conceal his re-



""Why have we the honour of this visit, sir?" p. 677.

them capacities of torture to a man of his spirit. In the village the tidings spread from neighbour to neighbour like wildfire. There was, as is usual in such cases, a spice of maliciousness in the comments that were made upon the affair. Some blamed Mr. Masters for not looking after his daughter's behaviour. Others, of a more cynical turn, expressed joicing at the success of his plans. Others, again, confined their remarks to Carry. She, it appeared, had always been considered a sly girl, putting herself too much above her station to come to a good end. Some, indeed, whispered, with a shake of the head, that, in their opinion, this prediction had been already fulfilled.

It need scarcely be said that no such constructions were put upon the matter at the Vicarage. Amazed consternation was there, and bitter disappointment that Walter should have so deceived them. There was about it a mystery also, which Miss Lettice in vain endeavoured to solve. Walter's conduct was inexplicable. If he honestly loved this girl, and wished to make her his wife, where was the reason for this utter and dishonourable secrecy? It did, indeed, occur to Miss Lettice to doubt for a moment, with a keen pang, whether poor Carry's pencil scrawl stood only for the dream of a deluded girl; but she repelled the doubt with force.

"I would stake my life that Walter is incapable of that," she cried, with energy. No, there was a mystery; nothing remained but to wait; tidings must surely come. But the matter weighed heavily upon Miss Lettice's spirit, hopeful and courageous as it was. The Masters family was plunged in deepest gloom, and for the two foolish young and exiled creatures what could be foretold but disappointment

and vain repentance?

While the attitude at the Vicarage was thus sympathetic towards Mr. Masters, his towards them was one of angry suspicion, at times expressing itself in bitter invective. The main cause for this lay, doubtless, in the fact that here, if anywhere, he might expect to be blamed, and his pride was eager to forestall this by assuming an offensive instead of defensive position. He was, moreover, a man of strong though not tender affections, and his love for his children was rooted deep down in his nature. In profession, he had cast Carry off for ever, and her deceit rendered her vile in his eyes; but in reality anxiety for her future entered largely into his feelings. Derwent had been, it will be remembered, a favourite with him, and this fact served to embitter the contempt and abhorrence with which he now regarded him. No act in his estimation could be too bad for him to perform. And with the injustice of unreasoning anger he vented his indignation on Derwent's friends at the Vicarage.

To poor Mrs. Masters, the affair would have had at first its bright side, had it not been for the attitude her husband had taken in it. Simple, loving, innocently vain, it appeared to her only natural that no one should think himself too good for her darling Carry. True, the deception, the secrecy, had been strange and startling, and many bitter tears did she shed over her child's want of confidence in her; but, she was sure it would all be explained. Carry would write in a day or two and make everything plain, and then, if Mr. Derwent would but bring her now and again to see her mother, things would be right and happy once more. But when post after post and day after day passed by, and no tidings came, Mrs. Masters, from a state of feverish expectancy, sank into one of tearful depression, from which nothing could rouse her.

In Nell's share of the family trouble there was an added and a sharper sting, which rankled in her

breast with keen smart. She had lost her sister, but she was bereft of love as well. She knew now how that love had been inwoven into the warp and woof of her daily life, now that every thought of Derwent was to her heart a stab of pain. She knew now that his nearness, and the hope of seeing him, had given a zest to her days, and a joy in the mere sense of living, now that she knew also that he had brought great darkness into her days to come.

Soon after the news reached the Vicarage, a note was brought to Nell. It was from Miss Lettice, and ran thus.

My Dear, -I know how terrible has been the shock of this to you, by the shock it has been to me. suddenness, the mystery, make it hard to bear and wait with patience. God help them both, and bring them back to us! I have loved Walter as a son, and she is your only sister. They are in God's hands; let us trust in Him for them both.

May I come to you? I have not sought to see you, nor I will not unless you give me permission.

Nell was touched. Tears, which had come to her seldom in those days, and then with painful violence, came now in healing flow. She wrote a few words, and sent them back by the messenger. They were these-

Thank you, Miss Lettice, very much. I will some day come and see you; but, please, I cannot yet,

The same evening the Vicar called at the farm. His visit was disastrously ill-timed. The comments and reports floating about in the village had just come to Mr. Masters's ears, and, sore and angry as he already was, had all but maddened him. should be suspected capable of plotting to get his daughter married above her station, had the effect of increasing his unreasoning resentment tenfold. To advance a single step towards forgiveness would be to give colour to the rumour. Towards the Vicarage, especially, he nursed his wrath.

Nell opened the front door to Mr. Oliver. He looked at her gravely, but, beyond a formal greeting, took no further notice of her. His errand was to her father. When he stood in the low doorway of the parlour, Mrs. Masters hurried forward to meet

"Eh, sir! this is good of you," she exclaimed "Come in, sir, come in."

The Vicar shook hands with her silently, then turned to Mr. Masters. He was standing on the other side the table, straining his eyes towards the

"Why have we the honour of this visit, sir?" he

The Vicar's sensitive spirit quivered under Mr. Masters' tone.

"My friend," he began, "if you will allow me to call you so-

"Nay, sir," interposed Mr. Masters, "I hardly see how that can be. When the lamb is robbed from the fold, the shepherd does not feel like calling the thief his friend,"

"Oh, John, John! what art thou thinking of, to speak like that to Mr. Oliver?—Nay, sir, don't take any heed of him. He's not himself just now, poor man."

"Hold thy tongue, mother," said Mr. Masters, but he put his hand his on his wife's shoulder, not unkindly.

The Vicar had straightened his bent shoulders, and stood at his full height.

"Masters," he said, "this injustice is not worthy of a man like you. God knows I feel acutely enough that he who has been as one of my own family has acted in a manner unworthy of my name, and deeply do I deplore it. But it were indeed a terrible thing if the shepherd of God's sheep were himself to become a robber of the fold. Have I, or my sister, ever acted towards you and yours during the many years you have known us, in a way which could justify your bitter words?"

"No, no, indeed, sir," murmured Mrs. Masters,

with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"May-be I am unjust, sir," answered Mr. Masters.
"There's little inside of me just now but feelings, and one of them is that your family has brought on mine that which words, nor deeds either, can't amend. He's one of your belongings, sir, the villain that's stolen my daughter."

"If that be your attitude towards me," said the Vicar, "there remains nothing more for me to say, except to express—and that was my purpose in coming here—my fellow-feeling with your grief, and my trust that you know where to look for sustaining grace. You will not refuse to shake hands with me?"

"No, sir; but there's a word I should like to say before you go, which I'd rather you heard from my own mouth than from the gossips. It is this, sir, that, be my days long or short, never shall I darken yon church doors again."

The Vicar started slightly, the bodily sign of an inward shock. As he was about to speak, Mr.

Masters interrupted him.

"Nay, sir, excuse me; I know all you'd say, and I'm not in the mood for arguments."

"So be it, Masters," and the two men shook hands

silently, and parted.

An hour later, Miss Lettice tapped at the door of her brother's study. Receiving no answer, she entered. The Vicar sat at the table, his head buried in his hands. His sister touched him gently on the shoulder.

"James," she said, "what is it?"

He raised his head, and said, with a faint smile—
"The old thing, Lettice, the old thing; my life is now, as it ever was, a failure."

"What has happened, brother?"

"I have been to see Masters, and he has repulsed me. He declares, moreover, that he will never enter the church doors again."

"Oh, you don't say so, James! I am sorry, I am sorry!" and Miss Lettice's eyes filled with tears.

"You see, Lettice, how clear a proof is this, if I had needed any, of the absolute powerlessness of my influence among my parishioners. When trouble comes upon them, they fling me and my teaching aside. 'Yea, I have spent my strength for nought, and my labour is in vain."

"James, you are wrong—as you always are—on this subject. Oh, that you would not let this despondency eat away your courage and your common sense. Look at the facts of the case, and see here a man of fierce pride, and unsubdued will, blindly striking at all which seems connected with his grief. I, too, have had a repulse to-day, though couched in gentler terms than yours. See here;" and Miss Lettice showed him the note she had received from Nell.

"Brother," she said, in a solemn voice, "we are both cut off from this. Let us stand on one side, and see what God will do. He means to work alone, and His work is sure, and will never err. Let us take off our shoes from our feet, for this is holy ground,"

(To be concluded.)

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

THE PURSUIT OF RELIGION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



HE scene with which the Evangelist Luke here* presents us is in many respects a very impressive one. Our Saviour's popularity from the time of His entering upon His public ministry seems to have steadily increased, till

His fame as a teacher and a worker of miracles was everywhere noised abroad, through the length and breadth of the land. This popularity, however, was not based upon an intelligent understanding of His character, or any proper recognition of His claims. It was not such as Christ could regard or speak of with approval, but still it was such as to insure Him a considerable following of people whithersoever He went.

He was at this time drawing near to Jericho—surrounded by a large throng of those who were desirous of witnessing, or of being benefited

* St. Luke xix, 1-10

by the miracles which He might work; and the expectations of those who accompanied Him were heightened by the circumstance that in the immediate vicinity of the city there occurred the incident-the recovery of the blind man-recorded at the close of the previous chapter.

It would seem that the approach of Christ was anticipated by those who dwelt in Jericho, and that large numbers went forth that they might see and hear Him with whose reputation they must have been familiar. The waysides in the neighbourhood of the city are densely crowded with those who are anxious to get a glimpse of Jesus as He passes. There, eagerly awaiting His arrival, are representatives of all classes in that city, rich and poor, young and old, learned and

ignorant, Pharisee and publican.

Our interest is especially excited by a man named Zacchæus, who was chief among the publicans, and who was rich. He was a man of position and influence, as farming the Roman revenues in that district. This man desired to see Jesus, and not merely, we may suppose, to gratify a vain curiosity-not merely that he might be able afterwards to say that he had seen this worker of miracles, and perhaps had witnessed some miracle wrought by His power. There was, it may be, some intermingling of such curiosity (few at that time could have been altogether free from it); but there was something deeper and more genuine than that-something, the almost unsuspected existence of which distinguished him from the crowd around. Zacchæus is another instance of those who, in their first approach to Christ, go seeking and expecting something, though at the time they can scarcely say what. There was in his heart an aching void, a certain unsatisfied desire, which he hoped Jesus might be able and willing to meet, He reminds us of those Greek strangers at the feast who went to Philip, and said, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

Zacchæus has already heard of Jesus, has heard of Him as the Friend of publicans and sinners, as ready to welcome and to bless those whom men would ordinarily reject. He has heard, it may be, of that miracle, then everywhere much talked about, wrought not long before this time—the raising of Lazarus from the dead. But though he has heard so much about Jesus, he has never seen Him—he has not become acquainted with His person. But now he must go and see Jesus for himself; and we may suppose that he went forth with the hope, however vague and ill-defined, of meeting with a blessing. He needs no material bestowment, he goes not forth like those lame, and blind, and diseased, who throng the highway, and who hope that the Son of David may have compassion upon them, and heal them, for he is the subject of no bodily infirmity. But while he desires no material gift,

we can conceive of him going forth in expectation of some spiritual blessing, which even a publican may receive and enjoy.

Though we are not told much concerning him, we have a revelation of character in what we are told as to his occupation, and the mode and circumstances of his approach to Jesus. He was a publican or tax-collector. He was the chief publican in that district, which occupation he seems to have found or made a lucrative one, for we read that he was rich. In that one word "publican" we have much expressed which helps us to an understanding of Zacchæus' previous life. We all know that this was among the Jews a term of reproach, and why it was so. The office was deemed so disreputable that to undertake it was virtually to excommunicate one's self, and as a consequence, very few who had any reputation to lose would

engage in it.

Now it is not easy for us to understand why all this opprobrium should have attached itself to the office of collecting even the most obnoxious tax, until we take into account the circumstances of the case. The publicans were not men who, like our tax-gatherers, received a regular salary, or fixed remuneration, for doing a regular and carefully prescribed work. They farmed the taxes—i.e., paid the Government so much for the right of collecting certain taxes in a certain district, the surplus forming their remuneration. The natural consequence of this was that they were tempted to extortion, to overcharge, for all they gathered beyond a certain sum they got for themselves. And the taxes being imposed by a dominant and alien race, redress would be next to impossible. At the suit of a despised Jew, a Roman judge would be little likely to punish the imposition of a Roman official. If we take these circumstances into account, we can understand how, in Jewish esteem, the office grew to be so utterly detestable. And the effect of this was to exclude men of honour and reputation from the calling, and to crush down the remains of noble and honourable sentiment in those who engaged in it.

To this class belonged Zacchæus. In this occupation he had been engaged the greater part of his life; an occupation in which, to say the least of it, it must have been exceedingly difficult to keep up a moderately high tone of moral character. Taking all these circumstances into account, he is not the man whom we should have expected to find moved with so strong a desire to see Jesus; and that this was no ordinary desire we may conclude from the mode and circumstances of his approach to the Saviour, and from the way in which he was treated by Him.

There is evident proof afforded by him of earnestness of purpose. Though as a publican and a Roman official he would be disliked by the Jews, yet as the chief of the revenue department in that neighbourhood, and as wealthy, he would occupy a distinguished position in the city, and as such would be naturally averse from mixing up with the poor followers of the Nazarene Teacher or any vulgar crowd which might flock forth to see Him. This feeling has hitherto prevailed, for we may suppose that many times before this Jesus has been in the neighbourhood, but all previous opportunities of seeing Him have been neglected and despised. But Zacchæus has now got the mastery of that pride, reserve, timidity which have hitherto held him back; now no longer will this high Roman official hold aloof-he will go and see Jesus. As proof of his earnestness, the depth and sincerity of his desire, we may point to the fact that this rich man goes forth in open day, in the middle of the town, that in common with the lowest and poorest of the crowd he might see Jesus, who He was. So strong is his desire, that he climbs up into a sycomore-tree by the wayside as one of the sight-seeing multitude.

In this we have proof of earnest desire, in this, too, perhaps, we have proof of a certain measure of remaining timidity and reserve. He wants to see Jesus, but for the time he cares not to thrust himself into the very presence of the Saviour, to stand in the first rank of the crowd which lines the highway, and being small of stature there was little chance of seeing Him if he remained only on the margin of the crowd. Thus situated, with a measure of fearfulness and irresolution, with a measure also, it may be, of laudable humility, and certainly with a strong and overpowering desire to see Jesus, he ascends the sycomore-tree, and there in its leafy shade awaits by the wayside the passing of the Saviour.

All this we may conceive of as having happened in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, and in the midst of that crowd which had thronged forth to meet Jesus. In the meantime Jesus, who was surrounded by the crowd which accompanied Him, was drawing nearer and nearer to the city, and while Zacchæus was waiting in the sycomore tree, and so many of his fellow-townsfolk were waiting by the wayside in the immediate vicinity of Jericho, the blind man, who had wandered forth further than they, found in Christ, the Son of David, one who could open blind eyes, and give light to them who sit in darkness.

In the midst of the crowd, now including the man miraculously restored to sight, our Saviour approaches the city, the multitude, in the meanwhile, uniting with the man in giving praise to God, because of the miracle which had been wrought. In the midst of this multitude, constantly increased by the accession of those who were waiting by the roadside, Jesus advances upon Jericho. He is now opposite the sycomore tree, in the shadow of whose branches Zacchæus is seated. The Saviour pauses before the treethe progress of the crowd is arrested, the silence

of a breathless expectancy prevails, the people look for some new sign to be shown, and wonder upon whom Christ's healing power is next to be exercised. Zacchæus probably accounts it a happy circumstance that Jesus should halt just where He does, where he will have so good an opportunity of witnessing any deed of mercy He might perform, of listening to any word of wisdom or grace which He might utter. The silence is at length broken by the unexpected address of Christ. Looking up to the tree, and seeing there the chief publican, Jesus says, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

Here we have an instance of that wonderful discriminating power which Jesus so often manifested in dealing with the children of men, He gave constant proof that "He knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man." He who beheld Nathanael under the fig-tree; He who arranged the interview with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, which issued in blessing to so many; He who saw Nicodemus in the crowd, and waited for that visit by night which He knew the Jewish ruler would pay; now waits before the sycomoretree, discerns Zacchæus, who hides in its branches. penetrates the secret of his heart, interprets his unuttered desires, invites Himself to his housethe only instance we have on record of our Saviour acting thus. Before this He has been the invited guest of publicans, but to-day He will be the self-invited guest of Zacchæus, the chief of the publicans. "Zacchæus," He exclaims, "make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." He calleth His own sheep by name; He knows who this man is, and what this man wants. It is as though He said, "I know thee, I know what is in thine heart, what has led thee forth from thy home, what has led thee to lay aside, so far, thy pride, thy fearfulness, what has led thee, the chief man of all the publicans, to climb up into that sycomore-tree; Zacchæus, I know it all-I know thee, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."

How does the boundless love of the Saviour of sinners gleam forth here! What an illustration have we of the truth of those words-"for the Son of Man is come to seek out and save the lost." Zacchæus had gone forth in haste, but the Saviour was more in haste, for there would be no time remaining for any later visit; this is the last time of His passing through Jericho, and this the last public testimony of His grace—the manifestation of Himself as the sinner's Friend to Zacchæus, the conversion of the chief of the publicans—and so the word to him upon whom this great honour is put, is, "Make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." Zacchæus is not terrified—all fear, all shame, all reserve are gone; he is instantly won by the

treely manifested love of the Saviour; he makes haste and comes down, and with joy and gratitude he accompanies his distinguished Guest to his house. Each had found what each sought. The sinner had found the Saviour, the Saviour had found the sinner. The Good Shepherd, who was so soon to lay down His life for His sheep, had found and folded a lost and wandering sheep, and was rejoicing over it; while the rich publican was rejoicing in the possession of that which was of more worth to him than thousands of gold and silver.

This announcement by Jesus of His intention to abide in the house of Zacchæus, though it awakened joy in heaven, was the occasion of murmuring on earth. They, the Scribes and Pharisees, who were mingling with the crowd, when they saw this, all murmured, saying that He was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner. It was to them an astonishing and, indeed, an utterly offensive thing, that a public teacher, who was ever insisting on the necessity of holiness and righteousness, should go to the house of and consent to be entertained by a man who was a sinner. And, in addition to the objection which they would urge against him as a Roman official and tax-gatherer, it would seem from Zacchæus' own confession that he had been guilty of injustice and oppression. The statement which the chief publican makes, we can scarcely regard as describing what had been till now his practice, but rather as the expression of his newly-formed purpose. "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold."

These people, jealous of the honour which Jesus puts upon him, charge Zacchæus with being a sinner. He knows that he is a sinner-he does not wish to disguise the fact from himself or others; and what he here says is not to be understood as a justification of himself or of his past life; but as the expression, the proof and evidence of his penitence. We cannot suppose that he is here alluding to his well-known practice, but rather announcing his purpose—his intention-and he does this in the hearing of those who may hereafter take him at his word, and claim the return which he professes himself willing to allow. Subdued by the grace of God, and the love of Jesus, one of the earliest expressions of the new and better life to which he has attained, is to be seen in this—that he not only proposes to be generous, to give half his goods to the poor-had he done no more than that, men might have said that he was but giving in charity what he had acquired by fraud-he determines, and he publicly announces his determination, to be just-he lets all men know that whatever he has unjustly taken, he is ready to restore fourfold. Yes, Zacchæus will afford evidence of the reality of the change which has passed over him by being both generous and just. The profession of his purpose is made to the Lord Himself, though in the hearing of the people, who had charged him with being a sinner. "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." upon our Saviour publicly and plainly declares the purpose contemplated by Him in going to the house of Zacchæus-" and Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come to this house, forsomuch as he also is a son of Abraham." He is admitted to the enjoyment of all the blessings of salvation, and led to believe in Jesus, whose day Abraham saw from afar, and was glad-he is blessed with believing Abraham. And then, in the concluding words, we have the mystery cleared up, over which both the believing Jews and the believing disciples stumbled—that He went to be the Guest of a man who was a sinner. The Saviour plainly tells them that was the very design of His mission and ministry, to rescue the miserable and perishing, "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."

As we read this Gospel narrative, let us remember that what the Lord Jesus did on that one occasion in the neighbourhood of Jericho, and in the instance of Zacchæus, the chief of the publicans, He is always doing. He still meets with us in the way, He comes to us as a selfinvited Guest, He graciously takes up His abode in the hearts and homes of men, and wherever He comes seeking admission, and wherever He is believingly received, He comes, bringing salvation with Him. And as we have the grace and compassion of our Divine Redeemer commended to us by His action on this occasion, have we not our duty commended to us by the conduct of Zacchæus? When the Lord Jesus said to this chief publican, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house," his reply was prompt and practical-"he made haste, and came down and received Him joyfully." Are we not here taught that when Christ calls, our response should be prompt and unhesitating?

We have many examples in the New Testament of those who heard Christ's voice, and manifested an instant readiness to obey His call. Nothing is more wonderful than the way in which our Saviour gathered men unto Himself. We see them engaged in their ordinary vocations, and to them as thus occupied He makes His appeal. He uses no argument, no persuasion; He makes no promises, offers no inducements, but fixing His gaze upon them, He quietly, authoritatively expresses His will in two or three simple words, and the work is done, the mysterious change is effected, and they to whom these soul-compelling words are addressed, forthwith forsake their fishing-boats and friends, the occupations of

business, the engagements of professional life, and become the servants and followers of the Lord. It was so with Andrew and Peter and James and John; it was so with Matthew the publican; and the Apostle Paul, referring to the way in which he treated the call of Christ, says, "immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." And so here, Zacchæus, as soon as he heard the voice of Christ addressing him, "made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully." Still is the Great Redeemer making His appeal to one and another, and to His appeal the same ready and cheerful response should be rendered. The word is, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." "Now is the

accepted time, now is the day of salvation," Those who hear Christ's gracious call should remember that they may never hear it again, This was Zacchæus' last opportunity. Saviour was passing through Jericho for the last time, never again was His form to be seen, or His voice heard there; hence the urgency of His appeal. "Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house." Happy they who hear the voice of Jesus for themselves, calling them by name, offering to take possession of their hearts as a self-invited Guest, and who, hearing His voice, and distinguishing it from every strange voice, "make haste and receive Him joyfully."

OLD GRANNY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON," ETC.

WANT to tell you about Old Granny before the breath of time has made her face dim to my memory. She was always called Old Granny, but her name was Sarah Thornton, and she lived in one room with her little granddaughter, up the steps at the cottage at the end of

Thorp's Yard, at Fernmere, in Cumberland. We were staying, a party of us, at the Fernmere Hotel—had taken rooms for a month—and we had tired a little of always going about together over the Lake district; so by the time we got to Fernmere we went our separate ways. We were people who liked best to be unshackled by the bonds of mock politeness.

It was the grandchild I knew first. I met her halfway up Skiddaw on a broiling August day, without a scrap of bonnet to keep the sun's rays off her curly head.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Looking for ferns," she answered, in the sweet north-country dialect, which I cannot reproduce, for I do not know how to spell it; "though it's not a very likely spot."

She was a very self-possessed child—only a child though, not more than eight, or nine at most.

"What do you do with them when you find them?"

"Sell them to the grand folk to take to London. Made four shillings last week; shan't do that often, though," she added reflectively.

"And what do you do with the money?" I

"Why, give it to Granny, course," she said, staring at me with wide-open eyes, as if she wondered whether in all the world there was any other direction in which I supposed the money could go.

"I think I should like some ferns," I said ; "let me

see what you have this evening. Can you come to the hotel?"

'I'll come," she answered shortly, "What's your name?" she asked, in a practical business-like manner.

"My name is Gibserne—mind you don't forget."
But for reply she only nodded, and was soon out of sight.

She had a non-eager manner of conducting her trade that was quite at variance with the triumphant air with which she had told me the amount of her earnings. I almost wondered if she would think it worth while to come.

The evening passed away without a sign of her. She had not thought it worth while, that was evident. Two days passed, and I had forgotten all about her. Besides, Fernmere was so lovely I had decided to settle down there for a little while, and reflected that I should have plenty of time to gather ferns for myself.

The third evening I was sitting alone, looking out of window and up at the everlasting hills rising high behind the houses on the other side of the street. Suddenly over the rough awkward stones with which the primitive village roads were paved I saw a little figure coming swiftly towards the hotel.

"It's a visitor I want, that's called Gibserne," I could hear her say at the doorway; "has she gone yet"

"No, come up," I cried. "Why, how is it you have not brought your ferns for me to see before?" I asked, as she entered, noticing she carried a basket in her hands. "Have you been making so much you didn't think it worth while?"

"No, I 've made nothing," she said shortly.

"Well, I don't think I want any now. I shall be here some time; I can get them myself."

She looked up at me with a sad sad expression in

her almost babyish blue eyes—I shall never forget it.

"Granny's very ill," she said, dropping her voice at the second word, in a way that gave it a wonderful intensity, and then she pulled out a coloured handkerchief from her pocket, and covered her face, and sobbed till her little frame shook, and the light danced about the gold in her hair.

"Please buy them," she said. "Granny's very bad."
"My dear child," I answered, startled, "I'll buy them all. How much are they—there's the money —but tell me what is the matter with your Granny; shall I come and see her?" And after some persuasion I found myself on the way to Thorp's Yard. It was a small room, whitewashed, with a stone floor, and a pattern chalked round it. There was a deal table in the middle of the room, a few cane chairs round, and in one corner a bedstead, on which an old woman was lying, her head and shoulders propped up by bundles of clothes, or anything else that could be made to answer the purpose of pillows.

"Is it you, little 'un?" she asked, feebly, as we entered. Then, perhaps distinguishing the sound of strange footsteps, she looked quickly round.

" It 's the lady from the hotel," the child said.

"She's very good. Will you sit a bit?" the old woman gasped. "Libby, lass, put a chair."

And the child having put the seat for me—she dusted it with her apron first, careful little soul—proceeded to light a bit of fire, and warm some beeftea which we had brought with us from the hotel.

"It's very kind of you to come," the woman said, looking up with a smile on her worn thin face. It was evident she was in pain, and the smile forced, yet there was a strange sweetness in it that did away with the seeming ungraciousness when she added, "Kind enough, ma'am, but it's little you can do me, an' I know it; and if it wasn't for the lass, I'd be glad of it." She told me what the deadly disease was, and I knew there was indeed no hope for her. Besides, it was then in its last stages. I often wondered how she bore it as I sat by her side, in the days that followed, and when I saw her face convulsed with pain, and yet not a groan escaped from her tightly compressed lips. People had no right to cry out unless they couldn't bear themselves at all, she said one day, when I expressed my surprise at her endurance. "People are very kind and feelin," she said, "and if they can help one, one's right to let 'em know, so that they may; but if it 's no good they can do, it's no good distressing them." What an unconscious stoic she was, to be sure! I, sitting beside her and remembering how often I had chafed impatiently beneath little aches and pains, and worried others with my petty burdens, felt small in the presence of this peasant. She was always content, too. It seemed to me that she had very scanty fare, for she had only what the parish allowed her, and what Libby made by selling ferns, but she never once grumbled, "Folk had been wonderful and kind," she said, "most of them up and down Thorp's

Yard was poor, but it was surprisin' how often they found means to bring her things, and time to sit with her awhile."

"Have you no one belonging to you in the world but little Libby?" I asked her one day. "Has your husband been dead many years?" for I concluded that, of course, he was dead.

"He's not dead at all as I knows on," she answered, the tears gathering into her eyes; "we parted many years ago, and I've only heard of him once since, and that was long ago."

"Wasn't he good to you?"

"Yes, good enough at times, ma'am, and he was allays fond of me. I don't think he ever looked at any one else not since I was a lass; I don't believe he ever has, though I'm more than seventy years of age."

"Then why is it?" I asked.

"He was a very proud man, and he never showed or said what he felt; he was above it. But he'd his weakness, ma'am—it was drink. He conquered his longing often and often, and he'd vow never to touch it again; then he'd go back to it all of a sudden, and there was no doing anything with him. He used to be ashamed afterwards, to be sure."

"Well?"

"Well, ma'am, at last he signed the pledge. It's years ago now when Libby's father there was younger than she, and now he's been in his grave these many years, he and his wife, and I've neither chick nor child belonging to me, save that little lass yonder," nodding at Libby, who was taking advantage of my visit to set out to the hotel on a mercantile expedition.

"And after he signed the pledge?"

"Yes, ma'am, for two years and nine months there wasn't a happier couple for ten miles round. Then one day—it was the hiring day; I remember it as well as may be—he got overtook by bad men's words and ways, and he forgot himself. When he came home at night he was drunk, ma'am—that drunk he couldn't stand; and he seemed to be ashamed even then, before he was sober yet, and he gave way to bad language and reproached me with things that never had been, and he hit me. He never had before.

"He slept it off; but he couldn't get over the fall to his pride, and he was ashamed to think I carried about the mark of his hand on my face. I would have thought little about that, though he never struck me before; but all the rest was heavier than the blow." And Granny sighed sadly, and looked up at the mountains that reared their mighty sides close by the windows of her poor little room. The pain, too, seemed to catch her, and she stopped again for a few minutes; then she went on, and I did not try to prevent her, feeling it must be a relief to talk of her troubles, instead of brooding over them alone. "Well, ma'am, and I went about as usual, and when folks asked about my face I put them off with anything. But things get no better. At last one day

the minister came down. My master was out, and he walked straight in and asked me if he had taken to drink again; it was true; and then quite by chance, he asked if he'd given me a blow on my cheek.

"And I couldn't tell a good man a lie, ma'am. There's more lies told to bad people nor good, I think, for there's something in a good man's face that drives falsehood away before it. I think the minister shouldn't have asked me, for it was makin' a wife turn witness against her own man. He should have asked James himself; but he meant good, I know though he did harm. So I told him the truth, and he told James-that's my husband, is James, ma'am -and James told the minister he'd no business to come spying about and getting between man and wife; and when he came in to me he said bitter words, and then he took himself off and I didn't hear of him for years," She stopped a moment, "I often wonder how it was he could forget all the years I stood by him for the sake of the one time I turned agin him; but I suppose the sting of one was sharper than the other was sweet."

"And you never heard from him again?"

"Yes, ma'am, I heard once; he wrote to say he'd been sorry for it all, and he wasn't doing well. He was over in Adelaide; but he'd come back some day, and he said he was as fond of me as ever; and I wrote back an' said I'd come to him, and I went. I worked and worked to save the money, and I advertised, and got a lady to take me free for nursing her children on the way out. I'll never forget how I counted the days all that way out, and how I thought on all he'd say when he caught sight of me. I used to think I'd hear him say, 'Well, Sally, lass, I'm not surprised; you was allays a determined 'un, and here you are, an' I am gkad!' that's what he would have said, I know, ma'am."

"Well?"

"Well, ma'am, after that waiting and hoping, and praying, I got there, but he wasn't to be found. He'd gone away months before. I found out where he'd worked; he'd been drinking on and off, they said. They didn't speak over-well of him, but that was because they didn't understand him. He wanted understanding, did James, ma'am."

" And did you ever find him?"

"No, ma'am—never, never. I followed him from place to place, now on a trace of him, now losing him altogether; and at last, after two year of it, workin' at first one place and then another, I managed to scrape up enough money to come home. I thought it better to come home, then he'd know where to find me; but he's never been. I've waited, and waited. I am waiting now; but he'll be too late soon."



"'What are you doing ?' I asked,"-p. 682,



"'It's very kind of you to come,' the woman said."- p. 683.

"Perhaps he is waiting for you, Granny," I said gently.

"No, ma'am, he's not dead. I'd have known somehow. I don't know how, but I'd have known. No, ma'am, it's just his firmness that's kept him away. He's not doin' well, and doesn't like to come back and be a burden. But I know he'd give his life for me yet, ma'am." And she looked up with the bright smile on her worn pained face.

"I know he's thought of me wherever he's been, and I like that of him—he'd never a thought for any one else."

She never saw the selfishness of love that could go on through the years, making no sign, expressing no desire to know even whether she lived or died.

"I often think of the sorrow he's been saved being away—the boy's death soon after he'd married, and then his poor wife, and little Libby only left me, and then this trouble that's come; and yet, oh, ma'am! I'd give the world to see him once more."

I never had another conversation with her. She was much worse the next day, and the next.

"If it wasn't for the lass, and the thought I might see him again, I'd be too thankful to go," she said, clenching her hands with pain; and yet her voice was gentle and sweet. "I often think," she said, suddenly, "the reason we loves Jesus Christ is not only because we think of Him as God come down from heaven, but as one of us, and bearing pain as we have to bear it. He bore it, and I am sure I'll bear it, ma'am."

It was late at night when she said these words. The next day when I entered the bare room, all was still, and a white sheet was over the bed. It covered a quiet form that would never know pain or sorrow more.

I took Libby away and found a place for her. She is a woman now, and married, with little children round her knee.

Two winters after Granny died, there came a letter from her husband. He was dying, and had got a friend to write and say good-bye. He'd not been good to her, he said, and he'd not led a good life these many years; he'd not even been true to her, as he ought to have been, and it troubled him sadly now, and he prayed her to forgive him, who would be gone home long before this letter reached her.

The tears came into my eyes as I remembered old Granny's simple faith in his constancy to her. "At any rate, I am only thankful she died before it came," I said; "this would have broken her heart. I am thankful she has gone; there are worse things than death."

My Saviour is Near.



ALFRED SAKER, A MISSIONARY PIONEER.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.



IE death of Alfred Saker, the African missionary, must have recalled to many minds the noble devotion and self-sacrificing zeal of his useful life. A man of whom the renowned David Livingstone could express himself so strongly ought not to pass away without some record of his great life-work. "Take it all in

all," says Dr. Livingstone-"especially having regard to its many-sided character-the work of Alfred Saker at Cameroons and Victoria is, in my judgment, the most remarkable work on the African coast," This must be deemed a testimony of the highest value, alike on account of the sound judgment of the writer, his many opportunities of knowing and testing the work of African missionaries, and his vast and intimate acquaintance with every phase of African life. And what the great African traveller and explorer has testified has been witnessed to by other travellers, as well as by traders and others, who have visited the scenes of his labours, whether friendly to missionary effort or otherwise. The life-work of such a man may be his best memorial, but he should have at least some brief record which may reach the public eye at home, and exert its proper influence on the rising generation.

Alfred Saker was born at the village of Borough Green, Wrotham, Kent, a few miles from Maidstone, July 21st, 1814. He was in many respects an original character, owing very little to either human teaching or training.

As a skilled engineer in the Royal Dockvard at Chatham, he soon rose to a place of trust, and to take the oversight of his department. A similar position he afterwards occupied at Devonport. At what time and by what means his heart was won to God, and his life devoted to the service of his Saviour, remains to be told by those who know the secrets of his private life. It must have been while young, however, for in 1835 he was known and beloved as an active member and Sunday-school teacher of the Baptist Church, Morrice Square, Devonport, then under the charge of the Rev. Thomas Horton, only recently deceased. It is said that even then "he was continually harping on the one string of 'going as a missionary to Africa." If he had not Africa-on-thebrain, the state and needs of the Dark Continent lay heavy on his heart; so much so that, as an intimate friend has said, he would sometimes, in the midst of ordinary conversations, be sighing, "Africa, Africa." Following out this strong desire of his heart, he offered himself to the Baptist Missionary Society, and was accepted. In 1843 he left his native land in the Society's ship Dove, as an assistant missionary, combining therewith the duties of engineer on board the vessel which, it was hoped, might be a means of transit for the missionaries, as their duties called

them from place to place on the coast. This scheme failed, and henceforth Alfred Saker gave himself wholly to the work to which he had consecrated his life.

He was stationed at Fernando Po, an island belonging to Spain. Here the mission flourished for a time, though death laid low one weary worker after another, and Alfred Saker, though for a season bereft of all his European colleagues, and often smitten down by diseases incident to the climate, struggled on with an indomitable energy, and a strength of will surprising to all but those who knew the man, his dauntless courage, his fervent love to the African races, and his steadfast faith in God. The bitter hostility of the Spanish Government, however, to evangelical missions, and the unrelenting opposition of the Romish priesthood, resulted in an order for the missionaries to leave the island. This they were compelled to do. After a time, and through the strenuous efforts of Sir S. M. Peto, then M.P. for Norwich, backed by the Foreign Secretary, the Society received from the Spanish Government a compensation for the loss of their property thus summarily vacated. The work in the island has since been taken up by another body of Christians, under more favourable circumstances.

Mr. Saker, however, had already established himself on the mainland, near the Cameroons River. Having visited the tribes located on this stream, he selected a spot which afterwards became the site of the mission-house. The cottage of one room standing on the ground which he purchased of King Aqua, he enlarged from time to time, adding room after room, working with his own hands, and assisted by the noble-minded woman who ever proved herself a helpmeet for him, until the building was fitted for all the requirements of the mission.

In the commencement of his missionary career, as early as 1846, he saw and felt the great need of the people, and formed the noble purpose which he was permitted to carry to a successful issue. He resolved by the help of God to give the Bible to the people in their own language. Writing in June, 1846, he says, "From my return from Clarence, in February, until now (excepting one month), I have made the study of the language my special work; and, though I cannot say much as to the advance I have made, yet I hope it is something; and I hope more—that I shall live to translate the whole Bible into the Dualla tongue. With Divine assistance I have a settled purpose to do so, and I hope not to relinquish my work until it is done."

The zeal with which he devoted himself to his great undertaking is surprising, and sufficiently refutes the idea, which some people cherish, that a missionary's life is a life of luxury and ease. He continues in the same letter:—



MISSION HOUSE AND SCHOOL, AMBAS BAY, CAMEROONS, WEST AFRICA. (From a Photograph.)

"Yesterday I was sickly; the day before, translating; to-day, from five A.M. till seven P.M., transcribing my lessons and arranging grammar, and from seven till twelve writing letters (seven to twelve is extra, as my bed-time is nine). I have corrected my first class-book, nearly completed the second, and shall, if spared, soon begin my oral instructions in Dualla."

This was his language and his high purpose in 1846, and for the rest of his life he laboured with unremitting zeal and devotion at the herculean task.

In order rightly to appreciate the work of this faithful servant of God, and the difficulties he had to encounter in prosecuting it, as well as the courage and determination with which he met and overcame them, it must be remembered that the Dualla tribes were not only savages, but actually cannibals. In entering on his work he did so with his life in his hand. He might any day be killed and not unlikely eaten by the people he sought to raise to civilisation and save through faith in Christ. Of the latter, however, he had no fear, if he had of the former. Kill him they might, he would say, but—alluding to his spare form and attenuated body—who would think of eating him?

But though his life was wonderfully preserved, he encountered great trials, and passed through terrible dangers. The people several times purposed to kill him, in their ignorance and love of darkness rather than light, accounting him their greatest enemy, although he was willing to lay down his life for their sakes. When Dr. Underhill visited the station some years ago, Mr. Saker pointed out a man who had in some way employed poison to destroy him,

and the man, whose wicked purpose had been frustrated, confessed himself to Dr. Underhill that it was true. His hatred had been turned to love, for God had made him the subject of renewing grace, and he became a sincere Christian and a faithful helper.

The labour of reducing such a language as the Dualla to writing, and then to form class-books for teaching, to prepare a grammar, a dictionary, and other appliances for the work of translating, was no easy task, and to pursue this work amid all the difficulties that beset him, amid frequent interruptions in the discharge of his other duties as a missionary, and his efforts to impart to the people the common arts of civilised life, was what only such a man as he could have done. Not only did he preach and teach, make long journeys from place to place in exploring the neighbourhood, and obtaining in every way the fullest insight into the language by mixing freely among the people, but he taught them to make bricks, to build houses, to till the ground, to cook their food, and make clothes suited to the requirements of civilised society.

When he first settled on the Cameroons River, the people were in a wretched state of poverty, and were not seldom very short of food, though living in a country capable of producing all the requirements and most of the luxuries of life. For two-thirds of the year they were mostly dependent on the wild fruits of the forest. Mr. Saker induced them to devote themselves more regularly and thoroughly to the cultivation of the soil, and encouraged them in the raising of the various plants which he introduced, such as bread-fruit, oranges, mangoes, and other fruits suitable for daily consumption. They soon

learned to grow enough of these articles, not only to supply their own needs, but to furnish the ships which frequented the river with vegetables in exchange for European productions.

But while he was thus engaged, building, planting, and cultivating, his more important work as an ambassador of the Cross was not neglected. In preaching and teaching he was as diligent as in giving instructions concerning secular things, while in both piety and prudence, diligence in business and fervour of spirit, love to God and love to man, he not only set the natives a lofty example of Christian character, but was working out for all missionary

labourers a noble pattern of Christ-like simplicity, ever-growing faith, untiring diligence, and selfconsuming zeal and love.

He was strenuous in his efforts to root up the evil customs of the people, especially such as accompanied the death of King Aqua, when much blood was shed in honour of the departed chieftain, verifying the reference in the prayer of the Psalmist to such scenes :- " Have respect unto the covenant, for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty" (Ps. lxxiv. 20).

Dr. Underhill was told, when on a visit to the district a few years ago, that Mr. Saker's influence was so great that on the death

of the chief above-mentioned, he might have become himself their king. Such a thing, however, was far enough from his thoughts. For such a missionary to have been "shrivelled up" into a petty king would have been a calamity, indeed.

No; he had a nobler vocation, and a grander work before him, even to give to those tribes a written language, and in that language the best of all gifts, the precious Bible, where

> Mines of knowledge, love, and joy, Are opened to our sight: The purest gold, without alloy, And gems divinely bright.

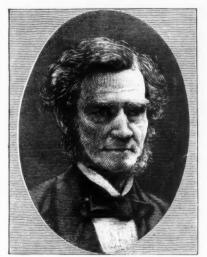
This, as we have seen, was his purpose in the earlier years of his missionary life, and this he kept steadily before him for thirty-four years, amid all kinds of trials, much sickness, and many hindrances, until the great purpose was accomplished, and the word of God was printed from beginning to end, and printed in Africa too, the type and paper having been sent over from England, and printed by Dualla young

men, whose grandfathers had been cannibals, Mr. Saker and one of his daughters both superintending and assisting,

To accomplish this work amid all his other engagements, required not only zeal and devotion, but unusual diligence, and the work in a climate like that of the west coast of Africa, which has been called "the white man's grave," must have been in no slight degree exhausting and consuming. It was stated at his funeral that he seldom devoted less than sixteen hours a day to his work, embracing manual labour, preaching and teaching, and the study required to give him a mastery of the language, and that when

driven to his bed by sickness, he usually carried his books with him, never allowing bodily pain and infirmity to hinder his great work.

When the missionaries were driven from the island of Fernando Po, and were compelled to seek another field for their labour of love, Mr. Saker was equal to the occasion. He made it his business to seek a new settlement, where the new converts might be able to support themselves and their families, and where they might serve God with freedom of conscience, and without fear of molesta-This new settlement, was founded in Amboises Bay, within easy distance of Fernando Po, and only a day's sail from



ALFRED SAKER.

the Cameroons River, where he himself lived.

"After surveying the whole region," says Dr. Underhill, "he saw that was the place to found a colony, where the work of God could be carried on, and the knowledge of His grace be proclaimed.

"With little difficulty he purchased a stretch of land on the coast from the Bimbia chief, King William, and began to prepare houses and dwellings for the exiles With his own hands he showed them how to clear the ground, and erect suitable dwellings. The accomplishment of this great work was due to his energy, and the colony of Victoria owes to his untiring care for many years its successful existence."

Meanwhile, his own sphere and work at Cameroons were not neglected. He preached the Gospel, he established schools, he enlarged the church, and taught his converts the useful arts of civilised life, even to the construction of pots and kettles. Of course some of their efforts at the first were but rude and imperfect, but they soon made progress, and the town gradually assumed a more respectable

appearance. Of the character of his work, viewed from without, there is ample testimony, so that we

do not rely alone on the report of friends.

"Of the work he did," says Mr. A. H. Baynes, secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, "let others speak. One of the most noted of modern African travellers, who visited the coast only a few years ago, with no sympathy for mission work, and no personal regard for Christianity, wrote: 'I do not at all understand how the changes at Cameroons and Victoria have been brought about. Old sanguinary customs have to a large extent been abolished; witchcraft hides itself in the forest; the fetish superstition of the people is derided by old and young, and well-built houses are springing up on every hand. It is really marvellous to mark the change that has taken place in the natives in a few years only. From actual cannibals many have become honest, intelligent, well-skilled artisans. An elementary literature has been established, and the whole Bible translated into their own tongue, hitherto an unwritten one. There must be something abnormal in this."

"No," we say, "not abnormal," not contrary to rule, but only above the average result of the same agency employed elsewhere. What the traveller could not understand, the Scriptures clearly explain. "The Gospel is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth;" and He who transformed a persecuting Saul of Tarsus into the "great apostle of the Gentiles," and a dying thief into a true believer, a humble confessor and a fit inhabitant of the heavenly paradise, is still mighty in power and wisdom, and abundant in grace, and can repeat the process anywhere, at any time, and on any scale. To Him who saith, "Behold, I create all things new," nothing is impossible. The members of the first Corinthian Church, though civilised and refined, had been not much more free from degrading superstitions and debasing corruptions than the poor Duallas, After mentioning a black list of crimes of various enormity which exclude from the kingdom of heaven, St. Paul turns to the Corinthian believers and says, "And such were some of you, but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God" (1 Cor. vi. 9-11). This explains all. "The grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. i. 14).

The above cut represents the mission station where Mr. Saker settled the refugees from Fernando Po, in 1858, and the following account of the settlement is

from Mr. Saker's own pen :-

"A district of country was purchased from the neighbouring chiefs, and a settlement begun at Ambas (Amboises) Bay. This settlement afterwards received the name of Victoria. The clearing of that mighty forest of its enormous growth of trees and interlacing creepers was an onerous task, yet the axe and the fire prevailed; and in due time small dwellings were provided for all who accompanied Mr. Saker to this new home."

The engraving on page 688 represents the second permanent house built by Mr. Saker, which was intended to be, and has been, the home of the resident missionary from that day until now. The house is on one floor, suitably divided into compartments for a family. The basement, formed by stone walls, is utilised as apartments for servants and stores.

"The other building represented is now used for school purposes only. It was long used for public worship also, until the present permanent chapel was built, which, however, is not shown in the ca-

graving.

"The tablet in the foreground marks the restingplace of Horton Johnson, an African who attached himself to Mr. Saker in 1844, and who accompanied him in the establishment of the mission at Cameroons, and thence onward through all the years of his life, and who, by loving, devoted labour, won the affections

of all the good and true."

In the later years of his missionary life, Mr. Saker was much tried in various ways. His brethren did not always approve of his plans of working. There are diversities of gifts, and of operations, and what might be the best method for him might be unsuited to them. Yet, with his long experience, his broad sympathies, his versatile abilities, his profound piety, and abundant faith and zeal, he was qualified to lead, where more ordinary men ought reverently and lovingly, though not blindly, to follow. These trials, with frequent attacks of sickness, and the weakness and infirmities of growing years, often weighed down his spirit. Yet, like David in one of his great emergencies, he "encouraged himself in the Lord his God."

One great joy sustained him. The sacred volume was day by day growing under his hands, and he hoped soon to see the accomplishment of his great purpose and desire in the completed translation, and the printing and binding up of the Holy Bible in the Dualla language, a volume destined to enlighten the thick darkness of Africa, and to lead her sons to the Fountain of living waters. This great hope he realised, to his unspeakable satisfaction and thankfulness.

This done, the state of his health became such that he was compelled, though with great reluctance, to yield to the urgent wishes of his friends, who hoped thereby to prolong so valued a life, and return to England. This he did in 1877, never to return to the land, and the work, and the people he had loved so long and so well. Never shall we forget the occasion of our last interview with him, amid a small circle of friends of Bible translation; never will be effaced from our memory the recollection of his tall spare figure, bending with toil and years, as he stood forth to advocate the claims of Africa in connection with the recently-established Congo mission; never shall we cease to remember his calm unostentatious manner, his benignant countenance, his modesty, his faith, his energy, his words of burning eloquence and melting power, as he claimed for all the tribes of the

Dark Continent the priceless gifts of freedom, of civilisation, and chiefly, as forerunners of all the rest, the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God," and those sacred Scriptures which are able to make mankind of all climes wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ.

But his own work was nearly done. Yet, though he might well have rested from all labours, he ceased not to devote his remaining energies to the good cause.

"Every hour," says a writer who knew him, "Every hour he could spare while in this country has been devoted to the missionary cause in one way or another, sometimes in writing, at other times in privately instructing, especially in the Dualla language, at his own residence, ministerial students and others having the work of missions in view."

Wherever he was, Africa was still on his heart. "Only two evenings before he passed away from us," says Mr. Baynes, "in faltering broken sentences, and while frequently gasping for breath, he expressed to him his longing to return to Africa that he might help to cheer and succour the church at Victoria under present and heavily pressing trials. His heart," adds Mr. B., "was always in Africa, and there, in the hearts and lives of the people, will ever remain his best and noblest monument."

A friend, having referred to his many trials and sufferings in connection with his work in Africa, asked him whether, if he could live his life over again, he would give himself to Africa as he had done. "Yes," was his reply, "if I had twenty lives."

His end came at last; and the faith that strengthened, and fortified, and ennobled his life, sustained him in death. His mind was calm and peaceful, and his spirit strong in the assurance of his Saviour's love, and His presence with him in the mortal struggle. We cannot imagine a death more beautiful and more to be desired than his, which took place on March 13th, 1880. While a friend was reading to him Psalm xxiii., and with the sweet words, "For Thou art with me," trembling on his lips, his spirit passed away to be "for ever with the Lord."

Without dwelling on the noble ardour of his life, his unflagging devotion, his deep personal faith in Christ and consecration to His service, his patience and long-suffering, his modesty and simplicity, his love to Africa, and his self-consuming zeal in the work of its evangelisation, and the wonderful achievements of his life, in all of which he holds forth so high an example, it may be sufficient to say, in the

words pronounced over his grave by one who had known him all his public life, and whose acquaintance with the world of missionary labour is surpassed by very few living:—

"I express the conviction of my own mind when I speak of him as one of the most heroic missionaries I ever knew, and one of the most devoted servants of the Lord our Master. I wish not to exalt him above others, but only to glorify the grace of God in him. What he was, God made him, and in giving him to us, God gave us a noble specimen of His workmanship."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." The following verses were sung at his funeral:—

Captain and Saviour of the host Of Christian chivalry, We bless Thee for our comrade true Now summoned up to Thee.

We bless Thee for his every step, In faithful following Thee; And for his good fight fought so well, And crowned with victory.

We thank Thee that the wayworn sleeps The sleep in Jesus blest; The purified and ransomed soul Hath entered into rest.

It need only be added that now the Congo Mission has been commenced under such hopeful circumstances, and Africa is being opened up to missionary enterprise, the time should not be very distant when, whatever earthly governments may do, the ambassadors of the Cross, moving inwards from the west coast, and the heralds of salvation advancing towards the interior from the east coast, should join hands, and unite their forces for the overthrow of superstition and ignorance, and blend their voices in celebrating the triumphs of Him who is Lord of all, and who is rich unto all that call upon Him. The great work of evangelising Africa belongs not to one Society or denomination alone, but to all, according to their opportunities and resources. To all, that is, who hold the Head, Christ Jesus; who proclaim salvation by faith in Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and who rely for success on the "power of the Holy Ghost," given to all who believe.

To aid in this great work, who will come to the help of the Lord? To the help of the Lord against the mighty? Will not many an earnest and devoted soldier of Christ step forward, and say, as Alfred Saker did, "Here am I; send me."



THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT THIEF.

BY THE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., HON. CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND VICAR OF WINKFIELD.

UR Lord's answer to the prayer of the penitent thief is one of the three sayings upon the cross which are recorded only by St. Luke. One of the first points which strike us as we read the

history of the crucifixion, as it is related in the Synoptical Gospels, is that whereas St. Matthew and St. Mark make mention of the railings of both of the malefactors who were crucified with our Lord, St. Luke ascribes those railings only to This apparent discrepancy is capable of explanation in two ways. Either St. Luke's account may be regarded as taking up the history at that point of time at which the previous railing of one of the malefactors gave place to true contrition for sin and an earnest desire for pardon; or the narratives of St. Matthew and St. Mark may be explained by reference to that common usage of Eastern writers in accordance with which words and acts which, strictly speaking, belong only to one person, are ascribed to those with whom the actor or speaker is associated.*

The supposition, however, that the railing which is ascribed by the first two Evangelists to both the malefactors was really confined to one, appears to have been adopted with a view to meet the difficulty which is involved in the belief that a radical change of heart could have been wrought in the case of a hardened malefactor in so short a space of time, and under circumstances so unfavourable, as it might seem, to the accomplishment of so great a work. But it must be remembered that the change which was wrought within the breast of the malefactor must have been effected subsequently to the commission of the crime for which he suffered; and the difficulty which is involved in the supposition that this change took place in the interval between his crime and his crucifixion is at least as great as that which attends the belief that this change was wrought upon the cross. For whereas, in the one case, we know of no agency which was likely to be productive of such an effect, we read, in the history of the crucifixion, of an agency to the operation of which no limits can be assigned. However callous may have been the heart of this malefactor, at the time of his crucifixion, his eyes then gazed upon a spectacle such as earth had never witnessed, and there fell at that time upon his ears words such as men had never uttered. He knew, for his own lips proclaimed the truth,

that Christ was a guiltless sufferer-"This man hath done nothing amiss," Pilate himself-in spite of the remonstrance of the Jews-had borne witness, in the superscription upon the cross, to the supernatural character of His claims. If this malefactor was a Jew-a supposition which is by no means improbable—he may have been conversant with some of those Old Testament prophecies which foretold the humiliation, the sufferings, and the death of the Messiah. And if, whilst he was suspended upon his cross, the same conviction took possession of the penitent thief which a few hours later extorted from the lips of the centurion the confession, "Truly this was the Son of God," there is nothing incredible in the belief that he who had previously joined in the railings of his fellow malefactor should have discerned the heinousness of his sin, and that he should have been led to recognise in Christ the promised Deliverer of Israel.

But as yet no reference has been made to the first of those seven utterances upon the cross with which the second—which is recorded only by the same Evangelist-appears to stand in close connection. From the time of our Lord's apprehension, on the preceding night, in the garden of Gethsemane, He had been exposed to the rage, the malice, and the derision of all around Him. Having been blindfolded and buffeted before Caiaphas, having been set at nought by Herod, and scourged by Pilate, He had been crowned by the Roman soldiers with a crown of thorns, and, after being again mocked, spitted on, and smitten on the head, He was led away, faint and exhausted, to the place of crucifixion. fresh insults and more bitter sufferings awaited Him. The chief priests and scribes, the appointed rulers of the people, vied with the lowest of the Roman soldiers in heaping upon Him scorn and contumely. And then-according to the narratives of St. Matthew and St. Mark-as if to add the last drop to the full cup of anguish, His fellowsufferers joined in the insults of His oppressors, and they also cast in his teeth the same words of derision-"If He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross" (St. Matt. xxvii. 42). At length the lips were opened which had been sealed in the presence of Caiaphas and of Herod, and that voice was heard which could have commanded the presence of ten thousand legions of angels. But instead of the fire which would have consumed His adversaries, or the earthquake which, a few hours later, rent the rocks and opened the graves, and which, at His bidding, would have swallowed up the murderers of the Prince of Life, there proceeded from those lips "a still small voice" which told of a God of

[•] Thus, e.g., in St. Matthew ii. 20, the plural number is used when the reference is to Herod; and again, the indignation which, according to St. John, was expressed by Judas Iscariot (xii. 4, 5), is ascribed to the disciples generally by St. Matthew (xxvi. 8', and to "some" who were present in the house of Simon by St. Mark (xiv. 4),

mercy, and which spoke of pardon and of reconciliation for the guilty: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do" (St. Luke xxiii. 34).

How strange the contrast which these words presented to that teaching which then prevailed amongst the Jews, and which, by a perversion of the language of the Mosaic law, sanctioned the indulgence of hatred and revenge! And shall we wonder that words such as thesewords which proclaim the central truth of Christ's Gospel, pardon for the sinful through the intercession of the sinless-should have pierced the heart even of this hardened malefactor, and that a flood of light should have burst in upon his eyes as he surveyed the scene which was presented to his view, and as he contrasted the rage and malice of all around him with the meekness and the gentleness of Christ? Nor is it strange that—as the result of a faith which, though it had but just sprung up within his breast, was indeed the faith of God's elect-the earnest supplication should have proceeded from his lips - "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."*

It was to this prayer, uttered under these circumstances, and proceeding from the lips of this malefactor, that the memorable answer was returned by our Lord—"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise" (St.

Luke xxiv. 43).

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There are two other places only in the New Testament in which the word Paradise occurs. The first place in which the word is found is 2 Cor. xii. 4, where St. Paul relates how "he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful (or possible) for a man to utter." The second place in which the same word occurs is in the Epistle to the Church of Ephesus, where, with a manifest allusion to the account of the garden of Eden which is contained in the second and third chapters of the Book of Genesis, we read thus—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God" † (Rev. ii. 7).

The assurance given to the penitent thief of an immediate entrance into the presence of his Lord strikes a death-blow at man's vain invention of the sleep of the soul after death. Faint and imperfect as was the light which was shed upon a future state of existence under the earlier dispensations, it sufficed to show that the soul still lived after its separation from the body. We read, concerning Abraham, that "he gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age," and that "he was gathered to his people" (Gen. xxv. 8). Now, inasmuch as Abraham was buried in the cave of Machpelah,

in which Sarah only had been previously laid, it seems to follow that the words, "he was gathered to his people," must refer to the place into which his spirit passed, and not to that in which his body was buried. The same interpretation must be given to an expression which is of frequent occurrence in the historical books-"He slept with his fathers"-and which is used (as, e.g., of David) in cases in which it does not denote a common place of sepulture.* The appearance of Samuel to Saul, after his death, afforded evidence not only of the soul's continued existence, but also of its continued activity; while the same inference may be drawn from the words of the preacher-"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" (Eccles, iii, 21),

Notwithstanding, however, these and other intimations of the soul's continued existence after death, it is evident that the revelations of a future state of existence which were made under the older dispensation were few and scanty, and that the aspect in which death presented itself, even to the faithful, was, for the most part, one which inspired them with emotions of gloomy apprehension. But whereas even the most highly favoured of the saints of old saw but very dimly into the future, and were, "through fear of death, all their life-time subject to bondage," Christ Jesus, by His appearing, abolished death, and brought life and immortality (or incorruption), to light through the Gospel (2 Tim. i. 10). Nor was our Lord wholly silent concerning the state of the soul during the interval between death and the resurrection. In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, happiness or misery is represented as the portion of the soul immediately upon its separation from the body. But it was not until the battle had been fought, and the victory had been won, that they who had hitherto been held in bondage were released from thraldom, and that, in a sense far higher than that in which the words had been applicable to the faithful of the older dispensation, it could be affirmed of those who fell asleep in Jesus, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from hencejorth" (Rev. xiv. 13).

There is something very remarkable in the expression which St. Paul employs when he describes the condition of the righteous after death as that of those who are "at home with the Lord." "Knowing," the Apostle writes to the Corinthians, "that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord (for we walk by faith, not by sight), we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present (or, at home+) with the Lord!" (2 Cor. v. 6–8).

^{*} Some of the best manuscripts read "Jesus" for "Lord," and "in" for "into."

[†] It is deserving of notice that the word $\pi \alpha \rho \alpha \delta \omega \sigma \sigma \sigma \sigma$ (paradise) is used in the Septuagint for "the Garden of Eden" in the second and third chapters of Genesis.

^{*} It appears from I Kings ii. 10 that David was buried in "the city of David"-i.e., Zion, which David had recently taken from the Jebusites—not in Bethlehem, in which his family had lived.

[†] The word is the same as that which is employed in ver. 6.

Lastly, it is important to observe that, in the answer which was returned to the prayer of the penitent thief, he received a blessing much larger and more abundant than that which he had The penitent thief asked of Christ that He would remember him in that day-whether near or remote-in which He should come in His Our Lord assured him, not only of a Kingdom. future remembrance by Him, but of an immediate "To-day shalt thou be with presence with Him. These words conveyed the Me in paradise." assurance that on the very day on which the prayer of the penitent thief was uttered his request should be granted—that on that same day on which he had expiated his crimes upon the cross, his spirit should be received into the paradise of God.

Again, the penitent thief did not presume to ask for admission into the same place into which his Lord was about to enter, neither did he who had been the companion of malefactors ask for himself an inheritance amongst the saints. Christ's answer assured him that, though vile in his own eyes, his soul was precious in the sight of his Lord—yea, more, that on the very day in which the crimson dye of his sins had been washed in the fountain of Calvary, his ransomed spirit should be admitted into the immediate presence of Him

with whom is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore—"To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

The history of the penitent thief suggests lessons both of warning and of encouragement. The fact that of two persons brought equally near to Christ, and having equal need of His mercy, the one believed and was saved, the other continued impenitent and was lost, supplies a solemn warning against the neglect of that great salvation which is now freely offered for our acceptance. On the other hand, the fact that a guilty malefactor sought and obtained forgiveness at the last hour supplies strong encouragement, even to the chief of sinners, to wash in the same fountain which is still open for sin, and to lay hold by faith upon the same hope of salvation. That hope will sustain those who possess it in life. That hope will be found to be an anchor of the soul in death; and to those who now put forth from the depth of a broken and contrite heart the prayer of the penitent thief-"Lord, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom" -the same gracious answer of peace shall be received at the last, at the hands of the same gracious and compassionate Saviour-"Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

ALLAN'S EARNINGS.



HAT has kept you so long in mother's room, Maggie? You've been crying, too, Is she worse?"

"Oh, yes, but don't speak so loud, Allan dear, for she has just fallen asleep. Come out, and I'll tell you everything."

Asshespoke, the girl lifted a high-backed

wooden chair from the doorway, and carried it across the rough path into the sunny field beyond; then, helping her brother from the house, and carefully placing him in his favourite position, seated herself among the heather at his feet.

"Well, what about mother?" he asked, after a pause during which Maggie's fingers played unconsciously with the pretty blue harebells by her side, while her thoughts wandered over the misty lake and distant mountains to the town beyond, where her father had gone so lately to seek employment.

"Oh, Allan!" she replied, "I don't know what is to become of us; everything seems to be going wrong. I had to tell mother bad news this morning, and she got such a shock that it made her ever so much worse, and I went for the doctor. He said she was sinking from weakness, and must get great care and plenty of good nourishment. I'm sure I don't know where it is to come from, now that father can't earn anything. For you haven't heard the worst yet, Allan. A woman passing by early this morning, told me that poor father had met with a bad accident in the town; her husband was working near, and saw him fall off a scaffolding. He was very much hurt, and had to be taken to hospital directly."

"Oh, Maggie, how dreadful! Poor father! won't you go and see him, and bring us word how he is?"

"I can't leave mother while she is so ill; indeed, I don't know what to do." And the poor girl burst out crying afresh.

"Oh, Maggie, if I was like other boys of my age, I could earn money for mother; but I m only a poor helpless cripple, no use to any one."

Maggie was silent. It was too true—Allan was both lame and deformed, and so stunted in growth that, though almost a man in years, strangers often mistook him for a child. "I have thought of one thing you can do, Allau," she replied, after a long pause; "and truly it is our only hope: you can ask God to help us."

"Oh, if He would but make me well and active,

like other people ! " sighed the boy.

"You know, dear, He will hear you just as much as if you were a tall strong lad; and sometimes He helps the weak more, to show that everything is entirely by His own power. Let us only trust Him."

Again followed a long silence. Allan bent his head, and covered his face with his hand; while Maggie gazed up into the blue heavens, and watched the small white clouds floating about over lake and mountain.

"I've thought of a plan, Maggie," exclaimed the boy. "I'll go in the train to-morrow, and see father at the hospital."

"Oh, Allan, you could not do that!"

"Why not? I know the guard; he once offered me a drive."

"But you can't get in and out without help; indeed, I will not let you. Think how dreadful it would be if you got hurt, too!"

"Never fear. You can see me off yourself, and the gnard will help me out when we arrive in town. It's not far to the hospital, and I'll get along with my crutches. Don't try to stop me, Maggie, for I'll go; and you needn't say anything to mother about it till I come back with news of father; then she'll be glad I went."

Next day, with many fears and misgivings, Maggie helped her brother into a railway carriage; and, after entreating the guard to see him safely out,

returned slowly and sadly to her home.

Notwithstanding all her forebodings, Allan had a prosperous journey, and succeeded in reaching the hospital, but, alas! after all his exertions, was refused admittance. Leaning heavily on his crutches, the poor boy stood at the door, feeling stunned with this unexpected blow, and unable to make up his mind at once to retrace his weary way without having gained any satisfaction for his anxiety. Just then the porter noticed with pity the sad face of the deformed child, and saw tears of disappointment slowly forcing themselves from the sunken eyes.

"What's the matter, little boy?" he inquired; "don't be so down-hearted; come another day at the right

hour, and I'll let you in."

"I can't, sir; I 've travelled a long way by myself to see father; mother will want to know how he is. She's very ill, and Maggie would be so sorry if I didn't bring back some news of him."

"Well, don't cry any more, poor child; I'll call the nurse. She's sure to know. Just step in here; I see

her coming down the stairs."

Presently a kind-looking woman appeared, and having heard Allan's story, told him his poor father had been severely hurt and was too ill to-day to see any one; but the doctor hoped that with care he might recover, although it would probably be a long time before he could return to his family and his work.

Thankful as Allan felt for the hope held out of his dear father's ultimate recovery, yet it was with a heavy heart he made his way back to the station, for what was to become of them all meanwhile, and mother so ill too? How earnestly he longed to be of some use, and how bitterly he brooded over his utter helplessness!

Rude boys stared and laughed as he passed through the streets, but, happily unconscious of their illnatured jeers, Allan reached his destination in safety, and found his friend the guard ready to assist him into the carriage, where, cowering into the furthest corner, tired and miserable, he drew from his pocket a small tin flageolet—the one pleasure of his cheerless life—and, putting it to his lips, found vent for his sad feelings in a plaintive air.

"I know that tune," exclaimed a little girl who was seated opposite. "It is called 'The Flowers of the Forest'; mamma plays it on the piano. She says it was composed when the king and a great many other people were killed in that terrible battle of Flodden, long ago. I like it very much."

Allan started at the sound of her voice, and, taking the instrument from his lips, hung his head, ashamed of having attracted attention.

"You play so nicely," added the child. "Who taught you, little boy?"

"I don't know," he answered, shyly. "No one, I think; it just came to me."

"Then it must have been sent by God. He taught you Himself. My mamma says He gives some talents to every one, and they ought to make use of them."

"But I can't do anything useful," sighed Allan.
"I made this little tin flute, and I only play it for my own amusement. Oh, I wish I could earn money like other people."

"Why? Are you very poor?"

"I don't mind so much about that. But father is not fit to work, and mother is ill; and Maggie doesn't know what to do."

"Who is Maggie?"

Then Allan, with tears in his eyes, told to this sympathising listener the story of all his home troubles and difficulties; and ended by again deploring his own inability to render any assistance.

"You can play very sweetly," replied the little girl, in a tone of encouragement.

"That won't help poor mother."

"How do you know that? I'm sure God has not taught you music without some purpose."

Just then the train stopped at the first station, where a great number of people were waiting to get into the carriages. When they were again in motion, the little girl stooped forward, and whispered to Allan—

"I have thought of a plan. When we were crossing the lake in a small steamer last week, there was a man on board who played the bagpipes, and, though I did not think it sounded pretty at all, every one gave him something for his trouble. Your little flageolet is a great deal sweeter. Now, play again, and you will find people will listen,"

Allan obeyed, at first rather timidly, but soon forgetting himself and his audience, became completely absorbed in the music. Presently he was startled by a light touch on the arm.

"I think that will do now," whispered his new friend; "hold out your cap, this way. I have just "How surprised Maggie will be," was his first thought. "Mother can have something now to do her good, and I have actually earned all this money myself."

"Yes," he said aloud, "'t is quite true, God must have taught me to play."



"'Well, what about mother?' he asked."-p. 694.

sixpence left of the money papa gave me to spend in town. I wish it was more."

Allan did as he was directed, while the little girl dropped in her last coin. The lady beside her, who had been an interested listener to their conversation, gave something also, and soon the good example was followed by most of the other passengers. The poor boy's face brightened with pleasure as he emptied the contents of the cap into his pocket.

At this moment the train stopped at the little wayside station, and Allan was assisted to alight by the guard.

"Maggie, I have carned a lot of money," were his first words as his sister hurried to his side; but she did not seem to hear. "How is father? Have you seen him? And when will he be home?"

"No, poor father was too ill to see me; they say he will get well, but not for a long while."

"Oh! that's bad news for mother. What is to become of us now?"

"Don't you hear what I tell you?" persisted the boy. "I have plenty of money in my pocket for you, and I'm going out every day to earn more till father comes home."

Maggie stared in astonishment, until her brother related the story of how the kind little girl in the train had encouraged him to play; and when they reached the cottage she could scarcely believe in the responded liberally to his mute appeal; and the contents of the well-filled cap were emptied into his pocket, to be poured into Maggie's lap, for mother's use, on his return home.

And so things went on from day to day and from week to week, until one pleasant evening in autumn Maggie went to meet her brother as usual, when another familiar face was seen at the carriage windows—another arm helped the lame boy to the platform.



"The little girl dropped in her last coin."-p. 696.

reality of their good fortune, as she counted the number of sixpences and pennies poured into her lap.

"Surely, Allan, God has heard our prayers," she said, at length; "He has sent us help in time of need."

Of course, the first use made of Allan's earnings was to procure suitable nourishment for his sick mother. And now, regularly every morning, the lame boy, flageolet in hand, might be seen at the railway station, waiting to catch the train. Then, with Maggie's assistance, and by the kind guard's permission, taking his seat in one of the carriages, he played over and over again, to an ever-changing audience, the sweet plaintive airs of his native land; and many, pleased with the simple strains, and interested in the expressive face of the young musician,

It was her father—well, and able once more to resume his place in the family.

What a happy little party were re-united that evening in the cottage home! Mother seated in her old place at the table, looking delicate certainly, but rapidly recovering health and strength. Maggie's face beaming with gratitude and joy; whilst father, having answered numerous questions concerning himself, and learned all that had occurred during his absence, remarked, as he looked at his poor deformed son—

"Then it seems that when the strong man was laid low, God gave strength and power to the weak boy; so, while I was faithlessly fretting over my helplessness, you have all been kept alive during these long weary months on Allan's earnings."

S. T. A. R.

THE THEATRICAL CHILDREN'S TEA.

BY ANNE BEALE,



AM a Lilliputian."

"And so am I."

"And I. We are all Lilliputians. We act 'Gulliver' at the theatre. There are eighty-three of us."

Thus spoke a portion of our Theatrical Children in answer to inquiries. Up rose one small maiden with a profusion of white

hair, which stood out like a befrizzled wig, round her pale face. She was evidently of mark amongst her companions, who contemplated her with admiration.

"She is the May Queen. She has a white satin dress and a wreath," they exclaimed in a breath.

The shy little May Queen climbed over the back of her seat, for she had scented odours even more delightful than the flowers adorning her maypole.

"It is ready. They are going to begin," cried the Lilliputians,

And instantly there was a hubbub, and the tread of many feet on the staircase.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp," went the feet, till about three hundred pairs of them marched into a large room, where a feast had been prepared, and where the inhabitants of Lilliput mingled with the crew of "Her Majesty's Ship Pinafore," and with every imaginable sort of "peculiar people." Sailors, soldiers, pages, birds, beasts, fairies, seated themselves in happy confusion, beneath the raftered roof of Mr. Hatton's St. Giles's Christian Mission Hall.

It is truly a strange and suggestive gathering, and consists of some three hundred girls, varying in age from five to sixteen, who are engaged in the various theatres of London. To look at them, they are much like other poor city children; to speak to them, they are altogether unlike. They are as neatly dressed as circumstances will allow, and all sport some bit of the finery dear to the female heart; but neither flower, feather, nor fichu can disprove the fact that they are poor. Nor does their speech gainsay it, since, from the youngest to the eldest, they are earning a small weekly salary in pantomime or ballet. We are surprised to see so little beauty amongst them, since we had imagined that a since que non, as it seems on the Continent. Perhaps. however, paint and tinsel will add the needed effect to their pale faces and spare figures, and they will look bright enough by-and-by on the stage.

The English ballet girls who flock to foreign capitals are less fortunate. They must possess good looks as well as agile legs and feet, or they may chance to be rejected, and turned adrift, for lack of those attractive attributes deemed necessary by foreign managers. Yet these men demand English girls on account of their strength and vigour, though they seem to consider no contract made in London

binding abroad. At least, it was so at Brussels not long since, where forty of our young countrywomen were rejected because they were not gifted with beauty adequate to the demand, albeit they had been engaged in London. But for timely English aid, they would have been destitute in the streets of a foreign capital.

Glancing at the juvenile actresses before us, we shudder to think that they are but a contingent of the army seeking service at home and abroad. They tell their own story. Before the season of Christmas pantomime, the doors of every theatre in London are besieged by anxious mothers, all thrusting their children forward in the hope of an engagement. The theatrical profession, once begun, seems to untit for any other; yet grim want is obliged to ignore this. Better act than starve, say the parents, and the children are the willing victims—yes, willing, for they all say, unanimously, that they like it. We question one after another. These are samples of the replies:—

"Oh, yes! I like it very much," says a girl of twelve, who has a small child by her side vigorously eating bread and marmalade. "I get four shillings a week, and eight if we act double time. This is my sister, and she is in training."

"Our play is 'off' next week," interposes another, "Oh! then I shall go somewhere else. Yes, I am to act to-night, but I am not wanted till eight, because we're not 'on' till ten."

"And what time do you get home and rise the next morning?" we ask.

"We get home between eleven and twelve," puts in a third, "but we aren't tired. Sometimes I sleep till nine."

"But I get up at eight because of the School Board," exclaims another. "I go to school, and father don't want me to lose my schooling. I like reading and acting too. And I go to Mr. Todd's Sunday-school, and come here besides."

This brings us to the point whence we ought to have started. Mr. Todd is the gentleman who, with the aid of other friends of theatrical children, has provided the feast, and who is a sort of demi-god in the eyes of his guests. Unobtrusive mission work has long been progressing amongst the employées of the theatre, who have gladly accepted invitations to teas and subsequent services at Exeter Hall, at the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere. We are inclined to believe that this good work was inaugurated some years ago by Mr. Travers, City missionary to the Italians, who has regularly visited the great opera houses, and induced numbers of artists to join in his religious services in Frith Street, Soho. Be that as it may, the work is an ever "accomplishing fact," which Mr. Todd does his best to verify. By this-our modern

English mode of reaching the heart through the throat—he has succeeded in winning the love and attention of the children engaged in the London theatres. By means of quarterly teas, short services, attractive books, a Scripture Union, and, above all, by letters, he has gained an influence over them which must result in incalculable good. These letters are written, either by himself or friends interested in the work, to the children individually. He is thankful to any lady who will undertake a girl, and correspond with her; showing an interest in her welfare by those words and deeds that crop up naturally where loving-kindness is planted.

To quote from his appeal for lady helpers in this "Letter Mission," "Regularity in writing the letters is particularly requested; but it should be remembered that so much time is occupied with rehearsals and other employment that the correspondence is occasionally 'one-sided,' though nearly always much appreciated. It is necessary to bear in mind that the subject of connection with the stage must, if discussed at all, be treated with the greatest moderation-since most of those accustomed from infancy to its surroundings find it almost impossible to get other employment. The Mission being evangelistic, it is mainly necessary to urge the reception of Bible truths, referring other matters to prayerful consideration. Those who wish names, either of adults or children, should apply to Courthope E. Todd, Hon. Sec., 118, Grove Lane, Camberwell, who will be obliged by the enclosure of a directed envelope."

It is difficult to estimate the good done by these "The small letters, when written with discretion. books, texts, or flowers that occasionally accompany them are much prized," and it is believed that by unfolding before the souls of these young immortals scenes from that future "Stage" to which they are all tending, they will learn to act worthily on this, And thus, by means of these letters, containing counsel or words of affectionate interest in the child and her surroundings, it is hoped that the tone of her mind may be raised, and that she-unit though she be in the huge theatrical whole-may help to elevate the profession to which she belongs. We learn, from the children themselves, how much these letters are valued.

"Do you see Miss —— here?" asks one, anxiously.

"She promised me to come, and oh! I want to see her. She is the lady that writes to me, and she said she would be sure to come."

"Do you answer her letters?" we inquire.

"Oh, yes! whenever I can. But sometimes I haven't a stamp. We are very poor, and my money all goes to father and mother, for I am one of seven."

"And I of eight," "And I of nine," "And I of ten," add three others of the group surrounding us. "Yes; we are all poor, and what we earn goes to help the rest."

"Do you all receive letters?" we ask.

"Mr. Todd writes to me," "And to me," is the reply, which proves that his staff of correspondents is not

yet complete, and that he has the lion's share of the work. As he is himself young and preparing for ordination as a clergyman of the Church of England, it is to be hoped that helpers will be raised up, and that he may not be compelled to abandon so important a charge. The letters he receives from the children in reply to his, are truly affecting in their simple earnestness. A few quotations, selected from the mass almost haphazard, will serve as illustrations, and cannot fail to show the good done in a few months; for, since June, 1879, the attendance at these quarterly teas has increased from seventy to two hundred and seventy, and order and neatness of appearance have developed with them, following are verbatim extracts from some of the letters referred to, and are frequently accompanied by hymns and texts :-

 "It is very kind of you to take such interest in little children; but it is very nice to do good, and I do hope that I may be one of the Saviour's little lambs."

2. "I do hope to be a better girl than I have been. I do want to love Jesus, and I wish my brothers and sisters would love Him too. I am so glad I belong to the Scripture Union, because I read about him every day."

3. "Both me and my sister would like to come to Jesus this very night; we will try. You will be very pleased to think you are teaching so many to love the Good Shepherd."

4. "I look to you as my best friend on earth, because you have done me a great deal of good; also my big sister, Emma. We are in *Pinafore*, but it does not make us forget the dear Lord; we try to have Him with us all day; it is so much nicer to think about Him, who is so good and wonderful."

Some of the children bemoan their wickedness, and ask their friend to pray for them. The following is one of many examples:—

"I am quite sure I am one of the wickedest girls that ever lived. I pray God to turn my heart, but still I am wicked."

We might multiply similar quotations, but these must suffice. At present there are something short of 200 ladies, who write to theatrical employées every month, to ladies of the ballet and chorus, as well as to dressers, cleaners, and these dear children. And from their letters proceed friendly visits to many in temporary distress, which tend to reveal not only the trials and temptations but the virtues of the members of a profession all too much decried. We have yet to realise that the mask, and the rouge, and the costume cover human hearts throbbing with the purest domestic affection, or aching under the pressure of pain or privation.

It may chance that some may call these letters an impertinence; but that they are well received as a rule, Mr. Forbes' overflowing monthly ballet teas at Exeter Hall testify, which owe their origin to similar missions. Indeed, letters are becoming a power in the land. Miss Weston's monthly epistles to "the

mariners of England," who plough the seas from Arctic to Antarctic oceans, are expected and welcomed ardently; and now Mrs. Meredith asks for some thousands of suitable letters against next Christmas, to send to every female prisoner in the United Kingdom. The feeling of being cared for is equally delightful, whether it fill the soul beneath the meretricious light of the theatre, in the impenetrable darkness of Polar seas, or amid the blank gloom of a prison. And these written messages from individual to individual are not only meant to assure the world's wayfarer of human sympathy, but to point upwards to the sympathy of One whose heart yearns over all, with a love both human and divine.

"And besides our letters, and teas, and magazines," says a young girl at our side, "Mr. Todd gave us such a beautiful dinner at Christmas—a Robin Dinner. We had hot roast beef, and plum pudding, and oranges—and—oh! there never was such a treat. We were all reg'larly invited, and it was Robin Redbreast that asked us."

We inwardly pray that every child in London may be thus fed next Christmas, and that no one may begrudge a shilling towards the amount needed for the purpose, by "The Robin who sang the carol just

three years ago.' En attendant, our theatrical children greatly enjoyed their tea. They all prefer bread and marmalade to bread and butter, and like cake best of all; but no surplus remains of either of these edibles when the meal concludes by grace, which all unite in singing. While the tables are cleared and seats arranged with magical rapidity, we hear from one and another of their various engagements. mention of one theatre recals another treat, given to the troop of Italian children who acted La Fille de Madame Angot at that theatre a year or two ago. That was a more picturesque entertainment than this, for the boys were in uniform, the girls adorned with many-coloured ribbons, and they were handsome specimens of a handsome But the enjoyment and gratitude were the same; it was truly a "feast of fat things on the lees," and thanks to the generous lady who gave it, the pockets of the young foreigners were crammed with the fruits and bonbons that remained, over and above that which was eaten. They, too, carried away good advice, and a pretty ornamental card, whereon was an appropriate text, to their native land, when they left the hospitable shores of Great Britain. And when, subsequently, and at intervals, their generous hostess, and Mr. Travers, the missionary, saw them in their own land, they embraced them with all the effusion of the youthful heart, and showed that they remembered well that happy evening with their English friends.

So will it be with these, our aborigines. They will never forget these meetings—no, not even the religious portion of them, considered by some to be "strong meat for babes." Seated in rows opposite the platform, they listen, for the most part, atten-

tively, to short addresses, and join heartily in the hynns between, which they have learnt to sing in time and time.

Their friend, Mr. Todd, understands them. H: announces good things to come, in the shape of a lending library of interesting books, which are not to be altogether religious, but shall vet teach them morality, and tend to counteract the impare trash that may fall in their way. He asks for their names and addresses in full, so that he may keep them in view "on both sides of the water;" for Father Thames in dividing this mighty London flows between various theatres, frequented by these juvenile artists for their precarious gains. It would almost seem that omniscience is needed to keep an eye on all. But, as we know, there is an "Omniscient Eye" that watches all our ways, and sees the struggles of all His creatures. That Eye is on the assembly of theatrical children that kneel before the Throne, to ask for guidance in their paths, beset with so many temptations. Their kind friend prays for them as the "Young Actresses," and supplements his prayer by a petition for the members of the theatrical profession generally. It is a touching scene, and would move any heart to compassionate the present trials of the children, and to aid in preparing them for future still greater trials, by Christian teaching and

We cannot, perhaps, do better than quote that "Friend's" written and printed words, while a distribution of books is in progress:—

"Many of our children have become regular attendants at Sunday-schools or children's services," he writes. "Last Sunday I gave the address at Hawkstone Hall, Westminster Road, and at the aftermeeting had a class of twenty, many of whom seemed very earnest and attentive. But some of our 'younger girls' will soon pass our limit of age, and so will get out of our reach. It will therefore be necessary to supplement our quarterly children's teas with other meetings for girls above sixteen. We are led to believe that these teas have been warmly welcomed, not only by the little folks themselves, but by managers and parents; and as soon as the Scripture Union was established, in April, 1879, many of our little actresses expressed their willingness to become members, and accordingly 'The Theatrical Branch' was formed. It numbers at the present time 136, most of whom, we trust, read their portions regularly, as well as the magazine which is gratuitously supplied. Quarterly prizes are about to be given for answers to special monthly papers of Scripture questions. Many cases of sickness and distress have been relieved by the lady-workers resident in London, who, by calling on our poorer actresses, and expressing sympathetic interest in their temporal well-being, have induced the narration of many a tale of sorrow. The domestic virtue reigning in such homes has often been apparent; and upon the stage employment of one or two members of a family, several often depend for a precarious livelihood."

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"And often anxious watch she keeps."

This, at least, speaks for itself; as do the hearty "good-byes" of the children. Each receives a magazine as she departs—the members of the Scripture Union having two papers presented to them.

"That is our training master and mistress," whispers one of the bigger girls to us, pointing to a couple who have been attentive spectators and auditors of the afternoon's proceedings. "They are very kind. They are going with us; for we are 'on' to-night. Yes, we are the Lilliputians."

And so they "tramp, tramp" down the stairs, the elder girls leading by the hand the tiny creatures "in training," so to say, for two stages, that of the pantomime and the world. In an hour or so they will be transformed into mimic kings and queens, elves, fairies, and what not. They wander off into the street, thinking and talking of their happy afternoon, and probably resolving to play their parts well on the two stages afore-mentioned. May God help them. We stumble upon three tiny creatures in the dark passage, hand-in-hand. They have lost, for the moment, their chaperons, but are not disconcerted. They are discussing the merits of the marmalade. A trio of young immortals "in training" not only for "a mimic stage," but for eternity. Again we say, "God help them." And He will; and lead them on; as does a young girl, who has been searching for them, and finds them with an exclamation, half reproof, half joy. If the love of kindred be thus strong on earth, the love of the Father in Heaven is still stronger. And this mission proves that the teaching of the Gospel is better understood than it used to be. "Love all men as brethren. Be pitiful; be courteous," is a maxim more generally followed than it was, Our "brethren" no longer belong, as a rule, to our particular sect or pet profession, but are of every nation under heaven-of any religion or no religion—of all classes, seets, occupations, ages. And so the Gospel is preached occording to the intention of its Divine Inspirer.

Does any one preach it to the moving breathing advertisements of these plays, whom we meet soon after we part from the juvenile actresses? Is there a Mission to the Boardmen, or "animated sandwiches," as they are called, that pace the gutters in most melancholy guise, bearing on back and breast the announcements of our public entertainments? They look as if a good supper would not be unacceptable. They, and the poor souls who vend the programmes and books at the theatre doors, are also "connected with the stage "-outsiders, hired by the day or hour at a sadly low wage, to delude unwary mortals into spending their money. All over London and its suburbs are these locomotives, on which none may write "Stick no bills," With their heads protruded, like those of the tortoise, from their protecting shells, they bear their hard burden as meekly as they may; and it is comforting to remark that when they meet one another they interchange a friendly word, or even a grim joke. Will our "Theatrical Mission" reach them some one of these fine days?

That it has reached the children is cause of deep thankfulness, and while they are wending their various ways to their poor homes, whence they must again face the night to seek the theatres on which the first act of their young lives is played, let us pray that they may have strength given them to resist their manifold temptations. We will also venture to hope that their kind friend may be so far aided in his efforts for their welfare as to be enabled to place his work on a permanent foundation. To conclude in his own words, "The glory is all due to Him who has used such feeble instrumentality, and so quickly extended our efforts."

THE FISHER'S HOME.

O sweet snug home embowered 'mid trees,
In sheltered vale or upland leas,
Where song of birds and hum of bees
Tell all is peace and rest;
But just a cot where sea-gulls flock,
And sea-waves beat with madd 'ning shock,
Perched, like an eyrie, on a rock:
Such is the fisher's nest.

And when the giant billows roar,
And dash upon the rock-bound shore,
Lashed by the wind that evermore
With fierce hand drives the sea—

When jagged lightning-flashes play,
Making the black night bright as day,
The fisher's wife must watch and pray:
"God, give him back to me!"

And often anxious watch she keeps
Through weary hours, and oft she weeps,
While, all unconscious, baby sleeps,
Cradled 'neath wicker dome;
Till brightly shines the morning star,
And with white wings that gleam afar,
The smacks sail in across the bar,
And bring her loved one home.

G. WEATHERLY.

SHORT ARROWS.

A SHUT-IN SOCIETY.

HERE are many ways open to the possessors of good health by which they make life more comfortable to their fellow-creatures from their abundance, but it is a beautiful thing to see a suffering one, un-

able to move out of doors, writing cheerful and clever letters to another invalid, with whom she had no personal acquaintance. This kind act was the origin of an Association, now numbering fifty invalid ladies, called the "Shut-in Society." It is a freemasonry of suffering. This worthy society is bound by no rules. Each member writes when and to whom she chooses, and the precious letters are passed on. No one is supposed to expect an answer. Let us glance at some of this correspondence. We can imagine what dwellers by the sea can have to say to a person far away who perhaps may never have seen it, A dweller among the mountains will give a sister member a description of the bold peaks and the evervarying clouds, the grandeur of the storm, and the glory of the evening light. One correspondent speaks of the lighthouses along the coast-"They are so fascinating to watch steadfast in the sunset glow, or in the dark night. Often I see them against a background of stormy clouds, and they look like Faith shining in the gloom, promising triumph over all storms."

We can fancy the charm of such a letter to an invalid's mind. The picture of the sunset presented also gives food for thoughts, restful, and coming with the "cool freshness of a touch on a fevered forehead." Whatever can be carried through the post is sent by the members to each other. Cards illuminated or merely written, neat and pretty verses, or may be an encouraging text will come in a desponding moment.

NATIVE SCHOOLS IN THE COLONIES.

A correspondent of a contemporary has provided us with an interesting account of some native schools near Candy, in Ceylon, which, so far as buildings go, are very primitive indeed. The school attendance is by no means limited to children. Amongst the scholars are some young women-one a mother, who comes accompanied by her baby, and very proud of it she is. After the scholars had each brought a flower to decorate the table, the lessons commenced. Beginning with Gospel teaching, a hymn was sung in Cingalese, and then men and boys answered questions put by the teacher, who, in one instance, is a man of means. The afternoon course was similar to that pursued in the morning. This, we gather from further information, is a good specimen of a native school. Under one person's charge there may be as many as two dozen schools at different stations. In many cases adults attend, as we have shown, but

more often the parents, though quite willing that their children should attend, will not go themselves to school. The expense has not hitherto been great. The school-houses are mostly mere shelters from the sun; a wide roof supported upon posts. But with these rude materials much good work is being done, and a blessing is upon the Christians' efforts. Though many of the adults say they are too old to change their religion, the power of the Gospel is making itself felt by the unwearied efforts of the devoted teachers.

CIVILISING THE INDIANS.

Briefly stated, the way to civilise the red man would appear to be to educate his children as the children of the whites are educated. This very praiseworthy idea occurred to Captain Pratt, United States army, and he made the experiment. The cavalry barracks at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, were appropriated, and the result has proved the correctness of the officer's views. The chiefs have willingly entered into the scheme, and have voluntarily sent their children into Captain Pratt's charge. One chief said. "Civilisation is closing round us, and I want my children to be part of it," In the school thus organised there are representatives of no less than twelve Indian tribes, and an old Sioux said, "Had this been done twenty-five years ago, we should not be as we are now." The eventual result of this system must be beneficial in the highest degree to the bodily and spiritual welfare of the tribes. Peace would be assured, and the terrible scenes of slaughter would cease. Prosperity for the frontier settlements would follow, and the children of the plains in another generation would be transformed into a Christian community.

SCHOOLS IN EUROPE.

We have collected some statistics which will be interesting to our readers, as showing the spread of education in the various nations of Europe. Taking the largest first, we find that Russia, with its 74,000,000 people, has only 32,000 schools, and but 1,100,000 scholars, Germany, with 52,000,000, 6,000,000 scholars in 60,000 schools. Austro-Hungary possesses 30,000 schools, and 3,000,000 scholars, out of a population of 37,000,000. England, with a smaller population, has more schools (58,000), and the same attendance. France, with the same population as Austria, has more than twice the number of schools, and more than 4,500,000 scholars. Even Italy has a better record than Russia, with nearly 2,000,000 scholars; and Spain is not far behind, with its 20,000 schools and 17,000,000 people. Germany, therefore, appears first, and Russia last, in the race for knowledge.

NEW EXPLORATIONS IN PALESTINE.

The entire Christian community will learn with satisfaction that the Palestine Exploration Fund have determined to spend a considerable sum annually in excavating Capernaum, Chorazin, and other places on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. It is most instructive to watch the exertions of this Society, and the work already done by them has brought the scenes wherein our Saviour appeared more vividly before us, and helped us to realise the events of His holy life. We trust we shall soon be able to identify many of the hallowed spots on the eastern shore of the Lake of Gennesaret. Eastern Palestine is also about to be surveyed, and further digging is to be begun about Jerusalem. Christians already owe a debt of gratitude to the Society, and they will doubtless evince their gratitude in a substantial manner, and help to promote its usefulness.

AN ORIENTAL SERVICE OF SONG.

The first church of Aintab has held a service of praise, in which all the churches united. It was held on the first Sunday in February, in the church bearing date 1855. The men occupy the body of the edifice on one side, and the women on the other, the sexes being separated by a low partition. There are no pews. All the members of the congregation retain their head-gear except during prayer. A hymn opened the proceedings, and was followed by addresses from the various missionaries. More singing followed, in which the whole congregation joined. The singing continued for some time, all the fifteen hundred converts present being extremely devout. After the service, when the people begin to disperse, there is always some little difficulty in finding the shoes or sandals deposited, Oriental fashion, at the door. But all are found; and it is a remarkable fact that even if goods or any property be left at the open windows, no one will take what is not his own. This proves that the influence of Christ's religion is making itself felt in the hearts of the inhabitants of Aintab, and that the labour bestowed on them has not been in vain.

NEW PROTESTANT CHURCHES IN FRANCE.

Until very lately the Protestant missions, numbering thirty-two stations in French towns, have been conducted without any "church connection." But now the stations in Lyons, Paris, Boulogne, and Bordeaux have risen to such importance that a supervising committee has been appointed. It has been decided that each mission will have a church, and every station will be under one of these churches, and will conduct a Bible class; while the meetings, as heretofore, will be continued by Mr. M'Call and his assistants, whose success is most encouraging news to all Christians.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Not many years ago the South Sea Islands were looked upon as confirmed heathen localities. We now learn that there are amongst them no less than 350,000 Christians of native extraction. There are about 1,800 schools in the South Seas, and these include nearly 70,000 pupils of both sexes. In the competitions that ensue between native children and the children of white settlers, the former frequently bear off the prizes. The work thus done and doing, besides being a great blessing to all concerned, is also an advantage in a worldly point of view. Commerce follows in the wake of the missionary ships, and the merchant works under the protection of the Gospel, for there the natives are peaceable and humane. The Bible, translated, and read eagerly, is the mainspring of all this great and wonderful improvement, The people learn to read, to speak, and to think about the Word, which is the corner-stone of the great work already in progress. The missionaries found the islanders in a condition, bodily and spiritually, most deplorable. Now, by dint of Christian effort and example, the naked are clothed, the careless and wicked are converted, and modesty and cleanliness prevail.

THE RESTORATION OF THE HOLY LAND,

Palestine has for many centuries been, more or less, a land of ruins. Local mismanagement has exhausted its resources, and the land once flowing with milk and honey is now drifting rapidly to decay. Yet, notwithstanding the local Government, there has been for some time a growing inclination, both amongst the Jews and the Christians, to restore it. Pioneers of civilisation from Russia settled in Sharon, but fever decimated them, and the remainder fled. Americans followed without success. The martyrspirit was wanting until a party of Germans founded a Pilgrim Mission. The intervention of their Government secured for them the privilege of acquiring property, and they settled. After a while they moved to the base of Carmel, and then a colony reached Jaffa, where the Americans had failed to establish themselves. These are now engaged in many useful pursuits, and their commerce is increasing. All this time there are efforts being made to push farther into the interior. Some pioneers are already close to Jerusalem. We may cite as an instance of the influence already obtained, an incident which occurred a short time ago at Haifa. A much-loved member of the colony died. On the day of his death the consuls' flags were displayed "half-mast;" but to the surprise and delight of the Christian band of workers, the Turkish flags were also lowered as a token of respect to the memory of the most active member of the Mission. So thus we see that our Christian coworkers are steadily gaining ground, employing themselves usefully and profitably towards the attainment of the earthly and the eternal prosperity and welfare of their Moslem fellow-creatures, and to their own great honour.

Conduct yourself so as to deserve the best that can come to you, and the consciousness of your own proper behaviour will keep you in spirits if it should not come.—Lord Collingwood.

Sloth is an inlet to disorder, and makes way for licentiousness. People that have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company.— Jeremy Collier.

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself.—John Forster.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest—
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.—Montgomery.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

155. In what way did God direct the course of the children of Israel in their passage of the Jordan?

156. Of what was the passage of the Jordan to be a proof to Israel?

157. What monument was set up in the midst of the river Jordan where the feet of the priests rested?

158. What proof is there that Jesus lived for some time at Capernaum?

159. From what book did our Blessed Lord make His quotations in order to refute the temptations of the devil?

 $\,$ 160. What caused the defeat of the children of Israel at Ai ?

161. What peculiarity was there in the building of altars by the people of Israel?

162. In what country did Moses die?

163. Mention an occasion when a heathen man was able to interpret a dream?

164. What city was famous for its tower?

165. On what occasion was Joshua commanded to destroy all the horses taken from the enemy?

166. In what way did the star from the East indicate to the wise men where Jesus was?

 $167.\ {\rm How}$ long did Jesus remain in Egypt when carried there by Joseph ?

168. Why was it that Herod could not trace out where Jesus had been carried?

169. What city was given by the children of Israel to Joshua as his special portion?

170. It is still the custom of Arabs to hide near wells and springs of water to attack travellers who draw near to drink. Quote passage showing they did the same in olden time.

171. We are told that for fear of the Midianites the children of Israel made themselves dens and caves in the mountains. What famous cave mentioned in King David's time was probably one of these?

172. What famous battle-cry was used by the Israelites when fighting against Midian ?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 640.

138. The penalty of death, even though it were a near relative (Deut. xiii. 6-9).

139. Speaking of himself, St. John says, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness" (John i. 23).

140. At our Lord's first interview with him (John i. 42).

141. They were spoken by Moses in reference to the tribe of Asher when Moses gave the Israelites his last blessing (Deut, xxxiii. 25).

142. When the slave (or servant) refused to go away in the seventh year, the year of release (Deut, xv. 16, 17).

143. They were commanded to write out a copy of the Law in a book at the time of their accession to the kingdom (Deut, xvii, 18).

144. All those who were newly married or betrothed to a wife; those who had built a new house, or planted a new vineyard (Deut, xx. 5—9).

145. Marriage with Egyptians was not prohibited among the Jews. The children of such marriages in the third generation being accorded full Jewish privileges (Deut, xxiii. 7).

146. Fruit-trees of any kind (Deut. xx, 19),

147. Each Israelite in presenting his tithes to the Lord, had to make a declaration of which the following forms part: "I have not eaten thereof in my mourning, neither have I taken away aught for any unclean use, nor given aught thereof for the dead" (Deut. xxvi. 14).

148. Not more than forty stripes (Deut, xxv. 3).

149. "Good news from a far country" (Prov. xxv. 25).

150. When the place of sacrifice was too far to carry their offering, in which case they sold the first-lings, and bought with the money some other offering for God (Deut. xiv. 23—26).

151. At the end of every seven years at the feast of tabernacles in the year of release (Deut. xxxi. 10.11).

152. Near the sheep-market in Jerusalem (John v. 2).

153. God had told St. John that upon whomsoever he saw the Spirit of God descending and remaining upon him, the same was the Son of God (John i. 33).

154. Jesus told him of his place of prayer, expressed by the saying, "When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee" (John i. 48),

THE IMPENITENT THIEF.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY OF ARMAGH CATHEDRAL, AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us."—

ST. LUKE XXIII, 39.



HE story of the thief who repented has, in all ages, encouraged the fearful, and reanimated the

despairing.
We think
that if one
could be
snatched from
the very jaws
of death—
who had, only
an hour before, mocked
the anguish of

the Redeemer of the world—then none need ever despond. And this is true. Him that cometh unto Christ, He will in nowise cast out.

But sometimes this example is used to justify, not faith, but the presumption which postpones repentance and belief. Men say, "When we are dying, we may repent; for was not the thief saved on the cross?" Alas! when the hour comes, you may not enjoy your faculties, as he did. You may not have time to think, as he had. You may not know that you are dying, as he knew.

But there is another and a dreadful answer. Let us suppose the very best opportunity for a death-bed repentance that is conceivable. Neither age nor disease shall dim your faculties; no hope of recovery shall befool you; death shall not pounce upon you, tiger-like, in one wild moment. You shall understand your position; and Christ shall not be hid from you.

After all, you are no better off than these thieves, of whom one almost certainly perished, while the other had the narrowest of all escapes. If you are not as wicked as they, perhaps you will be less alarmed, less conscious of your deadly peril. And it may be contended that the impenitence of both was far more likely than the repentance of either; that the probabilities against escape in such a position are overwhelming.

We are now to consider the story of the impenitent thief, and as souls are lost to-day much as they were lost in other ages, we are to observe and reflect upon its warnings.

I. First of all, he felt the resentment of a disappointed hope. Death was horrible to these thieves, as it is to all; and, doubtless, when the wonderful Prophet who raised the dead was led

out beside them, they expected some strange judgment to overwhelm their common foes. "Save thyself and us," betrays their lurking expectation. But the pains of death got hold upon them. They were abandoned to despair, and had to experience—

All that makes damp the brow, and lifts the hair, All that makes dying vehemence despair, Knowing it must be dragged it knows not where.

And they reviled Him. But do you think such feelings belong to crucified people only? Alas! no. As long as this world is prized, and other worlds are mocked, and men's affections are set on things below, so long will the approach of death exasperate their hearts, and stir their resentment, instead of warming them into ardour. Men will never learn a new affection by agony and suspense and the loss of all they treasure.

II. He was rained by moral insensibility. He saw and heard what saved his comrade—the amazing gentleness of the Lamb of God, His prayer for the murderous crowd, His provision for His mother. The taunts of his companion died away, but he was all the more inflamed. In the original, St. Luke tells us of him only that "he blasphemed." To the other, who had joined him in reproaches, this is intolerable, and he rebukes it, although as yet he has only learned to say "This Man." But he who was faithful to his light receives more-old prophecies, and yearnings of his innocent boyhood, and longings for an unearthly kingdom, stir in him again; and he begins dimly to understand many things, until he can say "Lord," with a faith which, however ignorant, was real, and worked confession. Think what a refreshment to our tortured Redeemer, what a delight, was that first fruit of His passion! But the heart of the other thief was hardened.

Is that so very wonderful? We, far more calmly, and for a longer time, have contemplated the same perfections, and some of us are not yet won. If men go on rejecting Him all their lives, what is more natural than that their hearts should be hardened, and their eyes closed at last? How should sickness produce love? or how should the offence of the cross be cured by heart-disease or apoplexy?

III. And now the midday sun grows black. What does that mean? Some creeping terror comes over him. The sob of his fellow-sufferer

dies into a low moan, and is almost unheard. An awful hush falls upon the merciless crowd, as the darkness draws its sable curtain around the scene. None laugh any more; they dare not. And the wretch begins, perhaps, to waver, to think of yielding like his comrade. Who knows what may happen yet? But while his pride is faltering, the strange midnight is rent by an appalling cry—"My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken Me?" What use in appealing to one who confesses himself God-forsaken? Ages ago, David made the same complaint. It thus appears that there is one end to the righteous and the wicked, and all things come alike to all. Why then should one retract his blasphemy?

Ah, yes! one who thinks of repenting only in order to be upon the safe side, and because it is prudent to make peace with God, will never want an excuse for hardening his heart. If one is not pained at having done wrong, because mockery was cruel, appetite base, and sin exceeding sinful, then he will never find cause to bend his neck and to confess the evil of his ways.

IV. And soon his bitter soul finds a new thing to revolt against. He is of sterner fibre than this claimant of Messiahship. He will not confide his suffering to men who just now rejoiced in his calamity. But Jesus, as soon as they are overawed and melted, is not ashamed to say, "I thirst," and to accept the poor relief they offer. For the Son of Man was not a Stoic, and whether He was above the heroes or below them, His level was certainly not theirs.

And who is ignorant that the Gospel is rejected still for its want of proper spirit? It humbles, it breaks men down, and so they turn away from it, scorning it in their hearts, yet with an imbecile hope all the time that catching a fever will make them pious, as if religion comes on like raving.

V. But now, far sooner than any one could have expected, Jesus dies. He has committed His Spirit into His Father's hand, and it is gone, gone with that last dreadful cry which surely haunted all who heard it, until their dying day. Did it shake that stubborn and sullen heart? Perhaps it only announced to him that further hesitation was useless, that the time for any thought of a last despairing appeal was over. No doubt the awful thought was busy with him, which hovers about so many dying pillows-"It is too late! it is too late!"

"But after all," he would think, as his soul fell back into its deadly torpor, "why should I have appealed to Him? He called Himself the Life of the world, but He is dead; His dream is over; and all dreams will be over soon. Thirst and hunger, and pain, will soon claim their victim; but one must bear it, as thousands have done before-I can endure what they did." No thought is more common on a death-bed, and none is more benumbing than this: "It cannot be helped: God's will must be done "-meaning no more, too often, than to fold the hands in despair, and let the ship of the soul drift upon the breakers. Then he would think, "How much longer? three days perhaps; almost surely two; time enough to grow calm, to pray if there is really any one to pray to" -when, upon a sudden, as the most lingering death comes suddenly at last, the shattering mallet crashes upon flesh and bone; all thought is quenched as a shudder convulses the frame; and the body, half living and half dead, is hurried into some obscure grave, lest the Sabbath should find it uninterred!

The Sabbath! But oh, lonely and dishonoured soul, what of the eternal Sabbath? We know not. Even at the last there may have come a flicker of trust, a gleam of hope over that dreary destiny. There is only one of whom we can surely say that it were good for him if he had not been born. But all our thoughts grow pale as we follow into some "obscure sad sequestered place" him whom the ages have consented to call, to the very last, the impenitent thief, and of whom the universal presumption is that he perished, having just seen the Atonement offered.

But we-has not Christ been set forth before our eyes, crucified among us? And do not we, unlike him, know Jesus, who He is? And do we not, in hours of solitude, of thought, of earthly disappointment, hear the wheels of eternity approaching us upon the ways of time? Are we not all sentenced, all dying, one dying only a little later than another? Or does one of us believe that to-morrow is the accepted time, and to-morrow the day of salvation, so that we, unlike

this thief, should not repent now?

Why then do we not renounce our sins at once, give ourselves now to God in Christ, receive now the salvation of our souls from Him who waiteth to be gracious, and whom it is not wise to keep

waiting at our doors?

It is an awful risk to run. But if there were no risk whatever, if it were quite certain that one had twenty years to live, and would repent a year before he died, would he not still expect to be sorry on his death-bed, and to lose something through all eternity, because he only served Christ, and his soul only grew for one year, when it might have enjoyed the blessedness, and reaped the fruit, of serving Him twenty times as long?

A HEROINE OF HOME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER WEST," "PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV. FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.



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Y father and I have been spending a day at Aunt Robert's, She tells me that Edith is in London, but that she has hardly seen her, as she is afraid of meeting Ernest. Edith keeps to her purpose of giving him up.

"I admire her spirit," said Aunt Robert; "but I can see Ernest does not like it. He would rather that sort of thing came from his side than from hers."

I was bound to defend Ernest here.

"He has refused to give her up," I said.

"Well, it's the queerest case of falling between two stools that I ever heard of," said Aunt Robert. "In my opinion, they are making too much fuss about the thing, though it was a pity he did not know about it from the first. He and Edith suit each other exactly."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"Because they quarrel, and agree again," said Aunt Robert—"a sure sign."

"What, of suiting one another? I should have thought it was a surer if they did not quarrel at all,"

"No such thing," said Aunt Robert. "It is always on the cards that people may quarrel, and the great majority of people can't be reconciled again. They may pretend they are to other people; they may even think they are themselves; but they never really like each other again. Now, these two do. They quarrel, and like each other all the better."

I could not help laughing at this novel theory of affinity, but I could not help thinking there was some truth in it. It seems Edith wanted to go abroad again, but her mother would not hear of it, neither would she remain down in the country.

"And Edith is being dragged about as usual?" I said.

"Yes. I can't think what is to become of the girl now that she has given up flirting," she concluded.

"I must not be in London without looking in on poor Benholme," said my father, after lunch. "Would you care to go with me, Una?" I cared very much, and said so, and we set off together.

We soon got into the gloomy region beloved of M.D.'s, and in one of the streets close to Savile Row, in order that he might be near the great oculist under whose care he had placed himself, we found Mr. Benholme's lodgings, and his servant showed us up-stairs to him at once.

Mr. Benholme sat in his darkened apartment in utter solitude and silence. At least there was silence within. Without the roar of the Great Babel went on, rising and falling like a tide, from noonday to midnight, and its sound penetrated walls and windows with a dull monotony.

Not many of Mr. Benholme's friends, generally in London at this season, knew of his being there. Thus he remained unvisited. Otherwise there were in his circle kind-hearted matrons who would have rustled in and out inquiring for him, and kind-hearted gentlemen, young and old, who would have gossipped by his couch for hours.

Mr. Benholme was in no mood for either; those who waited upon him said he was gentle and patient. They did not know it was the patience of a blank despair.

He likened himself, as he afterwards told Aunt Monica, to one already dead. The darkness had only come a little sooner, that was all. What did it matter? the darkness itself would vanish also like a dream. What was there to care for? Nothing. With nothing to care for beyond, there was nothing to care for now. There is at least a simplicity in sheer negation to be found nowhere else.

From such a reverie our entrance roused him. He rose to his feet, and, without advancing, held out his hand. He still wore, even in that twilight gloom, his immense green shade; but his face, as far as it was visible, expressed the keenest pleasure.

"You must come to me," he said; "I am in a wretched plight. It is an unexpected pleasure to see you—only I don't see you."

My father pressed his hand in silence, and seated himself on the couch beside him. I sat down, too, and was clearly forgotten.

"I had no idea you were in such durance vile," said my father. "If you had been at home, now, one of the girls could have come and read to you. But we ourselves have had nothing but trouble."

And he proceeded to tell Mr. Benholme—who had heard nothing of the Highwood news, his only correspondence from that quarter having been a formal letter from his housekeeper.

Mr. Benholme seemed very sorry.

"I had taken an immense fancy to that young man," he said. "But the other is a fine fellow in his way—I know a good deal about him—thoroughly honourable and upright. What have you done about him?"

"Nothing," said my father. "Carrol won't hear about punishment—won't even accuse him, though the young man acknowledges the assault. If it had been fatal, the law must have taken its course; but it is difficult to take any steps when the man who has been more than half-nurdered insists on forgiving his enemy. There was an element of accident in it, I believe; but it would not have gone far with a jury."

"Still justice ought to be done," said Mr. Ben-

holme. "Why does Carrol oppose it?"

"It is a part of his religion," said my father; adding, in a low tone, "and if that religion had many adherents like him and Monica, there would be fewer, Benholme, such as you and I have been."

"Have been," said Mr. Benholme; "you put it in the past, then;" but their conversation was interrupted at this point by the entrance of another

visitor.

It was Mr. Lloyd, who came in with bent head and uncertain movements, and with a mournful expression of anxiety and pain stamped on face and figure. He had come into town to procure something for his son, and was quite worn out. We all greeted him silently, and he sat down, and burst into tears.

"You have no hope?" stammered Mr. Benholme.

"None," he answered, with a sob, which went to all our hearts,

"If I had any comfort to offer," said Mr. Benholme, "you may be sure I would offer it. Would that I had," he added. "I have sometimes envied you your belief in a Being who sympathises with your highest aspirations, and whose sympathy must be a certain pledge of their fulfilment. You have before you a boundless hope, while I—and such as I—have only an illimitable despair."

"Thank you, Benholme. You make me ashamed of myself," answered Mr. Lloyd. "And let me tell you, then, that your creed, if I may call it so, cannot be true, if on that account alone. Yes, ours is a religion of boundless hope, and of boundless possi-

bilities."

"For that matter, the possibilities of the positivist are boundless also," returned Mr. Benholme, speaking as if to lead his companion's thoughts away from

his immediate sorrow.

"The force which has evolved the thought of man and his thoughts of God may very well have evolved some being as awful as any of man's conceptions of God. Fancy a being embodied in some undiscovered form of matter, as powerful and impalpable as electricity, to go no further. He might pervade the universe, to all intents and purposes omnipotent and omnipresent. He might be cvil or good, God or devil, or partly both, as men are. There is nothing impossible in such an existence; on the contrary, there are some things that might be explained by it. Not subject to human conditions, and in no way

responsible for them, such a being might make man the sport of his fancies, creating, for instance, the modern phenomena of table-rapping and the other demonstrations of spiritualism."

"It is a grim enough conception with which to fill the void," said Mr. Lloyd, "and would, I think, make life unbearable to suffering mortals."

"It is almost unbearable, and the longer I live, it seems the more unbearable," answered Mr. Benbelme

"I do not wonder at it," returned Mr. Lloyd, "Oh, if you could but be brought to believe," he added, in a tone of entreaty.

Mr. Benholme looked startled. In all his intercourse with his friend he had never been addressed in this way before. But it was no longer Mr. Lloyd, the cultivated clergyman, who was talking to him, but a man bowed down with sorrow, and himself in need of comfort, troubled in spirit and in need of help.

"To believe in what?" asked Mr. Benholme, in a

tone of deep uneasiness.

"In Jesus," said the other, simply.

"You forget what a jargon it is to me," he said.
"I am convinced it would have been the same to you if you had not been accustomed to it from infancy."

"All our human speech is but a jargon," replied Mr. Lloyd, "when we come to speak of the things of the Spirit. That name means so much that we could not utter otherwise, and we utter it thus for all that it means. To believe in Jesus means acknowledging God to be our Father. It means taking refuge in His boundless love, shown to us in Jesus Christ as perfect human sympathy. It means seeing His will in all things, and being conformed to His Spirit. It is the highest, the truest, the only happiness of a human soul. You do not need a bare theology, you need a Father."

"If that is my need," said Benholme, "why in the name of reason am I left vithout convincing knowledge of Him? If I only red to be convinced of His love for me, why in the sacred name of love is it not done?"

"Because you are a living soul and not an automaton. Benholme, if you had ever been a father, ever had children of your own to teach and train, you would have seen a little way at least into the secret of educating a human spirit. Think for a moment, too, how great are the improbabilities of your negativism; how completely it fails to account for anything, how it stultifies the human intellect. You know, Benholme, that one of the greatest thinkers of our day, after exercising himself a lifetime on the problems involved, has just left to the world the conclusion that there is a probability of the existence of God and of Jesus Christ being what He professed Himself to be. Oh, Benholme, what a reading of the prodigal son! His portion, that keen and lofty intellect which had come to be fain to content itself with the husks. The dawning upon him of that divine probability, and then, while he was yet afar off, the

full revelation, the meeting with the Father face to face."

"But I cannot see the heart of a father in the remorseless cruelties of the human lot," answered Ben"That is just what I cannot do, Benholme. I can only show Him to you in the face of Jesus Christ. Without Him we are lost. If there be no Redeemer, life is a bitter mockery. I can understand how diffi-



"There was always a party to be found there."-p. 711.

holme. "I am not thinking of my own lot. That, even if I am left in darkness, is a comparatively happy one. I am thinking of the lot of millions—of the degradations and deprivations below those of the beasts, though indeed their sufferings are in some respects still more cruel and inexplicable. Show me the Father in these things."

cult it is to you to believe, but to one who truly believes it is unbelief that becomes impossible. Take this," he said, handing Mr. Benholme a small New Testament; "read the life and words of Christ without bias of any kind. One must become a child to enter the Kingdom, and what does a child know of theology? but a child can be taught to pray, and a

child knows the heart of a father; only come to that, to acknowledge the Father, and trust Him to make your belief as high as heaven and as deep as hell."

Mr. Benholme took the book, though his friend had forgotten that he could not read it, at least, in the meantime, and Mr. Lloyd rose to go. After a few inquiries after Edwin and Aunt Monica, he did go, leaving us silent and embarrassed.

"Benholme," said my father at last, also rising, "I

have given in, and strike my flag."

"I thought you were on that tack," said Mr. Benholme, a peculiar mournful smile playing round his mouth, like that on a child's inclined to but ashamed to cry. "Well, good-bye."

"I wish you would re-consider," said my father,

earnestly.

"Think what it has cost me!" answered the other.
"My unbelief has cost me more than other people's faith nowadays. Think what a different life mine would have been if I had not been rejected because of it. Nothing makes a man so steadfast as persecution, if he has any steadfastness in him."

"It was no fault of Monica's, Benholme," said my

father.

"Well, perhaps not, I never blamed her, Don't believe she cared for me."

"That is a mistake, Benholme," said my father, adding something in a tone so low that I could not listen, as it was evidently meant that I should not hear.

"What do you say? you don't mean it!" Mr. Benholme replied, aloud; and then the two said goodbye, and I added my adieux, and found that in reality my presence had been unnoticed.

Mr. Benholme made profuse apologies, and remonstrated with my father for keeping me in the background, while he expressed a fear that I had been bored; the truth being that I had never in my life been so deeply interested, so profoundly moved.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BROUGHT HOME.

WE have brought Edwin home to Highwood—Edwin and Doretta and the children. The physician who was called in recommended change and pure country air, and my father said at once—

"Let him come home; that is," he added, with his always chivalrous deference to Aunt Mona, "that is, if you will not feel it too great a burden, Mona; for we must take the lot—we must make him

happy as long as we can "

Aunt Mona's answer may be easily imagined. She was always ready to bear the burdens of others, and to find them light, too; light by all, and more than all, the weight they took from the shoulders on which they had been bound. I think Doretta would have been satisfied to let him go without her. She had a horror of country life, and anticipated little pleasure from the change, but she did not oppose the plan. As for Edwin, he was delighted.

"It is so kind of you to let us all come together," he said to his father. "I shall enjoy it so much more with Doretta and the children."

No, we could not have proposed to separate him from Doretta and the children. We knew too well that they must be separated soon with the last sad separation. Something had been said about his going back to business. It was Doretta who said it, in the presence of the physician, and he gave her a look, which was enough for us—a look penetrating in its pity, but which seemed to say, "Is it possible that you are so blind as that?"

Then he said-

"We must not think of business at present."

And we knew that business was to be thought of for him no more. But he did not seem to know, neither did Doretta; only we persuaded them that he had better give up his situation, in order not to embarrass his employers.

"I shall find something else when I get well again," he said, acquiescing — "something better,

perhaps."

And so every step he took was a giving up for ever. We felt it, as we turned our backs on the little house which had sheltered him and his children. Its young master would never come back again. "He may live through the summer," the doctor had said, when we insisted on knowing the worst that could be known. "I fear he will not go through another winter."

And after that we made haste to take him away. We came home the very day of Charles Lloyd's funeral. We would not have done this, had we known, but they had kept it from us, though we

knew he was dead.

"There is a funeral going on," said Edwin, who was looking from the carriage window, as we passed the church. "I wonder whose it is?"

We did not answer, Aunt Mona and I: but in spite of ourselves, a chill fell upon us, and especially on Edwin, who had been chatting gaily. My father had taken Doretta and the children on in the wagonette, and we were glad that just then we overtook them, as it diverted his attention. I think my father did it purposely; for, instead of going forward again, they kept alongside, shutting out our view of the churchyard. Rightly or wrongly, we would not let him share the sadness of our thoughts. What sadness would we willingly let him share now? His last summer! This seemed to breathe through the very air that welcomed us, full of sunshine and fragrance, as it breathed through the days that fellowed, coming with the scents of the roses, and the perfume of the summer fruits. They seemed, somehow, Edwin's; and we never tired of finding him the best. If there grew a perfect flower, it was brought to him by one or other, or a fairer fruit. Even the very baby-for little Benjamin was only a baby still -as he stumbled about the gardens, would hold up a strawberry larger than the rest, and say, "For papa!"

That summer was like the summer of a dream; not

like that dream which peopled the night with elves and fairies, but solemn and beautiful, and haunted us for ever with the footsteps of angels, though one of these was the angel of death. The June of that year was the loveliest ever remembered, even by that universal remembrancer the oldest inhabitant; and Highwood had more than one claimant of that honour. Its blue skies were flecked with the whitest of clouds, coming and going perpetually; its sunshine was almost uninterrupted, its warmth delicious. Every summer growth of flower and fruit was perfect at its close, and even the hotter suns of July brought no discomfort, tempered as they were by fresh winds and now and then a thunder-rain.

Edwin went about a little at first, driven here and there to see the surrounding scenery; but very soon that was given up, as he suffered more or less from the fatigue, and he liked better to be wheeled in a chair about the grounds and garden. He seemed better after that, seemed to improve in every way, only we were afraid to put the improvement to the test by making any fresh demand upon his strength, but we began almost to share the hope which he still cherished.

There was a little sheltered lawn on the south side of the house, where we usually spent our mornings -our days indeed. There was always a party to be found there, grouped round Edwin's reclining chair in the shade of the great old walnut-tree with its broad scented leaves. There we read to him the cream of the magazines, where so much of the best literature of the day is now stored up. There I was to be found with my work, and Lizzie with her book, curiously reversing the old order of things; for to Lizzie had come the desire to learn and know, as part of the practical business of life. She had chosen her lot, and it only remained for her to fill it with all good and blessing. While I-I wanted to work at some woman's work, the more simple and monotonous the better, in order that I might be at leisure from myself. I wanted to think rather than to act, and there is no such provocative of thought as the needle. I had found that out. And it brought me nearer to my sister-in-law in sympathy. She always had her work out there, making pretty things for the children, and on the whole behaving better than we could have thought possible.

Thither we brought our letters in the morning, to discuss them with Edwin, who breakfasted in his room. Lizzie had always one from Claude, and I from Ernest. Claude was getting better rapidly in his sea-side quarters. His was one of the supersensitive organisations that respond almost too quickly to restorative treatment, and are completely overwhelmed by anything that lowers the tone of the system, or subjects it to sudden shock. The broken ribs had healed, and the internal injuries had wellingh disappeared, though leaving their mark behind them. At one time the doctor thought it impossible that he would be able to exert his voice in preaching, but this cruel verdict had been to a certain extent

reversed, and he was only cautioned that his exertions in this direction must be closely circumscribed.

"He says I might preach once a day without harm," wrote Claude—"that is, I would do very well if I weren't a poor curate, but a wealthy incumbent, able to keep a curate to do all the work for me."

However, he was going to take up his former duties for the present. Mr. Lloyd insisted on having him back—insisted that a single sermon on Sunday was all the help he wanted just then; and both he and his wife—and the latter most urgently—insisted that he should take up his abode with them.

All our life seemed to go on there on that strip of velvet turf under the old tree. The afternoon brought the children, little Benjamin dragging a great white Newfoundland, the gift of Mr. Winfield, by the ear. It was a big gentle creature, nearly all white, but with a black patch at the top of the head, through which ran a line of white like the parting of a lady's hair, giving quite a peculiar half-human expression to the face. It was the child's delight to let Cato lie down on his side, and then throne himself on its panting flanks, to be presently shaken up in a fine confusion of child and dog lying together with heels in the air. Then the baby would be set on a rug, but not to stay there. He began to run about and pluck the daisies, staring at them and cooing to them, and at last cramming them into his indiscriminate little mouth, or picking them to pieces with his tiny pinky fingers. Our visitors came there too-privileged visitors, and we had almost no others. Aunt Robert came, and softened, as usual, towards Edwin and Doretta, and brought wonderful gifts to the children. Linnet came, rather quiet and pale, in her black dress, and played with them. And Edith ventured to come when she had ascertained that there was no danger of meeting Ernest; and she had long talks with Aunt Monica in a neighbouring walk, where we could see them pass and repass, Aunt Monica sometimes holding the girl's hand in hers. Edwin seemed to enjoy simply looking on at all the life about him.

"You let me be as idle as I please now," he said. "I never get any scoldings for doing nothing. And how fast this summer is going. I am better, I think, but I don't get stronger, do I? I think it is the heat. When that is gone I shall be better, and I must cease then to lead this idle life."

Ernest came out every Saturday to stay till Monday, and usually brought Herbert with him. Edwin was so disappointed when the latter did not arrive, that Aunt Monica thought of removing the obstacle to his coming, which was simply that he could not always leave his uncle, especially if the latter was alone. And so it came to pass that Herbert's uncle was added to our party, and proved a welcome addition, as he and our father had two things in common to start with, viz., years and experience of life, and they proved indeed to have so much in common that they soon wanted no other companionship. Unquestioningly Herbert and I

accepted the position of special friendship, which was tacitly allotted to us, or rather fell to us by accident. To have done anything else just then would have been an assertion of self of which we happily were incapable. Somehow it seemed to satisfy us both, We said nothing, explained nothing, and yet insensibly we drew nearer and nearer until neither words nor explanation were needed. They followed as a matter of course, but we could not say when, at what moment we knew that we belonged to each

were about to separate and go off to prepare for church, that Herbert would stay with him alone. They had arranged it, he said, and we might all leave him for the present, which we accordingly did. Ernest must have been aware of the arrangement, too, for he had disappeared beforehand, taking Cato with him for a walk in the woods. When we returned from church, we found the two where we had left them, seated close together, only one of Edwin's hands lay on Herbert's shoulder. It gave us a sharp



"Whereas I was blind, now I see."-p. 715.

other, any more than we could have told at what moment a rose unfolded its immost heart.

In the hot days towards the close of July, Edwin began to droop. He could no longer bear the heat of the day, even in the shade, and he had to lie down after his early dinner, though he still spent the morning out of doors. Always this giving up, this narrowing of the walls of his earthly prison-house! how sad it was in the midst of the glory and the glow of that wonderful summer!

At first he had come to church with us on Sunday morning, but that had not continued long. He had found it too fatiguing, and then we took it in turn to stay with him. Aunt Monica would stay one morning, and Lizzie or I and our father another, with Ernest coming and going.

One morning Edwin announced to us, when we

pang to notice how white and wasted it was. I thought Herbert seemed unusually grave, and looked from him to Edwin, who smiled with an expression of perfect repose and peace, and we all went in to luncheon without anything being said.

But in the afternoon, when Edwin was lying down, and the others were reading on our favourite lawn. Herbert led me to a shady walk, which we seldom frequented, in the most secluded portion of the grounds, and there he related to me the substance of their morning's talk.

Edwin had come to the conclusion that he would not get over his illness, and he had asked the doctor for a true opinion on his ease, which, when given, had more than confirmed his own.

"I shall never be well again," he had begun; and seeing that Herbert did not answer him, he added. "You know it, too, I see, old fellow, so we will say no more about it."

"I could not," Herbert went on, "do otherwise than acquiesce in silence. I could not speak to him of hope, when there was none. It would have been cruel as well as false. There was no agitation in his manner. He had resigned himself utterly before he spoke, and decided on the step he is going to take."

I looked up questioningly.

"He wishes you all to accept his fate as he accepts it," continued Herbert, in a tone of deep emotion; "that is, without a murmur; and he desires, before he goes, to be baptised."

I could not speak just then for the crowd of emotions which chased each other through my mind, and in which joy seemed to quench the utterance of sorrow, and sorrow that of joy.

"I know he has for some time been prepared for this," said Herbert. "How will your father take it?" he inquired.

"I think he will be glad," I answered. "And, Herbert," I added, "he shall not be baptised alone. I mean to go with him."

It needed no words to express my dear companion's joy; no words could indeed have expressed it adequately; but I knew that from his heart a fervent thanksgiving went up to God.

"I feel sure of Lizzie, too," I added. "How glad Aunt Mona will be!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

RECONCILED.

The days which followed must be passed over in silence. They were days of solemn preparation for what we all regarded as the great event of our lives.

Mr. Lloyd visited us daily, and guided us in our task, which was carried out by each in solitary hours. He told us how it beguiled his deep sorrow to have, as he called it, the happy privilege of leading us into the fold.

There was no time to be lost, for Edwin's strength was failing, and he had set his heart on receiving the ordinance, the joyful token of "the good-will of our Heavenly Father," in public, and with his children; and the ceremony would of necessity be accompanied with a fatigue he was already ill able to bear.

Our one trouble, however, was for Ernest. To leave him without seemed so sad and strange, and he was so restless and unhappy.

"I should like to go away," he said to Edwin; "to go away abroad, and begin a new life there"

"We are going to begin a new life here," said Edwin, with his loveliest smile, and his hand on a half-closed book—the one book he cared to study.

It was the Sunday evening next after our resolution had been taken, and Edwin had rallied somewhat, and was out again in the afternoon in the more temperate air.

"Wait till this is over," said Edwin.

Ernest understood him to mean the eeremony, and started and flushed. He had not contemplated even witnessing it.

"I want you so much," Edwin continued.

"I won't go away just yet," Ernest answered, "not if you want me; but----"

"Want you!" said Edwin, with his eyes fixed on Ernest's face; "I shall want you till the end. It is not far off. I shall want you most then, for oh, Ernest! you can't think how I dread it."

It was a new pang to Ernest. It rent his heart. He could not answer.

"I suppose I am not brave," said Edwin; "but it is dreadful."

Ernest threw himself upon the ground, and turned away his face.

Presently Edwin spoke again-

"It seems almost like parting with you already," he said, "going this way without you. Could you not make up your mind to be with us?"

"I would," was the unexpected answer, "but I might change after it was done; I might bring dishonour upon a profession voluntarily made. I am not worthy to be called a child of God and of the Light—to be called by His name."

"Leave that to Him," said Edwin, joyfully. "To leave all, and follow Him, may not mean only to leave worldly riches and pleasures; it may mean to leave doubts and fears as well—my fear and your fear—and trust that He will give us the fulness of His grace to continue His servants, and attain His promises."

But Ernest made no answer, and went away for another week, leaving us full of grief and longing.

And so the day appointed for the sacred rite drew near. Mr. Lloyd had suggested that we might desire to receive it somewhere else than in the midst of the people among whom we were to live our daily lives. But it could not be otherwise, even if we had wished it; and, as a profession of faith, we felt that it ought to be made to those who knew us rather than to those who knew us not. It was a trial from which I shrank in every nerve, feeling sensitively the publicity it entailed; yet I hoped that this would be taken away when it came to the solemn act itself, as indeed it was.

Claude was coming to be present as one of the witnesses. Herbert also, as Edwin's friend, was to stand by his side. Aunt Monica and our father were to be the other two.

Next Saturday Ernest returned to us. The vacation had commenced, and we half expected that he would go away for a week or two. We were glad and yet troubled at his coming. As I have said, we were spending the days very much alone, meeting at luncheon chiefly, though we made no rigid rules about it, and excusing ourselves often in the evening, while Aunt Monica devoted herself to Edwin.

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But that evening we all dined together, and were quite a cheerful little party. I could not help thinking of the lines—

Why should we fear youth's draught of joy If pure, would sparkle less? Why should the cup the sooner cloy, Which God hath deigned to bless?

After dinner we all went into the drawing-room without leaving the gentlemen behind us. Lizzie and I were going to retire early, and Lizzie was in the habit of giving our father a little of his favourite nusic every evening. So she sat down to the piano at once. But Herbert, instead of listening, as usual, stepped out of the window with Ernest, and the two began pacing up and down the lawn in the twilight.

It was a moonless August night, neither clear nor cloudy, but coming on with a soft darkness, full of stars and diffused light. While Lizzie was still playing, Herbert came and beckoned to me, but instead of simply asking me to join them, he sent me out to Ernest, while he himself returned to the room.

I found Ernest standing waiting for me, and his face in the gloom looked quite worn and pale.

"Una," he said, "I have been speaking to Herbert, and there is time to join you still."

"Oh, Ernest, is it possible?" I said, clasping his arm. "I am so happy!"

And we began pacing up and down, as he and Herbert had done, while he told me of the desperate struggle he had waged, first with the cynic, and then with the sinner.

"It was easy to slay the cynic," he said. "A single stroke of the sword of the Spirit, and cynicism lies dead."

But Ernest had passed through anguish of spirit which we had not known, feeling for himself, as none of us had, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the dread of its final dominion over him. Strange, was it not, to find in Ernest, the proud and scornful, a humility which was not to be found in the most timid and doubtful? Strange, and yet not strange. Old things had passed away; all things had become new.

"You had better go to Mr. Lloyd to-night," I said.
"You will be sure to find him now, and the night is so lovely."

"Yes," he said, "it is solemn and lonely, and in the darkness there is light enough to see by. That is like my faith."

"Light enough to walk by," I answered. "Is not that enough for any of us?"

"I am going," he said. "Tell them not to expect to see me. I may be late, and would rather see them all to-morrow."

" Mr. Lloyd will not detain you long," I said.

"No," he replied, "but there is some one else I must see."

" Edith?"

"Yes. I understand what you meant by calling

me cruel now; my kindness was cruel, and she did rightly to reject it and me."

I need hardly say that in writing of Edwin's death I am writing after the event. One cannot write of such things at the time, not till the channels of grief have emptied themselves of the tide of sorrow like the river in the poet's song. But the end was happy and peaceful. Death came to him in such gentle guise that there was nothing to dread, and the bondage of the fear that had made it dreadful was broken.

He rallied somewhat in the early autumn, and was able to sit out as usual up to the middle of September. In August the school fête was held in our grounds, It had been delayed on account of Mr. Benholme's absence, and the trouble in Mr. Lloyd's family, and instead of taking place when the school broke up, was held just before it re-opened. It was Edwin's wish that we should have it, and he sat and watched the pretty changing groups within sight and sound of his chair. Softened by distance, there came to him the bursts of childish laughter; softened, too, the glaring colours in which the village mothers would array their youthful daughters—with sashes of pink and bows of purple, and feathers of blue all striving together on one insignificant little person.

All our friends and the friends of the school came in the course of that long afternoon to help in the entertainment, Mr. Winfield and his dogs being very prominent—the latter no less friendly than their master, and contributing greatly to the general hilarity of the scene. Only Cato, lying calmly at Edwin's feet, with baby just seated on his broad back, no sooner saw his old friend and master enter the field with Thora at his heels, than, forgetting his responsibilities, he gave a mighty bound and sent the little one sprawling and rolling among the grass.

Edith, too, had come with her father, and was the life and soul of every little group she entered, and Ernest was by her side. Lizzie and Claude, sober and practical, did the administrative duties of the day; while Phillis and Priscilla, active in the games and the distribution of the good things, wandered about together when off duty with somewhat sad and serious looks. But of all the company Linnet Lloyd, in her black dress, looked the saddest and the lowliest.

The bright and busy scene was at its brightest and busiest, when we saw a gentleman approaching the little group on the lawn. It consisted at that moment only of Edwin, Aunt Monica, and me. Doretta and the nurse had carried off the children to enjoy themselves among the merry parties who held their revels in the meadow beyond. Could it be Mr. Benholme? we thought, while he was yet at a distance. But Mr. Benholme was not expected. No one knew of his coming; nay, we had made sure, as far as we could, that he was not to be here.

And yet he it was. I saw the fair face of Aunt

Monica light up as she recognised him, and a faint blush come upon her cheek. But it was gone before he drew near us, and she was standing up—nay, going to meet him—with a cordial welcome and a joyful greeting.

"And your sight is really restored?" she was saying, as they came up to us, and she still held his

hand.

"Yes," he answered, looking at her tenderly, and adding, not without his half-humorous smile,

"'Whereas I was blind, now I see,' "

They took possession of each other, these two, and seemed the greatest of friends. I could not but wonder at the sudden change of their relations to wards each other. Afterwards I knew the reason—how all had been made clear between them; how Mr. Benholme, late though it was, had asked Aunt Monica to be his wife, promising that all the love that ought to have been hers would be hers again—would be hers for ever. But she had answered that it was too late; that it would be unwise to recall it; that she would take his friendship, and hold it dear and sacred, but could take nothing more.

The channel in which their lives might have flowed on together in one full stream had been divided. There was no return to the point of departure, and it was best that they should flow on divided to the end. The new channels would be left dry, and the old might be too strait to hold them. It would still be a joy to journey on together, if only they could hold

the same happy course.

Aunt Monica convinced her old lover that she was reasonable and right in her decision.

"You have certainly made out that you are acting for the greatest happiness of the greatest number," he had said; "but that is not how love acts."

"But we, too, belong to that number," she had answered. "For me, I cling to the old home."

"For which "—there came a voice in parenthesis—"you have sacrificed so much."

"I cling to the old home," she repeated; "it needs me yet, and for you there is better in store."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

Lizzie's probation has ended at last. She and Claude were married this morning in the little church here at Highwood, endeared to us by so many memories of joy and sorrow. There the burial service was read over our Edwin's coffin, and his grave, just opposite the porch, could be seen through the open doors, even by those standing near the pulpit. There, when our mourning was ended, Herbert and I were married, and Ernest and Edith Winfield, the latter not so very long ago, for Ernest had manfully determined to win his wife and home, and not to be dependent on his wife's income and his father's bounty, and Edith was content to wait for him.

But neither of our weddings were quite like Lizzie's in its fulness of tender joy. Herbert and I were married in the autumn, and Edith and Ernest when the snow was on the ground, but as Lizzie walked up the path this morning on our father's arm, the sweet summer sunshine was pouring on her head. She had to pass by Edwin's grave, and she stopped for an instant before it. On the flat marble tablet, at the foot of which was simply "Edwin," some one had placed a lovely wreath of roses and myrtle. It was but for an instant—a scarcely-to-benoticed pause—but enough to show that even then he was not forgotten.

After the bride trotted little Lizzie, the smallest of small bridesmaids, with another to match, carrying the biggest of bridal bouquets, and attracting all eyes from the bride. Then Clara followed as officiating bridesmaid, with one of the young Arrowsmiths; then what Aunt Monica called an imposing array of old ladies—herself, and Miss Bell, and Miss

Nancy among the number.

Claude was already there, of course, with his mother and friends, and the Lloyds, and Mr. and Mrs. Benholme, the Winfields, and the entire village, young and old. And Lizzie had pleaded for a quiet and simple wedding. Love will show itself in outward things; it will and must be lavish. Lizzie might make her gown, though it was of snowy silk, in the plainest fashion, and hem for herself a veil of simple net; Aunt Monica would reset her mother's diamonds for her who had chosen to be a poor man's wife; and the whole neighbourhood would turn out to strew her path with flowers. For none of us had the village been in such a stir; for none of us had the bells been rung with such a will. Never had there been such a sacrifice of roses. Summer must have felt robbed of her treasures; the cottage gardens had been literally stripped of them.

As they passed out of the church, Lizzie's eyes fell once more on Edwin's grave. She was not afraid, even with Claude by her side, to think of death and parting, for she whispered something, and his eyes followed hers, and then came back, and rested on her

face with infinite content.

Lizzie is coming back to live at the Rectory, which Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd are leaving. Claude is to remain curate, but with the rectory Mr. Lloyd gives up the greater portion of the emoluments of the living. Claude is not strong, will never be strong, though he has enough of that strange thing vitality. He has now and then a slight hemorrhage from the lung, the consequence of that terrible evening at Dead Man's Pool, but he goes on preaching nevertheless. Occasionally he preaches in London, and where he is known there is always a crowd to hear him. He has been asked more than once to accept a living in London, but has declined, feeling himself unequal to the task. If he thought he was called to it he would take the post, he has sometimes said, "even if I fell at it," as he would surely do. It is not falling he fears, but failing, and here he is doing much that might be lost in the transfer to other hands.

When Lizzie is settled, Edwin's children are to go

to her. Lizzie has been like a mother to them. She has been their sole teacher, too; for Lizzie is fond of work-real, systematic, daily work, not mere doing things to amuse herself. Doretta has behaved very ill. For about a year after Edwin's death she remained with us, till Herbert and I were married. Then she began to feel dull, though we could not flatter ourselves that we had contributed to her feeling otherwise. Among the friends we made in the neighbourhood she was, in spite of kind feeling, a little neglected, and she earned one or two snubs in trying her own powers in society. The tone of our household was indeed too grave for her, and she, like a great many uncultivated people, mistook gravity for dulness. At length she began to long to go home and see her people, and we were glad she should care to go, but dreaded her taking the children. However, it turned out that she had not contemplated taking them with her. She wanted to enjoy herself, she said. Then we were wholly glad to let her go, for there was one terrible fault-not to give it a harsher name-growing upon her, which it was very difficult for us to check-the love of eating and drinking. At our well-furnished table, where yet we were all eating simply, even sometimes almost abstemiously -as a matter of taste, no less than of principle-she would often eat to repletion, and in company it was

A month or two after she left us she wrote expressing a wish to remain in Germany, and saying how much more economically she could live there. Our father had already made her an allowance, as he did Lizzie and me. It was not large, as she was living under his roof, but it was larger than ours, as it included what might be necessary for the children. And this allowance he continued while she lived under her father's roof.

The next we heard of her was an intimation of her marriage to a brewer or distiller, and after that we strongly desired to hear no more. Her children we were willing to take entirely off her hands. They were Edwin's. They were already ours, but our father did not think it necessary to continue the allowance he had made after she had gone to the house of her new husband.

Then she sent for the children, intimating that she expected an allowance of a liberal nature to be made for them in order to support them as they had been accustomed to be supported. The patent greed and want of natural affection which rau through her letter was revolting. Very terrible to us was our father's answer. We trembled for our little Benjamin and Liz, little timid tender children less like their mother than their father, though utterly unlike him in his robust and happy infancy.

Our father proposed that she should take the children and bring them up at her own cost and charge, or give them up altogether, though of course she should be at liberty to see them as often as she chose.

We did not think she would give them up. And she did not; but she had calculated better than we. When it came to sending them away, our father could not do it. Doretta kept her allowance, and we kept the children.

Phillis and Priscilla came, among the other residents of Highwood, to see Lizzie married. But they are no longer residents. They are sister nurses in a London hospital, from which post they keep up a constant correspondence with Aunt Monica. The friendship between them is as strong as ever, and as beautiful as it is strong. They are both orphans now, without any near ties. Old Mr. Jewel died some time ago, nursed by his daughter with tender devotion, and a young couple, just now laughing and chuckling with delight over their first baby, occupy the smithy with its house and garden. It is not so long since Mr. Bower died, and while he lived Priscilla would not leave her father's house and the neighbourhood of her friend. She continued to live in her own room, lodging with the young couple after she had sold the business. And Phillis needed her help. John Bower was suffering from softening of the brain, and had to be watched and tended like a child. Phillis was strongly advised to send him away to an asylum, but she would not consent.

"Poor father!" she would say, in that sweettoned voice, "he is just like a baby. And nobody would take such care of him as I take. I shall never send him away; it would break his heart."

She and Priscilla had to use the utmost vigilance to keep him in sight, for he would often try to clude them, and run away. But they got to know his haunts, and to follow him, without seeming to infringe his liberty of action. One of his haunts was the pool in the forest, which he would often visit, and walk around it with gestures of menace. Another was his wife's grave—or, rather, the graveyard. On winter evenings, when the church was lighted, he would wander round and round it, looking in at the doors and windows, but never venturing within, and then go and sit on his wife's grave, and cry; and only Phillis, with tender and soothing entreaty, could get him to move away and go home.

John Bower's hair became rapidly white as snow, but it still crowned a lion head, and a form of lion strength. It seemed as if he might live to be a hundred; but the end was nearer than it seemed, and Phillis was set free from the task to which it needed no vow to bind her. She and Priscilla immediately took steps to get admitted into training as nurses, and I think they will keep to their vocation.

Thomas Myatt, builder and contractor, gives large sums to one of the London hospitals; and only a few can guess why Claude's charity-purse is always full from the same source. But the self-restrained and silent donor is still a solitary man.

THE END.

CHEERFULNESS IN NATURE.

BY THE REV. W. HARRIS, M.A.

ERE is "a time to weep and a time to laugh," said the wise man of old; and any one who studies the open book of Nature may read the same lesson. There have been philosophers who taught that mirth and sorrow should be equally repressed; there are some thoughtless persons who never can be serious, except under the sharp discipline of pain, and on the other hand there have been some persons, doubtless good in their way, who thought it a duty to be always gloomy, and who recoiled from all mirth as sinful frivolity. It is, however, only reasonable to believe that the springs of both joy and sadness are placed in our hearts for a good purpose, for the benefit of others as well as of ourselves, that neither ought to be subject to a rigid rule of repression, that each may rightly flow in due season, and in modera-

A man must be blind who never sees anything cheerful in the face of Nature. He must be thoughtless, too, not to realise how much he owes to the cheerfulness of Nature-how different human life would be did she always reflect his sullen moods. We cannot say that Nature is always cheerful. There is nothing inspiriting in fogs or in long-continued rain. Whirlwinds and thunderstorms have a subduing and awe-inspiring effect. But the gloomy and the awful are Nature's temporary moods, and they enhance the effect upon us of those kindlier aspects which she most loves to wear. How enjoyable is the bright calm day which often succeeds a storm! What a cheerful look the sea assumes when its troubled waters have subsided into rest, and its emerald surface is streaked by the purple shadows of the clouds! Philosophers tell us that contrast and comparison are amongst the necessary instruments by which we learn, and consequently if Nature were always bright we should be insensible of the brightness, just as those whose lot is cast from infancy amidst mountain scenery are often insensible of its grandeur.

The poets have loved to adorn their verse with imagery drawn from sea, and sky, and earth. An ancient Greek tragedian has left for all translators a puzzle founded on one cheerful aspect of the sea, which they have not yet succeeded in solving. The difficulty is to render poetically and without adding any idea to the original, two words which literally

signify "numberless laughter," and which are intended to describe the glancing ripple of the sea under a bright sun. "Ocean's many-twinkling smile" has been suggested, and is, perhaps, as good a rendering as we can get, though the Greek poet said nothing about twinkling. What the words really mean may perhaps be paraphrased as "ocean rippling all over with laughter," but that is unfortunately not poetical in sound.

The sacred harp of Israel, too, vibrated in response to the cheerful voice of inanimate Nature, and uttered under its influence some of those notes which stir for ever a world-wide echo in human hearts. Or, to put it somewhat differently, the Psalmist found true words for Nature's music when he said, "The little hills shall rejoice on every side; the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing,"

One more instance must suffice for this part of the subject. The "poet of Nature," our own Wordsworth, could not fail to sympathise with her cheerfulness. In one of his simple poems—one which ought to be more frequently found than it is in "collections" of poems—the poem entitled, and beginning with, the words, "I wandered lonely," the dominant note (as musicians say) is the joyousness of Nature. The poet relates how, in one of his lonely wanderings, he saw "beside a lake beneath the trees, ten thousand" daffodils, "tossing their heads in sprightly dance." He says—

The waves beside them danced; but they Outdid the sparkling waves in glee; A poet could not but be gay In such a jocund company.

Nor was the cheering effect of the sight exhausted when he passed into other scenes. The memory of it was an enduring source of joy. "In vacant or in pensive mood" that bright picture arises before his mind's eye—

And then my heart [he sings] with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodils.

Passing from inanimate to animated Nature, we do not lose the strain of joyfulness. Rather we should say that the silent music of the flowers and the sunshine meets with a fitting accompaniment in the "jubilant hum" of the insect, and the lively carol of the bird. Even the bleating of the lamb is interpreted by the poet as a note of joy. Thus, in one of the most exquisite of his "Songs of Innocence," Blake writes—

Little lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?

Gave thee such a tender voice Making all the vales rejoice? A more decided evidence of cheerfulness is, however, to be seen in the "frisking" of the lamb,* and, to speak generally, in the playfulness exhibited in youth by so many animals, even by those which in their maturer age become to us the types of cruelty. And note, too, that the capacity for play is not lost even in maturer life. The lioness, whatever her family cares, and however the struggle for existence may have developed her ferocity, can enjoy and

respond to the gambols of her cub.

Play is a part of Nature's system of education, and, speaking now of boys and girls, I believe it is generally admitted that, for their healthy development, both in body and mind, a liberal allowance of play is necessary. Perhaps, however, there is more of agreement in regard to the abstract truth, than in those practical efforts which should result from that conviction. In populous places like London, though something has been done to provide places where children may play, there is a lamentable deficiency of such places. If any one is seeking an undoubtedly good work on which to expend philanthropic energy. and towards which he may contribute help in money, the work may be commended of providing for this lighter though pressing want of those children, for whom so much is done just now in the way of instruction. As it is they often have to carry on their games in the close atmosphere of courts and alleys, or upon the public pavements. The game which appears to be always in season is "cat," which they maintain under the harassing liability of being stopped just at an interesting moment by the sudden apparition of a policeman, and with considerable risk to the windows of serious citizens as well as to the eyes of persons passing by, who consequently view such juvenile sports with feelings far from

A propensity to play is widely diffused in the animal creation, and it is remarkable how similar is the principle exemplified in the games of the lower animals to that exhibited by their human superiors. The principle of play, to speak generally, is the idea of pretending to do something resembling the serious occupations of the adult animal. Thus the boy's game is frequently some variety of mimic war, while the girl delights to assume, in pretence, maternal or domestic cares. So dogs express their gaiety by chasing and flooring each other, and even by biting one another, in fun. Ravens, says White, spend all their leisure time in striking and cuffing each other on the wing, in playful skirmish. The kitten, as we all know, can get up a lively game all to itself with any object, such as a marble, which it can easily set in motion and by a stretch of imagination pretend to be a mouse. It is unfortunate for the

But to return to our subject from this digression, which seemed necessary in order to sustain the cheerfulness of our thoughts upon it. Another traveller tells us that when he was in a settlement of Texas, he used to see every afternoon an assemblage of all the young dogs belonging to the colonists. The purpose for which this reunion took place was nothing more nor less than a good game of play. After an hour and a half of riotous fun, the youngsters departed each to his own home, which was in some cases a good way off. Sometimes a farmer would punish his truant dog, but it was of no avail. The attraction of that game was too great to be counteracted by the fear of punishment.

Nor is it only dogs that enjoy a good round game. At certain times, we are told, the chimpanzees of Africa assemble, as many as fifty at a time, and indulge in a game, of which no human observation can follow the intricacies, leaping, screaming with excitement, and, what is more extraordinary, as an example of the use of instruments by a species inferior to man, beating the hard wood of the trees with switches held in their hands.

It has been said that laughter is confined to the human race; and, if it only resulted from an intellectual cause, such as the perception of incongruity or grotesqueness, we should naturally conclude, that though many animals might produce laughter in man, they would be incapable of it themselves. That there are many oddities in Nature is an undoubted fact. Donkeys, geese, and especially monkeys, if not themselves witty, may easily be the cause of wit, or, at any rate, suggest something ludicrous to us. There is scarcely an exhibition of pictures by the Royal Academy, without one or more instances of the ludicrous drawn from the animal world; and Landseer's picture of "Comical Dogs" is well known. The ludicrous in Nature, as well as the sense of it in ourselves, is intended to minister to our cheerfulness.

But there is such a thing as animal laughter, as distinguished from that which results from the titillation of the intellect—it is the simple expression of

mouse tribe that even a sedate and elderly cat retains such a passion for sport, that she will apparently give her victim, a captured mouse, a chance of escaping, in order to enjoy the excitement of catching it again, We can only hope that Livingstone's opinion with regard to the sensations of a mouse under these circumstances is correct, corroborated as it is by his own experience. When this great traveller was caught by a lion which fixed its claw in his shoulder, "the shock." he says, "produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat." He adds, that though he did not become unconscious, he felt neither pain nor terror, and he expresses the opinion, which other authorities have supported, that "this peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

^{*} The bleating of the lamb is the call of a child to its mother, rather than the mere expression of joy. After shearing, the lambs have a difficulty in recognising their dams by sight or smell, owing to their changed appearance and the smell of the pitch marks. This explains the increased frequency of the bleating which is then noticed.

exuberant buoyancy of spirits. In laughter of this kind the monkey tribe is not deficient. Indeed, it would seem as if some human races have either lost, or never possessed this faculty, which accordingly they despise. Some of the grave and solemn peoples

of the East, and in particular some Turks, we are told, were so incapable of sympathising with or understanding it, that they insulted Europeans, by comparing them with apes, because they laughed like them.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF GOSPEL HISTORY.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH,

MARTHA AND MARY: THE MINOR CLAIMS AND THE SUPREME NEED OF LIFE.

HE picture with which we are presented of the relations of our Saviour to the household of Bethany, seems to bring Him nearer to us than almost anything else we are told concerning

His earthly life in the Gospel narrative. It is the one family to which we have reference as having been honoured with the special regard, the more intimate friendship of the Lord Jesus. It is the one earthly home to which probably He most frequently resorted for purposes of rest and refreshment; and it is in connection with it that the Son of Man appears most distinctly a member of human society. We are told very little of His own family, and if we except certain female members of it, we gather from the little information with which we are furnished, that His own kinsfolk failed, to a very considerable extent, to appreciate His character and work; we learn, to our sorrowful surprise, that "neither did His brethren believe in Him." The relations He sustained to others, however truly relations of friendship, were yet, nearly all of them, of a semi-public, semi-official character; those whom He gathered about Him were His friends—were, indeed, admitted to the privileges of the most intimate friendship-but they were also His servants, disciples, apostles. They sustained a certain recognised relationship to His Church, His Kingdom, His people, as well as to Himself. He occasionally, during His public ministry, enjoyed hospitality extended to Him and His followers by rich publicans or Pharisees, who were more or less interested in His teaching or Himself. But here we have something altogether different; here we have relations of a purely private, social, domestic character. We do not say that He was related to no other household as He was to this; we only say of such intimacy, if any such existed, no record has been preserved as necessary for us.

This family was resident in Bethany, a little village situated on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, about a mile and a half from Jerusalem. The family consisted of Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha and Mary; and was, if not wealthy, at least in comfortable circumstances, and appears to have been held in much esteem by

their neighbours, as we may conclude from the general sympathy which was manifested towards the two sisters on the occasion of their brother's death.

This family is distinguished as having been honoured by the special regard of Christ—a fact which is emphasised in the sacred narrative. Lazarus, Martha, and Mary are severally spoken of as those whom Jesus loved, and to this quiet and happy home our Saviour often resorted, and there He always found the welcome of a loving and intelligent sympathy.

Our attention is chiefly engaged by the two sisters. Of Lazarus we are told little beyond the facts that he was the object of the Saviour's love, and the subject of one of His most remarkable miracles; but Martha and Mary stand out distinctly in their strongly-defined individuality. The contrast between them is a very striking one. This appears when we first make their acquaintance. We have an account of a visit paid to them by the Lord Jesus. The little scene preserved for us in St. Luke's Gospel merely reveals to us the way in which He was usually received in that household. With equal joy the Master's advent would be greeted by the two sisters, who had such different ways of expressing the feeling which they in common cherished. Martha was a good and true-hearted woman, and loved Jesus, we may suppose, not less sincerely than her sister Mary, but she had her own way of showing her love, and it was not the best way. In her anxious desire to minister to the full extent of her ability to the earthly necessities of her illustrious Guest, she not only, by her too busy hospitality, shut herself off from the spiritual advantage which she might have enjoyed, but, giving place to an impatient and censorious spirit, she petulantly complained that her sister did not share the duties that she, perhaps, had needlessly taken upon herself. Martha was unduly careful about many things, was cumbered with much serving, and yielding to a spirit of almost fretful anxiety that everything possible should be done, and well done, in the service of Christ, she hurried hither and thither making preparation for the material refreshment of her Lord, and neglected the opportunity, which might never occur again, of listening to

those words of grace and wisdom which Mary, sitting at the feet of Jesus, was so eagerly drinking in. And Mary, in acting thus, was manifesting that quietude of spirit which commonly characterised her. We need not suppose her neglectful of the ordinary duties of life because she acted thus on this occasion. It was not that she was indifferent to the entertainment of Jesus, but knowing that sufficient entertainment would be forthcoming without all this restless hurrying to and fro, she felt that she was honouring Christ more by showing her eagerness to receive what He had to communicate, than by neglecting His teaching, needlessly to busy herself with duties

that could be otherwise discharged.

The difference between the two sisters appears, though perchance in a less marked manner, in the hour of sorrow and bereavement. This home, which had been so often filled with light and gladness by the visits of Christ, is at last darkened and saddened by the visitation of sickness and Their only brother, Lazarus, was taken ill, and their friend Jesus was at a distance from During the earlier stages of the illness, and while there was the hope of amendment, they scrupled about sending to Jesus; but the illness assumed a more serious form, and they at last determined on despatching a messenger, soon after whose departure their brother died. After a long and what must have seemed to them a strange delay, Jesus arrived. Martha, as soon as she heard of His approach, went forth to meet Him; but Mary sat still in the house. Both sisters employ the same words in addressing the Master, and yet is there a difference distinguishable in their methods of approaching Him. Martha, in her own sharp decisive manner, which even sorrow could scarcely subdue, exclaimed, the moment she saw Jesus, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died," and then at once, as if she felt she had been too hasty in her speech, she adds, "But I know that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." Mary, too, comes to Jesus at His call, and on finding Him, immediately falls at His feet, and in addressing Him uses the same words which had been previously employed by her sister, but, as we conceive, in a different tone and in a different spirit.

We meet with Martha and Mary again on a very different occasion. It is at a festive gathering, six days before the Passover, so nearly before His Passion does our Lord resort to Bethany. But the feast is not made in the house of Lazarus, but in that of Simon, a friend of the family, who provided the entertainment in honour of Jesus, and Martha and Mary and Lazarus were invited to meet Him. Here, again, the characteristic differences of the two sisters appear. Martha, though there as an invited guest, must busy herself. We see her moving about with them that

served. She must be doing something; she has no idea of showing her love in any other way than that of active service. Mary feels that she must show her love, too-a true instinct tells her that she will not have another opportunity of doing so. and she declares her love in an equally characteristic manner. She had obtained a costly unguent, treasured in an alabaster box, and with that precious ointment she anoints the feet and then the head of the Lord Jesus, breaking the alabaster vase that she might the more unreservedly pour forth its contents. The seeming extravagance of the offering elicits the objection of Judas, who calls it waste, and hypocritically pleads the cause of the poor. But our Saviour justifies the offering of Mary, declaring that she, with prophetic foresight, had anointed Him as for His burial, and that the act, so far from being open to objection, should be everywhere spoken of to her honour and praise so long as the Gospel was preached. knew that Mary would not care less for the poor whom He left in the charge of His people because of this costly offering which, in the greatness of her love, she had presented unto Himself.

In studying the characters of these two sisters, we must not condemn the one as a worldly-minded and praise the other as a spiritually-minded woman. We must rather regard them both as equally true and sincere disciples of the Lord Jesus. Each was inspired with a deep love for the Master, and, prompted by that love, would have manifested equal willingness to do the Lord's bidding, but left to themselves, in the absence of His express commands, each had her own way of showing her love. Martha's disposition prompted her to constant and restless activity; Mary saw that she would be honouring Jesus more by receiving what He was willing to communicate, than by cumbering herself with much service that He

did not need.

Martha's fault was not that she showed her love by so active a service, but that she made her life consist too much in activity, and that she was so little tolerant of her sister, who showed her deeper love-at least, the love of her more profound and thoughtful nature—in a more quiet way. Martha was always doing-life for her had no meaning if it did not declare itself in activity, and she became impatient and fretful if others were not as busy as herself. Mary, as we may well imagine, had her seasons of activity, her round of appropriate duties. She was not always sitting at the feet of Jesus. When He was not there, the inspirations of His love prompted her to engage in different kinds of service which she well knew were according to His mind, and would secure His commendation. But when He Himself was there, what could she do better than quietly drink in those supplies of grace and wisdom which He is ever willing to communicate to those who are willing to receive?

While we would not overlook the fact that to those who have a disposition like Mary's there is the danger of making the religious life consist too much in contemplation and reverie, with a disposition like Martha's there is the still greater danger of making the religious life consist too much in action. With a constantly active and restless life, there is a danger of neglecting the deeper springs of life. We must not regard action, even for Christ, as an end in itself, but rather as a means to an end. Being is more than doing; what we are is more than what we achieve; and in all our doings we should keep this constantly in view-that we ourselves should be the better for what we do. We must be on our guard against making the activities in which we engage an excuse for neglecting the discipline and cultivation of our moral and spiritual natures, and we may be often fitting ourselves for truer, more valuable, and more lasting service, by sitting at the feet of the Lord Jesus and learning of Him, than by being so busily employed even in His service, that we have no time to think about ourselves and our deeper-our deepest necessities. There should be a balance maintained between the outward and the inward, and the outward and active services in which we are engaged should bear upon and contribute to the development and perfecting of our spiritual natures.

Martha spent her life in active services, all of which had their value and received their reward, but not one of them is signalised by any special commemoration; but the precious ointment with which Mary so profusely anointed the head and feet of Jesus retains a fragrance which is ultimately to fill and charm the world. That expression of Mary's love, which Judas and the other disciples condemned as needless and extravagant, was not only vindicated by the Saviour at the time, but is everywhere to be spoken of to her honour so long as the Gospel shall be

In that passage in St. Luke's Gospel to which we have already referred, we have not only the conduct of the two sisters compared or contrasted, but we have our Saviour, while gently rebuking Martha for her over-carefulness—her needless anxiety—commending Mary for having made a wise choice. "Martha," we read, "was cumbered about much serving, and came to Him and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

The words which our Saviour uttered on this occasion have been very variously interpreted; the idea, however, which has been commonly associated with them we may accept as substantially

correct. And if we suppose, as we reasonably may, that the immediate allusion of the Lord Jesus was to the one dish-or that most simple form of provision which would suffice for His entertainment, we see Him at once, according to His accustomed method, rising to the consideration of matters of infinitely greater moment, just as on another occasion He uses the bread which perisheth, and for which men should not exclusively or chiefly labour, as the text for His sermon on the Bread which cometh down from heaven, whereof if any eat he shall neither hunger nor die. The one thing needful to which our Saviour here refers must be understood as being needful to His true reception and entertainment, and that is not the rich and varied material entertainment which Martha was busying herself to prepare—it is rather the disposition which Mary was so beautifully manifesting as she sat at the feet of Jesus, joyfully receiving what He was graciously communicating. They best entertain Christ who throw open their hearts to Him as the Lord of life and salvation.

We may then take it for granted that our Saviour, whatever may have been His earlier allusion, is here referring to the one thing of supreme importance and absolute necessity, from which we should not allow our thoughts to be distracted by any of the minor though legitimate claims of life. Mary is censured by her sister for neglecting these minor claims. Christ throws the shield of His protection over her, and He not only vindicates her conduct, but He gently indirectly reminds Martha that instead of allowing herself to be needlessly cumbered about much serving, instead of being so careful and troubled about many things, she would have been showing a higher wisdom had she withdrawn for a season from her round of household duties, and taken her place with her sister at His feet. Saviour does not even by implication disparage household duties. He does not censure Martha for attending to them, or commend Mary for neglecting them-He merely reminds her that, however important they may be, there is something more important—that, however urgent and pressing the minor claims of life may be, they are but minor claims after all, and may not be brought into comparison with the claims of the one thing needful. Martha is not condemned as having no interest in the good part, but Mary is commended for having on this occasion manifested her sense of its superior claims. Christ not only justifies but commends Mary's withdrawal from the ordinary and even special duties of the day, that she might avail herself of the spiritual privileges which were then within her reach, but which might never present themselves again; and He gently suggests that Martha, instead of censuring her sister, might more appropriately have imitated her example-"Martha,

Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not

be taken away from her."

Here, then, we have Mary commended by the Masser for having made her choice, and we have the object of her choice characterised and commended as the one thing needful—the good part, and that which should never be taken away from her—and passing away from the conduct of Mary on this particular occasion, we may, without putting any unnatural strain upon the words, be allowed to apply them to true religion, which is the one thing deserving this threefold commendation—the one thing which may be spoken of as indispensably needful, perfectly good, and absolutely inalienable. There is no other human possession which can be thus characterised.

Religion is the one thing needful-"Sufficient in itself alone, and needful, were the world our own." It ever claims to be so regarded, and it will not abate its claim. It does not teach us to disparage other things, it does not deny that they may be on many accounts desirable, that they have present and relative uses and worth; but it declares that it alone is to be regarded as the one thing needful. Its claims are paramount as compared with the other and even legitimate claims of life. When we say a thing is needful we mean that it is needful to the attainment of some end which cannot be otherwise secured; or the turning aside of some evil which cannot be otherwise averted. And nothing can be more plainly taught us in Scripture than that the religion of the cross—the Gospel of the grace of God—is thus absolutely needful. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved, than the name of Jesus. The Gospel reveals the only way whereby man can reach his highest destiny, or secure, as his abiding possession, the greatest good. Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life—the true and living way—the way from ruin and misery, a way to a life of blessedness here and a life of glory hereafter.

But religion may be described not only as indispensably needful, but also as perfectly good. The one thing needful is "the good part." Many things are called good, which are not good; many things seem good, which in reality are evil. They will not wear, they will not last, they will not satisfy. What can we account so good, as to have a personal, abiding, unchanging interest in Christ as the Friend and Saviour of sinners?

That which Mary chose is characterised and commended as an inalienable possession, as that which could not be taken away from her. This is the only one of all our many possessions of which this can be said. Wealth, honour, health, whatever we have of earthly good, may be taken away from us; and though we may be permitted to retain our possessions till the close of life, we know the time is coming when we must leave all our possessions behind us. But if we have this one thing needful, this good part, we know that it shall never be taken away from us. Let us be but possessed of that, and we shall be content and happy here, and crowned with all the glories of immortality hereafter.

HOSPITAL FLOWERS.

OW, sister, the fields and the lanes let us rove,

The season is bounteous, all nature is fair,
And join in a labour of pity and love—

A harvest of beauty's awaiting us there.

From his hospital couch the poor sufferer sighs,
As the generous sunshine steals into his ward,
And he turns to old rambles with memory's eyes,
By woodland and valley and daisy-sprent sward.

The flowers he loves are in blossom, he knows—

The wild thyme, the harebell, and woodbine so

sweet:

The bramble, clematis, and blushing dog-rose, And bell-bine half hid in its grassy retreat. His soul yearns towards them, he's longing to see

Their beautiful features and forms as of yore;

But his limbs are fast bound, and he cannot get

free.

And he feels his affliction a hundredfold more.

Sure sickness, my sister, should not sigh in vain
While we have the power to comfort and bless;
We'll gather and take him, from meadow and lane,
That harvest of beauty he longs to possess.

And while the fair flowers sweet solace impart,

And help him to bear where he else might repine,

Perchance they may preach to his innermost heart Of goodness, and glory, and mercy divine.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.



"We'll gather and take him, from meadow and lane, That harvest of beauty he longs to possess."

XUM

(

Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.



THE DIFFERENCE IT MADE.

OW late you are again, Philip!" exclaimed Lottie, pettishly, as her young husband entered the little sitting-room.

And that was all she did say; nevertheless, it was just half a dozen words too many, and she had far better have been silent. Strange and sad it is to think how often we mar a day's happiness—nay,

Lottic went on with her sewing for a minute or two. Then she inquired, quietly enough, "What has put you out, Philip? And aren't you going to have any tea?"

Now, a man does not, as a rule, like to be asked what has put him out. When his grievances have smouldered awhile in the solitude of his own breast,



"'I can't do anything right, it seems,' returned Philip."

even the happiness of a lifetime—by a few careless words.

Philip did not reply, but, pulling off his boots, and thrusting his feet into his slippers, he sat down by the fire, which he began to stir. Apparently he was not in a good temper, and was endeavouring to make the poker do duty as a safety-valve—poking, poking away, as though he meant to stir out all the fire for the night. At last Lottie got quite nervous, and her tone had lost none of its pettishness, as she said—

"Oh, dear, Philip! what a state that grate and fender and all will be in!"

"I can't do anything right, it seems," returned Philip, crossly; and down went the poker with a crash. he may tell them or not, as it suits him, but he does not like to have them inquired into.

"Nothing has put me out," was the curt answer.
"And how can I have my tea if you won't pour it
out?" And in a moment Philip had impatiently
pulled on his boots again, and was gone, slamming
the door after him.

Lottic opened her lips to utter his name, but no sound came: instead, there she sat motionless, and pale and red by turns, with grief, anger, and bewilderment. What had she done? And what had caused this terrible difference lately in Philip?

Little by little her lips began to quiver, and her eyes to fill with tears; and soon she threw down her work, and burying her face in her hands, burst into passionate weeping.

They had only been three months married, yet the glamour on both sides had faded already. Yet they were sensible young people, and had by no means expected perfection in each other, though being both young they had possibly expected too much. They had also loved each other dearly, and had no doubt imagined that nothing more was needed to make

waited till it was repeated, and then, drying her eyes, she went slowly and unwillingly to open it, for her little maid had gone out.

And there stood Philip's mother: a tall grandlooking woman, with wonderful eyes—large, bright, sparkling, and of a deep clear grey—and with a face full of loving kindness, and Lottie loved her dearly.



"He looked round with a smile."-p. 727.

their mutual happiness. Never, surely, was a greater mistake! For the fire of love needs fuel and attention as much as any other fire, and if it does not get them, it will as certainly die out. Many a wandering heart that has been easily won may prove most difficult to keep. Yet, generally the power to do so lies in very little things.

Lottie was an orphan, and had not been very well brought up—having been shifted about among different relatives; but she had a true loving heart, and, notwithstanding her little crossness to Philip, a really gentle docile temper.

There was a knock at the door now; but she

"Come in," she said. "Oh, mother, I am so glad to see you!" And then she caught her voice with a little sob.

Mrs. Burton kissed her fondly, but would not appear to notice her agitation, and, entering the little parlour, she took off her bonnet and shawl, and, drawing from her work-bag a cap of white lace, trimmed with pale blue ribbons, she arranged it somewhat carefully over her beautiful silver-grey hair. She was standing before the kittle glass over the chimney-piece, and Lottie could watch her without being seen—being engaged, meanwhile, in quickly putting away the neglected tea.

And Lottie was feeling ashamed. She wore no pretty ribbons; they were lying tumbled and forgotten in her drawer. In the days before her narriage—so long ago, it seemed, and she sighed as she remembered the time—in those happy days when Philip's eyes had been for ever upon her, she had always worn a bright bow or tie. But lately she had given up the plan, thinking, half bitterly, that her husband never looked at her now, when the truth was that he was quicker to see than ever, and more pleased when she paid him the compliment of dressing to satisfy his eyes than ever he had been used to

And what was Philip's mother doing now? She had taken a seat, and was busily knitting away at a warm comforter—Lottic could easily guess for whom. Philip was an only son, and his mother was a widow,

and wholly wrapped up in him.

And next—pondering sadly still—Lottie swept up the untidy grate, and picked up the shreds of her work that had littered the carpet. Then she put the chairs more exactly in their places, and one or two other little things she did to make the room look neat. Once it had been alwaysneat; but a careless mood had been upon Lottie for the last few weeks, and she had left off being so particular. Perhaps that had been another mistake, for Philip's own home, she knew, was always a pattern of neatness.

And she remembered now, how, more than once, Philip had vexed her by going and—as she had afterwards found out—sitting for an hour or more with his mother, and leaving her (his wife) alone. And she had wondered what secret charm that old lady possessed that had so much more power over the young man than any that his newly-made wife had yet discovered.

"Where is Philip?" inquired his mother, presently.

"Gone out," uttered Lottie, in a tone that was almost harsh in its pain and humiliation, and then she burst into tears.

The old lady put down her work in a moment, and tenderly caressed her daughter-in-law:—

"What is the matter, my dear? Some little misunderstanding? Oh, well, don't let it hurt you so much." And the old lady paused. "These things will occur," she presently continued. "We all have our lessons to learn. Tell me all about it, if you can; and let me at least try to help you. I was a young wife once, you know; and I found it was not all sunshine, and that I must not depend alone upon earthly happiness, or I should be terribly disappointed. . . . But there is one thing, child, that I may as well say while I think of it, and that is, that my Philip is rather inclined to be sulky, and, once offended, he is sometimes a long time in coming round. But you must have patience with him, dear, and treat him gently and kindly, and all will be well in the end, for he loves you very

"Oh, mother," interrupted Lottie, sobbing still, but

more quietly, "he is very good. It is I who have been to blame, I am sure. Oh, do advise me, and help me! I did so mean to make a good wife, and I have driven Philip away already."

"Do not cry so, my child. Come, wipe away the tears, and then tell me what you and Philip have been doing."

And soon Lottie was freely pouring out all her griefs.

Their long talk was over, and though Philip had not yet returned, and though his mother had at length departed, leaving Lottie to wait up alone, yet the young wife's heart felt wonderfully lightened.

"How did you use to contrive to keep Philip with you so much—hour after hour, and evening after evening?" was the gist of all the questions she had put to her mother-in-law. And the sum of the old lady's replies was this—

"I loved him, not myself; and I did not keep him at all, my dear. He stayed to please himself."

And so Lottie learned what seemed to her a most strange lesson, namely, that there is no selfishness like the selfishness of love—not real love, of course, but yet what goes for real love with half the world. She discovered that she had been loving herself instead of Philip, and that that must certainly be the reason why she had not pleased him.

Instinct warned her now that he would not care to see her up when he returned, therefore she went to bed. But not to sleep, for she wished to listen for Philip, and besides she was thinking of a treat which was in store for them both. Mrs. Burton wished them to come and stay with her for a week: and Lottie had been greatly pleased at the idea. She would go, and make her own observations, she determined, and then come back and treat Philip, as nearly as might be, as his mother treated him.

Philip, as his mother had forewarned her would be the case, had not recovered his good humour by the next morning, but Lottie resolved not to despair, and she set about the preparations for their little visit in tolerably happy spirits.

They went, and returned: and how thankful was Lottie. Philip was not yet what he had once been to her—perhaps, she sometimes sadly thought, he never would be again—nevertheless, she felt that she had gained valuable new knowledge, which, persistently acted upon, would in time give her such power over him as she had never yet possessed. Moreover, he was daily becoming dearer to her, and love is a great and wonderful teacher.

It was the first evening after their return. Lottie was alone. She had hoped that Philip would have stayed with her this evening. But no; he had gone out directly after tea, and she had forborne to reproach him, even by a look.

There she sat in her pretty fresh grey dress, with a rose-coloured ribbon at her throat, while her brown hair shone like satin. The room, too, was neat as a new pin, and she had had tea ready to the minute. The fire also had been blazing brightly when Philip entered, and the kettle singing merrily, and his wife had met him with a happy hopeful smile. "Always have an eye to cheerfulness and comfort," was one bit of advice which her mother-in-law had given her, and during the whole day she had been striving to act upon it. But, so far, it seemed as if all had been of no use whatever. The first trial was over, and Philip was gone, and she was left alone to reconsider her plans.

But, to begin with, she was living over again that visit—which she would never forget—to Philip's mother.

She recalled the first evening they had spent together. No matter what subject of conversation Philip had started, his mother had at once shown a quick and ready and real interest; and a sensible interest also. And with shame and vexation Lottie had remembered how very far she had often been from doing the same. Philip, perhaps, had mentioned some subject connected with his business, and she had laughed, and told him not to "talk shop;" or he had talked of the coming election of a new member for their borough, and she had listened and replied very indifferently, or, perhaps, had not thought it worth while to reply at all.

Meals, too, had been always punctual at Mrs. Burton's, and this had given Lottie another sharp reproof. Many a time in the little new home, which she had meant should be such a happy one, when Philip had entered and inquired for tea, she had told him carelessly that it was "not ready yet," and that it "would not hurt him to wait for it." She blushed now with contrition as she remembered how many such words she had spoken to the husband whom yet she loved; and she began to see that if ever there had been any real necessity for waiting, Philip would have starved rather than have uttered a complaint, but that it was the entire needlessness of all these small annoyances which had galled and vexed him.

Also Lottie recalled to mind, almost with tears in her eyes, how Philip had one evening accidentally broken a favourite vase of his mother's, and how, while he had been greatly concerned and distressed, his mother had only smiled at him. "I should have scolded," Lottie had thought, and she had said something of the kind afterwards to her mother-in-law, and the old lady had looked surprised, but had answered the next moment with a grave shake of the head—

"No, you would not, my dear—if you loved him as much as his mother does, that is. There are very few things my Philip can do to vex me. I should storm at any one else, at times, I dare say, but I really believe that my son might turn my house out o' window without making his mother angry with him, bless him!"

And it was *love* that made all this difference, and Lottie had felt wounded and sad. *She*, then, had not yet learned really to love Philip; her Philip—

her dear husband—who she had thought was all the world to her.

And then again, he had gone out one evening, and his wife had looked grave, and not quite well pleased; but his mother had lovingly smiled in bidding him good-bye, and when he was out of hearing she had said—

"If he wants to go out, let him go, dear boy. And may the good God bless and keep him, and give him wisdom always to choose innocent pleasures, and to resist temptation. His old mother would like to have him with her always; but she never lets him see that; it would be simple selfishness."

Again and again Lottie went over all this, and her spirits rose with each review; for she determined that she too would follow in the fond mother's footsteps, and henceforth cultivate an unselfish love, And she did not forget to seek strength from a higher source and motive than can be found in anything of this world alone. Day by day she persevered; day by day she hoped and prayed.

Months passed; and Philip proved himself very hard to win this second time. Nevertheless, in patience and cheerfulness Lottie continued her efforts, and in his secret heart Philip soon began to admire the brave bright little woman—more than ever he had done, even in the days of their courtship.

At length the last faintest cloud had vanished. There lay Lottie; and nestling to her was the tiny velvet face of the little peacemaker—Philip's baby son, and hers. What an untold world of delight lay in the thought!

The unconscious fingers of the little child had drawn husband and wife far closer than ever before; and Philip, with eyes full of love and feeling, had bent over Lottie, and kissed her, as she had never thought to have him kiss her again.

And every hour that he could spare Philip sat with her now. She begged him sometimes to go out for more air and exercise, but he would not go; or if, to please her, he did go for a little while, he seemed very glad to get back to her again.

Lottie thought that, as she got about once more, and things fell into their old train, Philip would spend his evenings out again as he had done for so long. But, no, he had quite changed; and he seemed now as if he could not be at home enough.

"Do you never mean to leave me again, Philip?" she asked one evening, gaily enough, as she was undressing her little crowing baby-boy, while her husband sat reading his paper beside her.

He looked round with a smile-

"Not unless you wish it, dear. Why should I? You are always ready to welcome me, and to talk to me, and you sympathise directly with everything I have to say. You are never tired of me, never offended with me. You never tease or weary me. I know that you wish only for my good and pleasure. Why then should I leave you? No; when I want to go

out I'll take my wife with me, or, if I can't do that, I'll stay at home." And Philip kissed both mother and child, and returned to his paper.

And Lottie made no reply (unless her bright tearful eyes did so for her), her thankfulness and pleasure were too great.

And as she sat there, hushing her child to slumber,

she mused upon love selfish—however unconsciously so—and love unselfish, and the difference it had made to her. All day long now she was on the watch to promote Philip's comfort and happiness, and behold, in so doing, she had most truly found her own. So it is always; and with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again.

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR.

EW of us probably remember the "pocketbooks" of lifty or sixty years ago, though they formed a considerable feature in the booksellers' shops of the day, and, in fact, one may almost call them the Christmas literature of the period. They

were small morocco-bound volumes, with a flap that tucked in on one side, so that the valuable little pencil (plumbago was dearer then than now), and the contents of a couple of pockets for holding memoranda or other trifles, might be safely The artistic and literary departments were represented by a few fine though small engravings, two or three short stories and poems, and a collection of enigmas, charades, puzzles, etc., that filled up, perhaps, half a dozen pages, followed by an almanac and diary for the year. The pictures in them were by no means to be despised, and Isaac Taylor himself, well known engraver as he was, thought it well worth his while, during the earlier years of his Suffolk life, to enter into an engagement to supply views of the gentlemen's seats throughout the country for Gedge's Pocket Book, published at Bury St. Edmund's. In 1798, his daughter Ann expended a trifle of her small store of pocket-money on a little work of the kind which issued from the press of a well-known Quaker firm in London, and was entitled "The Minor's Pocket Book," and little she thought, as she read the solutions of enigmas, and other poetic contributions to which prizes were attached, that she had put forth her hand to turn over an entirely fresh page in the family history. Her ambition was of a modest order, and it only struck her that she might successfully aim at as much literary distinction as these prizes conferred, so she patiently unravelled charades, rebuses, and all their kin, and sent her interpretations to head-quarters under the signature of "Juvenilia," This done, she had to wait for the approach of the next Christmas before knowing whether she had succeeded or failed. In due time the "Minors" for 1799 reached the usual shop in Colchester Market Place, and the expectant girl went in, and turning them over on the counter, found that the first prize, consisting of six pocket-books, had been awarded to "Juvenilia," Delighted with her little triumph, she tried again, her example being followed by Jane and Isaac, and with similar results. The keen eyes of the worthy publishers discerned the family relationship between the trio by

the force of internal evidence, and after awhile Ann ventured from under the shelter of her incognito by writing to them, and proposing to undertake some of the engraving for the small illustrated books which were their specialité.

This suggestion met with an immediate response in the affirmative, and at the close of 1802, Jane sent in a poetical solution of the enigmas and charades of the year, charmingly written, in the character of a little beggar girl with a basketful of small wares for sale, and beginning,

I'm a poor little beggar, my mammy is dead.

And Ann, who had watched with tender sympathy and compassion the sufferings of her lame brother Jefferys, contributed some verses entitled "The Crippled Child's Complaint." It is not every day that young people who have successfully embraced art as a profession, and have also a happy and original turn for versification, are to be met with, and we cannot be surprised to hear that among the letters that reached Mr. Taylor's busy house one June morning was the following epistle. It is too characteristic for a mere passing mention, and must be given entire.

London, 1st 6 mo., 1803.

ISAAC TAYLOR.-Respected Friend,-We have received some pieces of poetry from some branches of thy family for "The Minor's Pocket Book," and we beg that the enclosed trifles may be divided among such as are likely to be pleased with them. My principal reason for writing now is to request that when any of their harps be tuned, and their muse in good humour, if they could give me some specimens of easy poetry for young children? I would endeavour to make a suitable return in cash or books. If something in the way of moral songs (though not songs), or short tales turned into verse, or-but I need not dictate. What would be most likely to please little minds must be well known to every one of those who have written such pieces as we have already seen from thy family. Such pieces as are short, for little children, would be preferred .-For self and partner, very respectfully,

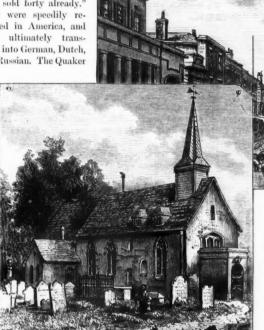
DARTON AND HARVEY.

We can imagine the eager group that gathered round the father's desk to listen, read, and cogitate over this wonderful missive. Ann frankly tells us that the prevailing idea among them was, that books were good, but cash better, and even the parent's chilling remark that he "did not want his girls to be authors" failed to damp their ardour.

The daily tasks, whether of engraving or housekeeping, were not infringed on, but the early morning hours and evening ones between work and supper were filled to the very brim with happy, congenial, and at the same time profitable occupation. In a short time sufficient material was sent up for the first volume of "Original Poems for Infant Minds," for which the sisters received £5, a similar sum being afterwards added. A second volume was ordered before the end of the year, and £20 paid for it, while

the first whisper of popularity came in a letter from a bookselling friend, who wrote, "Much pleased with Original Poems; have sold forty already." They were speedily reprinted in America, and were ultimately translated into German, Dutch, and Russian. The Quaker

the brothers began to develop in various directions. Isaac's health began to fail, and he spent long evenings in the parlour where his mother's busy needle was always in full activity, leaning a weary head against the mantlepiece, and chewing the cud of sweet and bitter thoughts, which ran chiefly on the evils rampant in this naughty world, and what he could do to mend them. A chemical lecturer, too,



ONGAR CHURCIL

impresarios, who may at this distance of time be acknowledged to have been far-sighted and shrewd in their bargains, next brought out "Rhymes for the Nursery," and gave £20 for it, and continued with a pleasant series of juvenile books, for which they paid in an increasing ratio. The happy knack of this successful writing for children is probably summed up in Jane Taylor's account of her own method, which is highly to be recommended to all who endeavour to walk in her footsteps. "I try," she said, "to conjure some child into my presence, address her suitably, as well as I am able, and when I begin to flag, I say to her, 'There, love, now you may go."

While the sisters were thus making money in the pleasantest of all ways, by the use of their brains, came to the town, and both he and Martin became so enamoured of the science thus explained, that they used to rise at four o'clock in the morning, so as to experimentalise in the kitchen before it was required for domestic purposes. This, however, had no great bearing on their future lives, and in 1808 the younger one set forth by himself to face the world of London. Engraving had not proved to be his vocation, so a situation was found for him in a great publishing house in Paternoster Row, and

COLCHESTER MARKET PLACE.

a year later Isaac, who was a good engraver, had a gift for design, and some skill in miniature painting, all taught or encouraged by his father, left the old home and started for himself. At about the same time Jane and Ann began to publish for themselves, the "Hymns for Infant Minds" being their earliest venture, and though at first unlucky through the failure of their publisher, the loss was soon forgotten, and the little work passed through successive editions with a good remunerative profit.

Just then the atmosphere was full of change. Mr. Taylor, from conscientious motives, thought it right to resign the pastorate of the little church at Colchester. Innumerable friends, knowing, as usual, what was good for the minister's household so much better

than they did themselves, pointed out most unweariedly that the close confinement inseparable from years of engraving must be bad for the health, though both Mr. Taylor and his daughters possessed that best of blessings unimpaired, "Relinquish the graver," said they, "and take pupils;" a piece of reiterated advice that, though highly distasteful to the sisters, helped to detach them from the groove in which their lives had hitherto run. Any one acquainted with the worry and tedium of teaching to all except the few who are to the manner born, must rejoice for these two bright spirits that they never undertook it. The father, who gave up his free Sabbaths to preaching here and there for his brethren in the ministry, occupied a pulpit one day at Brentwood, and walking thence on the Monday to Ongar, came to a point in the road from which he overlooked the small quiet town, and, by one of the prophetic instincts that are sometimes borne in upon the human soul, told himself that in that spot he could be content to live and die. A few weeks afterwards he received a "call" to a congregation there, and amid its country calm spent the remaining eighteen years of his pilgrimage. But it was a terrible uprooting to the young people at Colchester. They went all their favourite walks for the last time, took a tearful farewell of the dear old work-room, packed the household goods with sore hearts, bade tender adieu to the familiar friends, and stepped into the post-chaise that was to convey them to the new home. It proved to be a pleasant one, known as the Castle House, built on the site of the ancient edifice from which its name was derived, with fine old trees, a moat, three gables, mullioned windows, ivy, and vines, and all that the most fanciful could desire to gladden eyes and heart. Here, to the great relief of everyone, the plan of establishing a school was given up, and Ann betook herself to a new kind of literary work, having been asked to furnish for the Eclectic Review an article which was the first of numerous critical essays considered by her brother Isaac the very cream of her literary efforts. Jane, too, was busy, and every one's hands were full, and promised to remain so. But once more serious illness drew near to Isaac, who, in pursuit of his artistic career, had entered into a lengthy engagement to prepare a set of anatomical drawings in the dissectingroom of one of the London hospitals. The atmosphere was stifling, the odours sickening, and as he worked perseveringly on with the least possible amount of rest or relaxation, his health broke down, and he was obliged, reluctantly enough, to stand aside out of the battle of life for a season, and go down to Ongar to recruit. A continual cough and other consumptive symptoms made the mother tremble lest her eldest son should be about to die. She had parted tearfully from several children in infancy, but the loss of one who had arrived at man's estate without causing a single pang to the heart of either of his parents would indeed have been a crushing blow. Happily it was not to be, though, as the invalid was ordered to spend the autumn and winter in Devonshire, she

experienced something like the bitterness of death in what she thought could only be a final parting. Several friends of the family had gone to live in the west country, and while visiting them during the preceding summer, Isaac had received various commissions to paint miniatures, so that there was no need for him to be idle if his illness permitted him to work. Jane and Ann had only to pack up their pens and personal belongings, so it was arranged that the three should go together to Ilfracombe, a journey which could only be accomplished by taking a "long stage" from London at two o'clock on Wednesday, with the expectation of reaching the now fashionable watering place on the following Saturday afternoon.

Isaac formed an intimate friendship with a Mr. Gunn, the able and intellectual minister of a small Dissenting congregation, who kindly engaged apartments for the trio on the quay overlooking the forest of masts, which was in itself a novelty. This gentleman became their daily visitor, and between him and the two sisters there sprang up such a close bright friendship as is seldom seen, save among gifted men and women. We have but little record of Jane's occupation, except that in company with the others she roamed about the lovely hills and dales enjoying the sweet influences of Nature, which were indeed her great delight. It is noticeable that most of her poems deal with the contemplative repose of rural scenery and natural objects, while Ann's relate to the incidents of daily life. Isaac was well enough to pursue not only his miniature painting, but his designs for the plates of Boydell's Bible, his active mind meanwhile running on many other things. An invention for engraving by mechanical means was one of them on which he experimented a good deal, and he also investigated the problems of early Church history, stimulated to the study by the chance purchase of a Latin father. An offer was made him of accompanying an expedition to Abyssinia in the capacity of draughtsman, and the congregation Mr. Gunn was on the point of quitting besought his young friend to become their pastor, but he declined both.

And was love to play no part in the family history? Truly, he could not be shut out for ever, though his time was somewhat long in coming, and never came at all in the shape of those raptures, dreams, and sighs which are the peculiar privilege of folk who have nothing to do. Ann's marriage was certainly a union of equal minds and honest affection, which wore well, and produced more substantial happiness than results from the mating of most pairs of turtle-doves. The wooing was of a peculiar nature, and the suitor fell in love with the lady's soul before he had even seen her in person. He was the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, classical tutor in the Rotherham Theological College, who had been so much pleased with Ann Taylor's writings and with what he had heard of her from mutual friends, that he took the singular course of writing to inquire whether "any peremptory reasons

existed which might lead him to conclude that a journey, undertaken with the purpose of soliciting her hand and heart, could not possibly be successful." To this strange letter she only vouchsafed a brief and distant answer, the reply to which won upon her a little, backed as it was by the warm eulogiums that followed her father's inquiries about his would-be son-in-law. She was by no means insensible to the humour of the situation, and wrote her mother word that she thought affection would vanish when the ideal object was displaced by the real, adding. "He will feel like a man whose love has slipped through a trap-door. Yet I think it proper to allow an interview, because it is the only way to effect a speedy cure-if cure is to be effected." The brothers were very hot in their objections to the stranger, which, as might have been expected, roused Ann to take up the cudgels in his favour.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gilbert started on his journey south, and first of all presented himself at Ongar, whence the mother penned a pithy account of his visit, recording her own favourable opinion of him, and telling her child how he braved the weather as he travelled outside the coach at midwinter, and was so absorbed in "love and learning" that he even forgot his wraps. He was soon on his way to Ilfracombe, and proved to be an "intelligent, agreeable" companion, though how little progress he made in the object on which he was bent is shown by Ann's statement that he inspired neither "like nor dislike." He saw that it was of no use to weary her with persistent attentions and a presence that was scarcely welcome, and after drawing from her a reluctant promise to correspond with him, and to postpone her final determination till the summer, he returned home. Several more pleasant months were spent at Ilfracombe, and then, by slow stages, and paying many visits on the way, the trio turned their faces towards Ongar, and reached it by the end of July. On the second of August Mr. Gilbert came for the momentous answer, and, after two or three weeks, during which he pleaded his own cause very effectually, was accepted, the wedding being fixed for the end of the year.

Christmas Eve was the day appointed, but before it came Isaac was once more attacked by alarming symptoms, and compelled to return to Devonshire, accompanied by Jane, a separation which was just then particularly painful. What woman who is blessed with a "sister indeed" does not love to have her sympathy and companionship at so important an epoch in life as preparation for her marriage! Yet the trio who had so long worked together, were present in spirit if absent in the body, and on the wedding morning Ann found time to write—

DEAR JANE AND ISAAC,—It is just eight o'clock, and we are about to assemble for famfly worship. Before I go down I devote a minute to the recollection of you, my dear brother and sister. Forgive every instance in which I have been other than a sister should be, and if "hand-in-hand" we travel on no longer, believe me, dear Jane and Isaac, your most affectionate sister,

ANN TAYLOR.

At the old church at Ongar Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert were married, she being then about thirty-one, and he a childless widower of thirty-three. The wedding guests accompanied the bridal pair, after the ceremony, the first stage on the way to Cambridge, where they spent a short honeymoon, hearing service on Christmas Day in King's College Chapel, seeing all the sights the University could show them at that season; and returning for a few days to Ongar, from whence they started for Yorkshire on the 1st of January, 1814. The bride, whose fame had long preceded her, was received at Rotherham with the warmest of north country welcomes, and was speedily at home in her new sphere. In her husband's house she found the orphan niece of his first wife, a lively girl of eighteen, named Salome, between whom and herself sprang up a cordial affection, which was destined to remain undimmed through all the difficulties of the coming years. Mr. Gilbert was a busy man, and an early riser. Every morning, except Mondays, he met his pupils in the college library at six o'clock, returned home to breakfast at eight, and taught his classes again from half-past nine till one. At two they dined, and the afternoon was given by both husband and wife to literary work, in which the former was anxious that his partner should be as well known in her married, as in her maiden name. On Sundays he ministered to a congregation in Sheffield, and as spring came on, the two often walked six miles at early morning through the pleasant fields and woods that then lav between the two towns,

Mrs. Gilbert was very anxious to fulfil her domestic duties as thoroughly as if they filled her whole soul, applied to her mother for recipes, studied the cookery-book in secret, and wrote amusing accounts of her early experiences in the long chatty letters to her family that were alone worth the heavy postage and tardy transit of the time. Byand-by a little boy was born, and then her heart overflowed with so deep a flood of love, that there seemed even more of it than usual to lavish on her own circle. The little one grew and flourished, and when summer came round again she had the happiness of taking him to Ongar, where there were plenty to nurse and pet him, though Jane and Isaac were away in Cornwall; nor did these old companions meet until, a year later, they took coach via Bristol, Birmingham, and Sheffield, and paid a first visit to their sister's married home, in and around which they were welcomed and cherished, both for her sake and their own. Jane had just published her "Essays in Rhyme," a work which was received with considerable favour in its day, and though Isaac had as yet made no mark in the literary world, his natural force of character, taste, and learning, had a certain weight with all who came in contact with him. Jane, who was somewhat shy and reserved except among her own people, did not quite relish being lionised, and on one occasion gave a smart answer to a gentleman, who before a large company assembled in a Sheffield drawing-room endeavoured to draw her out by asking,

"What do you consider the principal defect in the Quaker system?" "Expecting women to speak in public," was her quick reply, after which he immediately subsided, and left her in peace. Some happy weeks passed in renewing the old affections, making acquaintance with the little nephew and niece, and visiting some of the lovely Yorkshire scenery; but they came to an end all too soon, and so two or three months afterwards did Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert's residence at Rotherham, the duties of which, in conjunction with his pastorate at Sheffield, pressed

heavily on the husband and father, who began to wish for work which would enable him to be more at home than hitherto. A pressing invitation to Hull was accepted, and thither the household removed, leaving the old sphere with regret, but looking forward hopefully to the new. The departure proved to be a trial to both, though the wife declared in her usual lively strain that there was enough "common-place about chairs and china, bread and beer, cheese, string, and straws, to reduce the fine edge of romantic suffering to a very endurable degree of bluntness."

ELIZA CLARKE.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES, NEW SERIES, No. 23, Asa,

Chapters to be read—2 Chron, xiv., xv., xvi. (parts of).

NTRODUCTION. Have you ever noticed a fine bright day in spring? Sun shining brightly—no clouds, calm air—all seems to promise fine day. Presently clouds arise, sun obscured, rain falls—day began so bright ends in darkness and gloom. Such was life of king whose story we read to-day—early

promise, life ended badly. Let us see the story.

 A GOOD BEGINNING. (Read 1 Chron. xiv. 1— 6.) Whose son was Asa? Was Abijam a good father? (See 1 Kings xv. 3.) Imitated his father Rehoboam's sins, but not his virtues. What a bad example for Asa! Was his mother better? (See chap, xv. 16.) Was obliged to put her away from being queen, because she promoted idolatry. But Asa did not follow their ways What did he begin by doing? (1) Putting away evil. What did he break down? What a strange sight! Command goes forth. Carpenters get axes ready; altars, images, temples of false gods all destroyed. Could they not defend themselves? (See Ps. cxv. 7, 8.) No more should such abominations defile Jerusalem. This the way all must begin who want to do right-i.e., to fear God themselves, and teach others to-must begin by putting away sin-ceasing to do evil (Isa. i. 16). (2) Teaching to fear God. Probably many had sought idols from knowing no better-simply copying bad example. Such must be taught. Scribes must teach law-remind of God's threatenings and judgments. How Moses had destroyed the golden calf in Horeb (Ex. xxxii. 20). Thus being taught God's word would not sin against Him (Ps. exix. 11).

II. A GOOD CONTINUANCE. (Read xiv. 6—15.) How does As a strengthen his land? But all this building requires peaceable times. How long was there peace? So As abuilt cities and collected an army (ver. 8). Remind of fable of boar whetting his tusks. What an enormous army—580,000 warriors of different kinds. Now, after ten years, a

foreign enemy appears. Who is it? Picture army all drawn up in battle array, Ethiopians nearly double the number of soldiers. What else had they? But what did Asa do? God had often helped small numbers before. Remind of Gideon and only 300 men (Judges vii. 6). What was Asa's prayer? What result did it have? A great victory, rout, and pursuit, great spoil carried off. All because 1. cy trusted in the Lord.

III, A GOOD LESSON, (Read xv. 1-15,) Who now was stirred up to prophesy? Apparently no regular teachers; but God's Spirit came to special people at special times. What does Azariah's sermon teach us? (1) Repentance, Judah been without regular worship and priest for long time; but had God altogether deserted them? What happened whenever they sought Him? He was not far from them. So it is still. Remind of prodigal son returning home-confessing sin-was seen a long way off. Forgiven at once upon repentance. God is same always. He cannot change. What an encouragement to us to repent, (2) Renunciation, How did Asa mean people to show sincere repentance? Not only in Jerusalem, but all over country destroyed idols-i.e., undid previous evil work as far as possibly could. This a lesson to all. Have often exerted bad influence. Try and win back those we have led into sin. (3) Restitution. What did they do to altar of God? (Ver. 8.) That not all. Mere rebuilding altar little good: must get people together to sacrifice, &c. So once more a grand gathering at Jerusalem-just like old days of Solomon. What did they offer? 700 oxen and 7,000 sheep of the spoil. Why did they do this? It was a public acknowledging of God. He had given the victory. He had allowed them to take the spoil; they would worship Him, praise Him, give Him of His own. Thus prayers, praise, and almsgiving would go together. What more did they do? Made a solemn covenant to seek God with all their hearts. Now sounds of rejoicing are heard once more at Jerusalem. Will it last?

IV. A BAD END. (Read xvi. 1-13.) For thirty-six years all went on well. Who came up against Asa then? What did he do? Why did he go to Benhadad? What did he persuade him to do? Why did Benhadad break his league with Israel? So Asa and Benhadad united and destroyed Ramah. Who reproved Asa? On what ground? How did he take his reproof? Very difficult to take a reproof meekly. But whose messenger was Hanani? What punishment did he pronounce upon Asa? Whom did Asa also oppress? Thus began to turn from God. Did not seek His help, imprisoned His messenger, oppressed His people. Now his end coming. What disease did he have? Probably gout-great pain. Whose aid did he seek? No harm in seeking advice from doctors, but he evidently put all his trust in them, forgetting God altogether. Thus again turned from God. Know not if he repented before death. His end conveys solemn warnings. (1) Perseverance. Thirty-six years reign prosperous, then sad. Must endure to end if would be saved (Ezek. xxxiii. 13). (2) Submission. His troubles began by not listening to reproof. Let this be a lesson to all not to harden hearts against voice of God (Ps. xcv. 8), but to turn at God's reproof and be happy (Prov. i. 23).

Questions to be answered.

- 1. What example had Asa in his parents?
- 2. How did he begin his reign?
- 3. Who attacked him, and with what result?
- 4. What lessons does Azariah's sermon teach us?
- 5. What was the beginning of Asa's fall?
- 6. How did he die?
- 7. What two lessons may we learn?

No. 24. Ahab and Elijah.

Chapters to be read—1 Kings xvi., xvii. (parts of). Introduction. Our last lesson about a king of Judah. Which was it? How did Asa begin his reign? and how end it? Some kings of Judah were good, but none of Israel! All kings of Israel worshipped idols, and taught people the same. What a sad country! quickly turned away from God. Today read of perhaps the worst king of all—Ahab, the son of Omri. What sort of training did he have? (Read xvi. 25, 26.) So Omri was worse than all before him, and sins of father descended to children.

I. Ahab the wicked King. (Read xvi. 29—34.) Who was king of Judah at this time? As a was doing right—pulling down idol temples, etc., but what was Ahab doing? See how sin spreads. What had Jeroboam made? But were the calves intended for false gods? No, the king intended the people to worship God through them, but Ahab goes a step further. Whose worship did he introduce? But what led him to worship Baal? Alas—the old story

of Solomon repeated-he married an idolater. Who was she? And not only as Solomon did-built a temple for his wife to worship her gods in - but adopted her religion, worshipped Baal himself, and taught his people to. Remind how God had expressly forbidden marriage with heathen wives (Deut. vii. 3). King should set example of keeping laws. But Ahab broke all God's laws. How is he described? (Ver. 33.) So people learned to do the same. One such instance given. Ask what city was the first taken by the Israelites, what was done with the spoil, and what curse was pronounced against the city (Josh, vi. 26). More than five hundred years had passed since then. Jericho remained heap of ruins. Israelites would be reminded always of God's power in destroying enemies, and God's mercy in bringing themselves in to promised land. But what happens to Jericho now? Picture the scene (must have seen similar in London); rubbish carted away; foundations dug out. But what news comes to Hiel? His first-born dead. Perhaps by a sudden illness; perhaps by a fall. Does he stop building? probably treats it as an accidenta curious coincidence—he goes on building; all goes well; city finished; last gate in its place. What happens now? So went his own way; did his own will; and received the appointed punishment. Show children that God's word must come true; not one word can fall to the ground. He is not a man that He should lie (Num, xxiii, 19). So still, the soul that sinneth it shall die. Why will ye die? Therefore turn, repent, be converted, and live (Ezek. xxxiii. 11).

II. ELIJAH THE HOLY PROPHET. (Read xvii. 1-7.) To what were the people of Israel given up? False gods, idol temples in many places. But were there none righteous? To what place did Elijah belong? Point Gilead, in tribe of Gad, out on map, to show that it was across the Jordan-long way from Samaria, where Ahab lived, therefore people probably not learned so much wickedness. Elijah, much shocked at King's wickedness, asked God to punish him. (See James v. 17.) What form did the punishment take? Famine called one of God's sore judgments. (See Ezek. xiv. 13, 15, 17, 19.) What are the other three? Remind of famine in Egypt in Joseph's time, extending to Canaan. Whom did Elijah tell about the famine? Seems to have been the only prophet in Israel at this time. Probably told by God to deliver the prophecy to King Ahab. So takes long journey to Samaria, obtains admittance to the palace, delivers the message. What terrible words-" no dew nor rain for three years!" Picture the land during this time. Hot sun by day, no cooling dews by night. Burning heat-no clouds to shade the sun, no rain to cool air and water ground. Land gradually becoming dry, parched, desert. Flocks dying from thirst, wild animals seeking springs in vain. Water fetched from great distances-e.g., Jordan flowing through centre of country, sold for high price. Meanwhile where was Elijah? Who sent him to Cherith? Same God would make provision

for his wants. In what a strange way was he fed! Perhaps ravens snatched bread and meat even from Jezebel's table. Picture the scene—the prophet sitting by the brook washing his feet, saying his prayers, perhaps reading a scroll of the Law, hearing flapping of wings, seeing birds come regularly morning and evening, cheered in his solitude by God's loving care, and kept safe from all harm. What can Elijah teach us? (1) A lesson of faith. He just did each time what he was told. Went to Samaria, went to Cherith. Without questions or doubt obeyed God's word. Put his trust in God, and was not disappointed. God is the same still—blesses all who put trust in Him (Ps. lxxxiv. 12). (2) A lesson of patience. What happened to the brook "after a while," i.e., after many days? How it must have tried him to see the brook gradually

getting less and less! How anxiously would he wait for next command! Nothing more trying than to keep still and wait. But patience must have her perfect work (James i. 4). God will provide for His people, only let them trust, and not be afraid.

Questions to be answered.

- 1. Who was Ahab's father, and who was his wife?
- How was Ahab more wicked than other kings?
 What wonderful prophecy was fufilled about
 - 4. What lesson does that teach us?
 - 5. What was Elijah's prophecy to Ahab?
 - 6. What lessons may we learn from Elijah?

OUR NELL.

Jericho?

CHAPTER XVIII.-THE SPRINGING SEED.



I was a gloomy afternoon in November. and Nell was walking along the high road, in the direction of the Vicarage. Her steps were slower than usual, for her errand was a distasteful one. She was on her way to keep her promise of going to see Miss

Lettice. More than two months before had that promise been given, in the first flush of gratitude for Miss Lettice's sympathy. Then it had been the end of August, and the world had still been dressed in its summer glory; now the last leaves were fluttering from the trees. Nell had often repented her promise, but without any intention of evading the performance of it. Her word once given, it would not have struck Nell that she could in any way avoid keeping it. But this was one of the hardest duties she had ever performed. She had a vivid recollection of that day, long ago, when Miss Lettice had warned her concerning Mr. Derwent. Miss Lettice would remember it too; and she would guess her secret, and would scorn her. Nell was full of suspicion, full of defiance; the suffering of the last few months had hardened the shell beneath which Nell had always sheltered herself, yet beneath that shell it had been doing a work of softening and purifying little dreamt of by the girl herself. She had never before been prey to such a nervous dread as now, while she stood outside the Vicarage door. She remembered that Miss Lettice was very good; would she talk to her religiously? How dreadful that would be! She feared she should be rude, and resolved to be altogether silent, lest she should get angry and forget herself.

The trim maidservant ushered her into the drawing-room, but before long returned with a message to the effect that Miss Lettice would be disengaged in a few moments, if Miss Masters would kindly wait for her in her own parlour. Here a bright fire was burning. A bowl of chrysanthemums stood on the table. Heavy crimson curtains framed in the dreary autumn view with a warmth of colour. A low chair stood by the fire; books and work lay on the table. The room had a habitable, comfortable atmosphere. Refinement, culture, taste, had stamped it with a character of its own; and Nell insensibly felt that it was different from the rooms she usually entered. She examined its details, and grew interested. Presently she took up a book that lay on the table. It was a volume of Jean Ingelow's poems. She opened it at "The Letter L." A few months before, she would have cared to read little more than the title; but Nell's emotional nature had had an awakening, and her sympathy was ready to respond eagerly to the expression of any form of love. She sat down in the low chair, and became so absorbed in her book that she did not hear the door open when Miss Lettice entered. Miss Lettice came up to her, stooped down to see what she was reading, and put her hand on her shoulder. Nell looked up quickly, and her eves met close to hers a strong kind face, and a smile of cordial friendliness. And now, she felt no fear or shrinking, but smiled back again, with a full frank gaze. Nell had a beautiful mouth,

moulded firm and full, with curves that grew more lovely as her lips parted. Miss Lettice, with a rare impulse, stooped, and kissed them. Nell flushed, but not with anger.

"I knew you would come some day," said Miss Lettice; "I knew you would keep your promise."

Nell looked at her eloquently, but said nothing. She was quite disarmed; all unconsciously her heart was ready for a friend. She had felt of late a loneliness which was new to her. Her work was no longer enough to fill her days with brimming cheerfulness. There was an aching within her which work could not cure. Her devotion to her father was as entire as before, but it was no longer a joy. Day by day he grew more morose, more sternly shut in within himself. His blindness had now become almost complete. He could distinguish little save a glimmer from bright colour or strong light. Nell had now practically become manager of the farm business, and overseer of the men. Her father would remain for hours in his chair absorbed in gloomy thoughts; Nell would often sit beside him, his hand in hers, grateful if, at times, he returned her pressure. But her heart was breaking for speech, for expression, for a friend.

Month had succeeded month, and no tidings of Carry had ever reached them. Hers was a dead name in the house. Nell dared not mention it to her father; and with her mother it was the signal for such tears and lamentations as she would do much to avoid. The clinging weight of pain round her heart could never find relief in that pouring out into the responsive heart of another, which can lighten the heaviest grief.

Miss Lettice felt she had gained her end, that the girl had turned to her with heart-welcome; but she was too wise to force the budding friendship. Miss Lettice had set herself many a long day before to win this girl's affection, and she meant to do much with her; but she had the rare faculty for waiting, without which it is impossible fully to accomplish a good end. She said, "What are you so interested in, my dear?"

Nell showed her the book.

"If you like to finish reading it, you shall take it home with you; and, in return, I am going to ask a service from you. I want you to come down some day, when you have an hour to spare, to show my Martha how to make those famous curd cheese-cakes of your mother's. If I am out, you must come in here and read, or look at my photographs; there are some in that portfolio which, I think, will interest you."

Nell's face looked radiant. She knew not why; but she felt entirely at ease, and entirely happy. After a little discussion on the subject of the farm cookery, Miss Lettice said—

"And now, my dear child, I am going to be rude enough to send you away. I have to go down to see old Mrs. Neighbour this afternoon, and it is getting late. You must please forgive my lack of ceremony." Nell laughed. This frankness suited her. The two rose, and Miss Lettice held out her hand. She said—

"Nell, I am often lonely in this little room of mine. I think you and I might be friends."

"Yes," said Nellearnestly, and forgetting everything in a strange inspiration of gratitude and affection, she put up her face to be kissed.

All the evening there was a glow of happiness at her heart, such as she had not felt for months. She even found herself humming a tune for very gladness.

Something else happened that evening which helped to make this a memorable day to her. She was sitting in the parlour at work. Jack and Bob were playing quietly in the window-seat, talking in whispers, that they might not disturb their father, who sat by the fire with his handkerchief thrown over his head. She was picturing over again all the details of the afternoon, when her attention was drawn to the talk of the two boys by the sound of the word "Carry." Jack was saying—

"Hold your tongue, you naughty boy. You're not to talk about Carry."

"I's not a naughty boy. She's my dear pretty sissy, and I love her," retorted Bob, stoutly.

"You're not to love her, then; she's awfully wicked, I can tell you."

"I shall love her," persisted Bob, putting up his fist.

"Eh, lad, you'd best take care. Father 'll wake, and hear what you're saying, and then I wouldn't be in your shoes for a trifle."

The boys had raised their voices, in spite of warning gestures from Nell. She fetched Bobby from the window, and took him on her knee.

"Bobby," she said, "it's quite right to love Carry. Love her as much as ever you can. She has been naughty; but, oh, Bob, when you and me are naughty, what should we do, if no one would love us any more?"

Bobby put up his chubby hand and stroked his sister's cheek.

"Don't cry, Nell," he said, "I'm going to love Carry ever so much." He put his arms round her neck, and Nell hugged him close.

The silence that ensued was broken by a sound which startled all the children. It came from Mr. Masters, and it seemed like a groan and a sob together. He rose hurriedly, and started to walk across the room to the door, but without his stick, and with unaccustomed haste. Nell ran forward to give him her arm, but he pushed her away.

"Give me my stick," he said. His chest was heaving, and his voice was hoarse with emotion.

CHAPTER XIX .- IN THE FAR COUNTRY.

WHILE Derwent reassured himself concerning her, Carry had been carried swiftly along through the night to an unknown bourne. Like a hunted hare, a wild longing possessed her to find a place to hide away in from Derwent, away from every one that knew her, somewhere where no one would know what she had done, where no one could point at her the finger of scorn. Her life before that fateful moment when Nell had found her with Derwent appeared as Poor Carry was stunned. She could feel no more. Piteous, indeed, had he had eyes for it, was the calm demeanour which had given Derwent so much satisfaction. Piteous, indeed, was her position, as thus



"'I knew you would come some day,' said Miss Lettice."-p. 735.

remote as if it had been lived in another age, and as indifferent to her as if it had belonged to some one else. Derwent's first reception of her resolve to return had been in itself a blow to her, but slight indeed compared with the shock of the revelation his words had borne of his position in the matter.

alone she was carried on, far from loving hearts and strong hands, a lamb straying far from the fold, and all unconscious that in return lay the only hope of safety. To escape, to hide, was the one hope to which she clung.

She sat in a kind of stupor, rousing herself when-

ever the train stopped, in order to find out if the station appeared to belong to some large town. At length there came one whose aspect answered her requirements. Collecting her parcels mechanically,

money of her own with her. She stood on the platform in a dazed condition, and watched the train which had brought her, steam out of the station on its way further north. The place was dreary, and



"Up the churchyard path walked the whole of the Masters household."-p. 740.

she alighted. Derwent had left her his railway rug, and had provided her with a little basket of provisions procured from the refreshment-room. He had also given her her ticket in his own purse, saying, hastily, "You will have to pay something on your journey, very likely."

It was fortunate he had done so, for Carry had no 779

quite deserted, except for one night porter, who was looking at her curiously. Rousing herself with an effort, she went up to him, and said—

"I am later than I ought to have been, and I am not expected. Do you think you could tell me where to get a lodging for the night?"

The man was puzzled. He had seen her get out of

a first-class carriage, and he recognised the manners and speech of a lady; yet this was a strange position for a lady to be in.

"Why, miss, that'll be a difficult job, I doubt, at this time o' night. I don't rightly see what can be done. If so be——" He hesitated, and regarded Carry dubiously; but, taking courage by the plain garb and the forlorn youthful face, he continued, "If so be as you'd put up wi' my spare bed for to-night, miss, I dare say as my wife'll make you comfortable."

"Indeed, I should be very thankful if you would allow me to do so," said Carry, with a grateful smile, whose pathos went straight to the heart of the honest fellow.

"Come along, then, miss; I'm off duty now. It ain't much of a step to where I live,"

Though inly wondering, he had the delicacy to make no inquiries concerning luggage; but, throwing the rug over his arm, he marched out of the station at a brisk rate. Carry followed close behind him, as he led the way through a maze of small streets. The close smoky air, night though it was, seemed to choke her. Tall factories here and there rose gaunt into the darkness. To her shaken nerves, the position grew more and more terrifying. She had been foolish to trust herself to this strange man; might he not be taking her to some low den? She had begun to contemplate flight, when he stopped before the door of a little house, in the midst of a long street of similar ones. Carry was reassured by the aspect of the interior, and when her conductor had summoned his wife from her bed, and given the visitor into her charge, she felt a great sense of relief and thankfulness.

Carry had fallen among clean, respectable, and kind-hearted people, of whom there are many more in the world than some of us are apt to imagine. The path she had now to tread was not so hard a one as might have been feared. She succeeded. through her hostess, whose sister served in a draper's shop in the town, in obtaining a situation in the show-room, for which her manners and appearance were in themselves a recommendation. tinued to lodge with the porter and his wife, thankful to feel that in their little house there was at any rate outward security and peace, and in time there came to be even an affectionate regard which made for her a sense of home-coming when her day's work was over. She met with nothing but kindness from her employers and her fellow-workers; none could resist her sweetness and humility, and all pitied her, and questioned much the reason for the quiet sadness of her manner, and for the lonely life she led. They noticed, too, how pale and thin she grew, and how weary she often seemed. The unaccustomed confinement and the close air of the big town had something to do with this, but there was another reason for it. Though her life outwardly was monotonous and peaceful, Carry was passing through a mental crisis, and the inward strife told upon the sensitive frame.

It had seemed to her at first, tortured by the fear of shame, that if she could but hide from her friends, all that she craved would be granted, her whole need would be satisfied. If the thought of meeting them had been terrible after the discovery of her secret love-making, how far more terrible was it now that by her fatal cowardice she had placed an impassable barrier between herself and the careless joyousness of her girlhood! For the shame from which she shrank was that which could be put upon her by others, and not that redeeming shame which springs from within. And so, relieved from her immediate dread, she seemed to herself, for a time, to have accomplished all her desire, to have done all that was possible to her to regain her peace of mind and selfrespect. Of her home she thought little-as little as she could help. Her love for the home people was swallowed up in fear. It had appeared impossible to her to face them after the discovery that Derwent was her lover, and now that they believed him to be her husband the idea was one from which she shrank in terror. Not unseldom does it happen that if we shirk the duty that lies before us. God sets us another

There was, however, going on within her a strife in another direction which was of necessity absorb-Though never for a moment faltering in the resolution which had brought her away from Derwent, her love for him was not extinguished. At first, indeed, she lived in a dream of past happiness; though she knew that the happiness was past, and for ever; and though she knew in her heart of hearts that Derwent had been unworthy of her love, she spent her days in living through again the weeks during which she had known him; memories of the time when he had first begun to show her special regard, haunted her with their sweetness; and the hot blood rushing to her cheeks, she dwelt on the enraptured happiness of the days when she had grown to feel sure he loved her, when words, simple enough to other ears, had borne to hers a tender significance, and a tacit understanding had grown up between them, which made private meetings and little caresses appear a natural, an inevitable consequence. And then came memories of anguish, from which she shrank shuddering, of the night when Derwent had told her he was doing wrong, and must leave her, and she had sobbed her heart out in the dark. And then had come the parting, and the fearful end of it all.

But absence and the lapse of time began to do their work, to bring things to their true relations in her mind. At first faintly enough, there asserted itself a sense of wrong-doing, which made of that love time, against her will, an unworthy object of her memories and her regrets. She would fain have stifled it, for she feared to be awakened from her dream; but it would not be stifled. Before long she could fight against it no longer. It grew keener and keener, until with rude force it dragged out from its hiding-place the lurking consciousness of the vanity,

the mean deception, the treason against her friends, and the forgetfulness of God which she had been guilty of, which had brought her where she was.

To Nell such a strife would have been impossible. Her direct nature, strong through its simplicity and single-mindedness, would have revolted from a double existence such as this. She might have been absorbed in an unworthy love; but the moment her eves were opened, she would have indulged in it no longer, it would have been cast from her with a relentless will. Carry had little of self-reliant will. little of independent force in her nature; but she had the true religious instinct, and in this lay her only hope of strength. Had she not allowed her religious principle to be swamped by the tide of her growing feeling for Derwent, she would not have done as she did. But that principle had never been tried; genuine as it was, it was weak, and needed the storms of life to root it firmly. When it was for the first time called on to keep her safe in the right path, it had failed her, and had indeed appeared at last to be utterly extinguished. Now, however, her religious feeling again asserted itself; and then began a cruel stamping out, which, once begun, must be carried to the end. Who shall describe the bitter conflicts through which so sensitive and clinging a nature had to fight, the many relapses, the many upward struggles, to regain the ground she had lost! For a time she lay in great darkness, and saw no light, little dreaming that in her despair and selfabhorrence, she was yet nearer to the good and to true joy than she had ever been in the days of her serene obedience.

By-and-by the darkness lightened; no sudden illumination came to her, but daily, as she walked with lowly steps along the path of right, the gleam in the sky above, at first so faint, grew fuller and more full, till at last the whole earth shone bright and fair with the glory of God's presence.

One morning she awoke with an intense yearning for home. Early memories reached out beckoning hands to her, and the faces of her loved ones appeared as if living before her eyes. So vivid and so real were they, that she covered her face with her hands and burst into a torrent of tears.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me," she cried aloud. "Oh, father, mother, Nell! I am coming back, I am coming back!"

As she was dressing, she regarded herself attentively in the glass.

"Yes," she thought, "I am very much altered. They will hardly know me."

And then her face grew solemn, and she said, still gazing at the reflection before her—

"Oh, foolish wicked girl that you have been! You ran away from rebuke, the rebuke that was your due. Go back again, and take up the cross that is waiting for you. If they scorn you, do you not deserve it?"

CHAPTER XX.-HOME.

ONE winter's evening Nell came home from the village, whither she had gone after tea to do an errand. It was six o'clock, and the night was cold and dark. As she opened the door of the kitchen the ruddy firelight flickering on wall and ceiling made it seem a warm inviting refuge from the chill world outside. Nell shut the door behind her, and advanced towards the fire. She had taken but a few steps forward when a figure emerged from the dark corner, and stood in the firelight. Nell's heart gave a sudden leap, and then stood still.

"Nell!" said a low voice.

" Carry!"

In another moment the girls were in each other's arms, heart to heart, nearer to each other than they had ever been in their lives before.

"Oh, Nell, Nell!" sobbed Carry. "I have come home!"

For a long time Nell held her close. At last, with an effort, she asked—

"Where is Mr. Derwent?"

"I don't know. I left him directly, as soon as we got to London. Oh, Nell! thank God that I did. He wanted me to; he thought I was going home."

An inarticulate passionate exclamation burst from Nell's lips, and Carry felt her bosom heave, and she could scarcely breathe, so tightly was she strained against it.

"Oh, Nell!" whispered Carry, "this is like heaven. When I came up to the house I didn't know what to do; I nearly died. Then, when I saw the kitchen was empty, I thought I would sit down here and wait till some one came in and found me; and oh, I hoped it would be you. I don't know why, because I kept thinking you would not love me. But when I saw you, I forgot to think of that. Oh! it was just my own old Nell."

Nell kissed the pale face passionately.

"Carry, I must go and tell them," she said, after a

"No; I will go," said Carry, in a decided voice.

"You, Carry! Aren't you afraid?"

"No, Nell."

"Why, that doesn't seem a bit like you talking! How is it?"

"I don't know." Then, after a pause, "I suppose, Nell, it's because I have done so very wrong, and God has forgiven me."

"Carry, how can you be sure that God has forgiven you?"

"Oh! don't you know? I can't tell it, but it is all so different—so different."

Nell's tears were falling fast,

"Oh! Carry, Carry," she said, "teach me; you are better than me!"

"How can you say that, dear, dear Nell?"

And, with her arms round her neck, Carry kissed her sister's lips again and again. Then she said—

"Nell, mustn't we go?"

They rose, and stood in the firelight,

"Nell, you are altered," said Carry.

"And you too, Carry!"

"Yes, I am altered for the worse, but you are altered for the better. You are so stately, and you are grown quite a woman."

"Am I?" And then she looked at Carry earnestly.
"I dare not let you go in."

"Don't be afraid for me," said Carry. "I know father has been very angry, and he will be cold and stern; but there is something I shall say to him."

"What is it?"

"I'm going to say, 'Father, your Carry has been very wicked, but her Heavenly Father has forgiven her, and you, dear father, will not cast her from you."

The two girls walked hand-in-hand across the kitchen.

"He is quite blind; he cannot see you," said Nell.

Her heart was beating fast, and she was trembling, but Carry seemed calm and steadfast. They paused before the parlour door.

"Is mother there?" whispered Carry.

"Yes."

Another moment, and she had opened the door, and knew nothing more until she was in her mother's arms, and crying.

"Oh, mother, mother, I'll never leave you again! I left him as soon as we got to London." Then, wresting herself from her mother's embrace, she stood alone, her eyes fixed on the ground. She spoke in trenulous yet unhesitating tones. "Father, I have done very wrong, and if you scorned me, and never spoke to me again, it would only be my due; but oh, father, God has forgiven me, and you——" Here Carry lifted up her eyes, and her sentence was never finished.

Her father's face was working with emotion, and his arms were stretched out towards her. She flew into them, and for a long time there was silence in the room, unbroken save by her mother's low weeping.

The next day was Sunday. Breakfast passed almost in silence, for all minds were preoccupied, and with the same subject, though from different points of view. Sunday had been the dreariest of

all the days of the week since trouble had come to the farm. Mr. Masters had never been to church. for the words he had spoken in passion, when he grew calm his pride would not allow him to retract, Neither had Nell, from a sense of loyalty to her father. Mrs. Masters had gone alone with the two boys, and this never failed to produce in her mind so keen a realisation of their trouble, that a fit of crying was the result, always succeeded by deep depression for the rest of the day. These miserable Sundays were vividly present to Nell's mind as she sat at the breakfast-table. What was going to be done to-day? She pictured Carry's distress when she came to hear of her father's resolve. But would Carry go to church? Surely not; with her shrinking from publicity, and her torturing fear of shame, she would never submit herself to such an ordeal. Nell glanced at her. She fancied she could detect a shade of doubt, or of apprehension, on the delicate face.

Breakfast over, Carry went up to her father, and put her small hand on the great brown one that rested on the arm of his chair.

"Father," she said—and Nell saw that her lips were trembling—"I may walk with you to church?"

Nell's heart beat quickly; but, without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Masters, stroking softly the little hand, answered—

"Thou shalt, my lass,"

Nell, marvelling greatly, said to herself, "He is afraid to hurt her."

Up the churchyard path walked the whole of the Masters household. The village folk, gathered in knots about the porch, stared and whispered as they passed, and as they walked down the aisle every soul in the church turned to look at them. Nell, her great loving heart quaking with fear for Carry, walked proudly in front, and held her head high. Could she have seen her sister's face, her fears would have melted away. Carry, on her father's arm, walked on with down-bent head, but with a face of radiant peace, and with a spirit like that of a little child.

And thus Mr. Masters' two vows were broken, and Carry never knew of either till the day of her death.

THE END.



THE TONGUE FAILING FOR THIRST.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

"When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water."—ISALAH xli. 17.



HEN the bitter herb is pressed, it yields the medicine which restores and heals; and when trials and sorrows are pressed for the yielding of what there is in them of

good to man, they too will afford what is full of comfort and blessing. Poverty, need, sickness, pain-all the ills which afflict us, are able, when God and His dealings are brought into them, to bring stores of wealth and blessing to His people. He is the Sun which gilds and illumines their clouds-clouds which, without Him, must remain threatening and gloomy and depressing, if not worse. Here we have the poor and needy; we have them in the most deplorable of circumstances, and their very misery becomes the opportunity for a display of God's goodness altogether out of proportion to their need. It is true their tongue is failing for thirst, but one cup of water would have assuaged it; at any rate, one well would have given an abundant supply; but God makes His peoples' need the occasion of an output of His own greatness in resources, and liberality, and freeness of bounty. He promises not one well of water, but rivers and fountains. The very wilderness is to become a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water.

Let us gather up some of the teachings which come so richly to us here. And first a word about

the "failing tongue."

The poor and the needy are here represented as seeking water. God sees them in their sore want, but no cry which could be heard by human ears comes before His throne—the poor people are too far gone to cry—their tongue is cleaving to the roof of their mouth for thirst. He takes note of the failing tongue. Where man could hear nothing—whatever he might see—God heard a great deal. The failing tongue had utterances for Him.

There are, then, such things as "silent voices." Let us bless God that it is so. Speech is, after all, but a very imperfect vehicle of thought, still more of feeling; indeed, in this last it sometimes fails altogether. No doubt many of our mistakes and misconceptions about divine things arise from errors with reference to the meaning of words. It is the way in which man communicates with his fellow-man while in the flesh. Yes, it is even the way in which God, in revelation, has thought fit to communicate with us generally, as mankind, while we are here; but surely there are more subtle ways of communion, when, with-

out a word, God speaks to the heart direct, or guides with the eye. Our own souls often find speech unequal to their requirements. We find this even in communion with those we love on earth; how much more with God! We have felt that we could not put all that there is in our hearts into words-the tongue failed-excess of feeling overpowered it. The love which can be encompassed and embodied in words, and which, when spoken, wholly relieves the heart of its burden, is not the deepest love of which man is capable. The deepest things that pass between us and God are not our prayers, not our praises, but our heartthinkings; and perhaps something more subtle still—feelings which can scarce be said to have embodied themselves even in thoughts.

There are certainly revelations from God which are entirely beyond speech. There are silent voices from us to Him, and silent voices from Him to us. We have but one use for the word "inspiration." We connect it entirely, or almost entirely, with the influence under which the Holy Scriptures were written; but all along the line of human history, while there has been a godly man on the earth, there has been inspiration. has spoken to His people without words is far more than He has spoken to them with them. Let us reflect that "God is a Spirit"-all the subtlety of spirit belongs to Him, and such silent communications as to hearing and speaking we can well conceive as passing between man and Himman's spirit talking with the Great Spirit. It will be well for us to keep in mind the spirit nature of God-how true and real may be our heart -talking with Him. "God is a Spirit," and seeketh such as will "worship Him in spirit and in truth."

There are bad heart-speakings, and that is an awful subject, "the fool hath said in his heart;" and some of the worst rebellions and blasphemies of men have been in their heart-talkings against God—their deep inward murmurings, and mutterings, and heart-rebellions, and displeasure against Him. If men remembered that God dealt with them as a Spirit—as One who hears them in their subtlety, as One who sees the essence of the sin stripped of all its outer coating, they would think of themselves very differently from what they do now.

But to come to the silent voices which we have under consideration here. Some of the most silent voices which God hears are those of the sorrowful—voices like that of Hannah: "Now

Hannah, she spake in her heart; only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard: therefore Eli thought she had been drunken" (1 Sam. i. 13). There are some who make their moan loud in the ears of men; but there are those whose "tongue cleaveth to their jaws" (Ps. xxii. 15)-their heart shrinks from any sound, from any one's hearing or knowing its depth, its keenness, its fineness of sorrow: it almost shrinks from hearing itself, The finer, the more sensitive the nature, the more allied to spirit, the more likely is it to know sorrow of this kind. And this is the grief that pre-eminently wears. It is the subtlest of fire; it may be truly said to search the heart and try the reins. With sorrow of this kind a man is always alone-it is too subtle to be understood by another, and man only wishes his sorrow to live before God. He does not want even to talk of it before God; he only wants to feel that it lives before Him. One Spirit, and that the Great Spirit, enters into his grief, and he and his sorrow live before Him.

Sometimes we are reduced to a condition in which we cannot pray. We are worse off even than Hannah. Though her lips moved not, still she prayed within. But we cannot do even this. The excess of our misery makes us dumb; we can only hope that God will look upon us; our heart may be said to give a piteous look to God, but not to frame any petition. Perhaps the circumstances of the case seem altogether so out of the ordinary beat-perhaps the surrounding view is so hopeless-things are going wrong so universally, here, there, and everywhere, that we seem to ourselves to have passed beyond the reach of all ordinary prayer, and we are silent before God. But our connection with Him is not broken on that account. God hears all this. He takes into account not only the failing tongue, but the causes of the failing; the afflicted spirit is living intensely before Him, representing all unconsciously to itself its misery every moment.

When we come, then, down even to our lowest, let us comfort ourselves with the thought that the spirit-nature of God is penetrating, understanding, sympathising with our sorrow. We can but be still before God, but that stillness has a voice of its own, and that voice has meaning for God, and

power with Him.

Let us have full belief in the subtle power of communion between our thoughts and the ear of God. Let us never say to ourselves, "How shall I reach God?" or, "Have I life and earnestness enough left in me to reach His ear, or to satisfy the requirements of real prayer?" There is a highway for the silent voice between our misery and His mercy.

Unlike the electric wire fine as it is, this highway of expression is invisible, but it is a sure path. When God gave us a spirit, He gave us the power of communion with His Spirit. We

sometimes think that our prayer is not real, because we are not conscious of having put intensity and energy into it; but, thanks be to God, we are not dependent upon self-consciousness; thank God, when physical and mental energy are both small, there is still that deep down within us which can speak so that God can hear.

Let us remember that God made the very heart which now faints, and, as its Creator, must be able to be ever in communication with it, and He will "have respect unto the work of His own hands." One may say, "All my powers have failed, they are too weak for spiritual effort, all nature fails within me," but we ourselves have powers which are not visible at all; we do not know what our spirits, as spirits, can do. Nature, even in her gross materials, is full of subtleties, The mercury pent up, hermetically sealed inside the glass tube, responds, nevertheless, to all the changes of the atmosphere. The electric force travels without either light or sound; metals and herbs can enter with power not only into the tissues of the bodily frame, but even through the brain into the secret operations of the mind; and if all these have their secret yet powerful subtleties, surely we can well believe that our spirit can have subtle communication with God, and communion with Him, when no hands are folded, no lips are moving, no knees are bent; and the tongue itself has failed, and can utter no sound.

And thus there is often great activity of spirit going on—much life, unknown to the outer world. It is secret with God; and in this sense, as well as in another, our life "is hid with Christ in God." It were well for us if we could realise this. It would save us much fret of spirit. We are always hankering after the embodied—after something which the eye can see, and the hand can feel; and we sometimes do not let our hearts go out to God unless we can put their thoughts and affections into words; but we may be restful in just our spirit-life, and communion with Him, when it is a time in which we cannot enbody thought at all.

Do not this subtle power and privilege of spirit-communion of the silent voice, avail much for us if we will use them? They place us above the limitations of mere opportunity. We are hedged about and limited by "opportunity" in all directions in the world. We have to wait to meet with the one we want to speak to, and to wait for opportunity, a seasonable time in which to trouble him with the story of our wants-but the opportunity is always present with God. He is always "waiting to be gracious," always ready to hear, the "now" is always the opportunity with What a privilege this is—to live in everpresent opportunity of communication with God -to carry about with us, in the very fact of the subtlety of our spirits, and their being made and designed for communication with His Spirit, the provision for access to Him at all times!

This is indeed a dignity and power which makes man but a little lower than the angels, and crowns him with glory and honour. Only let us use it. It is not given us for nothing. Let us seek that our spirit-outgoings and communings may be more and more with Him. These spirit-outgoings are often wasted on thoughts and things for which they were not designed, and in them they can find no rest. The spirit made for God must speak with God, and in Him find what answers to the word "communion." In earthly things, and with even the nearest and dearest to us, it cannot be fully found.

And now we would speak a little of the intensity of the silent voices from their being

pent up

In long-continued trial the spirit gathers power, as pent-up water does. We may muse long, but the fire at last kindles. There are some souls which have to be shut up to trial before they get strength to go forth to God. God intends them to have power; and if they have it not by the pressure of a little sorrow, He gives them much sorrow. He is teaching their spirits to gather power with Him, and, like wrestling Jacob, to prevail. There may be much seeking for water, much disappointment, finding none—much failing of the tongue for thirst, before that passes between them and God which He says He will hear.

And so no pain, no time, no sorrow is misspent, or lost, which is schooling the heart to hold subtle communion with God, and to have power with Him. They are the school of the spiritthey teach us what we should probably never otherwise have known-our own power-the power of our misery with God. We think much, perhaps, of God's power over us-and we can never think too much of it-but He would have us also think of the power He has graciously given us with Him. His love to us gives us power with That love passes through His Son to us, and ours must pass through the Son to Him-the Son in whom only He can look acceptably upon fallen man at all. But there it is; and sorrow and pain urge the pent-up spirit to pour itself out, and, leaving the failing tongue far behind, to speak. We often make great mistakes about our times of sickness, when we are laid by from work, and even from communion with God, because we are so downcast in ourselves-we think that we have been losing heavily, but God, who protracted our trial, never meant us to lose. It is of the beneficial essence of some trials that they must be long-their very length, their intensity are intended, it may be, to make the spirit gather earnestness.

The tongue had failed for thirst. Then the Lord heard them—the poor thirsty ones who could not utter a word. The silent voice is of necessity shut up to speaking to God alone. There are many circumstances in which we feel that we

could not make our fellow-man understand us: and even if we could, it would be no use, he could not help us. It would have been no use for those thirsty ones to tell their fellows of their want of water, for they were all in the same sad case. And when those times come, God will hear the voice of our heart. Indeed, there are times when we feel quite isolated as regards our fellowman-if we unbosomed to him all our feelings, he would no more take in what we meant than if we spoke to him in an unknown tongue. And yet we cannot keep everything to ourselves; in spite of all bracings up of our spirits, we want sympathy, and we are doubly hurt when we put out a sensitive feeler for it to our fellow-man-it may be to the nearest and dearest we have on earth -and do not find it; it is then we are shut up to speaking to God alone. The need-its pressure on us, everything about it, is understood; it is heard and responded to also. Perhaps our trouble is such that we cannot speak to our fellow-man at all about it; and yet to keep it to ourselves is to scald our hearts; then spirit may talk to Spirit with unspoken words-yea, with thoughts which could not be embodied in words, with which words have nothing to do at all; and in those confidences the soul finds relief and help.

By nature we are inclined to go everywhere and to every one before we go to God; He brings his people to such a state that they must come to Him, and that with the very intensity of their spirits. And sometimes it requires that we be brought so low as to have our tongues failing before we look to the only One who can give us a supply. Many a sharp or long-continued dealing of God is only just a bringing of the people to such a state as will make them come to Him.

And all this is not for God's glory alone, but for our truest good, that we may know Him, and our wealth in Him. Many of God's own people are but very poor in Him, and nothing could teach them their wealth in Him but the pressure of a great need, and this once felt, and God's help felt in it, they realise Him in after necessities.

"Poor and needy," coupled with the "failing tongue." These are people reduced to the lowest extremity—not only wanting, but being unable to express their wants. These are the cases which are pretty sure to be passed by by the world; even the infant can make known its wants by its cries, but we may be reduced, as regards outward expression, to a weakness lower than that of infancy, and God's noting such cases, makes it all the more encouraging to us.

Outward complaint would have been some relief, such as it was; but even that is denied. If God did not hear and act as a Spirit to our spirit, our condition of isolation would make us work round and round ourselves, and wear us out at last.

In all this let us note "the Lord." The Lord

saw the seekers and their failure. The Lord allowed the seeking and the failure. The Lord

permitted the consequent distress.

And it is well worthy of note how the Lord brings Himself into the scene. "I, the Lord;" not merely "the Lord," an abstract statement about God, but one of the Lord about Himself. "I, the Lord." There is His greatness in the abstract—in Himself. "I, the God of Israel." There is Himself in relationship with man—in covenanting with him. An abstract God is of little use to us, especially when we are conscious of misery. At such times we must have one who is in relationship with us. And so He promises to act here as "the God of Israel," and that brought into action covenant relationship, and the remembrance of all that He had done many a time before.

Man would never have thought of His appearing under these circumstances, and if he had thought, it would have been only of some scanty action on His part. We are very poor and mean in our own dealings, and we think that God will be equally so in His. But he gives as "a King," exceeding abundantly above what we desire, or deserve; and so rivers are opened in dry places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: the wilderness is made a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. And with the supply of the one great need of water come many collateral benefits—"the cedar, the shittah tree, and the

myrtle, and the oil tree" are planted in the wilderness, for now they have what will nourish them; and there are set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together.

And all, not only that they may receive temporal good, but that they may at length learn all about God Himself. In that knowledge lay for them, as it lies for us, and for all, the highest blessing—" that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of

Israel hath created it."

This is what God means to be the outcome of all trouble which we endure-of all blessing that He bestows-that we may know Him. For in knowing Him is our highest good—our greatest advancement in all that is high and noble-our greatest security against evil. We act as though we thought very often that God is to be some great gainer by our allegiance to Him-by our knowing Him-but the great gain is to be ours. Without knowing Him we can never fulfil the end of our being, and without fulfilling the end of our being we cannot be happy. It is infinite mercy and goodness to us that makes God deal with us so that by some means we may be made to know Him. And wondrous is the love which brings good out of evil, and uses such deep calamity as the tongue failing for thirst as the means of bringing about God's manifestation of Himself in an outpouring of blessing on every side.

A NEW REMEDY FOR AN OLD EVIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN A MINOR KEY."

OME and see it for yourself."

It was thus that an enthusiastic friend of mine wound up an exhaustive disquisition he had been giving me on the merits of the German system, as opposed to all others, for teaching the deaf, and so-called dumb, to speak.

It was a subject in which I was deeply interested. My friend's enthusiasm was very infectious, and I resolved, as he suggested, to go and investigate it for myself. Some two days later, the opportunity for so doing arsived, in the shape of an invitation from the Society for diffusing this German system to attend their annual garden party and exhibition of the scholars at their Training College, Castle Bar Hill, Ealing, and, accompanied by a lady as interested as myself, I repaired thither. It was a glorious day, fine, and really warm, and the pretty garden where the entertainment took place looked green and refreshing after smoky London.

And here, before taking my place among the other invited guests to witness the exhibition of the little scholars taught on the German system, I may as well explain what that system is. It is nothing more nor less than that whereby the deaf, and so-called dumb, are taught to speak. And when I say the "so-called dumb," I use the term advisedly, for, as a matter of fact, out of the thousands who are wrongly termed deaf and dumb in this country, the majority are only deaf, having never gained the use of speech, through loss of hearing. In most cases the speaking organs are in perfect order, the mechanism, as it were, is complete; but the power of speech is suspended by reason of the loss of hearing. To remedy this by setting the mechanism once more in motion is the object of the German system, and to effect it the pupils are taught to articulate and to read from the lips of others, without the use of signs or any external aid of that nature. The result is that when they have been for some time-for it is necessarily a very slow processunder tuition, they are able to talk themselves, and to understand the conversation of others through the motion of their lips, and thus to take their place-of course at a certain disadvantage-in the world, instead of being a class entirely isolated by its misfortunes.

And now, having explained so much, let me take my seat in the room where I am to witness the practical results of this system, which I trust I have succeeded in making clear to my readers. The College for training Teachers of the Deaf (to give it its full title) was only opened in 1878, and the first child pupil admitted on the 1st of June of that year. The number of pupils had now reached six, and these we were to hear articulate, speak, and read. They all looked happy and intelligent, without that expression of strained attention you so often see on the faces of the deaf. One glance at the countenance of the principal, Mr. K., was quite sufficient to account for this, and when the proceedings had commenced, his manner with the children was such as to re-assure any mother who was about to give up a child to his tuition.

The first pupil who was examined was a little girl who had only entered the college six months. She had become deaf at two years old, and was now about six or seven. She was bright-eyed and intelligent, and was already able, though so short a time under tuition, to write down some of the sounds she uttered. These were chiefly limited to the combinations of the different vowels, which amount to no less than seventeen, and it was easy to understand the great difficulty there must be in teaching a perfectly deaf child the nice shades of distinction between ai, ei, oi, and ee. The little girl went through her lesson remarkably well, and one could not but admire the extraordinary patience required to teach what must demand absolutely concentrated attention on the part of the pupil, untirable perseverance on the part of the teacher. What seemed to us almost the most wonderful part of the whole was the ease with which the children read from the lips of the principal, repeating after him such words as he said to them, and the most advanced of them answering the questions he put to them. If they made a mistake in their intonation, Mr. K. would correct them, repeating the true sound just as one would to hearing children; and it was marvellous to see how they discerned the difference merely by the motion of the mouth and lips, and forthwith imitated it.

There was one very curious case among the pupils. This was that of a little girl who from the first had had to contend with many drawbacks to her advancement, in that she suffered from bad eyesight, and also that, although one of those longest in the college, she seemed to have an unconquerable difficulty in pronouncing the letter k. We could see and hear for ourselves that it was a great effort to her to do so, and the explanation that her brothers and sisters, who had all their faculties complete, had the same difficulty with this consonant, was peculiarly interesting, as exemplifying the various obstacles the German system has to contend with in its course of tuition.

Another child had been so injudiciously treated previously to her admission to the college, that grave

doubts arose as to whether it would be advisable to take her as a pupil. It was resolved, however, to give her a trial, the fear being, that should she continue under her former treatment she might become imbecile, and the result has hitherto been most gratifying. The child looked intelligent and happy, and went through her lesson successfully, though perhaps less advanced than some of the other pupils. Naturally, under these circumstances, the ease with which the children learn must depend in a great measure on the manner in which they have been treated previously to their entry into the college, on their own desire to improve, the attention they give, and to the greater or less perfection of their powers of articulation. All the children could write with ease. Most of them wrote down their names, and any other word that they could say, on the board without a moment's hesitation, and one and all looked intelligent.

This was more especially the case with a dear little boy of eight years old, named Bertie, who was the last to be examined, having been the longest in the college, and that nearly two years. He was such a pretty, refined-looking child, so attentive and anxious to do his utmost, that we could quite see how he would be the best pupil, even if he had not had the advantage of the longer training. He could put whole sentences together, and could answer questions on abstract subjects, such as—

"Who made you?"

"God made me."

"Who made the heavens and the earth?"

"God made the heavens and the earth;" and

could further repeat his morning and evening prayers, I do not say that all this was done without a certain amount of effort-that is, you could perceive the working of the jaw, and of the mouth, as you seldom do with hearing people; but this was but a slight drawback, and would no doubt wear off as the child grew more accustomed to talking. I understood that the relations of this little boy, Bertie, who were most loth at first to send him to the college, were quite delighted with his progress, and thankful that they had been induced to give him the advantage of the teaching on the German system. He was the last to be examined, and when the interesting exhibition was over, my friend and I had still a little time at our disposal to make more inquiries about this college that had been started to meet the urgent demand for a better system of education of the deaf in this country. That England should be behind Germany, Holland, Italy, and Switzerland in this respect sounds strange, but is nevertheless true; and if this stigma be-as we

will be to this society that we shall owe our thanks. Its main object, therefore, is to train teachers on the German system, and so to diffuse this mode of instruction throughout the kingdom. A training college for students, and a model school for pupils, thus become essential features of the society's plan of operations, and who is to say to what these small

trust it may be in the course of time-removed, it

beginnings may not lead, if only there are found men and women to give it their hearty co-operation, help, and, alas! what is more important, their money?

What struck me personally as the great advantage of the system was the fact that any person or child who had lost their hearing through scarlet fever or any other disease, and who must, in the course of time, necessarily lose their speech too, if at once instructed on the German system might retain their speaking faculty in all its perfection, the mechanism never having been allowed to rust or stiffen. That this system must be taught, wherever it is taught alone, in its entirety and purity, is easily to be comprehended. If signs are once permitted, the children will not take the trouble to speak, and the teaching is rendered useless. From the very first they are treated precisely as were they hearing children, neither spoilt on the one hand, nor neglected on the other,

on account of their misfortune, and if only in this respect, the German system places them on the same level as their more fortunate brothers and sisters, And this plan is admirably carried out by the Principal, Mr. K., and the lady superintendent, Miss K., who, as far as the looks of the children could tell their tale, seem to have succeeded in not only giving back speech to these poor little dumb creatures, but to have trained their intelligence so as to place them quite on a par with any average children of their own age. And now have I not said enough to stimulate the curiosity and the benevolence of some few of my readers to investigate the working of the German system in their turn? If that be the case, let me repeat the words of my friend, "Go and see for yourselves," and if you do not come back with your minds filled with wonder at His goodness "who maketh the dumb to speak," I shall indeed be surprised.

NOTHING TO PAY.



T was a lovely summer's afternoon. The sun was still high in the heavens, and its broad golden beams were shining through the thick foliage of the trees forming the avenue up to Alton Lodge.

The old elms up the avenue were so near to each other, the branches inter-

laced so closely at the top, that only now and then you could catch a peep of the cloudless blue sky

On this particular July day of which I write, a carriage was being driven quickly up the avenue, and inside it was Mrs. Burton, a widow lady, with her little girl May sitting next to her. Opposite were Bertie and Tom, her boys, who were fresh home from school for the midsummer holidays. Mrs. Burton had a quiet calm face, so peaceful in expression that you could hardly guess from it how rough and stormy her life had been, how many troubles she had known, nor how anxieties had pressed upon her very heavily, up to three years ago, when her husband died. He broke down completely from the grief he sustained by a succession of money losses, and consequent inability to meet some heavy bills. After his

death matters had mended; Mrs. Burton had some money left her by a distant relative who died in Australia, and so things went smoothly.

Nothing could, however, make up to her for the loss of her husband. Every day she missed kim more and more, and felt his loss still more deeply. He had been in delicate health for some years before his death; but still, had not those troubles come to him, it was likely that he would have lived some years longer.

But Mrs. Burton knew where to take her troubles, and how to bear them. Long ago she had learnt that she was a sinner, and needed forgiveness, and she had sought it where alone it can be found—at the foot of the cross. By faith she had looked to Him who had died for sinners, and asking Him to wash away her sins in His most precious blood, she received the full pardon He alone can give. Then, in newness of life, she desired to walk worthy of her Lord, and when, later, she married, and had her three children given to her, it was her great desire that they too should know that peace and joy that she had experienced.

As she was sitting back in the carriage which had just been to the station to fetch the boys from the train, she looked at them fondly, and smiled now and then at their delight at returning, their exclamations of pleasure at being at home again, and their beaming faces. They were just thirteen and fourteen, and had pleasant sunburnt faces, brown hair and eyes, and tall lithe figures.

"Oh, mamma! you've had a tree cut there!" exclaimed Bertie. "How delightful! Now we can see the village quite plain."

"And oh!—look! The water-lilies on the pond are out—splendid!" said Tom, almost falling out of

the carriage, he was so excited at seeing all the old places again. Last Christmas seemed years ago to them.

"What's that, mamma?" asked Bertie presently, as they came in sight of the house, and away at the left was seen the glistening glass of a large greenhouse. "Surely that is not in our grounds?"

"No, dear; it belongs to General Grey. Don't you remember that, for the sake of the view, he had asked my permission to lower the wall that separates his garden from ours?"

"Yes, I remember."

"He has had that greenhouse built lately, and he is very fond of it. Poor old man! he has very little money; but he has got his little grandchild from India, who is an invalid, and he wanted to build this greenhouse for her amusement, as she is very fond of flowers."

"It must have cost a lot," said Tom.

"Yes, it did; but he has been saving up for some time for it. He told me all about it in the spring, when it was being built,"

As Mrs. Burton said these words, the carriage stopped at the door of the house, and the boys sprang out hastily. They had to submit to being kissed by old nurse, who stood in the doorway; and then they ran up to the large playroom, which was over the dining-room. Although they were now at school some miles away, and only came home twice a year, their old playthings and little properties were kept safely for them, and in their own special cupboards. Generally Mrs. Burton had a little present for them both on their return, and this present was put into their cupboards. No wonder, then, that they ran up so eagerly, and pulled open the doors. The parcels were both exactly the same size, and they tore off the papers in a great hurry.

"Footballs, I declare! how good of mamma!" exclaimed Tom.

"I guessed at once it was a ball," said Bertie, who was slower and less impetuous than his brother. "Did you? I was not sure. I thought it might

be a cake."

"A cake!" answered Bertie; "why, we are ever so much too old for cakes."

Tom generously did not remind his brother that the contents of the fortnightly hamper from home, in which cakes formed no small portion of the contents, were eaten quite as much by Master Bertie as by his brother, who was only a year younger than himcelf.

"They are splendid balls," said Tom; "and see! our names are painted on them—our initials, I mean."

So they were. "T. H. B." was on one and "H. J. B." on the other. Herbert being Bertie's real name.

They ran down with great glee to thank their mother. She was very glad that they liked their presents, and little May joined in admiring them, and taking them up in her small hands, "Remember, boys, one thing," said Mrs. Burton; "you are never to play with these balls in the gardens. In the grounds as much as ever you like, but not in the flower gardens."

"Why not, mamma?" asked the boys, both at

"Because, dears, the garden joins General Grey's garden, and I do not wish you to run the risk of the balls going over the wall, or perhaps injuring the greenhouse."

"Very well, mamma. Only if we played there we would be very careful," said Bertie, who disliked restrictions.

"That does not matter," said Mrs. Burton, firmly.
"My wish is that you should *not* play in the gardens, and I expect you to obey."

"I like that, mamma," put in Tom, "that you expect us to obey you."

"Do you? Why?" asked his mother.

"Because it shows you trust us. Just like 'England expects every man to do his duty."

"Well, I confess I was thinking of that when I used the word," said Mrs. Burton, smiling.

The dinner was announced, and they had a nice time. The boys' favourite pudding had been ordered by Mrs. Burton, and in the evening little Anna Grey, General Grey's grandchild, came in, and they had some games.

Anna was an invalid, and not able to join much in anything, but still it gave her pleasure to look on, and she enjoyed herself very much in her own way.

The summer days passed very quickly, and the holidays were drawing to a close. Only a week more remained of them.

The balls had been a great amusement to the boys, and they had played very often with them, always obeying their mother's injunction as to where they were not to play.

One day, however, a few days before they returned to school, the boys were idling about, kicking the balls before them.

"I am awfully tired of playing about the avenue and the lawn with the balls," said Tom, with a sigh. "Are not you, Bertie?"

"Yes, I am," said Bertie; "and I cannot think why mamma told us not to go into the gardens."

"Oh! she told us her reason," said Tom; "but it's an awful bother all the same!"

"Oh, yes! she did say something about fearing that we should send the balls over into the General's grounds," said Bertie.

"Yes, because she does not like our having to ask Hare for the key to get them out; it troubles him, and the General dislikes it. Don't you remember the fuss there used to be about our indiarubber balls?" asked Tom.

" I do."

"Then she said we might hurt the glass. I don't believe we should."

"Come, let us have just one tiny game," said

Bertie. "We may as well, and we can tell her afterwards."

Tom, alas! was very easily lead, and he soon followed his brother into the large enclosure, which, divided into two, forming the kitchen and flower gardens, were separated by a low stone wall from General Grey's small grounds.

All went on very well for a little time. The boys were careful, and, in the excitement of their game, quite forgot their extreme disobedience to their mother.

At last they tried, by sending the balls very high as a practice for throwing, aiming at the top of an old post which had been part of a swing some years ago.

Several attempts failed, and then, strangely enough, the balls of both the boys struck the post, and in the rebound, to their horror, alighted on the General's greenhouse. They alighted—but they did not stop long on the frail glass, but smashed it in with a crashing noise that made the boys turn pale.

Neither of them could speak for the moment, and then when they did so it was to consult together and decide to go and tell their mother all about it. Mrs. Burton looked very grave when they confessed their disobedience and its results, and told them they must go at once to the General and tell him.

This was very formidable, for the General was a stiff stern-looking old man, whose kind heart was hidden by a very rough exterior.

There was no help for it, however; they had to go, and Mrs. Burton would not accompany them. She considered that they ought to bear the punishment, as they had been so disobedient.

They found the General was not in the house, and the servant showed the way to the garden. The old man came out of the greenhouse, whither he had gone on hearing the sound of the crashing of the glass. His face was very pale, and in his arms he held two large leather balls.

"I need not ask whose these are," he remarked, coming towards the boys.

Bertie and Tom hung their heads, and then the latter spoke.

- "They are ours, sir; we are very sorry."
- "Yes, indeed we are," said Bertie, slowly.
- "I understood that you were forbidden by your



"If we played there we should be very careful, said Bertie."-p 747.



"They are ours, sir; we are very sorry."-p. 748.

mother to play in that part of your garden, where the balls could reach the greenhouse or come over the wall."

"We were," answered Tom, in a low voice.

"Your disobedience to your mother does not concern me. I am sorry that, after all her troubled life, she should have boys she cannot trust," said the General. "But I want to ask you, do you know what the mischief is that you have done?"

"Broken the glass, sir," said Bertie, whilst Tom began to cry. The allusion to his mother touched him very deeply.

"That was not all," said the General. "Come in here." And he led the way to the greenhouse, the boys following him. There, on a stand, was a splendid tea-rose crushed and broken.

"This ball had fallen on this," said the General, holding Tom's ball.

"It is mine," said Tom.

"Yes. I noticed the initial. Now, that flower was a surprise for my little granddaughter for her birthday. I had the tree sent me from London, and I had been nursing it very carefully. I had not allowed her in the greenhouse all these days, as it was to be a surprise for her on Tuesday. You have spoilt it. I can't get another quite the same."

"I'm very sorry," said Tom. "We were going

to have the panes of glass put in, sir, with our picket-money, but we have none, and the rose—"

"Ah! you can't undo that," said the General, taking up the crushed blossom.

"Now, boys," he said, suddenly, after a moment.
"What do you think I am going to do to you? You have injured my property besides disobeying your mother. You have done what money can remedy—only you say you have none."

The boys said they had not. They had been naughty the week before, and had forfeited their pocket-money for the next three months.

"My rose no money can replace," said the General, "Now, boys, instead of punishing you, I am going to forgive you altogether."

The boys looked up in sheer astonishment.

"You-you don't mean it, sir?" they both said at once.

"Yes, I do; now be off," and the eccentric old gentleman pushed the boys out of the garden before they could say anything, and locked the door after them.

No punishment that he could have inflicted upon them—repentant as they were—could have touched them as much as this frank forgiveness. They had done harm, they had done an injury that it needed money to remedy, and they had nothing to pay. Forgiven, they were suffering very much from shame and sorrow, and in the evening, when their mother gathered them round her in the twilight, as she usually did, they told her all about it.

The whole story came out, and mingled with their expressions of regret at having disobeyed her, were their words of sorrow at having spoilt the beautiful rose and grieved the General, for they were now beginning to find that he was very kind-hearted and really good to them, though his manner was so stiff and his face so stern.

Their mother talked to them, and then she led them on to think of One whom they had disobeyed and grieved, and who too would frankly forgive them,

if they would but ask Him to do it,

The boys listened as she spoke, and then Mrs. Burton repeated to them the story from St. Luke's Gospel. "There was a certain creditor which had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty, and when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And He said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged."

Bertie and Tom listened while their mother explained it to them, and the doings of that day were an apt illustration to the parable. They never forgot it, and not very much later they too realised that they owed very much to their Lord—their lives, could they offer them, sin-stained and naughty? Ah no! They had no good deeds to offer, they had "Nothing to Pay," and they were but too thankful to accept the great pardon outheld to them. Then, their lives, no longer their own, were their Lord's,

Tom, naturally "forgiven most," was anxious to please the General for the future, even more than his brother. When he got back his pocket-money, he saved it all up to get a beautiful flower for Anna,

who was delighted with it.

Mrs. Burton of course offered to have the glass put into the General's greenhouse herself, but he refused. He bore all the expense, but he had won two strong friends in Bertie and Tom.

They rarely fail in their love and obedience to their mother's old and valued friend. If ever they do, they remember the day when he fully forgave them,

when they had nothing to pay.

Children! those of you who have been forgiven—who have been redeemed by your Saviour's death—should you ever fail to obey His commandments, and to love Him with all your hearts, when you remember all you owed Him, and how He forgave you, when you had "nothing to pay?" L. E. D.

HERE AND THERE.

OU won't want your spectacles, grandmother dear,

Where all is transparent, and perfect, and clear,
And where nothing is feeble or weak.

You will see as you did in the years passed away, When you tell me your sight was as keen, And your glances as quick as mine are to-day— For you call me your bright little queen.

You will see as you did; ah! better than then, For time's scales will have fall'n from your eyes;

And visions, withheld from the children of men, Will entrance you with holy surprise.

You will walk without pain, and never grow tired.

For old age will be crown'd with fresh youth, And senses, grown feeble and faint, will be fired With new forces of light and of truth.

And the flowers that you love will never fade there,

Scented lily, moss-rose, and each one

That springs in the meadows, as sweet, if less rare, And all will be turned to the Sun.*

The beautiful mountains you tell me about,
Clothed, like princes, in purple array:
The bright laughing river that runs in and out,
Just as if it were only at play;

If these gave you pleasure, oh, what will you feel As you climb the delectable hills? Or gaze on the waters of Life, as they steal From the Throne in pure crystalline rills?

Thus prattled the child, as her grandmother sat, Half awake, half asleep, in her chair, A little bit tired with her afternoon's chat; Were her withered hands folded in prayer?

Then, not to disturb, Grace crept stealthily by,
That a cup of warm tea might be fetched;
But granny had passed, with a smile and a sigh,
To the land which her darling had sketched.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

^{*} The heliotropium, as the sun moves, turns itself round to eatch its rays, whether the day be fine or cloudy. (Vido Drexelius.)

THANKSGIVING AT A KINDERGARTEN.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY," ETC.

Mittendorff's birthday, at her Kindergarten in Kilburn Square ; we have now had the gratification of joining in a Thanksgiving Service for a new Kindergarten at Epsom. But varied and eventful has been the intervening space of time both to Miss Mittendorff and her orphaned and destitute children, Before, therefore, luxuriating in the bright new country home, we must return to the twin dwellings that formed the original nest at Kilburn, children, we have an affection for them, albeit they were fast falling to decay. Here, for upwards of ten years, some hundreds of forsaken or poverty-stricken little ones had been received in faith, and trained "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and hence many a young girl has departed for respectable service, furnished not only with an outfit of bodily clothing, but with that garment of the soul, "a meek and quiet spirit." Taught, both by example and precept, the efficacy of prayer, they have learnt to believe in an ever-present God, and to turn to Him

for help in every circumstance of life.

ME few years ago we had the pleasure

of sharing in the celebration of Miss

"By example and precept;" for Miss Mittendorff's work has been done, from its commencement with two children, by following the Saviour's command-" Ask and ye shall receive," She has trusted to the Almighty for the supply of the daily necessities of her large household, and has not trusted in vain. Money, food, and clothing came, in what would seem to some a miraculous manner, as they were needed, to those small houses in Kilburn Square; and the onlooker must perforce say, "The Lord is in this place." We cannot wonder, therefore, that when circumstances occurred to enforce removal from it, many prayers and much anxiety attended the search for a new dwelling; for it is not easy to find a house that will hold a hundred children; and, when found, its owner, and neighbours, object to its being occupied by them. Thus, month after month passed by in fruitless search. There were at that time two smaller Homes in connection with that in Kilburn Square, one at St. Alban's, the other at Camden Town; and it would be necessary to give due notice for the evacuation of each, prior to the occupation of the much desired large house which should contain the inmates of the triad. Every advertisement was answered, and every vacant abode inspected within the radius of Kilburn for twelve months at least, in vain. The toil and expense were great. At last hope seemed to dawn.

There was a large house at no great distance, which had been long vacant, because the Metropolitan Railway Company had taken it into their heads to make a tunnel underneath it; and tenants do not

like to be roused from sleep and otherwise annoyed by the rocking of their walls and beds, Being assured, however, of the stability of the said walls, Miss Mittendorff examined and applied for it. The house was eminently suited to her needs, having the fittings and playground of a large boys' school, and the proprietor did not seem altogether averse to meeting her views. But it was in a "genteel neighbourhood," and much consideration was necessary. She was, however, assured by friends and trustees that she might consider the matter settled, and she accordingly gave notice that she would give up her Branch Homes at the March quarter of 1879; but during the interval no decision was arrived at. To use her own words, "As week after week passed on, even after Christmas, and I was no nearer getting the house, my heart failed me, and only the Lord could keep me. At last, on the 20th of March, a letter came, 'All is right; on the 24th you can go into the house." Again, however, there was uncertainty, and objections were made by neighbours to the Orphanage that same evening. She continues in her touching report: "'Leave thy fatherless children unto Me,' were the words that comforted me during the long sleepless night. Friday, the 21st, came, and with the first post the decided refusal; and with it at once did the Lord whisper to me, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

As all preparations were made for occupying the house on the 24th, on which day fifty children were to arrive, in addition to a similar number in the Kilburn homes, Miss Mittendorff would seem to have been surrounded by insuperable difficulties. But all vanished before the prayers of faith of herself, her helpers, and her children. Sleeping-rooms were procured in the Square, many letters written, friends came, and on the following Saturday evening this telegram arrived from Roehampton :- "Here is a house ready to receive your fifty children at once." Half an hour afterwards the last post brought a letter from the lady to whom the house belonged, to the effect that they might occupy it on the 31st, free of all charge, for a specified period. Thither, accordingly, they went.

Then the house-hunting began again, with a repetition of the previous obstacles. No home was procurable within any moderate distance of the Kilburn one, and that was to be given up on the 24th of June, as well as the house at Rochampton. "The bodily fatigue, the constant disappointments, would have overwhelmed me," continues Miss Mittendorff, "but the Lord, in His loving-kindness, stirred up the hearts of the rich families in Rochampton, who showed my children and myself such kindness, and were so ready to help, that it cheered me greatly. They even provided the 'Sunday beef' all the time we were there."

This "Sunday beef" was sent weekly to these Kilburn children by an anonymous donor, but unfortunately ceased when that locality was abandoned. It may be well to state here that Miss Mittendorff is a constant sufferer from the results of a serious accident which happened before she began her philanthropic labours, and that those labours were commenced about fourteen years ago, in thankfulness for the preservation of life, and such partial restoration to health as it pleased God to grant her. She is, as her name suggests, by birth a German.

On the 1st of April, a letter reached her from a stranger, acquainting her that there was a vacant house at Epsom. She shrank from it, on account of the distance from all her tried friends; but after another fortnight of fruitless search, went to see it. Like the former one, it had been a school, and was very suitable. Similar difficulties also arose, and even after it was decided to purchase it, the agreements were not concluded until the 21st of June. Meanwhile various extraneous trials occurred, in the change of helpers, the disapprobation of friends, the obstacles in the removal of furniture, to say nothing of the hourly anxiety of feeding all the children.

However, they were surmounted at last, and this large family party migrated to Clayton House, Epson. No one will be surprised to hear that, in spite of pure air and surrounding downs, all was not quite conleur de rose. It is always painful to leave one home for another, and in this case neither "distance" nor country scenes "leut enchantment to the view;" for the friends of years were left behind, and as yet no new ones were raised up to replace them. "But, "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," writes Miss Mittendorff, "and He sent me a Christian lady to welcome me to Epsom, and a brother in Christ, with his wife and aunt, who have already proved themselves real friends under heavy trials."

And heavy indeed were the trials that visited this new abode. They began in October, by the death of one of the dear children after a few days' illness. The destroying angel had mercifully withheld his scythe from Kilburn, but he began his reaping at Epsom by mowing down this fair flower, the little Rachel. On the day that she was put into the earth, diphtheria broke out, and soon the reaper came again, and cut down two other tender blossoms. While their sweet souls were garnered in heaven, their bodies were consigned to their mother earth only one short week after Rachel's. The disease spread and spread, so that twenty-nine were attacked, of whom only four died. The "last words" of these dear children were truly affecting, while their previous histories were even sadder than their early deaths-if death it be to "fall asleep in Jesus." "The inhabitants shall say, There shall be no more sickness. Lord, Lord!" murmured Eva, aged nine, as she passed away. And of her it may be said that her mother brought and left her at the home-came once to see her-gave a wrong address, and deserted her, so that she could not be summoned at the last. The child had been heard to say, "I wonder if I ever had a mother." But she went to her Father in heaven with His blessed name on her lips. "I do love the Lord! I do—I do," was the emphatic cry of another of these stricken ones, now blooming in the paradise of God.

But the children had a horrible terror of the disease. Obedient as a rule, yet when requested to open their mouths, morning after morning, they resisted, and grew restive and troublesome; and it was pitiful to watch their frightened faces as one or another was sent to the sick ward, when the fatal symptom was discovered in the throat. It seemed to them like sentence of death.

Nevertheless, they did not cease to pray. The elder girls knelt together, or with their benefactress and her helpers, in supplication to the Almighty, who, as is His wont, tempered His chastisement with mercy. The unostentatious and apparently prosperous Kindergarten had been passed by, but the orphanage, affected by a fell disease, arrested the steps of the neighbours and aroused their sympathies. A kind physician, Dr. Daniel, visited it twice, and even thrice a day, gratuitously, lavishing his tenderest care and thought upon the suffering children, while, to use Miss Mittendorff's own words, "The Lord in His mercy touched the hearts of many in Epsom and elsewhere; ladies and gentlemen living in the neighbourhood showed their sympathy by sending money or food, such as jelly, beef-tea, wine, and brandy; and many kind tradesmen cheered me by their gifts and sympathy."

But few could realise what she had to pass through during this fiery trial; since it is difficult to understand how dearly she *loves* cach individual child, and how maternally she treats them. She was not allowed to nurse them, for fear of transmitting the disease to the unattacked with whom she had intercourse; and at night she would watch from her window the shadows of the trained nurses in the sick-ward opposite, as they glided from bed to bed; straining her imagination to picture the condition of each patient by their attitudes, or lengths of visitation.

But at last, hoped dawned again on helpers and helped-the Angel of Death left the Kindergarten, and the Sun of Life revived the little ones. Their recovery was, however, accompanied and followed by much anxiety, albeit with fervent thanksgiving. Sanitary inspectors arrived-drains, milk, and water had to be examined, and a considerable expense incurred. Indeed, from that 24th of June, 1879, on which the house was occupied, until this 19th of June, 1880, there have been numerous delays, continual expenditure, sanitary alterations, building, and all sorts of harassing impediments. We trust they are surmounted at last, and that the small debt of forty or fifty pounds still due may be paid this very day. It is not, certainly, heavy when we consider that the purchase of the property and the building of a large additional wing are completed.

It is altogether a strange contrast to the former Home. In the first place there is the quiet straggling country town of Epsom, surrounded by downs, instead of the noisy over-peopled district of Kilburn, environed by houses and for ever houses. In the second, there is the gabled house in the peaceful lane, with its iron gate and railing, surmounted by evergreens, instead of the small bare enclosure and echoing pavement of the square. The modest brass plate, with the word "Kindergarten" engraven thereon, is appended to the gate instead of to the door, as at Kilburn; and above it "Clayton House" proclaims the appellation of the dwelling. Then a bell instead of knocker summons a trim maiden in muslin cap and apron-whom we recognise as the "Matilda" of the former Home, now promoted to be the housemaid of the latter-and who ushers us into the house. is half cottage, half school, and is surrounded by a large garden, full of flowers and vegetables. All is in perfect order, and we are inclined to think that it is well to be here, despite previous drawbacks. In the large airy schoolroom some sixty children and their young teachers are singing hymns, and going through their exercises, for the benefit of the friends who arrive by twos and threes. They look healthy and happy, and have fair clean skins, shining hair, and a plain but neat costume. When the visitors disperse to examine the house, which is thrown open to all, we tarry to have a talk with the children, and inquire which of them had been at Kilburn. All the Kilburnians hold out their hands, the newer arrivals remaining quiet.

"Which do you like best, Epsom or Kilburn?"

"Kilburn! Kilburn!" is the universal reply.

And we must not be surprised; for had they not there the "Sunday Beef," and many friends? while here they have had—diphtheria. Even Miss Mittendorff, who greets us with kindly welcome, still clings in memory to the old home and fast friends, and is only "beginning" to be happy in the new. Yet it is in all respects a charming place. The dormitories, with their brightly-covered beds, are clean and large; and there is the freshness of the country everywhere.

But we are summoned to the Thanksgiving Service, which is held in the long new room, with its many windows, appropriated as the children's playroom on ordinary days. We leave the young folk to their somewhat wearisome "sitting in state," to join in many ardent prayers that God's blessing may attend them in this place; as well as in fervent thanks for His mercies in bringing them through their great affliction. Various and heartfelt are the outpourings of the friends of these once destitute little ones; and we hope and believe they are heard by Him who bade His followers "pray without ceasing." Hymns and addresses are interspersed, some two or three of the latter being given by inhabitants of Epsom, and bearing testimony to the faith which alone supported Miss Mittendorff under

her trials. But her own few words, like her short and touching Report, speak the most forcibly to the heart. They are, in brief, as follows:—

"I wish to acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in answering our prayers. The other day we had only dry bread in the house. My children were willing to live upon it, though they have, usually, dripping with it. Only one threepenny-bit arrived that day. We all met in prayer. That evening some butter came; we knew not from whom. The next morning a huge piece of bacon that I had not ordered, and considered a mistake; but the boy said it was for Clayton House. In the evening the post brought ten shillings; and the next day a barrel of flour. May God bless the kind donors, for we know them not! He must have been very near those who sent the flour, because it was to Him alone that we had breathed our need of it. Is He not good? He thus supplies our daily wants according to His promise: 'Ask, and ye shall receive."

After our thanksgiving, we have "five-o'clock tea" in the big room, and three or four neat girls wait who have preferred remaining as servants in their only natural home, to being placed in service elsewhere. Then there is an adjournment to an al frescomecting in the garden, pending which we re-visit the children. Both they and their pleasing young teachers are tired of the long day they have passed, preparing for and singing to the guests, all of whom have not, even yet, seen and heard them. It is a delicious evening, so we seek and obtain permission for them to take a walk, which is received with delight, and an instantaneous throwing off of pinafores and donning of black capes and white hats.

Then the visitors gather again under the appletrees, and another quiet hour of addresses and hymns follows. After this, a diversion is made by the appearance of the four infants of the Home—or the three-year-olds—who have been for a walk with some young ladies—their especial juvenile benefactresses. They bring large bunches of clover to Miss Mittendorff; and it is pretty to hear them call her "Mother," and twine their little arms round her neck, and kiss her, with an unmistakable affection.

"What shall we do with it? We must give it to May," she says, while the children jump with joy.

All hurry down the walk between the beds of white pinks, till they reach a shed at the bottom of the garden. Here a pony pokes its head out of the window, to whom the full-blossomed clover proves a great delight. This pony has been presented, to gether with a small carriage, to Miss Mittendorff by kind friends, who understand her delicate frame, and wish to brace it, if possible, by air and exercise. It is a general favourite; and, being had out, the children are placed on its back. It is difficult to imagine, in the midst of their ringing laughter, that they were once but "waifs and strays" on the world's wide sea and shore. Two such, brought to Miss Mittendorff under strange circumstances, and who were nameless, homeless, friendless, have been adopted

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into childless homes; yet can she scarcely speak of them without tears for their loss to her.

In addition to the pony and carriage, Miss Mittendorff's pretty private rooms are entirely furnished with gifts, and we cannot help thinking that both she and her children will soon prefer Epsom to Kilburn. As their friends depart, many pence are slipped into the hands of the wee quartette, which they instantly transfer to those of their friend. One generous lady, who has no penny, presents a shilling to be divided amongst them.

"What shall we do with all this money?" asks Miss Mittendorff.

"Buy butter!" is the instant reply.

We are among the last to leave, and as she and the four stand at the gate to see us off, each innocent face is uplifted for a kiss; yet there is no freedom. The manners of all these children, from the eldest to the youngest, are remarkably good, and might well be copied by many a youngster of higher May God bless them, their Home, their benefactress, and her helpers, and incline the hearts both of friends and strangers to strengthen their hands and sustain their faith. Hurrying to the train, we meet the children and teachers returning from their walk on the Downs, and looking brightened and refreshed by air and exercise. All stretch out their hands as we pass, with a cherry "Good-bye," and the voungest insists on our pausing while her little arms encircle our neck. And these are some of "Society's outcasts." These, but for Miss Mittendorff, would probably be trained in vice. Let us be thankful that she is striving to train them in virtue -and-for Eternity.

"KEEP ON SOWING."

CHAPTER I.

OU left me alone an hour this morning, Bernard. Are you going out again?"

And Sophie's tone was a little fault-finding, a little fretful.

"Yes," answered Bernard; and then he muttered something to himself, "You

are too exacting, Sophie," he went on aloud. "I must have my freedom occasionally, and then I dare say we shall get on very well; but if I am to be called to account every time I want to go out for half an hour, I can't answer for myself as to what the consequences may be."

And carelessly banging the door after him, he was gone.

And Sophie laid her head down upon the table, and cried—not passionately, however, but hopelessly.

Bernard and she had only been married a few weeks, and they were staying now at a pretty watering-place, and supposed by all their friends to be enjoying their honeymoon. They were neither of them young; but Sophie had never loved any one else but Bernard, and she had felt so sure of making him happy, and now here he was already fretting at having to be with her so constantly.

It was a glorious summer day. The sun shone down hotly upon the pavement of the little street, sparrows chirped gaily among the chimney-pots, and Sophie could hear the noise of vehicles, the laughter of children, the hum of many voices, and the band playing cheerily.

Presently she raised her head, and leaned back in her low cane chair and listened, fixing her eyes absently upon the lovely heavy sheaves of blue-bells which, in glass tumblers, decorated the little lodginghouse drawing-room; and her face gradually cleared. She was fond of music, and by no means given to tears and lamentation, her nature being essentially cheerful and hopeful. In appearance she was small and slender, with thin, rather sharp features, bright brown eyes, and merry lively ways. She always dressed neatly, and looked very bride-like now in her pretty white summer dress, with a few lilies of the valley in her hair. She had fastened in the lilies, in order to make herself as attractive as possible in Bernard's eyes; he never paid her the attention of putting flowers in her hair.

"I am unreasonable," murmured the young wife, presently, a little plaintively. "Of course, he has been used to being free as air all his life, and it must be very irksome now to have his doings in any way dependent upon those of another, and one "—and here came a long and heavy sigh—"whom he does not love."

Ah, there lay the sting, and the real cause of Sophie's concern and tears. Things had been going wrong all day. Her husband had complained that she was dull, and had not a word to say for herself; and though she had tried to rouse herself, she could not do so in the least; and at length Bernard had impatiently risen, and gone out, with the words which had caused Sophie to cry.

He did not love her. She had not dreamed of this yesterday; yet it seemed now that the weary knowledge had been hers for months.

Only that morning, waking early, she had risen to open the window, to let in the sunlight and the fresh morning air. Her husband was asleep; but as she returned to her place beside him, he moved uneasily, and said, in low but distinct tones—

"I had to marry her."

Sophie started, and instantly, though almost unconsciously, she said—

"Then you did not love her?"

And the sleeper turned and sighed, as he answered in the same low tone—

" No."

And that terrible monosyllable had been between Sophie and happiness every moment since; and the more she pondered over its signification the more sorrowful she felt.

However, she was not a young love-sick girl, but a sensible woman, and a Christian, and soon she said to herself—

"Crying will do no good, but all harm; and if I sigh about, and look as doleful as I have done to-day, I shall drive Bernard away altogether. Love will not be forced. . . . I had no idea that he did not love me, or, dearly though I cared for him, and earnestly though I had even prayed for his love, I would never have married him. Ah, Bernard!" and her voice took a touch of great bitterness, "there you did me a great wrong!"

And for a moment she buried her face in her hands. And there rose before her mind's eye a picture of the happy home of her childhood, with her parents and two dear sisters. Her father was well-to-do, and it had been known that each of his daughters would receive a handsome wedding-portion. Her two sisters, both younger than herself, had married early and well; but she had waited on.

Bernard Campbell had meanwhile wooed and won a young girl who had afterwards died of decline. The event had for the time entirely changed him; he seemed spiritless and dejected; then morose and ill-tempered; and soon people had declared that he was growing wild and reckless, and that he was getting into difficulties. And by-and-by he had told Sophie of these difficulties; for she and he had been friends from childhood; and also he had begun to pay her marked attention. And Sophie had not had one thought of mistrust or suspicion; and in her heart she had secretly exulted that her money would set everything right again.

And what a happy time that had been! And then had come the wedding; and though, very very soon, she had begun to doubt the strength of Bernard's attachment, and his real motive for marrying her, it had been all too soon to give up her happiness, and she had hoped on from day to day for—she knew not what.

"But now," she said to herself, "it is all over."
A moment's silence, then she started up.

"Over, indeed! No, it is not! A brave woman never says, 'All is over.' People cannot expect always to be happy. It is first sunshine, and then clouds; but," and she bowed her head reverently, "God's wind passeth and cleanseth the clouds, and then we see once more the bright light that was all the while behind."

Before Bernard's departure, she had been reading; and she now, half thoughtfully, half absently, took up her book again.

"I will go down to the beach," she uttered, slowly, "and sit there, and read it. Life is a comedy, it is said, to those who think; a tragedy to those who feel," And then she thought a little, adding, "I do not want tragedy, that is certain. I will not feel

then, and my success will be all the greater, for now I will set myself to win what I thought, until yesterday, had been mine already—that is, my husband's love. And my first motto shall be, Cheerfulness, Because he went away as he did, is that any reason why I should sit here and mope, and look pale and wretched when he comes back, and so make him more angry still? unreasonable enough though anger on his part would be."

She put on a pretty summer hat, and taking a light parasol, edged with lace—a present from one of her sisters—and her book, she walked slowly down to the beach, and seated herself under the shadow of a boat, and was soon deep in her story.

All around her were busy workers, and readers, and nurses with merry children with their pails and spades, and all that belongs to the picture of a seaside holiday.

Presently Sophie came to the following verse, and tears of feeling filled her eyes, and she laid down her book to think long and earnestly.

Keep on sowing:
God will make the seeds to grow
Faster than your knowing;
Nothing e'er is sown in vain,
If, His voice obeying,
You look upward for the rain,
And falter not in praying.

"And so I will," mused Sophie, almost happily.
"I will 'keep on sowing,' step by step, and hour by hour, and God will cause my seeds to grow. This has all happened for good, no doubt; and Bernard and I will be led on to something better than we could have had without it. It has come about through no fault of mine: I never thought to be a drag upon the man I loved;" and Sophie's voice was sorrowful. "But God will give me good by it; and strength and wisdom and patience to do wisely and well."

And at length she went on with her story. And she enjoyed the air, and the sunshine, and the gentle ripple of the sea, and her book, and her thoughts, and her resolution all in one. Another hour passed, she felt quite cheered and refreshed, and rose to go home with something very like a happy smile on her lins.

On her way she went into a confectioner's shop, and bought some little dainty for tea that she knew Bernard liked.

Entering, she saw him sitting in her chair, with a discontented frown on his face, and a newspaper in his hand.

"Why, Sophie!" exclaimed he, "I began to think that you had run away from me!"

"Have you been in long?" inquired his wife.

"Yes; an hour, I should think."

"I am very sorry," said Sophie, pleasantly; "but I had no idea that you would have been back so soon."

And she at once rang the bell for tea, and then produced the little patties which she had bought. And she and Bernard chatted cheerfully all teatime; and he was a model of attention and good behaviour,

CHAPTER II.

SOPHIE read the verse that had struck her, again and again. And she did "keep on sowing," patiently and hourly.

They returned soon to a home of their own, and began housekeeping for themselves. Bernard found everything always orderly. Sophie never troubled him: she was only always ready for him, and always The train was late. Half an hour—a whole hour, at length, he had waited, with growing impatience, mingled presently with a keen anxiety. Suppose something had happened? His heart leapt up in terror, and he realised in that instant that his wife, his dear merry little Sophie, was precious to him as the apple of his eye.

And now he saw the porters whispering together, and he caught the word "accident."

He did not know how the intervening time had



"She seated herself under the shadow of a boat."-p. 755.

willing to listen to every word he said; and her eyes always met his with a pleasant smile of welcome; yet she studied never to force her love upon him. And such conduct, constantly persevered in, could but win its reward.

They had been married six months, when Sophie went to pay her parents a visit; but Bernard could not leave his business.

She was only away ten days, but how he missed her—every hour, and almost every moment. The evening of her return arrived, and with quite a new feeling at heart, and with happy alacrity, he went to meet her. passed; but at last he was beside her. There she lay on the frozen ground, unconscious.

He threw himself beside her, and clasped her in his arms, uttering, in broken tones—

"My darling, my lost darling!"

She was carried to the home that she had left so short a time before full of health and strength; and there for hours Bernard paced to and fro outside her room, waiting in an agony of suspense for the surgeon's verdict.

It came. There was hope.

But for months Sophie was a weak helpless invalid.

Bernard tended her with untiring care and tenderness, and at length she was so far recovered that the doctor gave her husband leave to carry her down to the sitting-room.

As he did so, and her head lay on his shoulder, and she felt how lovingly his arms enfolded her, she whispered—

"You do love me, Bernard?"

bably waiting to come to her. She still kept on sowing, and by-and-by little children came, and then there was need for still further sowing; and the end was—as far as this world could tell the story—that Bernard thought that there never was such a wife as his Sophie; and the children that there never had been such a mother.

But the real beautiful and unfading fruit of all was



"The doctor gave her husband leave to carry her down,"

He laid her on the sofa, he bent over her, and took her face between his hands, and his eyes met hers. Then he stooped, and kissed her lips gently and fondly again and again.

"My Sophie is worth all the world to me," he murmured.

And Sophie felt at that moment as if she had never known what happiness meant till now.

But she did not fold her hands amid her exultation and thankfulness, and sit down upon her laurels, and so cut off all the rest of the good that was progarnered up for eternity, for in her sowing Sophie did not forget to sow to the spirit, that she might of the spirit reap life everlasting.

And often and often she looked back to that day at the sea-side, when a single word seemed to have blighted all her joy, and to have plunged her almost into despair. And as often as she did so she murmured in gratitude—

"When thy trial seems too hard to bear, Lo, God thy King hath answered all thy prayer."



SHORT ARROWS.



THE WORK AMONGST THE NAVVIES.

E Navvy Mission Society, we are glad to hear, is doing some excellent work. We some time ago called attention to the blessed objects of this movement, which is steadily improving the spiritual and the social well-being of the navvies engaged in London. The mode of procedure is to maintain agents in various localities. By

these agents, schools and classes, reading-rooms and libraries are opened. Even savings-banks have been set on foot. When we consider the number of navvies in England-a body of men, with wives and children, amounting, in round numbers, to sixty thousand-we must see the great necessity there is for going out into the highways and hedges and compelling these toilers to enter the Christian fold. In this holy work ladies are amongst the foremost. Mrs. Garnett, Miss Bubb, and Miss Marsh, not to mention other and equally honoured names, are very anxious and very solicitous in behalf of the people. One lady at Leeds has been known to hold meetings in her own lodgings, and to use the same apartment for night-schools and Bibleclasses, to which the rough men come gladly. With such examples as these before us we have great hopes that the movement will continue to gain ground and influence; such noble efforts to reclaim the lost or careless will surely be blessed, and we are glad to see that some of the highest dignitaries are interested in this mission.

AN ORPHANAGE AT NAZARETH.

It will not be unknown to some of our readers that in these days one of the first things to arrest the attention of the traveller in Northern Palestine is the European-looking building which stands on the slope of the hill, about 600 feet high, which rises west of the town of Nazareth. It is a beautiful healthful Home, which the loving liberality of English Christians has there reared for the little ones of Galilee and Samaria, of whom it can accommodate one hundred; but means of support have hitherto offered for only about one-half of that number. It has been occupied now for a little less than four years, and nothing can exceed the efficiency and suitableness of all its arrangements for the purposes in view, nor the pride and happiness of its little inmates in their school. But this very success has developed a want, that Miss Dickson, the energetic and indefatigable superintendent, has felt constrained to come home to plead, because her own Societythat for Promoting Female Education in the Easthas no money to give her. It strained their resources to the uttermost to complete the Orphanage as it stands; for what remains to be done, therefore, her appeal is to the Christian public. She has found by

sad experience these three summers back that, till the ground belonging to the institution is enclosed by a high solid wall, it is useless to sow or plant; for there is no securing the produce, every Arab that passes by feeling at perfect liberty to step aside and carry off whatever is ripe enough to be worth taking. There are no legal means whatever to put an end to these depredations, nor to punish those who In such a country, women and commit them. children are perfectly helpless against "the thief in the night;" for men only hold their own by watching, gun in hand, while produce is on the ground. Miss Dickson reckons that if she could only secure the fruit and vegetables she can easily raise, the cost of maintaining the children would diminish considerably; and, on such a point, her opinion is entitled to be heard, as her experience of life in Palestine now extends over twenty-eight years. But it is her sad conviction things are much worse now, and the security for life and property much less, than when she first knew the country, and that the poverty of the cultivators is vastly greater. The Turks are able no longer to keep the Bedouins in check. They make their raids into the Esdraelon plain with impunity; and there is no redress for the wretched people, whose harvests they rob and plunder when they do not kill them. Travellers constantly remark to Miss Dickson, "But you are very unprotected here!" She can but answer, "So we are; unlike our Franciscan neighbours, who can enjoy their garden and its fruits in peace and safety." But it is not too much to hope that the £1,200 which are needed to erect a lasting enclosure will soon be provided; for surely the claim of Nazareth is unique, and loving hearts will respond to it. Of course, a wall got up by native masons would cost much less, but a little time would make it quite useless for every purpose of protection; hence the imperative necessity of calling in German labour from the colony at Haifa to execute this work, humble as it sounds; and it is after careful calculation of the expense that it is fixed at the above figure.

THE GOSPEL IN NORMANDY.

Our neighbours in Normandy, between whom and ourselves a strong tie exists, are showing themselves very anxious to hear the Gospel. Indeed, the decided progress made in this direction is worthy of remark, and instances come before us frequently. We have come across a statement put forth by a pastor of the Reformed Church at Elbœuf; and the record of his successes is most pleasant reading. Many new places of worship have been established near Elbœuf, and from other and more distant villages come requests that the worthy pastor will assist the inhabitants in their seeking after the true faith. Many have repudiated the Roman Catholic

belief, and are receiving a Protestant education. We could multiply instances, but enough has been said to show that the Evangelisation Society is no mere machine. Its efforts are properly directed, and all English Christians will sympathise with the work being done amongst the Norman population—our old neighbours and friends.

OUR WEARY SISTERS.

It is to ladies we would now more especially appeal, for ladies are the mainspring of our society and of our civilisation. An important and humane movement has been set on foot for supplying seats and setting aside a period for rest to those who serve us behind the counter. A good deal has no doubt been done to better the condition of the shopwomen in our large establishments, but more remains to do. Many influential ladies in high positions have already interested themselves in this subject, and if those who so frequently spend hours in "shopping" would unite to form a committee to visit the great emporiums in the kingdom with a view to the provision of seats for shopwomen, we should hear of fewer lives prematurely decayed, and fewer instances of shattered health. In various large towns this kind and charitable movement has already made way, and will not ladies (who chiefly benefit by the attendance of the young women in our large shops) come forward in turn and do them a real service?

A SECT OF POISONERS.

We have gratifying intelligence from the Cameroons (West Africa). On the undoubted authority of the mission there, we are informed the period of terror and cruelty so long existent amongst the native population has come to a close. The greatest difficulty against which our Christian brethren had to contend was a powerful secret order called Mungi. This association was a sect of poisoners, and they cultivated a poison-plant with the avowed object of killing by its aid. The chief was at length converted, and, after an investigation, the Mungi were called together, and confessed, under pressure, a terrible tale of murders committed. The chief then destroyed the sacred groves, and banished the poisoners. So Christianity has achieved a wondrous victory, for which we may be sincerely thankful, over barbarism and the deeply-rooted superstitions of ages.

A CHILDREN'S LIBRARY AT GOTHA.

An idea which has already taken a very practical and useful form has been carried out in Gotha, where much infidelity is reported to exist. A lady instituted a small library of penny and halfpenny books, which she distributed occasionally to children. The eagerness with which these tiny presents were looked for has now resulted in the establishment of a regular library, which has been the blessed means of in-

troducing the Gospel into numerous families where the truth was previously ignored, even if the individuals were acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity. That opposition arose we may be assured, but it is satisfactory to know that the work has prospered and is prospering. Miss Townsend, who initiated the movement, is still labouring in the large field which requires all her efforts, and she will be grateful for the help of friends in her really useful and holy work among the almost infidel population.

SUNDAY IN SIBERIA.

It is lamentable to learn that the unfortunate workers in the Siberian mines are not permitted to rest upon Sundays. All the excuses for continuing work upon the day set apart by God as a day of rest avail nothing in the face of the distinct and divine command. Holidays the convicts may have, festivals they may keep, and do keep them, why not Sunday? There is a great need for reform in this respect, and we hope that the Emperor may yet be induced to extend this boon to the unfortunate labourers in the Siberian mines. Will not some Christians look to it?

THE PROPOSED COLONISATION OF PALESTINE.

There is no doubt that, next to the great fact prophesied in the Bible-viz., the coming of our Saviour -the return of the chosen people to the Holy Land occupies a very prominent position. In these columns we have lately commented upon the return of the Jews to Palestine, but the lecture a short time ago delivered by Mr. Nugée has recalled our attention to the subject. A proposal has been submitted to the Sultan, and accepted by him, for planting a colony of Hebrews in the east of Palestine; and the lecturer dwelt emphatically upon the evidence which tended to prove that "the times of the Gentiles" are approaching a termination. The lecturer pointed out, as we have already indicated, the great development and increasing number of Jews in responsible positions in Europe. Look where we may, we shall find Jews in lofty places, and possessing immense wealth. Furthermore, the speaker favoured the idea -which we think a correct one-that England is the chosen medium appointed to carry out the Divine will. By encouraging the return of the Jews to the Holy Land, the Sultan, so long hard pressed, will gain fresh resources, and it will no doubt be his policy to encourage this movement. The scheme now proposed will embrace the grant of land on the eastern side of the river Jordan, and there is no doubt that, if properly managed, the enterprise will be very successful.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

It is satisfactory to learn that the attempt made some time ago by Mr. MacAll to use the ball-room of the Elysée as a Gospel hall has succeeded, bold as the effort was. The disposition of the working classes towards the teaching of Protestant doctrine is rapidly improving, and the audiences who come regularly to hear the preacher are very attentive. But while on this subject we may mention that another English preacher (Mr. Gibson) has engaged a lecture-hall in the Boulevard des Capucines, and his auditory seem to derive much benefit from his discourses every Sunday. These successful attempts are very encouraging to all Christians, and no doubt will be noted by all well-wishers to the good cause we have in hand.

WHAT THE BIBLE DOES FOR THE WORLD.

Wherever the Bible is known, the standard of knowledge, of civilisation, and of fellowship between man and man is infinitely higher than in those countries where the Word of God is not known. I remember myself, many years ago, when preaching in Hyde Park was permitted, going forth on a Sunday afternoon to hear the preaching. I heard some that was good and some that was not. I heard one man speaking against the Word of God and against the ministers of all denominations-denouncing alike the Church and the Dissenters. "Those long black things," said the man, "with white chokers round their necks are not to be trusted, and the Bible is a great imposition." When he had done his talk, and was out of breath, a working man came forward and

answered him. He challenged him to deny whether, if he looked at all the world, he would not find those countries to be the happiest and best governed where the Bible was known and read. He asked him further to look at our own happy land of England, and to go to those families in this very city where the people read the Bible morning and evening, where the children are sent to Sunday-schools, and where the Bible is the recognised rule of life, and to say whether among those families there would not also be found the most sobriety, good temper, and holy He said the Bible could not be such a very bad book to produce those results; and, after all, although people tell us the Bible is worn out, and has done its work, there are many testimonies at this present day standing before the eyes of mankind that the old Book is the same as it ever was-the Word of God unto salvation to all who read in faith and prayer. The Book alone can do great works. I remember Archbishop Sumner speaking on that very point. I remember his wise and simple manner. No man was ever more underrated than he was. I heard him say: "Some people think the Book can do no good unless a man goes with it to explain it; but," said he, "if I must choose between the Book without the man and the man without the Book, give me the Book rather than the man, for I know the Book can make no mistakes, and I am sure the man may make a great many .- The Bishop of Liverpool.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

NEW SERIES.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 704.

155. God ordered the Ark to be carried before the people at a distance of 2,000 cubits, to show the way (Joshua iii, 4).

156. That God would surely drive out the Canaanites before them (Joshua iii. 10—13).

157. A monument of twelve stones, representing the twelve tribes of Israel (Joshua iv. 9).

158. St. Matthew says, "And leaving Nazareth, He (Jesus) came and dwelt in Capernaum (Matt. iv. 13). 159. From the book of Deuteronomy (Matt. iv. 4, 7, 10; see also Deut. vi. 13, 16; and viii. 3).

160. The sin of Achan in stealing some of the spoil from Jericho (Joshua vii. 11, 12, and 20).

161. They were always built of unhewn stones (Ex. xx. 25; and Joshua viii. 31).

162. In the country of Moab (Deut. xxxiv. 5).

163. When Gideon was about to fight with the Midianites, one of the host of Midian dreamed a dream, and his fellow-soldier gave a correct interpretation (Judges vii. 13, 14).

164. The city of Penuel, which was destroyed by Gideon (Judges viii. 17).

165. When he fought against Jabin king of Hazor and his allies at the waters of Merom (Joshua xi. 6—9)

166. It stood still when the wise men arrived at Bethlehem, where Jesus was (Matt. ii. 9).

167. One year, until the death of Herod (Matt. ii. 15).

168. Because Jesus had been carried away by night (Matt, ii, 14).

169. The city of Timnath-serah in Mount Ephraim (Joshua xix. 49, 50).

"170. They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord" (Judges v. 11).

171. The Cave of Adullam (Judges vi. 2-5, 1 Sam. xxii. 1).

172. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon" (Judges vii. 18).

SWIFT

ARROWS:

BEING THE

Extra Part of "The Quiver"

FOR

Christmas, 1879.



CASSELL. PETTER. GALPIN & CO.:

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SWIFT ARROWS:

BEING THE

EXTRA CHRISTMAS PART OF "THE QUIVER," 1879.

A LIVING CHRISTMAS BOX.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "THE OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC.

Let a frost

Or a small wasp have crept to the innermost
Of our ripe peach: or let the wilful sun
Shine westward of our window—straight we run
A furlong's sigh, as if the world were lost.
But what time through the heart and through the brain
God hath transfixed us—we, so moved before,
Attain to a calm.

CHAPTER I.

Believe not that your inner eye Can ever in just measure try The worth of hours as they go by."



UTERLESS
is a town
picturesque
in position and
graced
with romantic
associations, and
so, like
theprince
of an historically

important province, it enjoys a prestige quite independent of acreage and population. Local writers call it the "loch-capital," holding, as it does, the sea-board key to a beautiful chain of lakes, which, while scarcely yet the common hunting-ground of tourists, are well known to artists, and to such lovers of the beautiful as can turn their backs on "first-class carriages," and "luxurious hotels," and pursue it in the saddle or on "Shanks-hismare." Outerless itself is the point at which such travellers part from the delicacies of civilisation, and therefore, like a generous host, it does not stint the "stirrup-cup" it offers them.

To tell the plain truth, Outerless has its being, and lives and thrives mainly under the auspices of such travellers and their welcomes and farewells. It has not been always so. The history of Outerless is something like that of a great feudal castle which the exigencies of modern times have converted into an inn. Its markets and its courthouse had once been to Outerless what the fishing season and the shooting season are now. Great landed proprietors had held open hospitality in their "guest-houses," on the site where the hotels stand to-day. Tradition narrates that some of the homely coal-cellars in Outerless had once been used as dungeons. In their day, stern warriors had held the grim castle, whose grey walls, now neatly repaired and coped, serve for the rendezvous of the Outerless volunteers, the portrait-gallery of the Outerless worthies, and the registry-office of Outerless births, deaths, and marriages.

Outerless frankly reveals itself as a travellers' town by the number of its photograph shops, and by the disproportionate amount of mackintoshes, umbrellas, and railway-rugs displayed at all its drapers' windows. Indeed, Outerless makes rather too much parade of all this, so that strangers are apt to ignore the real life it has of its own, and the snug little society which, when the last traveller's trunk is corded, and the last "spare bed" is taken down, gathers itself together, and thriftily husbanding its summer gleanings, re-

volves in its own small circle of love and hate, ambition and endeavour.

Like the antique oak, or cracked saucer, which, in a peasant's cottage, tell of higher connections or better days, sundry venerable institutions remain in Outerless to bear witness to its prouder period. Besides the castle itself, and the island on Loch Less, behind the town, where strangers might see the crumbling monuments of legendary peers and prelates, who had once been citizens—besides the dungeons among the hotel-cellars, and the "Saint's Rock" by the sea, there remains one establishment still devoted to its ancient purposes, surviving its contemporaries, a last living specimen where all else has become fossil.

But even the agitators of Outerless—and there were two, a very clever young man, and a very foolish old one—could not find a stone to throw at "Bishop Murdo's School." It retained all that was good of the past, the solid masonry and oak, the fine bits of heraldic stained glass; but it had parted from all that was bad and out of date. The generous old fire might remain among the polished brass in the wide school chimney, but cunning modern science had put her ventilators into the quaint windows, which was a movement quite in the same direction with fewer lessons in the Latin grammar, and more in natural history.

Perhaps a very good type of the happy union of reverence and reform which prevailed in Bishop Murdo's School, was the master's house, into whose parlour we introduce ourselves on a late

autumn evening.

If the ceiling was rather low, the chamber was large, with wide windows, commanding extensive views, for the school stood on high ground, and these looked across the roofs and turrets of the town, upon the "Saint's Rock," and the sea. One of the windows had been altered, the panels below it cut away, and the casement made into doors, through which the occupants of the room could step out upon the roof of some lower part of the building, and this balcony was rich with colour even at this season, for a splendid Virginian creeper wreathed its fragile glories about the old stone coping. Some pieces of antique oak furniture, and a few old oil-paintings went with the mastership of Bishop Murdo's School, and stood as perhaps they had done for hundreds of years; but dainty bits of Oriental china, and trifling relics of modern travel, enlivened the dim brown cabinets, while photographs of pretty nineteenthcentury faces hung in corners too insignificant for the grim effigies of pious patroness or worthy ecclesiastic. The master's chair was that in which many masters had sat, stately, solid, and black, but its vis-à-vis was of Indian cane, bright with red cushions and gay fringes. And it might be noted that all the new things in the old room were very new. For the master's wife, one of two ladies who sat near the balcony window,

was a bride who had only come home two months earlier.

The autumn light was waning very fast, but e did not ring for the lamp. The room grew she did not ring for the lamp. gloomy enough, but the faces of the pair were turned seawards, and a lurid glory still lingered in the sky where the sun had gone down. Their tones were low and earnest, such as people use when they talk of things whereof their life consists; and perhaps the bride's were the more earnest of the two. For Isobel Mac Lachlan, whose favourite text had always been "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ," had already accepted the weird of those who, having woven their own lives well, are ever called to unravel the tangle of their neighbours', and who know full well that what seems such a harmless knot may set all the future pattern hopelessly awry.

If Isobel had been free to choose, she would scarcely have selected her husband's cousin, Nina Mac Lachlan, as the first companion of her married life. But Nina Mac Lachlan had never had a home before, and her cousin Kenneth, the newly-appointed master of the school, had in his college days learned so much of what that means, that he kindly longed to give his orphan relative a taste of the cup he found so sweet. She had been one of Isobel's bridesmaids, and Isobel was not blind to her defects of character; but the thought of her utter loneliness effaced all.

"How can anything ripen without sunlight?" she said to her husband, when he himself began to notice Nina's faults. And that was true enough. But storms also may be needed.

As a school-girl, pretty, clever Nina had been spoiled and petted. Her vanity, her rashness, her self-opinionativeness, had been allowed as natural, charming, and piquant. But when her school-days were over-they ended with her old governess' death-Nina found herself transformed from a household pet to a hired teacher, with strangers for her superiors, but with nothing half so strange as her old comrades seemed, viewed from the teacher's desk. Youth is very delightful, but so sensible a nation as the Chinese would not without reason assert that it is cruel; and those who know the world best will understand that poor Nina got a sufficiently bitter revelation of human nature. An orphan may be very interesting and pathetic within certain limits, but an orphan working for her bread is outside those limits, and is apt to be reminded that she has experiences in which young ladies of independent fortune can neither share nor sympathise.

But during the later months of her cousin's courtship, and the two months since his marriage, Nina Mac Lachlan had known the warmth of a home hearth, and the kind homeliness of kindred faces. She had got much, if not all, the want of

which she had once felt justified her in the fretfulness and discontent which, since the school pet had been transformed into the school teacher, she had often heard characterised by their right names. Nay, a new element had entered the girl's life, from which Kenneth and Isobel, romantic and sanguine from their own recent experience, had rashly hoped everything. For a lover had come, and had become beloved. And that lover was none other than Isobel's own brother, Colin Ross.

"Colin is a dear fellow," said his sister to her husband. "His faults have been never more than a sort of touchiness and restless hope in change; and those are just the faults that this love is sure to cure. A happy heart does not heed little worries, and poor Outerless, which he has so often decried, will seem the finest place in the world now that the girl of his choice is here. Even if it is best for him to leave it, his heart will be here; and if Nina and he go away together, they will consecrate it as the place where they met."

Isobel judged others by herself—a course which does not always lead to immediately right conclusions, but which, if we are good, makes us happy, and if we are bad, is our own fitting punishment. And after all, if it is an uncertain standard, it remains our best; and the more we know of ourselves, the less we expect from others, and

the more we hope for them.

And now Isobel and Nina sat together in the twilight, talking with sad voices.

"It is so hard that there is to be nothing

smooth in my life," cried Nina.

"My dear, you know 'the course of true love never does run smooth,'" said Isobel; "therefore, you have but to accept these little roughnesses,

and rejoice over them.

"Nobody else has everything spoiled as I do!" Nina went on. "What other girl has to contemplate parting from her lover the month after she is engaged to him, or else submit to see him suffer the galling annoyances of a petty tyrant who is not fit to be his servant, still less his master?"

"Everybody has something to bear," said Isobel.

"It is easy to talk patience," retorted Nina,
but you, for instance, had nothing like this to

contend with in your courting days.

Isobel looked at Nina with one flashing glance. It was on her lips to remind the girl of an awful week when Kenneth had lain at death's door, and she had watched at the threshold of his chamber, not daring to enter for a last farewell, lest even the tender touch of love should break the lingering thread of hope. But the mere remembrance made the little wife's heart beat fast, and she did not quite feel as if she could bring out her sacred things for the cold touch of the self-absorbed girl. So she shifted the subject a little.

"I was not saying that everybody has something to bear, with you only in my mind," she pleaded gently. "I think Colin is apt to forget it himself. If he could only see things with my eyes, I fancy he could stay here quite happily, and learn to make fun of the matters which trouble him now. I know that his master—"

"'Master,' indeed!" interrupted Nina, who had used the same word at the end of her last tirade, but who resented it on the lips of another. "Master! that word alone is enough to gall such a spirit as Colin's; and it is the very word with which Mr. Munro enforces his preachments and

tyrannies!"

Isobel heard out the angry interruption, and without protest, resumed where she had left off, only varying the obnoxious word which had evoked

such an explosion.

"I know that Mr. Munro is an old-fashioned man, who cannot understand why ways once universally acknowledged to be good, should ever grow out of fashion. He asks nothing from Colin beyond what he submitted to in his own young days. And excellent principles underlie what people consider his eccentricities. I cannot see why a young man should object to wear a white apron in a shop. It is neat and cleanly. I cannot see why Colin should consider it 'a badge of servitude' because it indicates what his duties are. A barrister might make the same objection to his wig. And as for the rule about the young men being indoors at ten o'clock at nights, I think too well of Colin to suppose that the spirit of that law is any restriction, though the nicety with which its letter is insisted on seems so galling to him. It seems to me that Colin's present position might be easily made very pleasant. If you consent to wear chains, they become ornaments, not fetters. But one has no right to dictate to another what is possible to be borne and what is not. For all our natures have their wincing spots, where a touch rankles more than would a blow elsewhere. We can only warn each that everywhere there is something to be borne, and made the best of."

"Which means," said Nina, "that you will not put out your hand to hinder Colin from going off somewhere, nobody knows how far away! And yet he is your only brother! But of course, you

are married now."

Isobel rose, and the hand with which she rearranged the window curtain trembled a little. She did not answer for a moment. She had been counted a fiery, passionate little woman. She had never yet said an angry or bitter word in her sweet new home, and she would not begin while she could help it.

"The old loves do not grow less because the new one is larger," she answered, at last. "Sometimes I almost doubt whether in the old times I used to love anybody. I am not sure whether

any of us do until we love somebody with all our hearts."

In her secret consciousness poor Nina felt as if nobody in the world loved anybody else as she loved Colin. For thus can selfishness poison even affection, shutting it out from the sweet broad sympathies of humanity, from the inspiration of all examples of endurance and courage—shutting it up in its own dark cell of imaginary "special circumstances."

Presently the servant brought in the lamp and the tea. That broke up the conversation. The two ladies took the meal alone, for Mr. Mac Lachlan was detained in the town by some

public meeting.

Nina watched Isobel prepare for a lonely evening, for she herself was going out—down to the gate of the ancient school garden, and thence for a moonlit walk along the old lime-tree avenue, where probably the love-making of the school household had been carried on for many generations.

"I wonder Kenneth can leave you alone for the sake of any foolish business which he is not compelled to attend to," she said, as, when tea was finished, she took up her hat and stood swinging it to and fro. "I should not like my husband to do so. But, then, so few people seem to have any romance about them, and love seems to end in paying house-rent and taxes."

"Love does not begin by not paying them," Isobel answered, with cheerful patience. "And should not romance be the spur of life rather than the drag? I know the question of Outerless drainage—about which Kenneth is concerned to-night—does not sound very poetical, but is it not those who have happy homes who should be most concerned for their wholesomeness

and preservation?"

Nina heard without hearing, as self-absorbed people often do. She was surveying her own figure in a side mirror—a very pretty little figure, picturesque in black dress, scarlet shawl, and white hat. And her thought was that it resembled a girl in a certain picture where the artist had painted a still pool, a few old trees, a rustic seat, and a distant house, all bathed in the rich dying light of an October evening. The figure was solitary, and the picture was called, "Where two used to meet." The sentiment of the picture had fascinated Nina, who could not in the least realise what hours are passed, and what agonies are undergone, before pain is refined into the pathos on which poet or painter can dare to look.

"Take care that you do not stay out, if the air grows chill," warned Isobel. "Remember, I shall be very glad to see you both, the moment

you care to come in."

"I'll remember," said Nina; thinking, "She can't expect us to enliven her solitude if Kenneth leaves her lonely." She could not conceive that if Isobel had thought only of herself, she would

have immensely preferred the society of her own happy thoughts to that of a restless conceited girl and boy.

CHAPTER IL

He who idly grieves
That life is crownless, is a fool and blind.
To fill with patience our allotted sphere,
To rule the self within us strong in faith,
To answer smile with smile, and tear with tear,
To perfect character, and conquer death—
This is what God's own angels call renown!

SHE did not take long in reaching the gate, and she was the first at the trysting-place. She was not quite pleased at that, and looked at her watch to see whether she was too early, or whether Colin was late. For in the latter case, she was not the girl to remember that his time was less at his disposal than hers. Or if she had remembered it, it would have been with a restless chafing sense of being thus deprived of some forms of chivalric devotion, rather than with a happy consciousness of comradeship and

helpfulness.

But she found it was she who was too early. So she stood leaning against the old wall, and thinking. In the later days of her teaching, when she had sat alone in the empty schoolroom at night, conning the platitudes of childrens' essays, or the weary rows of their sums, she had dreams which had then seemed too bright ever to come true, of some such evening as this. Now the visions of pretty home, pleasant leisure, and expected lover, were all fulfilled. Only the perfect happiness which these were to bring had not come. She hardly felt happier than she She did not notice that the one did before. unchanged element in her cup of life was herself, and that wine, as well as water, can be made bitter by wormwood. And so she cried out upon Fate, and fell back upon the "I never loved a dear gazelle," etc., school of sentiment, which implies, though it scarcely dares assert, that the plan of the universe emanates from the mind of a Tormentor, instead of from the heart of a loving Father, who maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it, and asks but that His children shall put their hand into His hand, and their will into His will, and then they will see angels encamped about them everywhere, and stars shining even in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. She blamed God and the workings of Providence. As well might a beggar blame the kind hands that fed him, because he could not enjoy his food while he chose to sit in a dark ditch where the midges teased him!

Presently she heard a quick step crunching the gravel outside the gate, and in another moment

both her hands were in her lover's.

As they sauntered up and down together, an

onlooker would have thought them a fine-looking pair, and might have half envied a lot so rich in youth and health and beauty. But God's angels, who must doubtless see us in our spirits, saw more youth and health and beauty in many a patient widow, prim old maid, or quaint old bachelor. For what is real youth but joy and hope? And what is real health but brave unconscious life, so rejoicing in the pleasant that it is indifferent to the painful? And what is real

beauty but likeness to God?

Colin Ross had the lithe figure and swinging step of his Highland ancestry, and his features were finely cut and regular, though between their strong marking and the expression of angry determination which seemed always playing over them, there was suggestion of possible ruggedness and harshness in years to come. Perhaps there did seem some cross-purpose in the destiny which had placed Colin in a chemist's shop; and he was fond of dwelling on the wild free life of his ancestors, little recking how climate and hardship and perpetual danger are the sternest masters of all, and that he owed his stalwart limbs and sound constitution to the hardy contest his forefathers had waged under them. But destiny had not surrendered Colin to his commonplace doom without giving him another chance. He and his sister Isobel had been brought up and educated by a bachelor uncle for whom their widowed mother kept house; and instead of being apprenticed he might, had he chosen, have remained in the old place, playing shepherd to his uncle's flocks, or grieve to his uncle's farm. But Colin had been able to realise all the disadvantages of such a life-its monotony, its loneliness, its lack of the polish and refinements which he had learned to appreciate during sundry sojourns in Outerless. He did not understand that "disadvantage" is an item which must enter into the description of every lot, and that he is the wise man who, in choosing his career, chooses that whose drawbacks he can best bear. From the bleak Highland farm, Outerless life had seemed paradise to poor Colin. From Outerless life, he looked back longingly to the bleak farm, and wanted something which it had had-and yet not everything.

"Is there anything in particular wrong to-night, dear?" Nina asked, noticing that his face looked even more moody than usual. She had not one of those bountiful natures which can breathe forth a magnetic healing without disturbing even by a touch. She liked to show tenderness rather than to be tender. Will it be harsh to say that she loved her own love for Colin better than Colin himself?

"Nothing in particular," he answered; "that cannot be, when everything in general is wrong. I wonder, Nina, that such a one as you are can love a poor shopman, doomed to spend his life serving

out pills and potions, and condoling with the ailments of old women and babies. I should like to be something worthier, Nina, for your sake, if not for my own."

"O Colin, it is hard!" cried the girl; "and

you might be anything."

"The world is all out of gear," said Colin. "Nowadays, what chance has a man for showing what is in him? I can't reconcile myself, Nina, even to the most prosperous prospect before me—the possibility of succeeding to old Munros business and settling down, a smug burgess of Outerless, driving you about in a little pony chaise, and putting up for local elections! These things satisfy some people—I believe they would satisfy Kenneth and Isobel—but there's something in me, Nina, which says 'no' to them. If I could have gone into the army, now! Or entered one of the learned professions! As it is, I must either go hum-drumming on, or take my chance in roughing it as an emigrant."

"Oh, don't talk about that!" cried Nina.

It was quite natural that the idea should thrill her with pain; the pity was that she was not ready to encounter and endure the pain long enough to see whether there might not be some wholesomeness in it. If Colin, wisely or unwisely, was so thoroughly unhappy in his present life, then any suggestion of honest change should have been worthy her consideration. The plain fact was-though of course the poor girl did not know it of herself-her thought was not for Colin's welfare, but for her own comfort. she was not shrewd enough to realise that a lover afar off, content with all but the distance, is far nearer to his beloved than is a lover at her side so dissatisfied with everything else that he takes no joy in her very presence. There is a wisdom born in every experience, and not till we have passed the Rubicon of a self-sacrifice, do we learn that it is always a self-service.

And Colin was thinking of himself too, and not of Nina. For he could not pity her pain if it sought to hinder him from doing what he wished. Neither of them had learned the love which seeks but to give itself. Each only wanted to gain another. Colin did not reflect that it was hard for him to wring the heart he had so lately won. At that moment he did not even feel sure that its winning had been a good

thing.

"I don't suppose you want to hinder me from doing what I ought to do," he said, coldly. "I thought it was the woman's place to further the interests of the man she professes to love. But I suppose the ideal is never to be found in the real!"

Possibly not—by some of us, since real life, much like a mirror, is apt to give us back our own reflection. Nina began to cry. She did not like Colin's tone, and she did not like not to be an

ideal. And her vexation made her less than ever like one. She felt an accusation lurking somewhere, and set about defending herself wildly. A wholly loving woman, ready to bear anything for her beloved, would not have felt that any amount of shrinking from a possible parting needed justification.

"I suppose it hampers you to be engaged to me," she sobbed.

"I suppose you say things like that because you wish an excuse to be free yourself," Colin retorted.

Each speech was insincere. Their hearts were bitter enough, but they were unconsciously only acting a lovers' quarrel—trying to force their jars and grievances into a conventionally romantic form. Nina drew her hand from Colin's arm. Colin allowed the action, and walked on gloomily. They were not so unhappy as they seemed. It was only a dramatic situation. But theatric swords and daggers have sometimes inflicted deadly wounds.

"It would be so dreadful to be left behind," said Nina; "it might be years before you would be able to come for me. And I should be so lonely, and so dull. And people would think it strange you should have gone abroad directly after your engagement, when you had never thought of doing so before. And everybody is so inclined to ridicule a girl who calls herself engaged to somebody who is out of sight. There was a teacher in our school who was engaged to a gentleman out in the United States, and the girls used to say they did not believe it—she only said so because she did not like to be considered a predestined old maid."

This girl, who considered the sacred duties of house-mother and of citizen too commonplace and unromantic to satisfy the heart, could yet be stirred by considerations so petty and mean as these! Colin saw their triviality. What he failed to see was that they were quite fit to rank with his own troubles, the white shopapron, and the martinet rules of his good old master!

"It ought not to matter to you what people think," he said. He might have preached a sermon to himself from this excellent text thus

propounded to Nina.

"It is so hard—so hard," she sobbed, returning to the pathetic view of her own life, which she had held up to Isobel. "I never had a home like other girls, nor a father or mother, and now I am not to have you as other girls have the men who love them. It seems almost cruel that we should have met as we did, if we are to be parted thus!"

"Poor little Nina!" said Colin, somewhat touched. "It might be better for you if I were taken out of your life altogether!"

She did not protest now. She scarcely no-

ticed what he said. The pain in her soul was growing genuine, as all imaginary pains do, in time.

"I shall have to leave you very soon now, Nina," Colin said, presently; "it takes me half an hour to walk back to my house of

bondage."

That was the way their jars and discussions always ended. For this was not the first. They never came to any conclusion, but were patched up that they might part with a few sweet words and a caress. Instead of carefully culling the rose of love from its inevitable prickles, they tore so rudely among its thorns that its blossoms fell withering, and only their scattered leaves remained for their bleeding fingers to gather.

"O Colin!" sighed Nina, "I do so long to be

happy!"

And why was she not happy now? Can we ever be happy while we refuse the present sunshine because there may be a shower soon? As sunshine and shower make a year's healthy weather, so joy and sorrow make a wholesome life, the gladness and the sadness both acceptable and helpful. "In the day of prosperity, rejoice, but in the day of adversity, consider," is an ancient counsel. Sow and reap in the summer days, and there shall be stores to count over in the dark winter nights.

"You won't talk about going away yet, will

you, dearest?" she added, coaxingly.

"Anybody would think going away was such a simple matter that I might vanish at a moment's notice," said Colin. "Escape is not so easy, Nina. You need not hope to get rid of me in such a

hurry."

They were arm-in-arm again now, and Colin spoke in the bantering tone which perfectly assumes contradiction. For the moment, he felt as if he could endure Outerless and the shop, and even his burgess prospects, for the sake of such a sweet little creature who loved him so much. But the demons of restlessness and discontent are not so easily exorcised. Colin never realised their power. When their fit seized him, he was their slave; when it departed, he fancied himself their master, because he had never really struggled with them.

He would not go in to see Isobel. He felt a little afraid of his sister in these days. She met his woes so frankly, and seemed so ready to consider his own views and wishes, that she half robbed them of their charm. Somehow, too, he felt she would despise him for the tear-traces on Nina's cheeks. Love had brought anxieties and terrors to Kenneth and Isobel, but it had brought a peace and an assured calm manifest to all. The arrows of God might smite them, but not the poisoned barbs of selfishness and passion. Their "common-place" idea of love was of a consoling angel, not a teasing imp.

CHAPTER III.

Ill for him, who, bettering not with time, Corrupts the strength of Heaven-descended will, And ever weaker grows through acted crime, Or seeming-genial, venial fault, Recurring and suggesting still.

Colin wanted to be a hero without being heroic. He had an unconscious belief in the terrible fallacy that heroism is a sort of profession in itself, rather than the spirit in which every lawful business may be carried on. To him life was "wasted" in making up prescriptions, selling homely drugs, and giving salutary advice concerning colds and rheumatisms. Probably he would have considered it "nobly spent" in killing his fellow-creatures on a battle-field or performing useless and dangerous feats of Alpine climbing. And how he would have opened his eyes had he been told that this was the result of his being deficient in imagination! And yet it was so. Imagination does not get credit for half the useful work she does in the world. As an able woman, who is only seen when enjoying elegant leisure, is often supposed to leave her serious household duties to some companion who looks a drudge because she is a slut, so Common-sense gets praise for work which Imagination alone performs, as well as for that which she does herself while her quicker sister holds the candle. Imagination does not only "body forth the forms of things unknown," she also shows us the relations of very well-known things which go on out of sight. If Colin had had more imagination, he might have realised the valuable health and consequent usefulness and happiness which he dispensed along with his potions and his counsels. If, as a great poet has written-

> To make a happy fireside clime For weans and wife, Is the true pathos and sublime Of human life,

then every life which has not only the hope of achieving its own domestic happiness, but the present power of contributing to such in others, may count itself a blessed life, pregnant with all sweet and grand possibilities. And he who cures a headache, and changes a sufferer once more into the pillar of a home, surely does more and better than he who shoots down an enemy and changes a wife and children into a needy widow and orphans.

But Colin, unable to realise the good he might do, did as little of it as possible. It was small wonder that worthy Mr. Munro's strictness rasped him, for his conduct required a great deal of it. He considered that he "did his duty" when he simply did what he was absolutely compelled to do, which, as everybody knows, is rather the line at which anything deserving to be called "duty" begins.

And so the autumn wore to winter, and Colin

and Nina destroyed what should have been the sweet budding-time of their lives in repining and fretting and jarring. Nina felt in her heart that she was not happier-scarcely so happy-as in her dreary school-days; for then she had more faith in the future, to which she still vainly looked for that rest which can only be found within. As for Colin, one result of his constant indolent dissatisfaction was the slow but sure weakening of his will at all points, to the general deterioration of his manhood. Kenneth and Isobel began to confer anxiously about the lad. Isobel felt that her brother was not quite to be trusted among the temptations of life. Virtue must be always another name for energy, enthusiasm, devotion. Where these decay, there is a rich soil for vice, and there seldom lack birds of the air to drop its rampant seeds wherever they can take root.

She wondered sometimes if Nina noticed any change in her lover; and her sisterly heart could not but marvel a little whether things might not have gone better had Nina been a different woman. But Isobel Mac Lachlan was far too wise and just to dwell on that thought. Nina was Colin's choice, and he was Nina's; and nobody had any right to demand that a better influence should emanate from the one than from the other. And Isobel could easily perceive that a woman whose nature-gentle, yet resolute and strong-might have settled and ennobled her brother's character, would have been scarcely attracted by the poor vain-dreaming boy. No; there is no use in wishing that circumstances are different: there remains for us but to watch and pray, and control the circumstances which exist.

It was the twenty-third of December. The weather was very severe, and the run of chilblains, catarrhs, and coughs in Mr. Munro's shop had been constant. The other assistant was ill, and though the busy little master did his share of the work and his own too, his perpetual presence did not make Colin's day easier. The promptitude and readiness of the one was a constant reproach to the languor and absent-mindedness of the other, which Mr. Munro did not fail to point by sundry remarks about "young men in my time," etc. etc.

By the evening, Colin was really tired and thoroughly ill-tempered. He had seen many of the town youths, less tightly tethered than himself, pass the shop window escorting their sisters and lady friends to the skating on the Less. If he went up to Bishop Murdo's School, he should probably find Nina in the "blues," bewailing that she liked skating better than anything, and had had to stay at home for want of an escort. Well, at any rate, he would run over to the smokingroom at the Hotel; there would be some jolly fellows, and if anybody proposed a game of billiards, he did not see that he should decline

any longer: if a fellow could not get any recreation by day, he must just take what was going

on at night.

Mr. Munro had gone home about half an hour before, for he did not live on the shop premises, where he left the assistants in charge of a housekeeper as strict and uncompromising as himself. As soon as his master's back was turned, and regardless that the shop would so soon be closed, Colin had heaped the coals upon the grate, and there was a glorious fire, which would presently be left to burn itself out alone. The porter had already begun to put up the shutters, and Colin. not willing to linger one unnecessary moment, had put on his great-coat. There came a steady tramp of many feet down the quiet street. The porter paused with his last shutter in his hand, and Colin stepped forward to ask, "What is it?"

A policeman's voice answered, "Man in the water, sir. Insensible, if not dead. Can you take

him in and do for him, sir?"

Colin could see the white weather-beaten face of the prostrate figure on the hurdle. "Take him on to the Infirmary," he said. "You're not far off. We ought to have been shut up by this time; you can't expect us to keep fires going at all hours for drowned people. That is the Hospital business."

"Quite so, sir," said the policeman, without a murmur, and the melancholy procession hastened

"Well, we hadn't ought to have had such a roaring fire at this hour, sir," observed the porter as he drove in the shutter-pins, "but as it's there, it might have been a providence."

"Two hours' hard work would that case have given us," returned Colin, "and there are the Infirmary nurses up there, dead sick of idleness."

"Ay," said the man, who was of an unquestioning habit, but kept his own thoughts alongside his acquiescence. "But I couldn't help thinking, if that had been me, now, this would have been a hard day for my missus, and her old mother."

"I dare say he had been drinking; these cases generally have," remarked Colin, hastily crossing the road towards the hotel. And perhaps before he left that establishment, just in time to rush back at ten o'clock, such a charge might have been brought against himself; and the housekeeper thought so, and said as much; but as she was a censorious woman, nobody heeded the suspicion.

An evening in an hotel bar and billiard-room scarcely sends one to one's morning work fresh and happy. Colin felt thoroughly out of tune with the whole world, and with himself. Dissipation was new to him, and there was really a large part of his nature which struggled against its deadly spell. He felt himself slipping lower and lower, and yet was quite unable to make that resolute upward struggle which is the sole security against a cruel fall. On this occasion he had drunk deeper and gambled more wildly than he had ever done before. And this morning as he walked down the High Street about some business. he encountered first the hotel barmaid, who greeted him with pert familiarity, and next, one of his last night's companions, a fast-dressing, fast-talking, reprobate young fellow. rencontres made him think with a blush of the gentle decorum and simple purity of his sister's home in Bishop Murdo's School, and put him into a dreadful sympathy with all the weak souls whom he had heard spoken of from time to time, as "going to the dogs."

His business lay in the Town Hall. A strange man met him instead of the accustomed janitor.

"Sad news this morning, sir," he said.

"What is it?" asked Colin,

"Where's Scott?"

"Haven't you heard, sir?" returned the other. "He was drowned last night. In the mist he must have taken a wrong turning on the quay, and so walked straight over the edge. As sober and hard-working a man as ever lived. Left six little children, and his wife is near distracted."

"Is—has the body been found?" Colin asked,

eagerly.

"Lor, sir, he was fished out before he was dead. But you see, nothing could be done for him till he got to the Infirmary, and then it was just too late-naught could bring him back. Bad job for his family, and the town has lost a good servant. I shall try for his place myself, sir. Seems hard to speak about it so soon, doesn't it? But life doesn't stop for death, and if I didn't, others would. Speak a word for me to Mr. Munro, sir, for he has influence."

Colin made a promise like one in a dream, and hurried back to the shop. In a place like Outerless, news travels quickly, and this had got home before him. Mr. Munro was commenting on it in

his own peculiar fashion.

"Some of the chemists' shops would have been open, if all you lads were not in such a desperate hurry to get away to your play. In my time, deserving young men thought it more dutiful-and more interesting too, for that matter-to study and work at their own proper business, than to hang about cigar divans and tap-rooms. And so do deserving young men in these days, too, I suppose, only I don't know where they are."

Colin's brain was in a whirl. Mr. Munro's old porter was standing by, and he looked at the youth with his kindly old grey eyes. Clearly he had not mentioned the episode of the night before, and his sententious master was arguing only from

generals, not from particulars.

"Oh, Thomas," said Colin, when Mr. Munro had gone away for a few minutes, "if I'd taken Scott in last night I might have brought him round."

"May be, sir," returned the old man. "There's no knowing what might be prevented if all of us always did right. Only we don't—I never feel quite free to say we can't."

they've turned wrong, it's those who would have done the same who'd blame you loudest."

There was a great deal in the man's homely philosophy, but it could not suffice for Colin. He



"'How did you get this?' she asked."-p. 12.

"And you didn't tell Mr. Munro l" said Colin.

"Where's the good, sir? It wouldn't bring poor Scott back, sir, and it might make it bitterer-like for his wife to bear. You did nothing that most people would have blamed if things had happened to turn out right; and now had done a hard selfish thing, which had probably cost a fellow-creature his life. That he could plainly see, and that was a bitter enough lesson, though it did not yet apply itself to his whole experience, and show him what opportunities of self-forgetfulness and beneficence underlay the quiet life he was so ready to despise. His remorse was not unsullied by a selfish consideration. At the inquest, the police might mention that they had paused with the drowned man at Mr. Munro's shop. Colin knew he had done no illegal thing—nothing which, as the old porter said, most other people would not have done—but he knew the world well enough to understand that common faults appear "special," when they visibly encounter a "judgment." He would be branded as "inhuman" by people who did the same sort of action every day. But to do him justice, what he dreaded most of all, was the regret and distress his want of zeal would cause his sister Isobel.

The other assistant, who had recovered from his indisposition, noticed his companion's disturbance. It was not his usual languid self-absorption: it was absolute agitation and nervousness.

"You had a hard day yesterday, Ross," he said.

"You'll be upset yourself, next."

Colin protested against these observations. But the other, a good-natured youth, the victim of perpetual sick-headaches, who always laboured under a conviction of sin concerning the extra work imposed upon others during his own inability, insisted on them, and went off to Mr. Munro, with whom he was a favourite, and told him that Colin Ross was ill, and would be the better for a half-holiday. It was granted, though with the ungracious remark that the shop would not be much the worse attended for his absence—a comment which the lad did not repeat when he carried Colin the message setting him at liberty.

"Go and do some skating," he urged; "that will take all the maggots out of your brain, and set you up to enjoy your Christmas. It is a great

mistake to be below par at this season."

Colin did not decline his freedom. Now, he might have rushed off to Murdo's School and taken Nina out for an afternoon's pastime. But there was no joy in seeing her or his sister. The very thought of them haunted him too much. He went down the long road towards Loch Less alone.

He noticed the crowd of people streaming back towards the town, though it was still early on the clear bright afternoon. However, when he came in sight of the loch, there were yet many thereon, skating and sliding. A neighbour, lingering on the bank, greeted him.

"The ice isn't very safe to-day, Mr. Ross. Sensible people are leaving it. But some fool-hardy folk persist in amusing themselves, and risking their lives. I hope you're not going on ?"

Colin made some evasive reply, and walked away. He was not in a mood to parley with a

stranger.

"I don't find existence so desirable that I need stint myself of any pleasure for fear of losing it," he thought, recklessly. "It might be better for the world if I were out of it. Nina would get over it: better one short pang than the long dragging misery our engagement will be. I can't find any chances of being good, or doing good; but fate seems to thrust upon me chances of doing harm. And if I happened to be drowned in a sort of public calamity, people would not be so hard upon me about poor Scott, and Isobel and Nina would be soothed by the sympathy and fellow-feeling of the other sufferers. But I need not think over these things. I may go on safely enough. Nothing ever happens when it should, or to the right people."

And off he skated. He was a skilful performer, but this afternoon the exercise, and the admiration of the onlookers, excited rather than exhilarated him. The whole world seemed unreal to him; the dull shop, and the regular routine of duty, became nightmare visions. He did not heed that the people on the ice grew fewer and fewer, and that those on the banks kept pointing their fingers and shaking their heads ominously. On and on he went, till suddenly the whole solid surface of the loch gave one sickening sway; the ice yawned and split into a hundred spars as a crowd of human beings disappeared, struggling, in the chill waters.

What a Christmas Eve that was in Outerless! It seemed as if in every house there was one dead. On all sides there were weeping and wailing, or speechless sorrow. The little preparations for seasonable festivity stood arrested. The holly lay where it had been thrown, and was never twined in decoration. The Christmas puddings were never put into the pot. Here and there, indeed, might be heard the low voice of awed thanksgiving; but, alas! as neighbours stole from house to house in the strange freedom of calamity, the question generally asked was not, "Who was saved?" but, "Who was found?"

It was some poor consolation for love to look once more on the cold still faces which had been so lately full of life and mirth. Even that was denied to the agonised hearts in Bishop Murdo's School. Watching from their windows, they saw one sad procession after another enter the town, but none paused at their gates. The loch was deep and full of holes; it would not give up all its dead for days to come; it could not be effectually explored until the frost was gone.

Nina clung to Isobel. But before Christmas morning dawned, it seemed as if the whole world was giving way round the girl. For the hour of motherhood came upon Isobel in her agonised watching, and for a while it hung in doubt whether she was to be parted from him who "was not," or from those who remained. She was spared. But there was no "Magnificat" to jar the monotone of lamentation. Isobel never saw the face of her first-born. When she could ask for him, her husband's tears answered her, before he folded her in his arms.

And still Colin's body was not found. And

one after another the dead were laid in the old graveyard beside the ruined cathedral. And New Year's Day came. And the ice was melted. And yet the Less kept its secret.

CHAPTER IV.

My heart grows sick with weary waiting, As many a time before: A foot is ever at the threshold, Yet never passes o'er.

Isobel was not slow to take up the threads of life again. The last of her girlhood vanished in that illness and that anguish. It was not that she became grave or solemn, that her laugh never rang out as of old, or her words never framed merry speech. It was only that in everything—in her laughter, perhaps, more than her tears—one was aware of the constant thought of something out

of sight.

She was the first to be struck by the way the blow had fallen on Nina. It seemed to have paralysed the girl. It did not transform her petty selfishness into angelic sweetness. Grief does not do that in real life. Rather it struck her dumb. From the look in her eyes and the tone in her voice, one could guess that all the old bitterness still lay at her heart, gnawing more cruelly than ever; but it no longer uttered itself aloud. Those who would fain "curse God and die" seldom say so.

"This will not do," Isobel said to her husband.
"But what will do instead, Isobel?" he asked.

"One thing must be," said Isobel; "Nina must go where are some duties which must be done."

"Cannot you occupy her in helping you?" inquired Kenneth.

"Yes," said his wife. "But it is not the occupation, it is the 'must be' which she needs. She cannot get that here. There is no stringent necessity for any of the little duties she undertakes, and she knows if she did not do them somebody else would. She ought to go where she will realise that she is still part of God's world, without which that which lies around her cannot rightly get on."

"Then will she not leave it to wrongly stop?" questioned Kenneth, for in spite of his partiality to his pretty little cousin, he plainly saw the

truth about her.

"We have no right to say that," Isobel answered. "That

Not enjoyment and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act that each to-morrow Finds us farther than to-day,

is a lesson often learned first when enjoyment seems hopeless and sorrow certain,"

"Must we send her back to her teaching, then?" said Kenneth, ruefully.

"Not necessarily," Isobel returned. "I think she would be happier at some work which would engross her attention and yet leave her mind at leisure to rest itself as much as it can, till, half unconsciously, it returns to brighter things. To keep a mind alert while all its thoughts are sorrow, seems to me like keeping a machine at work when it has nothing to feed on but that which will destroy it. I think an entire change of life will be good for her, not a mere change of air or scene."

"I wonder if our Aunt Robina could take her," mused Kenneth. "She has another niece—another Nina Mac Lachlan, too—living with her now, and I wonder if we might not negotiate an exchange between the lassies. A little town change may be as good for the one Nina as the country repose for the other. And then you will

not be left without a companion."

Isobel pondered over the suggestion. It commended itself to her. Aunt Robina's home was a little farm on the margin of a lonesome romantic Highland loch. It was an abode of peace and of primitive plenty-no possible idleness, no overwork. The real things of life, too, were the only ones apparent there. Nina would get leisure from the crowd of external fancies and opinions and worries in which she had allowed her true self to be smothered. Aunt Robina, too, would be a wholesome influence. She was an old maid who had lived all her life in the house where she was born-a woman of strong original character, undiluted by the rapid flow of conventional proprieties. She had had her own story, too, and would be tender with the girl, yet with the stern tenderness of experience, which will not yield a temporary indulgence that may end in permanent injury. She and her orphan niece both worked with their own hands in farm and dairy, seeking no other female assistance beyond the roughest. It would indeed be a change for Nina, but, with its calm sweet solitude, its picture of dignified unrelenting industry, its utter independence, as proud as simple, could there be a change more salutary?

"If Aunt Robina and Nina will both agree to that plan," said Isobel, "I think it will do capitally; and you, Kenneth, are a genius for thinking of it. 'The master makes lucky hits,' as the old janitor said to me one day anent some of your new arrangements. By the way, Kenneth, have you seen poor widow Scott

lately?"

"Yes," he answered, "I saw her last week. She seems wonderfully supported, and quite hopeful as to the future of herself and her little brood. She got a great inspiration from what happened to her on Christmas Eve."

"What was that?" asked Isobel, looking up in a strange startled way. Perhaps she could not

yet hear that date with perfect calmness.

"Ah! I forgot for a moment how much outside news has passed you by lately," said Kenneth, "Well, on Christmas Eve a boy came to gently. her door, bringing a blank envelope with something in it. There was no name on it, but he said a gentleman, whom he had met on the Muir Road beyond the Less, had bidden him to bring it to her. When she opened it she found three one-pound notes. And the miracle is, as the poor widow says, that anybody should have thought of her in the midst of the awful calamity which had fallen on Outerless not half an hour before."

"It was very mysterious," Isobel murmured, bending low over her work. She could scarcely tell why her breath came so quickly, why her hands turned so cold and tremulous. Why, too, did she at that moment remember a detail accidentally given by her dead brother's fellow-assistant in his narratives of Colin's last afternoon at the shop? "He had three pound notes and some gold in his purse—change he got for a cheque he cashed that morning." There were times when Isobel felt as if she could herself have gone down into the dark waters of the Less to search for the lost body of her dead brother. It was hard to understand that her mourning dress was worn for him. should see his pale forehead and touch his cold hand, she could not "make him dead"; she could not think of him as at rest: he seemed only lostgone-where?

Nina raised no objection to the plan of her going to Aunt Robina. Nay, she seemed in her sad way to be grateful for it. The old faith in some external change faintly revived within her. Had she only known it, her one real hope lay in what seemed her utter desolation. It seemed that there could never more be aught in life to which the old ambitions, the old cravings could cling. A listless contentment seized her, and palsied her with a strange terror. Nothing mattered-nothing could ever matter much.

Only, how long could one bear this?

Her apathy of misery was a little stirred when she parted from Kenneth and Isobel. noticed that after she was fully dressed for her journey she went from room to room of the old school-house, giving a farewell look to each. It was a wrench, too, to leave Isobel, the one being now so closely linked to her by a mutual sorrow; and Isobel long remembered the last glimpse of her tear-stained face as the train carried her away.

The husband and wife did not return home together from the railway-station. Kenneth had to hasten back to his school-house to resume his classes; while Isobel turned aside among the quiet lanes, upon whose quaint seclusion the railroad had rushed like a parvenu among poor gentility. She meant to comfort herself by cheering some old pensioners, but she walked along sadly enough, feeling that it is easier to

give out consolation than to take it home to one's own heart. Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by a shy boyish voice asking, in broad Lowland Scotch, "Please, mem, arena ye Mistress Mac Lachlan, up to the big schule?"

"Yes; that is my name," said Isobel, pausing and looking with surprise at her interlocutor, a blushing country boy, who straightway proceeded

to fumble in his pocket.

"I bude to come up to the schule, afore, mem," he said. "Mither telt me sae; but I didna like. I didna ken what word to send in, an' I aye thocht I'd see ye mysel' some day. I'm thinkin' that belangs to ye, leddy?"

He placed in her hand nothing more nor less than an old battered leather purse; but Isobel felt as if at sight of it she would drop down in the midst of the wet March road. She knew it well enough, without the lad's elaborate explanation that "there was a bit writing on the red skin o' the inside—puir Mr. Colin's name, and a gift from her ainsel', 'I. Mac Lachlan.'"

"Where-how did you get this?" she asked. "I found it when the snow cleared away on a field at the back o' the Muir Road," he said. "Mither said ye'd be glad to see again aught o' your puir brither's; though some one that he's gied it to ha' either lost it or thrawn it awa'."

The boy was so frightened by the white set look on the lady's face, that he went on repeating his mother's comments, simply to keep himself in courage by the sound of his own voice. Isobel walked on a few paces without heeding him, then she suddenly turned and thanked him, and gave him a trifling recompense for the strange treasuretrove he had brought her. And without paying any of her purposed visits, she went straight back to the school-house, and Mr. Mac Lachlan was summoned from the midst of his teaching to speak with his wife—an incident which had never happened before during their married life.

CHAPTER V.

"Does the road wind up-hill all the way?" Yes; to the very end."

"Will the day's journey take the whole long day?" "From morn to night, my friend."

THE two Nina Mac Lachlans spent a few days in the farmhouse together, before the one started for Outerless. The country Nina was in raptures at the prospect of the town, for it turned out she had a lover working his way up in a lawyer's office there, and during their engagement of two years' standing the pair had only seen each other three times. But by her own love the kindhearted girl could measure the loss borne by the pale quiet creature who had come to take her place; and she did everything she could to make Pollewe as home-like as it might be. She even silenced her own delight, but she could not suppress its existence, and Nina was swift to comprehend. The thought of it cost her a few bitter tears when she retired to her little chamber with its quaint blue drapery and unpainted woodwork; yet they were not tears of envy, but, for the first time in her life, of pitiful remorse. "She has had a patience I could never have had," she sobbed; "and now she has a pleasure I could never have earned." And she cried herself to sleep; yet she had a sweeter slumber and awoke more refreshed than she had done after many a time of fretting and repining over troubles that looked so like joys now they were all over for ever.

And then her cousin started off to take her place in the ancient school-house, and she was left alone with Aunt Robina. The old lady did not seem to take much notice of her, though all she said and did was kindly. At first, Nina revelled in the utter solitude—the silence which would reign for hours in the house, when the domestic work was done, and all the men-servants were away. Aunt Robina seldom went outside her own garden, and Nina had to take solitary walks. There was beauty, lovely or awful, on every side. The loch lay completely surrounded by hills, some giants in height, and forbidding in their ruggedness. Pollewe was the only farm of any extent in the neighbourhood. There were two or three proprietors' houses and hunting lodges among the woods, at the other end of the loch, but they stood empty for the greater part of the year, and the rest of the houses were mere huts, where "buirdly chields and clever hizzies" were reared among such conditions of self-restraint and hardship as seem incredible to a weak-kneed generation fostered in an effete luxury.

"Are you not very dull here?" Nina once inquired of an old woman, living in a lone cottage, high on the side of a bare "Ben." It had taken Nina a whole morning's severe climbing to reach this highly situated house, which was further cut off from the few neighbouring huts by a river, which the shepherd, in whose boat Nina had come, only crossed once a week.

"Dull! no, my lady. The dogs are beautiful company."

"And don't you ever get tired of oatmeal porridge and milk?"

"I'd deserve a judgment, if I did, my lady. There's no such milk as ours to be got in the valleys. Up here, the cows can get little but heather, and that gives the particular richness, my lady. The Queen herself could not get such milk unless she came to live in such a place."

"And don't you find it very hard climbing to and from the boat with your provisions?"

"It's a little rough sometimes, I'll own, my lady. But it's a grand saving of money not to have a tempting shop at your doors, as folks have in the big towns. One must have something to bear, and I've no more than is good for me."

That was a new thought for Nina. At least, it struck her as it never had struck her before. Was the crook in one's lot really something which ought to be accepted, not cavilled at—part of the very pattern, as it were, if one only knew how to work it in?

Her new life was indeed an utter solitude; not only was she absolutely alone for many hours, but even in more social intervals, she was surrounded only by people who, with the exception of Aunt Robina, knew nothing of her past. And Aunt Robina never alluded to it.

Nina's own identity began to assume its proper proportions among her kind—that of one little field flower in a luxurious meadow—one little nameless sparrow among countless multitudes. Yet it is not without a pang that any one surrenders the consciousness of his own importance—carking care though such self-importance may have always given him. It is not from consciousness of self-importance that we can pass straight to consciousness of our worth to the heart of our Father, God. There is a dreary interval between our slip from our own snug bough, and our final alighting in the Hand which has been stretched beneath us all the while.

Solitude is invaluable till we have found a point whence we can see ourselves and our surroundings in true perspective; till we have heard the low voice of Truth speaking in our own heart, uninterrupted by the clamour of discordant tones. It is our opportunity for sweeping and garnishing the chambers of our life while the disturbers are gone. But it is a means, not an end. No house is put in order to remain uninhabited. Nature does well for us in these respects, if we do not cross her. If, by the yearnings of our hearts, she drives us into the desert for a time, by the same oracle she will, after a while, restore us to the haunts of men. God has some messages which He sends us by His skies and His mountains, and the unconscious words of strangers, but He has others which can only reach us through sympathising and loving voices. But many who have found a healing balm in the wilderness fear to complete the cure, like timid invalids, clinging to their first medicines and shrinking from the rests and triumphs of convalescence. They suffer accordingly; the virtues of the lonely fountain cease to act—the heart, emptied of its first self, but closed against others, breeds a strange fantastic second self, a deadly poisonous weed with an awful likeness to a wholesome herb. The former fiends return, only the less noticeable for the numerous company they bring with them, and the last state of that soul is worse than its first.

The girl began to feel lonely. She began to watch anxiously for the Outerless mail. And then first she noticed that there was something in the Outerless letters which did not satisfy her.

Colin's name had vanished from them strangely. With the greatest pertinacity she alluded to the old memories and returning anniversaries. There was no response. And yet there was a gentle tone of tenderness about every word that Isobel wrote. Why did she withhold sympathy at the one point where it was craved, where one drop of it would have been valued more than oceans of it elsewhere? just as a kiss at the right time soothes more than a thousand assurances of affection at another.

The girl began to feel lonely. The mountains and the pine-woods which had at first seemed to give such welcome and sanctuary, suddenly became dumb and dead. The human heart within her cried out for a human voice to answer, and a human hand to touch. But a horrible spell seemed on her in the homely household. She felt herself like an unhappy ghost, seen and heard perhaps, but for ever misunder-

stood, mysterious, and shut out.

She could not have revealed her own pain, but she could draw a little nearer to her fellows, as even terrified animals can. Aunt Robina noticed that her long solitary walks (which had not always been timed to suit the convenience of the house) were suddenly dropped. She began to join in the fireside needlework, the fireside knitting. The good woman, who had been watchful of a great deal while she had seemed so indifferent, understood these signs. She cheerfully made way for the girl to join in all her little interests, and at last she thought the time had come for speech.

Spring and summer had passed, and the chill autumn evenings had come again, bringing back a thousand and one memories of "this time last year." Aunt Robina knew all about it, and could guess what was in her companion's mind as

she sat silently knitting by her side.

"Nina," she said, one evening, suddenly dropping her work on her knee, and looking straight into the dull red glow of the peat fire. "Nina, on this very evening forty years ago, while I was sitting working by this very hearth, just as I am now, the light of my life went out in the cabin of a ship in the far north seas."

Nina, too, dropped her work, and looked at the

old lady with eager eyes.

"You and I, Nina," Aunt Robina went on, "have both found our crosses early in the day of life."

"And you have been able to bear it for forty years!" said Nina.

"Yes, thank God," returned the old lady; "for it is impossible to doubt Him and the strength He can give after He has made that possible."

"Oh, auntie," said Nina, again, "how little I dreamed you had this tragedy buried in your life! While I have watched you going about so cheerfully, I have thought how happy you were compared with me!"

"We can all know very little of each other's lives," answered Aunt Robina, "but without knowing anything, we can always be sure that each of us who have lived any number of years, have our own special pain and our own particular burden, the weight of which must rest upon ourselves, let our fellow-creatures help us as they may. And that is why we should all be ready to help each other as much as we can."

"But, oh, Aunt Robina," wailed Nina, "isn't it dreadful to bear! oh, you know what it is!"

"Yes, darling," said the old lady, softly stroking the girl's head as she dropped it on her shoulder. "I do know what it is. But I know too that we have not got to bear it alone; God is with us, sharing all our burdens, feeling all our And the dawn comes back after the darkest night, and the flowers bloom after the coldest winter. I am not telling you that time will heal your sorrow in the way of making you You will never miss your dear one less than you miss him now. Probably your tears for him will start as freshly when you are an old woman like me, as they do to-night. Those whom we have ever loved, do not grow less to us, but more and more as the years pass on. But if you let God have His will with your heart and life, as He does with nature, time will change your sorrow by turning it into strength and sweetness, and at last into solemn joy. It cannot be very long now ere I shall see my darling from whom I parted forty-two long years ago, and then I shall not regret the years of sorrow, since it is in its shadow and coolness that my life's best work has been done."

"And had not you seen him for two years before he died?" asked Nina, eager for all news of the storm which had not wrecked this ship of life which she saw now so calmly anchoring in

the harbour of old age.

"No," said Aunt Robina; "he had gone on an Arctic expedition, and they were slow and silent things in those days."

"Oh, how could you let him go!" cried Nina.

Aunt Robina did not know the inner life of the girl's love story, or she might have softened the directness of her answer. "My dear," she said, "a woman who loves a man never stands in the way of his life. She has to further his will concerning his career, not to cross it. If she cannot bear the results of his following out the instincts of his nature, then that shows she is not fit to be his wife. A woman cannot turn a bookish man into a rover, nor a rover into a bookish man, and if she cannot school her heart to take him as he is, then he is not for her."

"Oh, Aunt Robina, if only I had been happy when I might have been!" sobbed Nina, "and now I can never be!" And with her face hidden on the good old lady's breast, she sobbed out her piteous confession of fractious weakness and self-

consideration.

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"My love," said Aunt Robina, gently, "we all have to blame ourselves for much. Life can have taught us little if we do not see, as its pages turn over, how much better the earlier ones might have been written. But the pages are still turning. To-day will be to-morrow soon, and if yesterday makes us sad to-day, let us only take care that to-day does not sadden to-morrow, On that glad day of meeting with our darlings to which we look forward, to-day and to-morrow, and all the days to come, will be in the past as much as the yesterdays which are gone already, and they will be nearer the end of the book. We have not got to regret our regrets, and repine over our repining. We have only to leave them off as straightly and as sharply as we can. That we cannot help regretting our past follies, and so perhaps hindering our present progress, is not the will of God, or pleasing to Him; it is only the consequence and the penalty of our past follies. We have not got to think over whether we are glad or sorry, we have only to try to do right, day by day, bit by bit, as God sets life before us. Joy and sorrow, my dear, are only given us to teach us how to do this. You think your life is done, child; it is only begun. Don't be frightened at its possible length and loneliness. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," that is the promise; it has nothing to do with thy to-morrows, and thy years which may never come."

And so Nina Mac Lachlan girded up her soul for the pathway of life which lay before her, seemingly so dry and dusty. The change in her whole nature was very gradual, almost imperceptible, as are all the changes of growth; and perhaps nobody recognised it so little as she herself, for she knew of the repining thought, when she no longer spoke the repining word. All she could feel for her own encouragement was that now she knew herself, and knew that her troubles lay there rather than in aught around her.

Half under the shock of her great calamity, half in the loss of her old exacting identity, she ceased to look for love and notice and regard. It was enough if she could do anything which could vindicate her life from lying utterly waste. If she could render a service, she felt grateful to those to

whom she rendered it.

And presently she found that what she had ceased to search for and demand, was imperceptibly stealing up around her. Sick people sent over to Pollewe with messages asking for her presence; little children began to confide their pleasures and their punishments to her willing ears. Even strangers, mere acquaintances made during their brief summer sojourns near the loch, seemed to remember her with a strange lingering

fascination, and would write to her or send her a keepsake long after they might be presumed to have forgotten her.

And at last she ventured back to Outerless. She looked at the old places and trod the old walks without one murmur, and even uncomplainingly bore the strange silence which Kenneth and Isobel allowed to veil their brother's memory. She helped in the other Nina's trousseau and stood at her wedding with a very April face perhaps, but without one averted glance or one envious word. But she spent many solitary hours about that time, and God alone knows the battles she fought in her own heart. Others could only see the victory; she knew the sore distress of the struggle. Is that why conquerors are generally meek?

CHAPTER VI.

So should we live, that every hour May die as dies the natural flower, A self-reviving thing of power—Esteeming sorrow, whose employ Is to develop, not destroy, Far better than a barren joy.

CHRISTMAS EVE again. But many years have passed away. Three pairs of little feet patter about the master's rooms in Bishop Murdo's old school-house. Three merry little voices call on "Auntie Nina," almost as often as on "mamma."

Kenneth Mac Lachlan sat alone in his schoolroom, busy with some papers which he was preparing against the re-opening of the school at New Year. He had not very much to do, and he would soon be done, and he meant to spend the rest of the day in all sorts of little Christmas duties and delights, as becomes the father of a family. For both the Mac Lachlans and the Rosses had English blood in their families, and so preserved in their families sundry traditional customs little heeded and scarcely understood by most of their Scottish neighbours. And though these had been held somewhat in abeyance for some years, after Christmas Day had become the anniversary of woe and loss, they had been resumed since the children's time. sorrows of one generation must not interfere with the joys of the next," Aunt Robina had warned them, and she had a right to an opinion in such matters.

The window of the schoolroom looked out upon the old garden gate where we once saw Colin and Nina meet on a certain autumn evening. And as Kenneth sat at his writing he heard this gate gently opened. It was not a much-used gate, there being another way for servants and people coming to the school-house on business; and so, at the sound, Kenneth instinctively looked up.

It had been opened by a stranger—a gentleman with a sad stern face, bronzed and bearded. He

held the gate ajar, and after casting one hasty glance around, stood there, looking up at the old house.

Kenneth would have passed him as an utter stranger in any of the streets of Outerless, but seecame to hand, he rushed out of the school-house by the other door, that he might meet the mysterious visitor on the road outside the gate.

Despite his hasty retreat from the garden, the unknown man had not hurried away. He was



"He opened the door."-p. 18.

ing him standing there, a singular suspicion seized him, and he stole cautiously to the window, that he might gain a nearer view and yet remain himself unseen. At that moment there was some sound in the room above, a servant or a child opened or closed a window. The stranger hastily—even precipitately—withdrew. Kenneth had not a minute to lose. Snatching up any hat that

standing on the side-walk, eagerly peering through the wintry beech-hedge, which screened him from anybody in the house, while it did not quite conceal the house from him. There was something in the figure, in a peculiar poise of the head, which left Kenneth without one lingering doubt. Swiftly and noiselessly—for he was in his house slippers—he stole behind the stranger

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"The children crowded round him, clambering over his knees."

and laid his hand on his shoulder, with one single word-

"Colin!"

The other turned with a convulsive start, and for a moment Kenneth shuddered. It seemed as if the Less had indeed tardily given up its dead, the bronzed face was so white and the stern features so fixed. But a voice came presentlya voice that groaned almost inarticulately.

"I have not come to trouble you, Kenneth, I

will go away directly."

"Hush!" said Kenneth, "there can be no reproaches now, for one whom we have mourned as dead. If you were quite the same man that you were when you did the awful thing you seem to have done, I don't think you would have come back like this."

"Let me talk to you somewhere, Kenneth," said the other. "Take me somewhere safely out of sight of-of anybody. Isobel is-

"Alive and well," answered Kenneth, "and she would not ask one question till she has killed the fatted calf, and brought out the robe and ring

to welcome the prodigal."

"Who would long ago have come back to say, 'I have sinned," said Colin, "only there is an awful time when our very confession may add to our sin by casting burdens on others which we had better bear in silence to the end. I would never have come back if I had thought you would find me out. But the longing to see the old place was terrible, and when there came a chance, the

temptation was too much."

Kenneth led him into the schoolroom, where his wife and cousin never came when he was busy among his books, and there he heard his storyfrom the day when, filled with a wild and selfish impulse, he took to flight beneath the screen of a fearful accident-how it was he who had sent back the money to the widow Scott, and had then made his way to the nearest seaport, and earned his passage to New Zealand working before the mast. The story went on through years of hard rough toil, of solitude on mountain sheepwalks, of constant privation and unceasing effort.

"They made a man of me thus far at least, Kenneth," said the wanderer, "that I did not feel how injured I was, but only what a fool and villain I had been when at last that happened which I had pretended was my excuse for carrying out my own selfish wilfulness."

"What was it which happened?" asked

Kenneth, a little surprised.

The bronzed face quivered for a moment, but presently Colin went on bravely, "Well, that day — that terrible Christmas Eve — I made believe to argue with myself that I was doing a grand thing in leaving Nina to forget me and be happy with somebody else. It was awfully hard, Kenneth," he added, with that dry humour which is ever the ashes of pain, "it was awfully hard when my benevolent intentions were fulfilled."

"My dear fellow," said Kenneth, gravely, "Nina has never married."

"Why, I saw it in the paper!" cried the other, starting up.

"Her cousin's wedding-a cousin of the same name," said Kenneth. "Sit down, Colin; perhaps you are to be allowed to undo more of your folly

than is generally permitted."

"From that day," said Colin, more calmly, though the flush did not leave his forehead, "from that day I began to prosper. My luck changed, my comrades said. I changed my luck, I say. I left off standing on my dignity, for one thing, which is always such slippery footing that it does not improve one's temper; I could not be troubled taking offence. And yet I don't see why it made so much difference, for from the first I had never expected to come back at all, Kenneth. Fool as I was, I had soon seen that after making you mourn my death, my life would But that be an infinitely greater calamity. wedding announcement destroyed some sort of hope which must have been lurking in me And I came across without my knowledge. some good people, Kenneth-good people who had gone contentedly through hard lives without one of such chances as I had thrown away. Well, Kenneth, I'm glad I've seen you, and now I'll go off again, and I ask your pardon for giving you such a disagreeable secret to keep."

"I've had a secret keeping for years already," Kenneth answered; and then he showed him the purse which had been brought to Isobel, and whose loss on his flight Colin could easily recall. "Your sister and I have lived under the shadow of your worst, all these years," Kenneth said. "If your best emerges from it, all the shadow will be taken away. As for Nina-well, Colin, at any rate you needn't leave this house for a few hours."

"Papa, papa, where are our Christmas-boxes?" shouted the peal of childish voices, as, a little later, Kenneth entered the pretty sitting-room

where our story began.

"Christmas-boxes!" he echoed. "What are Christmas-boxes? Who wants them? And this is not the day for them. Little people get their Christmas-boxes after Christmas. But nevertheless I've got one Christmas-box in the house; guess whom it is for!"

The children crowded round him, clambering

over his knees.

"For mamma!" they cried.

"Well, partly," he admitted. "But I fancy it is even more for somebody else."

"Aunt Nina," said the eldest boy.

"Yes, Aunt Nina, if she will have it," said Mr. Mac Lachlan.

Mamma and Aunt Nina were both standing

by, interested and amused by the children's

"What can it be?" said Isobel.

"Aunt Nina lost something like it once," suggested Kenneth.

"Is it a watch-key?" asked the second boy. "Aunt Nina did lose one; but it only cost a

penny. Is it another?"

"I think this is the very thing Aunt Nina lost, but I fancy it is worth a great deal more now than when she lost it."

"When did she lose it?" inquired the little girl. "Years ago," said Kenneth allowing his voice

to grow gradually grave.

Isobel tried to catch her husband's eye. She thought he must have forgotten what anniversary this was, and she fancied Nina's lip quivered.

"Was Aunt Nina very, very sorry?" continued

the little maid.

"Aunt Nina was very, very sorry-she has never left off being sorry," replied papa.

Nina took one step towards her cousin, and

then paused, gazing intently at him.

"Don't you think, little ones, that even when a thing loses itself of its own accord, it may be forgiven if it finds itself at last?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted the children.

It was Isobel who started now. "Kenneth," she gasped, "what does it mean? Is it—has it been true?"

"Hush, wife," said the husband, tenderly. "Nina never doubted as you did. She has been quite sure that what she had lost lay hidden in a certain place where it has never been at all."

"O Kenneth," cried Nina, "who and what can your words mean, if not Colin!"

"Nina," said her cousin, solemnly, "shall we not receive back from Life, what we have vainly longed for from Death? Could you forgive a sin which looked like what all sin really isdeath?"

He heard no voice, but her lips said, "Take me

to him." And he half led, half carried her down to the

library of the old school-house. He opened the door. One shriek of agonised joy, one call for pardon, was all he stayed to hear. Isobel was close behind him, but he turned and took her hand in his, and drew her back to the parlour.

"Wait yet a little while, darling," he said; "there will be time for us presently, dear."

And so our story ends with a wedding after all. It took place not at Outerless, but at Pollewe-a quiet solemn wedding between two people, no longer young, who had suffered so much that sorrow had wrought in them such patience and courage, that they spoke no regretful word for the youth and health, the gleefulness and delight which they both knew they had wasted, and lost for ever, nor one protest against the whisperings and wonderments that their strange story provoked wherever it was known. As soon as they were married, they would start for the land of Colin's adoption, and their faces would be no more seen. But now they know that which makes all places home, and all people friends, and fills all days with duty. They have learned the secret of the strange sweet law which underlies all life-

> That earth without a cross Is earth without a rest.

ROBERT TREHERNE'S REWARD.

BY CHRISTIAN REDFORD.



CHAPTER I.

HAVE expectations," he said, with downcast gaze, and yet with a certain haughtiness in the tone.

"So has every one," rejoined the older man. "They may be good, bad, or indifferent; but they are expectations, nevertheless. We all have them, from the cradle to the grave-though, as to how many of

them ever arrive at reality belongs to another story altogether."

Robert Treherne sighed. He was but young, and foolish, as we have all been at some time or other in our lives; and he did not like to be reminded that "expectations" are but poor things on which to build the hopes of a successful career.

"Then you will have nothing to say to me, Mr. Hollingford?"

"No; except that I don't think much of you for

coming on such an errand," replied the plain-speaking merchant; merchant he was now, but a short time before he had been a poor and struggling tradesman. Then, in an hour, so to speak, a lucky speculation had lifted him from poverty to riches; and the change had not altogether improved him.

Robert Treherne flushed scarlet. "If I had come with a fortune to meet her own," he said, "you

would have given her to me?" "Perhaps so; but what is the use of talking of that?" And the merchant began to grow impatient;

his time was valuable. "I would work," returned Robert, eagerly, "as a man never worked before! I would win a fortune, and then come to you again, if only I might have your word----"

"I will make no promises," interrupted Mr. Hollingford; and he spoke very decisively. "Not the shadow of a promise," he continued. "It is easy to talk. But I say, deeds, not words, for me. I will give you credit for one thing. You say you have not spoken to my daughter. That is well. And before you have won the fortune you talk of, she may be happily married. I advise you, like a wise man, not to set your heart upon improbabilities. There are plenty of things one may have for the asking in this world; or, at any rate, for a reasonable amount of labour, without wearing out soul and body in striving after the unattainable."

He was not wholly unkind, this man, and Robert Treherne felt the good sense of his words. Yet there was something in his tone and manner which grated on the young man's mind- humiliated him, in fact, He knew how his conduct must appear; yet he was anything but mercenary. He loved Isabel Hollingford deeply and dearly. He had met her many months before at the house of a mutual friend. She had been as poor as himself then. Could he be expected to rejoice over the riches that had come between them? Surely not. A modest living he might easily obtain; but how win fortune or position to match hers? He had no profession. His parents had died in his childhood; and he had been brought up by different relatives, who, having between them given him a good education, now considered that they had done with him.

"The thing is impossible," he said to himself, as he made his way, unattended, down the broad staircase of the merchant's town mansion. "I shall never do anything as long as I live. I have no talents, no friends, no opening. I may as well give up all my ambitious ideas at once; there is nothing in life for me. Make a fortune, indeed! It is ridiculous to think of it!"

And Robert Treherne walked out into the street, feeling as down-hearted and miserable as ever he had done in his life.

Dismally enough he pursued his way. Christmas was drawing near. The shop windows were full of gay presents of all sorts, which were examined over and over again by numerous pairs of bright eyes, while a continuous chatter of various lively voices discussed their merits.

But what was it all to Robert? he had no money to spare for presents. He was alone—unsuccessful all ways—the sport of a cruel fate, as he considered. What was Christmas or its rejoicings to him?

"It's going to snow," said a childish voice. "Let's go home, Johnnie."

Home! In his present mood the word found its way to his very heart. He looked sorrowfully after the two children, as, hand in hand, they went down the street. Their clothes were ragged, their little feet were almost bare, but they had a home, and he had none. No kind dear face to welcome him, no loving tender voice, all his own, to cheer and soothe him out of his weariness and despondency.

He had built his air-castles—who has not? But they had all vanished now. He had imagined, long ago, a lovely little cottage home for himself and Isabel—pretty, brown-haired, wayward Isa; and he had thought how hard he would work to make her happy and comfortable. But now Isabel was removed far from him, and perhaps would never even know that he had loved her. And his dream was over.

So it is with us all. We lay our plans, and we wish for this, and make sure of that, and often we get neither. And then, in our short-sighted felly and ingratitude, we repine; and seldom enough do we remember, and never do we realise, that a kind God has withheld what we wished absolutely for our good. He may give it us yet, especially if we wait His own time and way in submission and patience, and in the meantime He is ever carefully guiding us, even by our mistakes and failures, through all here below, onward and upward always, to an inheritance that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven. So that

Nothing God does, or suffers to be done, But what thou wouldst thyself, if thou couldst see Through all events of things as well as He.

Robert Treherne entered his lodgings, and found a friend waiting for him, a young man of his own age.

"Why, Jem!" he said, with brightening face, "I am glad enough to see you, old fellow! I was just thinking that I did not believe there was a soul in the world that cared whether I lived or died!"

"What, so bad as that!" laughed the other.
"Well, I've got an invitation for you for Christmas
from my Uncle Wilton. You met him once or twice
at our house last summer. Do you remember?"

"Remember? Of course I do. It was he who introduced me to-"

Robert stopped short, and then continued—"Why should he ask me?"

"Why should he not? But he is a dear kind old fellow—always on the look-out to do somebody good. And I fancy that he has taken it into his head that our future prospects are not particularly promising, and that we are in part to blame: you know his ideas of push, and perseverance, and all that sort of thing? Well, he has thought of some queer scheme of his own for helping us on. You see if I am not right. He talks in his letter of a 'veritable seer,' who will tell us our fortunes 'truly,' or, rather, he adds, put us in the way of making them for ourselves without fail! Do you see? because I do. Ah, he is not going to come the old soldier over me! I can see through him!"

"I don't care whether he comes the old soldier over me, or not," rejoined Robert, in a melanchely tone; "if he will only put me in the way of making my fortune, I am sure I shall be more than obliged to him. But I am such a duffer that I am afraid he "Il make nothing of me."

"Now, Bob, don't sigh like that, my boy! It's enough to give one the heartache; and, besides, it is I who am the duffer! Give me a little paint and a bit of canvas, and I'll live on a crust, and snap my

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fingers at fortune! And what can you call that but dufferism? and downright wrong-headedness and folly, in short?" And James Wilton both sighed and frowned, for neither was he feeling altogether pleased with himself.

"No, Jem," returned Robert, after a pause—and he spoke energetically—"I call it anything but wrong-headedness. And, to tell the truth, I am more than half inclined to envy you for having a pursuit into which you can throw yourself, heart and soul, when things go wrong with you. You'll make a name as an artist one of these days. I don't doubt it for a moment. While I shall go on, moving from

before, called it seasonable weather, and declared that they had enjoyed their journey immensely.

And now Robert Treherne stood in a pleasant room which he and young James Wilton were to share together. A fire was blazing cheerily in the bright roomy grate; and everything around them spoke, if not of luxury, of comfort and a warm welcome.

They heard, also, passing and repassing their door, the light tread and merry voices of other young visitors; and as soon as possible they made their way down-stairs, and were introduced to them.

The large, simply-furnished sitting-room was taste-



"I don't think much of you for coming on such an errand."-p. 18.

pillar to post, without finding a comfortable niche anywhere, till at last I give up in despair."

But by the time that the two young men had talked on a quarter of an hour longer, they began to feel a little better. They were young and lighthearted; they could not be doleful long. And then, had they not received an invitation for Christmas, and one which they meant to accept? It was a pleasant thing to think of; they would throw care to the winds for awhile. And, who could say? the future might enwrap many a delight for them yet. They would wait a little before they despaired.

CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas Eve. A rough north wind blew the blinding sleet into the travellers' faces; but what cared they? They only laughed more heartily than fully decorated with holly and mistletoe, and a plentiful tea-supper was invitingly spread on the great round table.

"You must remember that you are in the country, young people," said their host, a fine genial old gentleman, as he put them into their places. "No ceremony here. I am only an old bachelor, you know, and care nothing for such rubbish as etiquette, which, however, is, I have no doubt, very well in its way, and in its own place. But come, draw up your chairs. Perhaps some day I may have the good luck to find a wife, and then she shall teach me etiquette." And Mr. Bernard Wilton rubbed his hands gleefully, and glanced good-humouredly, as he spoke, at his housekeeper, Mrs. Bolton, a staid old lady of sixty; and then at her two pretty nieces—dark-haired lively Miriam, and quiet brown-eyed Amy.

"Ah, your day will come when you least expect it,

sir, I shouldn't wonder," said old Mrs. Bolton, shaking her head and smiling demurely, as she smoothed out the strings of her white cap; "and then the ladies will have the laugh on their side!" she added.

Plenty of jesting and merriment went on, through that long pleasant meal, from both ladies and gentlemen, and Robert Treherne felt his spirits rising higher and higher. They talked a good deal of the "seer," too, over their nuts and mulled elder wine, a little later.

"He lives on the edge of the common," said Miriam Bolton, her dark eyes sparkling as she met the halfdreamy, half-admiring gaze of a serious-looking scholastic young man, who had been invited by kind whom some strange new story was told almost every day. He was reported to be skilled in half a dozen professions, to be learned in numberless languages, and—great point of all!—his interest in young people and their fortunes was acknowledged on all hands.

"He is a very tall old man," said Amy, "with a long beard, white as snow; and he wears a long black robe or gown, or whatever you like to call it, with a white girdle. And his eyes are as bright as two coals—they seemed to look right through me when I met him; but I did not feel afraid, for they were very kind eyes, I thought."

"And," added Mrs. Bolton, as her niece paused,



"He struggled on against the driving snow."-p. 22.

Mr. Wilton that he might have at least the chance of unbending his over-strained mind among others of his own age, and possibly of discovering that study is not the only thing in life to be thought of.

"Have you ever seen him, Miss Bolton?" inquired this young man, whose name was William Fielding, referring to the seer; and then he coloured and half turned away, for his voice sounded strange and awkward, even to himself.

"No," answered Miriam, in a pleasant encouraging tone; "but Amy has. He has not been in the place long; he is not a common fortune-teller, of course. Tell Mr. Fielding what he was like, Amy."

Little quiet Amy was the younger of the two sisters. She obeyed at once, and even her gentleness lighted up and became animation, as she talked of the wonderful old man who had been dignified with the name of "seer," whose very name was unknown, who had come from no one knew where, and of

"his house is just a hut, nothing more, and it is said that even in this bitter weather he sleeps on a bench with only a blanket over him—when he does sleep, that is; but people say, too, that he spends night as well as day over his books. He may well be clever."

"And," put in Miriam, "one other little thing to be told of him: he has a boy with him—a grandson, perhaps—who waits upon him, and sings and plays to him."

William Fielding appeared interested, and Robert Treherne not indifferent. But James Wilton pretended to be quite unconcerned; and, leaning comfortably back in his chair, he sipped his warm wine, and fixed his eyes lazily enough on the great glowing fire, on which his uncle was just laying a fresh log of wood.

"And shall we have to go to him? or, will he come to us?" he asked, with affected nonchalance.

"You must go to him," laughed Miriam Bolton.
"And you must go at night; and alone, too—at least, you must go in alone. He will only see one at a time."

"Ugh!" returned James, with a shrug. "I am glad I am not going to-night then, that's all."

"Wait a minute, young man," said Mr. Wilton, having finished settling the log of wood, but still half absently watching it, as it began directly to blaze and crackle. "I'll pledge my word you'd be ready to do a great deal more than take a night's walk through the snow, if you knew all."

"How mysterious!" laughed Robert Treherne. "I

am beginning to grow really curious,"

Mr. Wilton glanced at all his young guests, first one, then another, with eyes that began to twinkle with good-humoured amusement, behind which shone real kindness of heart and good sense.

"Well," he said at length, "I suppose that all young folks—and old folks, too, for that matter; but I am not thinking of them just now—have their wishes, big and little; some not of very much consequence, probably, but others next their hearts. Wishes which they, heedless and thoughtless as they are, would give precious years of their lives to see fulfilled!"

He paused. More than one young heart beat at his words, and wondered what would follow, and waited impatiently for it.

Mr. Wilton drank half a glass of the warm spiced wine very deliberately, and with evident enjoyment, and then recommenced—

"And now I dare say you will begin to doubt me. Nevertheless, I tell only the strict truth. This marvellous old man, whose name I do not know, actually engages himself that these dearest, and often unreasonable wishes shall be fulfilled——"

" Uncle!" exclaimed James Wilton. "How is it possible that——"

"Allow me to finish my speech, my boy," said the old man, good-temperedly. "I was about to add the two words, on condition."

"Ah!" and William Fielding leaned forward eagerly. "What condition? Do not stop, sir! Do not leave us in the dark!"

And then he shrank back, as if ashamed of his carnestness, while Mr. Wilton answered, "But I am in the dark myself. You must go and see the soothsayer to get the rest. I am not jesting. I have been; and I will only say that our strange new neighbour is as wise as he is wonderful, and as good as wise."

"Dearest wishes!" murmured William Fielding, half smiling, half sad. "Who ever reaches them? I must have been dreaming, to put faith in such a high-flown promise, even for a moment."

CHAPTER III.

Now, how they all looked forward! The day after Christmas Day had been the time fixed for seeing the venerable soothsayer; and everybody laughed at everybody else for the importance attached to the proposed visit.

Christmas Day passed blithely and happily. The following day arrived, heralded by a snowstorm; and sleet and rain and snow continued to fall at intervals, from the time that the young people first looked out of their windows in the morning.

It was half-past four in the afternoon, and almost dark. Mr. Wilton and the two young ladies, well wrapped up, were the first to depart, in order to learn their fortunes of the stranger—William Fielding looking wistfully after Miriam, and James Wilton giving Amy a tender glance of farewell.

In an hour they returned. Tea was ready, and all sat down to partake of it, and to hear whatever the two girls might be disposed to tell. They were eagerly questioned by the young men, and also by Mrs. Bolton. Miriam's dark eyes shone with a softened light, and her mouth spoke of resolution and tenderness: but she would tell absolutely nothing. Amy's usually gentle and rather pale face had now a brilliant colour, and her eyes were like twin stars for brightness: but neither would she tell anything—except that the condition of which her uncle had spoken was simply unqualified obedience to the seer's beheests.

"He bound us to secrecy," said Miriam.

"Go; he will do you good," said Amy.

"They are very well satisfied, it appears," remarked Mr. Wilton, contentedly. "Finish your tea, young gentlemen, and go and try your own luck."

William Fielding went next, in company with James Wilton; Robert Treherne declaring that he would both go and return alone.

An hour passed somewhat slowly. The young men returned. William Fielding, the scholar, looked roused and happy; and a bright glance of mutual understanding passed between him and Miriam Bolton. James Wilton seemed greatly moved, and earnest and enthusiastic.

"Go, Bob," said he; "that is all I mean to say. There is no sham about the dear old fellow. I shall keep a little corner of my heart for him for the rest of my life."

And he went and sat down by Amy, while Robert, in his turn, prepared to depart.

It was bitterly cold, and it had begun to snow again. The young man shrank into his great-coat with both a shrug and a smile, as he considered the errand upon which he was bound.

"I wonder what I shall get for my pains?" he said to himself, "and whether I don't deserve to be laughed at for my superstition?"

He struggled on against the rough north wind and driving snow, till he reached the miserable little hut on the edge of the common; then, shaking himself vigorously, he knocked at the door. An aged and trembling voice answered—

"Come in."

And he entered, and, closing the door behind him, found himself in almost total darkness,

In a few moments his eyes became accustomed to the soft flickering light, which seemed to come from a fire burning on the other side of a high screen which divided the apartment.

The air was warm; his footfall did not sound—the floor seemed spread with furs. Presently he could discern against the screen the dim outline of an old man in a flowing robe and long white beard.

"What would you with me, my son?" asked the same aged voice that had bidden him enter.

Robert pondered long as to what reply he should make. The old man sat down, then guided the young one to a low fur-covered seat at his knees.

There was silence. The fire crackled a little now and then, and more than once shot up a tiny flame, which showed Robert the old man's face, white and withered, with beautiful eyes gazing intently upward.

"What would you with me, my son?"

Robert began to feel a little ashamed. What nonsense to suppose, even for one moment of credulity and superstition, that this poor old man could have the smallest power to help him in the attainment of his dearest wishes. At length, in a low voice, he answered—

"I do not know, father."

Another short silence, and then he felt the old man's hand on his head.

"Busy young brain," said the slow trembling voice, "teeming with all manner of fancies. Ardent cager young heart, that would do and dare so much, and all for love. How many of them there are, springing up like the flowers of the field, bright, beautiful, and so hopeful—yet so soon to be cut down by cold chilling winds of disappointment, or wearied and broken and withered by winter following winter of suspense and sorrow. So you want nothing, my son?"

"I did not say that, father."

"Love—money—goodness—but he wants nothing; or if he wants it, he would fain have it for nothing."

"No, no, father! Indeed I would not! I would work! you do not know how I would work! But I cannot tell what I am fit for. I cannot see which way to go. I seem hindered on all hands. I came to you because I heard that you were both wise and kind; and I thought—I hoped—that in your wisdom you would give me a word of advice."

A moment's pause, and then the old man said-

"You have been going your own way, I suppose, my son? You have opposed yourself in nothing? All your young life perhaps you have spent so, and what have you got in return? You would not say that you have been altogether idle, yet what have you in all this time worked out for yourself?"

"Nothing," replied Robert, sadly—"nothing but vexation and humiliation and disappointment."

"But what has been the reason of all this? You will not say that you yourself are entirely without blame in the matter?"

"No, no, father. I own to faults upon faults-idleness, ignorance, irresolution, procrastination, sel-

fishness, inconstancy of purpose—why need I say more? These are the dragons of life which beset my path night and day. How can I conquer them?"

"Think a little, my son. They are to be conquered. Others have laid them low before you. But now, to change the subject. The past is over and gone. Night has come again. You are going home to rest. Each morning, as the sun rises, we may, if we will, in the strength of our Maker, begin a new life, forgetting the past, letting it be as if it had never been, and pressing forwards to the future. When you rise to-morrow, what shall be your aim? What do you want, my son? Take time to think, and answer me in few words."

And Robert thought; then he replied, "I want wealth, father."

"Ah, yes"—and the old man sighed—"it is always so. And does nothing stand before wealth with you, my son?"

"Yes, yes!" was the quick reply; "the love of the girl I love. But I want wealth that I may be able to give her the home she deserves."

"Love, then, is first with you; not worth, not goodness, that soul may answer soul, and growing spirit-beauty daily re-kindle sweetest purest love for ever?"

"Yes, yes, father; goodness first."

"Goodness," repeated the old man softly and thoughtfully. "That means nearness to our Creator, our great Father. Love, the love of her whom he loves. And wealth. He wants all these. And what price are you willing to pay, my son? They are in no way to be had for nothing."

"Price!" uttered Robert, stammeringly. "Do I understand you, father? What can I give?" But now his tones quickened. "Half my life, if I could, I would give! I would do anything, everything I could do! labour night and day, and think I had paid cheaply for such treasures—"

"Stop, stop!" said the slow aged voice, that was tinged now with sadness. "Do not be rash, young man. Ah, youth will be rash. You want great treasures, as you say, and the price will be proportionately heavy; but not so heavy as you would make it. I ask, perhaps, not more than half of what it is possible for you to do——"

"Gladly will I do it," interrupted Robert.

The old man sighed audibly. "Well, well! so be it, then; but remember that you cannot do it in one day, nor two. You must be patient and persevering, each day, each hour taking a step; and in time you must win. But now wait a little, and tell me once more what you want, my son."

And Robert, little by little, poured out his very heart this time, and felt no shame, but only relief and hope. At length he paused.

"And what would you be willing to give if these joys might be yours?" asked the old man.

"I have nothing to give," and Robert's voice grew wistful. "But, as I said before, father, I would do all I could."

"Nothing to give, ungrateful boy! Have you not health, strength, a fair share of talent, leisure too, and liberty—all precious possessions far above anything that money can buy? Youth too you have—all life is before you!"

Robert drew a long eager breath. "Thank you, father," he said. "You have encouraged me. And now, which of these shall I give, and how?"

"I must consider," was the answer, slowly spoken. "Be silent for a few moments, my son."

The fire had ceased to crackle; the room was all but in darkness now. The silence grew and grew, till it became, to ardent excited Robert, intense, What powerful influence lay hidden in the simple verse? Robert was as one electrified. The words were sung again and again. They fastened themselves firmly in his memory. He could never lose them—never, so long as he lived, entirely forget the profound impression they had made upon him.

The sweet sounds ceased at last; the fire leaped up again, as if at the touch of an unseen hand; and

the old man spoke once more—
"There, my son," he said, holding out a paper which Robert took, "on that you will find written what you may if you please call the price of the blessings you ask. But remember that all lies in



"What would you with me, my son?"-p. 23.

oppressive. Then, suddenly, sweet soft music, seemingly distant, struck on his ear; and he was in the mood to drink in rapturously every sound.

The first few notes were low, regular, monotonous, and yet exquisitely touching—to Robert at least. Then came a quick change. Soft persuasion, encouragement, thrilling power, decision, determination, success, joy and triumph, all were there. He listened entranced. Each note seemed speaking to his inmost soul. Finally, soft and clear and faraway, a sweet human voice mingled with the dulcet tones of the instrument, whatever it might have been, and Robert caught these words:—

"From strength to strength go on; Wrestle and fight and pray; Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day." your own power, not in mine. Humanly speaking, there is not a thing in reason that a man can wish for but he may have, if he will only work simply and steadily towards it. And now, farewell; I am weary. Go; and may heaven's best blessing rest upon you, and bring you in due time to the goal of your hopes. Tell no one of what I have said to you. Keep your own counsel till you have succeeded."

And in that moment Robert felt that he should succeed. He had five pounds in his pocket, all the money he had in the world. He tried to make the old man take it.

"As an offering of gratitude, father, heartfelt gratitude, will you not make me happy by accepting it?"

"No, no, my son. Read your paper. I am going to rest now. I have enough for my few wants. I

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shall watch your career as well as I am able, though it is not probable that we shall ever meet again."

Robert felt regretful.

"You will not tell me your name, father?"

"No, no. I will depart as I came, unknown. Indulge me in this small fancy; it is all I ask. I will watch over you, and pray for your success all the same. You are in earnest, and I am hopeful for you. Once more, farewell."

He had withdrawn behind the screen. Not a sound was now to be heard. Robert ran his eye over the paper which had been given him. It did not disappoint him, though it was not what he had "They who reach the top must first have climbed the hill." And Robert did climb. And, moreover, he found it no easy task; and many, many times he felt almost ready to give up in despair; but then, instead of giving up, he took another step, however small and apparently unimportant that step might be; and there he was, another step on the way towards the goal.

Time passed. James Wilton and Amy Bolton had made up their minds to get married, and to face the difficulties of life together. William Fielding had had a little money left him, and he and Miriam would soon be man and wife; and they had agreed to keep school together. All were making progress,



"His eye fell once more upon the paper."-p. 26.

expected exactly; but then he scarcely knew what he had expected.

He was out in the cold raw air again, but he neither heeded nor felt it; and when he reached Mr. Wilton's house his eye was bright and full of hope, his step was firm and his heart light, and he felt as though he could do battle with all the world.

CHAPTER IV.

"BUT what have resolutions to do with fulfilment?" In Robert's case, much. Not that he kept all his resolves unbroken from the beginning; at one time or another he failed in every one. But his wisdom lay in this: that when he fell he rose again, and went on with renewed earnestness. Hourly he strove

to do what he saw good and right to be done.

Robert sometimes thought, but himself. Once, in the past two years, and once only, had he seen Isabel, and then he had had no opportunity of speaking, but he had looked as he passed her all his love, and all his hope, and patient waiting; and he thought, and oh! how he hoped! that she had understood him. She was of age now, and he could not hear that she was engaged. A little more patience, a little more application, a little more time, and he might yet win her.

He was partner in a small shipping business now. Little by little he had risen from a mere clerkship, studying late and early to qualify himself, letting no chance slip. Only a few rise to the top of the ladder, comparatively, in any business or profession, but Robert steadily told himself that he must be one of the few. In a little while he had become his

employer's right hand. He threw himself into all he did; he was always on the alert; watchful, careful, saving, and industrious. He could but succeed in the end, humanly speaking. For a time, however, it seemed slow work. But he would not despair. Only two years and a half had passed as yet; and he looked at his scrap of paper, and comforted himself. He had unfailing faith in it still; though it gave him, as a time of probation, only three years.

Weeks and months passed quickly. Christmas was once more drawing near; when one morning, on repairing to business, Robert heard a piece of news which moved and startled him. The firm of Hollingford and Company was likely to become bankrupt.

Robert's attention was distracted for the remainder of the day. His head was in a whirl of thought. His partner was rich, and in the same way of business; he might possibly save the firm of Hollingford and Company to his own advantage. Robert talked to him long, and earnestly, and wisely, and in the end obtained his wish, and was soon made happy—who can say how happy?—in being the deliverer of his Isa's father from the shame and misery of bankruptcy.

And now he might hope to see Isabel herself sometimes again. And he did see her, but he would not

speak vet.

It wanted only a few days to Christmas, when Robert received a communication from a strange lawyer. He had become heir to a large sum of money! Who had left it to him? Not a friend or relative, he soon found, but a stranger-who was yet not a stranger; none other than the kind old man whom Mr. Wilton always called "the soothsayer." A poor old man he had always been reckoned; but persons had been mistaken concerning him, as they often are mistaken, and he had been enormously rich. But he had not left all his fortune to Robert; there were others whom he had helped and guided and prayed for; others who had come to him for advice, and followed it. He had watched over them long, he had looked upon them as his children, and loved them.

And now he was gone. In this life those of whom he had thought, and for whom he had cared, would see him no more. He rested from his kind labours now; but his works would follow him. None living could see the fruit of all his kind wise words; eternity alone could show it.

CHAPTER V.

The same large town mansion. But not the same Robert. Three years had passed away. He had been accepted of Isa's father, and also by Isa herself. Lightly he ran up the broad staircase; and long ago he had learned to bless the day when he had been denied his very heart's desire in that house, and had made his way down that same staircase with feet that seemed weighted with lead. It had been the turning-point of his life.

How differently he looked to-day! How happy he felt! With what grateful memory he recalled the hour spent in the hut on the common, exactly three years ago last evening. He had fulfilled the time; he had been to both Isa and her father that morning, and now he was about to pay his first visit as an accepted lover.

He would find Isa, he knew, in her own pretty little sitting-room.

Long he talked with her, telling her the whole history of his life, and of the yellow scrap of paper, at which she looked with reverential interest; of the fortune which had come to him, and of the three years' task which he had fulfilled.

And Isa listened with interest. She had liked Robert from the first, and had waited for him; for many a glance had told her that he would one day

come to her.

"Looking for so much," he said, "kept me from getting anything for years. But it is not a business after all, but God's blessing that maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."

And then his eye fell once more on the paper, which Isa still held; and in silence he went feelingly over the words which had for three years been his silent taskmasters. But now he would need them no more, for his desires were all but accomplished—not by any means simply through his own exertions, yet what untold good those exertions had done him!

These were the simple unpretending contents of the paper upon which his eye rested—

I. GIVE UP THE WOMAN YOU LOVE for the present, to obtain her hand in the future.

II. CHOOSE A WORK to which you can give your whole time, skill, and attention; and abide by your choice; labouring steadily on for at least three Years, by which time you will doubtless see your way.

III. GIVE ONE HOUR EACH DAY TO YOUR MAKER, searching His Scriptures, seeking His face while He may

be found.

IV. In rising early, and sitting up late, in eating and drinking, in enjoyment, in small things as well as great; day by day and hour by hour, remember that in a great measure Success is in your own hands, that the key to all voluments in the two words conquer yourself.

Such training could not be in vain. If it does not obtain your wish, be sure that it must bring you in the end, SOME-

THING FAR BETTER.

From strength to strength go on; Wrestle and fight and pray; Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

Three months later Robert and Isabel were married; and they were none the less able to cope with the difficulties and trials of life (which will come to rich as well as poor); and they loved each other none the less for their three years of probation.

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THE ROMANCE OF A BLUE-STOCKING.

BY AGNES MACDONELL, AUTHOR OF "MARTIN'S VINEYARD."



RY BRIGHT had passed the Senior Cambridge Examination. She understood the Differential Calculus, and had three certificates for proficiency in Latin, and if such acquirements do not constitute a woman a Blue-stocking, I do not know what would.

Perhaps, in describing her further, I ought to quote from the reports of two School Inspectors, who spoke very highly of Miss Bright's powers as a teacher; after such official praise, however, you would scarcely care to hear such trivial particulars as that Mary was twenty years of age, a pale dark-eyed girl, with curly brown hair which waved off her low brown as innocently as that of a cherub; and that, for the rest, she had a straight firmly-cut little nose, and lips of a wonderful coral redness. Mary earned a hundred pounds a year, out of which a marvellously small sum seemed sufficient to buy the neat and sober little gown and bonnet which were her invariable costume. The rest of her quarter's salary all found its way into her mother's desk.

"The boys work hard and bring something home, mamma," Mary would say, "and I have had as good an education as they, and it would be disgraceful if I didn't do something to lighten the burden that rests on you and dear papa." And Mary would turn and kiss her father's bald head, with a tear that made her bright eyes brighter than ever, as she met her father's gentle careworn face.

Mr. Bright was an industrious plodding City clerk, who had found, after thirty years of hard work, that his wealth consisted in an unstained conscience, loving and devoted children, but little in the way of worldly riches.

There is no doubt that many people would have called Mary a "strong-minded" woman. She went out early to her morning's work, she was punctual to the moment at her classes; she never missed a train; she never allowed cab-driver or omnibus conductor to get the better of her youth and innocence in the way of over-charge, or wrong change; she tramped home after dark with her little umbrella, with as much sangfroid as any boy. And, truth to say, there was nothing for Mary to be afraid of. Una herself, travelling through a lawless world, was not more safe than Mary in the streets of London, spite of her pretty face. No man had ever had the hardihood or the heartlessness to treat with anything but respect the resolute sober little figure. Perhaps it was that her thought was so taken up with the Differential Calculus, that she had no time to think about the possibility of exciting admiration, and it is astonishing how far that sort of consciousness goes in the way of producing such a result. The subject of

admirers and lovers, about which some girls learn to babble so early, she never approached in thought; the fact was, that spite of all her practical knowledge and shrewd business-like ways, there was a soft bloom of purity over this girl's imagination which had never been smirched by experiences of juvenile flirtation, or even novel-reading. Her friend Constantia Madison soon discovered this, and for a long time their girlish friendship had alone subsisted in outpourings over their favourite studies and authors.

Constantia was one of the oldest and most important of the pupils in the large and fashionable Westend school where Mary was a daily teacher. Constantia was wealthy, the orphan daughter of an Indian officer, and since her father's death had lived with an aunt down in Kent. She was a sensible, straightforward girl. Without being handsome, she had a certain air of distinction, a comely well-proportionedness of face and figure which makes up what the French happily term a belle laidcure. She fell in love with Mary at first*sight; and the two girls soon found, in the hours of recess, or after the preparation for classes, time for long conversations on all the subjects they were interested in. not all-there was one subject that Constantia never spoke to her friend about, and yet it was one which most young ladies would consider all-important, viz., a lover! One day, however, towards the close of the Easter term, and shortly before Constantia was to leave school for altogether, Constantia opened her heart to her friend. She and Mary were sitting alone in the great empty class-room one afternoon. The July sunshine was shining on the trees of the park below the window, and on the two young heads bent over their work. Constantia, after watching Mary's absorbed face for a moment or two, said-

"Mary, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," said Mary, thinking only of some difficulty of construction in a line of "Cæsar," which lay open before Constantia.

"Has—has any one ever asked you to marry them?" said Constantia, a little awkwardly, and not so careful of grammar as usual.

"Oh, dear no!" said Mary, shaking her head, just a little disdainfully, "I should not think—I mean nobody would ever think of such a thing with regard to me."

"But why not?"

"Oh, I cannot tell. It is not in my line. I never see any gentlemen at all, except in the trains and omnibuses," said Mary, laughing at last. "But why do you ask me such a thing?"

"I should like to tell you about myself," said Constantia, with great gravity. "I am engaged, Mary." Mary opened her eyes and folded her hands, quite awe-stricken.

"I have been engaged three years. Miss Greatrex here knows all about it, and allows me to have a letter from George once a week, enclosed in one from aunt. George is my cousin, the son of my aunt, with whom I have lived since papa died."

"Yes," said Mary. Her ears were fairly tingling at this strange confession. It was so very different from listening to the usual conjugation, amo, amas, amat, to which they were accustomed.

I have not had time to think much about all this; but now, when I go home this month, the time will be fixed for our marriage, and I feel that I ought to think more about it."

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"Do you—do you care very much for him?" said Mary, thoughtfully, looking down, and making acute triangles with a pencil on the margin of her notebook.

"Oh, of course I do; I love him very much," was the straightforward reply.

"Is he clever?"



"Talked gravely about the superiority of the Cambridge method."-p. 30.

"It was all arranged for us," continued Constantia. "It is much better to have it done for one; at least, I like it to be so. I might never have chosen George, you see, and yet every one says he is just the right person for me, and I think so too. It was in this way. Papa and my uncle, George's father, had some misunderstanding, and never wrote to each other for years; but when my papa came home from India ill, my uncle went to meet him, and they were reconciled. I was left to uncle and aunt's care, and it was agreed that, unless George and I disliked the idea later on, we should be married. After dear papa died I went to live at Lyncombe with aunt and George, for poor uncle did not live long after dear papa. I have been so busy here, you see," continued Constantia, "that

"Oh, yes. He does not care much for ordinary society; he is rather shy, I think. His great friend is Mr. Weston, who was his coach at Cambridge. Last summer they went abroad together, and this summer George has asked Mr. Weston to spend the long vacation at Lyncombe. I think it is rather fine in George to choose such a friend as Mr. Weston, who is a sort of Admirable Crichton—a scholar, a musician, and one who must make any man feel his superiority, you know."

"What are his tastes, Constantia? Does he love study?"

"Oh, he is much more than a student—— Oh, George, you mean. Yes, yes, I expect we shall have great sympathy about books. You see," continued Constantia, with a thoughtful sigh, "I wish to think seriously of all these questions, and that is the reason I spoke to you about my engagement. I want to consider whether George and I are likely to improve each other, as we should. I want to be quite practical," she said, with solemn emphasis, "and I have written out a little list of the faults I see George has, and one of my own, and I mean to show it to him, and we can seriously talk them over together, and consult as to the best means of overcoming them."

"Oh, Constantia! how noble, how wise!" said Mary, with glowing eyes. Mary thought that Madame Roland could not have shown a more lofty spirit in speaking of her engagement.

The two young philosophers clasped hands, and craned their necks across the desk till their lips met in a kiss, quite as unconscious as the bust of Pallas which looked down on them, that there was anything ludicrous in their sublime cogitations.

"No one can help and counsel me so well as you, Mary," Constantia said, as they parted at the close of the term. "I shall write and tell you all that

happens,"

Constantia kept her promise, and long were her letters. She narrated circumstantially her conversations with her lover, and his rather unsatisfactory replies. He had laughed and adjourned the business of going over the category of mutual failings by a somewhat commonplace compliment, declaring he saw no faults in Constantia, and his own were sufficiently apparent to himself without being analysed by the person whom he hoped might have been most blind to them.

"I have felt discouraged and a little cast down [she wrote], for it seems as if in my endeavour to draw myself into closer sympathy with him, I had really placed a barrier between us. I don't know why, but things seem to go wrong. He pays me a hundred little attentions he never used to, and yet I cannot help feeling that they are a ceremonious acknowledgment of our relation, rather than the spontaneous evidences of affection. I often feel, Mary, that he delights quite as much in Mr. Weston's companionship as in mine; and for this, indeed, I cannot blame him, for of course, every day I see how impossible it is to resist the charm of such a mind as Mr. Weston's. I acknowledge that all is not George's fault. I know I often lose patience, and am cross and unreasonable; I scarcely know why, for by nature I think I am not bad-tempered. But perhaps I am only in a morbid state of mind. I will think no more about myself.

"So you have begun your teaching at Broxham, and like your work. You know that Broxham is on our line of railway, three stations further down into Kent. It is very lovely there, and you will greatly enjoy the sight of the hop-gardens and woods. How I wish it were possible to catch a glimpse of you in going or returning! But we are five miles from our

station, and your train does not stop at Lyncombe, or I should be tempted to drive over sometimes for the mere pleasure of peeping at you through the carriage window. It is too tantalising to think of your whirling through in that way! We know some people at Broxham—the Willoughbys; Mrs. W. is a widow, quite young, a great horsewoman, and handsome: but there is no great affinity between her and me, and we visit very little. George, however, is friendly with her brother-in-law, who lives on the same property. The Miss Churchills, your pupils, we do not know at all.

"Tuesday .- I take up my letter again in my own room, where I have fled to hide my tears. I am so perplexed, so distressed, and I fly to you. The day has gone wrong. I scarcely know how it all is, though. After breakfast, aunt asked me to gather rose-leaves and lavender for her scent-jars, and proposed, I think, that George should go with me. I was not happy, somehow. George, I think, did his best to be pleasant, but I thought or fancied it was an effort. He scrupulously stepped behind to give me the shady side of the path, remarked that my shoes were too thin for the gravel, gathered me the roses, showed me every consideration, but I thought he was not sorry to see Mr. Weston coming towards us down the shrubbery. Certainly the atmosphere seemed to brighten when he joined us, and everything went better. But is it not hard to feel that a third person should make us feel happier! And yet indeed it is so.

I must close this; it is time to dress for dinner. I am glad this dreary day is coming to an end. My headache excused me from paying calls with aunt. George has gone to town. Mr. Weston is immured in the library, where he has been ever since luncheon,

and I am left with my own thoughts.

Tell me what I ought to do, Mary; I cannot talk to aunt. Sometimes I am ready to fly to Mr. Weston for advice, but at times, Mary—to-day, for instance—I have feared he shuns me. Oh! Mary, Mary, I do need a friend! To you, who know nothing of such weakness, who are lifted far above such personal troubles—I pour out my grief to you.—Your always affectionate, C. M.

Mary, reading her letter the following night, dropped her face upon her hands as she read these last words, and blushed in the solitude of her own silent little bedroom. It is scarcely pleasant to be apostrophised as a philosopher when you feel you are, in fact, somewhat of a fool! And Mary was beginning to think she really might be this. The fact was that, willy-nilly, a little bit of romance had crept into her own life. Her journeys down into the country twice a week, to Broxham Hall, where she went to supplement the teaching of a finishing governess to the three Miss Churchills, had been an intense pleasure to the girl used to the smoke of Camberwell. It was an hour's journey from London into the heart of the lovely Weald of Kent, and now, though she had been

four or five times, the sight of woods, and meadows, and hop-gardens, kept her eyes from her books the whole way, and filled her with delight. And her second journey had been marked by an incident which seemed to colour all her subsequent ones.

That day some local races at B-, a place a little way out of London on the Broxham line, had filled the Floodgate Hill terminus with a crowd of men of the least pleasant kind for any woman to be thrown amongst alone. But Mary's was not an engagement to be broken. She took a first-class ticket in the hope of avoiding the crowd and travelling perhaps with some ladies. But there were no ladies in that train, and the corner seat which she at last found was the only one in the carriage unoccupied. The flashy dress, the loud talk and laughter that seemed to greet her in a volley as she entered, made her shrink into her corner and bury her face in her "Cambridge Arithmetic," to shut out both sight and sound of her companions as far as she could. As she sat, however, she became conscious that her neighbour in the opposite corner did not belong to the sporting party that occupied the rest of the carriage. Ske had only momentarily glanced in his direction, and perceived that it was a gentleman, that he held a paper in his hand, but that his eyes were fixed in somewhat absorbed contemplation of the books on her lap. Mary and this passenger had entered the carriage almost at the same moment, and it was evident that, on first starting, the others had been under the impression that Mary and her vis-à-vis were companions. But after a while, as they never spoke to each other, and it became plain that Mary was unprotected, one of the crew, a pale-faced pinkeyed young man, who sat next to her, after impertinently staring for some minutes, and making some remarks about "lucky for him, to sit next the handsome young lady," etc., to his companions, ventured to make some observation to her on the distance to B-, and asking her if she were going to the races.

Mary's answer was a short and decided "No!" which, however, did nothing to quell the rising admiration of the ruffian, who continued to make remarks accompanied by leering smiles. Mary's cheeks were burning red; her Arithmetic was no longer a protection; she turned to the window with a sudden throb of terror in her heart, to avoid the proximity of the hideous pink eyes. She had not noticed the dramatic play going on in the face of her vis-à-vis, who now leaned forward and said, very gravely—

"You had better move out of that draught; change places with me," and, before she had time to think, she was sitting on the opposite side, and her new friend, leaning towards her so as to shut out the view of her tormentor, talked gravely about the superiority of the Cambridge method in a tone of pedagogic indifference to everything but the subject in hand. The pink-eyed young man looked puzzled and crestfallen. For a moment he seemed ready

to resent the interference, but his companions exchanged whispered remarks, and explosions of laughter followed over his discomfiture, and he was fain to look sulky, and then propose a game of cards as consolation under his defeat.

Perhaps to keep up the belief among their companions that Mary was under his protection, the stranger continued to talk on, always with that respectful but kindly gravity without the shadow of a shade of gallantry, a manner which might easily have been mistaken by a not very close observer for that of an elder brother. Mary had not time to stop and think how strange it was to be thus breathing out her young enthusiasm over her books and studies to a person whose name she did not know. His manner made her feel at home, and spread a shelter over her helpless girlhood, under which she rested with a strange delight never felt before.

The four racing men got out at B——, and Mary and her companion were left alone. There was a moment of embarrassment now, and he said—

"I am afraid you may have thought me impertinent in thus interrupting your reading. I thought it was best that those scoundrels, who have just left the carriage, should imagine we were travelling in company. I fancied it would be less annoying to you to submit to a slight ruse for a short time, than to have had a scene, which would have followed had I interfered as a fellow-traveller."

"Thank you," said Mary, frankly. "I knew you were being kind in the wisest way." And then blushing, she knew not why, as she met the inquiring handsome grey eyes of the young man, she took up her book again, and he fell to reading his newspaper. It did not seem likely that he should be interested in the question as to the requirements of "Good plain cooks, and footmen," but his eyes never moved from that column of the paper. Perhaps he was not thinking of what he read, for, as they neared Broxham, and Mary gathered up her things to leave the train, he said—

"If you are returning to-day, and would not find the walk to the station too long, and I may advise you, pray go by the other line, and so avoid B——, and the race crowd."

"Thank you," said Mary, "I will do as you say." That was all they had ever said to each other, but it must be confessed Mary found herself thinking of these words very often. It was very provoking, very annoying, but she could not forget the little incident. She could not forget the sudden throb of gratitude and trust she had felt towards this stranger, whose eyes had watched her out of the station, and which were so constant in waiting for her still. Yes, that was the fact. Twice a week, now-every Tuesday and every Friday, on her way to Broxham, did she see this same stranger, and with something in his face that whispered that he was looking for her. Absurd, foolish, weak, Mary said, indignantly blushing at the very suspicion in her mind; and yet it was so. Once he had raised the

window for her, once he had handed her umbrella to her as she left the carriage. And as he did so, his face had flushed, and some vivid look of pleasure or pain had darted into his eyes, and Mary, poor Mary, had tried as energetically to forget that look as she had ever done to master a problem, but with much less success! It was no use indignantly crying shame on herself. From being chagrined and perplexed she was growing, week by week, unhappy and restless. Constantia's letters, with their appeals to Mary as to one raised above all folly and difficulties of love, struck Mary, and made her feel a very hypocrite.

"But what am I to tell her?" said Mary to herself. "Say that—that I am perplexing myself about a gentleman I have met in the train, whose name I never heard, about whom I know nothing!"

Constantia's troubles, in the meantime, did not seem to be lessening. The next letter ran as follows:—

"Thursday.

"My Dear Mary,—I have not written for many days, for I determined to see whether I could not send you a cheerful letter, with no more complaints, and I waited till the peaceful moment came, and now perhaps I can write more contentedly. There have been storms the last few days, but just now we seem to have reached tranquil waters. I wish I could explain even to myself the meaning of this misery, for it is misery, Mary. At moments I am so happy; we are sometimes all so happy together, but then come the clouds again, and all is obscured, and I wake up to feel as if I were drifting into an unexplored sea of danger and difficulty. Well, listen to some of the events of last week.

"I told you that I had been tempted to speak to aunt and tell her of the nameless apprehension I The day before yesterday suffered as to the future. I actually summoned courage to do so. George had gone over to the Willoughbys'. He has gone there frequently lately. Mr. Weston was invisible. He shuns me, I feel sure. He thinks, no doubt, that I am to blame in my treatment of George. I felt wretchedly depressed. I was outwardly calm, however, when I entered aunt's room, She listened to what I had to say. She made light of my fears, my morbid fancies, as she called them; but I saw she was trying to conceal anxiety under her reassuring manner. She took my hand, and I felt hers trembled, and she became more and more agitated. At last it came out that she had her fears. My whims, she thought, had tried George's patience. 'My dearest child,' she said, 'it does not do to play with a man's affection in this way. George is the soul of generosity and scrupulous honour, but if he were driven by wounded feeling to fly for sympathy elsewhere! Oh, my dear Constantia, it makes one tremble to think of the way he has been going to Broxham lately. Mrs. Willoughby is always at her brother's, I find. She is just the kind of woman

to laugh and triumph in having made mischief between an engaged pair."

"I replied, with some indignation, that I should never think of competing for George's regard with any one, certainly not with Mrs. Willoughby, if he admired her. But my aunt interrupted me with earnest protestations that this was not the case. If George had gone lately to the Willoughbys', it was purely out of pique, and he certainly came back after being there looking more restless and depressed than ever. My aunt argued, pleaded, and cried. I began to see that she was right, and that George's love for me was deeper than ever, and that I had not treated him well. I felt grateful to George; but happy—ah, that will perhaps come some time!

"On his return I met George with more gentleness and warmth than I had shown for many days. He seemed to feel it deeply; he kept near me all the evening, and was more eager and earnest in his attention than ever. Once I felt almost happy; it was when Mr. Weston sang to us. He has a beautiful voice, just the voice that makes one forget one's self in a sort of musing ecstasy, and carries one away one knows not whither. He has not been well lately, but he nevertheless sang with unusual power—

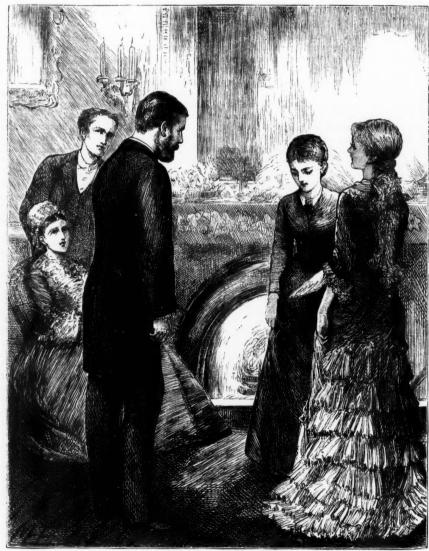
" 'Mon cœur soupire, la nuit, le jour, Qui peut me dire, Si c'est d'amour!'

"I felt the tears spring to my eyes and fall down my cheeks. My heart was pierced with new feelings. George, who sat by me, seemed also moved, and sat lost in thought. One of my foolish tears fell on his hand which held mine. He started from his reverie, and looked at me with a look of mingled tenderness and sadness. As we were parting for the night, he said, very gently, 'You will take me at my best, Constantia; I will do everything in my power to make you happy, my dear.' We were standing in the hall, and at the moment the library door opened, and Mr. Weston appeared. Seeing us, he would have gone quickly up-stairs, but George said, 'Come here, Frank; Constantia and I have been plighting a new troth. I think it was your singing that moved us to it. Come here and be our witness.'

"'I would give a good deal to secure your happiness,' said Mr. Weston, and I saw his lips trembled. He took my hand, which George held towards him, with his own. I was overcome with a tumult of emotion, and I fled to my room and wept.

"Oh, Mary, if we could always have Mr. Weston with us, George and I could do well. We should be better and nobler. He would guide us. He would, I know, understand all my aspirations—about George, I mean."

Mary carried this letter about with her for more than a week before answering it. It was perhaps strange that she should have deferred answering it, for she was now, perhaps, in a position to speak with philosophy, coolness, and wisdom about Constantia's sorrows. A whole fortnight had passed, and for two Fridays and two Tuesdays her silent, watchful, unknown friend had never made his appearance. Mary said to herself that she was very glad. The absurd write to Constantia about M. Taine's "Theory of English Literature." She descanted on the excellent method of Professor Scanwell's Lectures on Horace, which she was attending; Professor Scanwell would



"She recognised her fellow-traveller."-p. 35.

anxiety to know what had become of him—whether he were ill, emigrated, or dead, the hundred suppositions that filled her mind on the subject—were contemptible. She would forget them all; she would think no more on the subject. She thought constantly how she could best forget it. She began to have been charmed with those letters had he seen them. I am afraid Constantia did not find them so interesting, and Mary herself, as she bent over her translation and thought of all the good advice she gave to Constantia, about throwing herself into her old studies, felt herself again a hypocrite. Constantia did her best to read M. Taine. She even went so far as to translate an ode to Mecænas, which Mr. Weston thought sufficiently well of, to beg for a copy; but at the end of three weeks she had thrown this aside, and was writing to Mary on the old subject.

"Pray write to me [she wrote], but forgive me for saying nothing about the subject of your last letter; I am really too unhappy. All the peace of the last

Aunt, however, was in good spirits, and made playful allusions to me and my love of study, comparing me to the Princess in my Utopian views. 'But my dear Constantia,' she said, patting my cheek, 'will find that her best lot lies in marriage, as does that of every true woman.'

"I don't know why auntie's little commonplaces should have irritated me so much just then, but I failed to master my temper, and when George, who had, ever since we had begun to talk about the



"She sank down before Constantia, and clasped her hands."-p. 35.

three weeks is broken; I fear the peace only hung on a slender thread, for an angry word has been enough to break it. But let me tell you about it all, and judge me, Mary, if I am to blame. Let me be just to George. During these weeks he has been very generous, very kind. He renewed all his old devotion, as if he feared to break the spell of our late reconciliation, and never left Lyncombe for an hour without me; he kept always near me. I did my best also, and we read and talked, and both of us strove hard to avoid a jar; but it came, and out of the merest trifle. It was yesterday morning (Friday), George proposed, as it was so wonderfully warm and mild, that we should sit under the chestnut on the lawn, and read 'The Princess.' Mr. Weston made an excuse about having letters to write, and would not join us. I think this disorganised the little séance, and the reading seemed listless and tame.

'sweet girl graduates,' sat in a sort of moody reverie, just made a remark, I answered with sudden petulance and scorn. George was angry, but said nothing, only shrugged his shoulders, rose, and walked away.

. . . I still feel angry even here in the quiet of my own room alone with you, Mary. I am dissatisfied with George, dissatisfied with myself, and all closes in clouds about me.—Ever your sad but affectionate,

C. M.

Mary opened this letter feeling guilty and remorseful. It had lain in her pocket unopened all day. She had actually forgotten it, forgotten Constantia and all her sorrows! And why? only because, forsooth, the day before, her silent and unknown friend had, after a month's absence, reappeared again, and for half an hour she had sat opposite to him, and felt the silent devotion of his eyes, and how, spite of all her dignified resolves, her cheeks had responded with a burning blush to his look, as he handed her out her umbrella. Before Mary had time to answer this last note, came another from Constantia, dated the night of the same day on which she had written her former letter.

" Friday Night.

"DEAREST MARY,-I write again, though it is only a few hours since I sent off a letter to you. I am unhappy, and must tell you my grief. I have left the drawing-room early on excuse of headache; the presence of others was more than I could bear. . . . Whether in pique or not at our last angry words on the lawn yesterday, I cannot say, but George went to the Willoughbys' again this afternoon. I was left alone. My aunt went to her room in tears. Mr. Weston knew something was wrong, and had avoided me all day. He will also desert me, it seems, now, when I most bitterly need a friend. I can scarcely describe my feelings of pain and desolation. At five o'clock I went out, and walked down the drive towards the gate. I knew I should meet George returning from the station. I was in a tumult of excitement. I felt a reckless desire to make another share in the wretchedness I felt. In a few moments I caught sight of his figure through the windings of the drive. I could see him as he approached without his seeing me. He looked flushed, elated. Without any warning I stood before him. He looked up, and at the sight of me a dreadful look came over his face. He seemed to wake from a pleasant dream to a painful reality. He turned suddenly pale, and stammered something about my being 'very kind to come and meet him!' My anger burst out.

"'You were not occupied with thoughts of seeing me, I think. What is the secret motive that takes

you so often to Broxham?'

"Oh, Mary! I almost repented my words the next moment, when I saw how they had struck home. He did not speak for an instant, and then said, con-

"'You accuse me-of-of-

"'I accuse you of no great crime, perhaps,' I answered: 'simply that you find there are charms more powerful than mine that have made you forget the relation in which we stand to each other.'

"He turned away as if my words had stabbed him with their truth. When he turned, his face was

deadly pale.

"'I do not blame you. You and I seem to find our path very perplexing. Let us be silent now, lest we say bitter things hard to forget.'

"'Speaking or keeping silence will make little difference in what I feel.'

"'You are right.' Then, looking hard at me, he said, 'Do you love me, Constantia?'

"'Have I ever done anything to make you doubt my affection?' I answered; 'it is you to whom such questions should be addressed. I refuse to be a rival even for your friendship with such a woman as Mrs. Willoughby.'

"'Mrs. Willoughby!' he cried, almost, as it seemed, with amazement; and, looking at me a moment in silence, he added, 'You have a right to say what you like. I will answer you to-morrow.'

"So we parted.

"My aunt's maid has just come to my room to say that my aunt wishes me to go to her to speak to her before I go to bed. She is going to intercede for George, to try to adjust matters again. I suppose a peace will be patched up to-morrow. Alas! alas! Mary, I seem to care very little how things are settled. Adieu at present. Oh, if I could have you here, Mary !"

In the beginning of December came an earnest invitation from Constantia, backed by a formal but gracious note from Mrs. Madison, to Mary, to spend the Christmas at Lyncombe; and one frosty bright evening in the Christmas holidays Mary arrived, and found Constantia awaiting her in a pony-carriage at the station. The two girls met with rapturous delight; and yet, when they reached the privacy of Mary's bedroom, Mary held Constantia's hand and looked into her face with pitiful wistful eyes.

"Oh, Constantia, why do you look so changed? You have suffered so much. Where is your colour?

And your bright looks, where have they gone?"

Constantia sighed. "Have I changed so much, Mary? I feel ten years older since I saw you. But I have nothing to complain of now. George and I run on quite smoothly. After that talk in the park, we had a sort of explanation. He was very generous. He owned that he had given me cause for anger; but he assured me I had done him utter wrong in supposing he cared anything about Mrs. Willoughby. His generosity-his kindness-filled me with compunction; and so, Mary," said Constantia, "it's all right, and we are to be married in January."

Mary's bright eyes were full of tears of sympathy as she looked at Constantia's sad face. much puzzled, but inclined to the belief that Constantia loved her graceless cousin deeply. "I shall dislike this arrogant young man, who requires a tutor to teach him how to make Constantia happy," she said in her hot little heart.

"Have you said anything to Mr. Weston?" she asked aloud. They were standing opposite each other on the hearth, ready to descend to the drawingroom, as she spoke.

"No! oh, no, no!" said Constantia.

"Why so?" said Mary, holding her hand, as she would have moved away. "Surely, Constantia, he has remained your friend!"

"Oh! yes, a true friend; but, Mary, Mary, I think I am utterly morbid, and see everything in a distempered light. I cannot talk anything more of this just now. I cannot command myself; I shall cry. Pray let us go down-stairs."

"Forgive me, dear !" said Mary, greatly perplexed, and they went down-stairs. Constantia had regained her composure as they reached the hall, and ushered her friend into the brightly-lit drawing-room. On a low chair by the fire sat Mrs. Madison, a handsome placid-faced lady, and near her stood a dark-haired sallow young man, with striking keen brown eyes, and an alert thin figure. Before she had reached the hearth, and Mrs. Madison had introduced him as such, Mary had decided in her own mind that this was Mr. Weston.

"My son is apt to be a little unpunctual, and is not yet down-stairs," said Mrs. Madison. "Ah, here he comes."

At the same moment a young man entered from the back drawing-room, and Mary's heart gave a bound, and then stood still, as she recognised in George Madison, and her friend's lover, her strange protector and fellow-traveller.

I am not called upon to say what his thoughts were. As he approached Mary his face had turned pale, but into his eyes had sprung the look which the eyes of a man might wear who has found some precious thing which he deemed lost for ever. The evening seemed to pass to him like a dream, a dream from which he should wake, but which was exquisitely sweet while it lasted. It was enough that he might speak to Mary unhindered, that some sweet strange fate had brought her near to him again, just when he had succeeded, as he thought, in manfully avoiding all chances of seeing her, and in breaking the charm which her sweet face, her bright, innocent, clever little self had thrown round him.

Mary, woman-like, was not so entirely absorbed in her own emotions. She was thinking of Constantia, and puzzling her little brains over the question: What was the meaning of that sudden light in Mr. Weston's eyes, as he looked at Constantia? What was the meaning of the passionate tones of his voice as he sang the song Constantia prescribed? The look of gloom and sadness that settled on his face when he was not speaking, and which he shook off with such an effort?

When the two girls went to their room that night, a curious sort of embarrassment fell over them as they seated themselves near the fire for that delightful chat which bosom friends of nineteen and twenty feel is the crown of an evening's entertainment.

"Well," said Constantia, throwing herself back in her chair. "Well, Mary, and what do you think of us all? You like George; he is very nice, is he not? Is he your idea of a lover?" She spoke with an attempt at gaiety which seemed to force the truth to Mary's lips. She suddenly sank down before Constantia, and clasped her hands.

"Constantia, Constantia! there is one person that does love you—who is breaking his heart about you. I do not mean your cousin."

"Mary!" Constantia had sprung to her feet, but Mary still held her hands.

"Yes, Constantia, Mr. Weston loves you."

Constantia snatched her hands away to cover her flaming cheeks. She covered her eyes, like a person dazzled with a sudden light.

"Loves me! loves me!" she repeated. "Oh, to be loved by such a man as that!"

She waited to say no more to Mary. She hurried away to her own room, pacing to and fro in a tumult of feeling, as the truth of Mary's words became clearer and clearer.

"And I—and I——" she said. "Oh, how I have wronged George! We have both been wrong, but I will speak the truth at last. He does not love me, I do not love him; not—not as I——" She could not finish that sentence.

She heard the library door close, and Mr. Weston go up to his room. George was still down-stairs and alone. She went out, down the stairs, and knocked at the library door.

"Please, George, may I speak to you a moment?" she said, very meekly.

"Why, Constantia!" he said, starting up, and changing colour, "What is it?"

"I could not wait even till to-morrow to tell you that I know we have both made a great mistake."

Then, very simply, very honestly, she made her confession, and told him she did not love him. It was easier to say this while in her inmost heart she felt assured that his love for her had really never swelled beyond the bounds of cousinly affection.

"And yet—you neverseemed more love-worthy than you do now," he said, as they parted. "You will let me kiss you—as my sister. I give up all other privileges."

They held each other's hands, and kissed, and he said, "God bless you," as they felt the sweet bond of the truer relation.

It took all George Madison's eloquence to bring his mother to consent to anything so preposterous as her niece being engaged to a penniless young man like Mr. Weston, whatever might be his abilities, and that, after Constantia's behaving so unpardonably to her son. But he succeeded at last, and it was this shock, perhaps, that prepared her for the still greater one that followed when he disclosed to her his own secret about Mary Bright.

It was one night, the night, in fact, before Mary left Lyncombe, that Constantia and she stood again on the hearth in Mary's room.

"Oh, Constantia," said Mary, looking at the glowing radiant face of her friend, "how different you look from the first night I came!"

"Oh, that miserable time," said Constantia. "How blind I was! George and I are better friends than ever we were. We are truly brother and sister, you know. Don't be vexed with me, Mary, if I say something. He told me to-day a secret—the secret of his going so often to Broxham; it was—think how ridiculous, Mary—it was to eatch a glimpse of some one in the train, just to 'gaze and sigh, and go his way.' You are not going to break his heart, are you, Mary? Poor George, he trembled, big fellow as he is, when he spoke of you. He is so good, the best man in the world—excepting one! Do you not think so, dear?"

"No," said Mary, looking down demurely; "not excepting any one!"

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GOD DWELLING WITH MEN

A PAPER FOR CHRISTMAS, 1879.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

"But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?"-2 CHRON, vi. 18.



all the many thoughts which crowd in upon our minds at Christmas-time thoughts of love, and peace, and blessing—there is none so overwhelming as the fact that God Himself has come to dwell with us. And yet, perhaps, in

the joy and excitement of the season—or it may be through the doubt and speculation so common in the present day—this is the thought which least is realised—"Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?"

We are not, however, to suppose that the question, when originally asked, was asked in Solomon believed what God had said to His people by Moses; he knew what He had The promise was, "I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will be their God." The glory of the Lord had filled the Tabernacle. He remembered also what God had sworn to his father David-"There will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." His question, therefore, was not one of doubt, but rather one of marvel and astonishment. He wondered such a thing could be, as any spot on earth to furnish a dwellingplace for God. The Holy and the Pure One to dwell in the midst of sin, and where the curse was resting! the Infinite to come down to the finite! He might rule from heaven over a rebel world, and bring it by judgment into subjection to His laws; but for the Almighty God, who fills the heavens, to take up His abode with sinful, weak, and perishing man-this was the wonder of wonders; this was the great mystery of godliness; this was the question answered at the earliest Christmas-tide, when, in the little earthen framework of a babe, He was found in the manger of Bethlehem.

But, great as the mystery of godliness undoubtedly is, the Word becoming flesh and dwelling among us—certain as we are that human thought could never have conceived or compassed such a thing—the more we meditate upon it, does not the wisdom of the plan convince us of its reality?

For how could we otherwise become acquainted with God, so as to know Him in His nature, His character, His attributes? Shall we listen to the speculations of philosophy—so very contradictory -to tell us about the Unknowable? Shall we adopt its theories of evolution and natural Shall we depend upon physical science for our knowledge of the Supreme Intelligence? Shall we only look for our knowledge of God to the study of nature? True, there is much to be learned and discovered from these. As the inspired Apostle says, "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." We rejoice, too, in the many discoveries made from day to day, in scientific research, the unfolding of fresh laws, the tracings of the Divine handiwork. But, after all, what comfort is there in this for my soul? what satisfaction if I come to die? I am like the child picking up pebbles on the shore, while the wide and fathomless ocean lies unexplored beyond. I want to know God, the relationship in which He stands to myself, His character, His attributes, His purposes in the world. I may be satisfied as to His eternal power and Godhead, but, unless I can understand how He will exercise these, they will only bring terror, as I think upon them. But God knows this great want of my soul, and, in order to meet it, He takes my nature upon Himself, He becomes Man. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Here is what I want first of all for my soul's comfort. I gaze

upon the Person of Emmanuel, and I see what I desire to apprehend, God with us. I listen to His blessed voice, and I hear what I desire to learn, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

But, again, were it not for the Incarnation, how could an atonement ever be made for man's sin? This is the next great want of the human heart, for when once I realise the relationship in which God stands to me, I wish to be assured that everything which would prevent me from enjoying that relationship has been removedthat there is nothing to separate between me and my God-that sin, in fact, which disturbs my conscience, which shuts me out from God's presence and favour, and which brings me under sentence of death, has been completely removed. Shall I listen to those who would tell me that God is a God of love and of mercy, and that I have only to repent and to throw myself upon His mercy? that anything like atonement is repugnant to the benevolence of God? that it would be unjust to allow the innocent to suffer for the But the same revelation which makes known to me that God is love, and that His mercy reacheth unto the heavens, assures me also that He is holy, and just, and true, and that His law, which I have broken many a time, says, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." To ask Him, therefore, to have mercy upon me, regardless of His law, would be to ask Him to set aside His justice and His truth. To seek to satisfy His law myself would be to accept the punishment threatened against my guilt, and the wages of sin is death. No, I want some one to take my place, to stand and suffer in my stead; some one who can meet the just demands of God's This is the want of my soul, and it is met in a way that human wisdom could not have The Son of God takes our nature conceived. upon Himself, to suffer and to die in our stead! God hath made Him to be sin for us Who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity Here is what I want for the comfort of my soul. It may be that which poor weak

human reason is unwilling to accept, but nevertheless it is God's provision of peace, and as I gaze upon the cross of Calvary, I hear Him say, "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

And once more. If it were not for the Incarnation, where should we find a life of holiness and purity to follow? We want some pattern of human excellence which shall form our guide as we go on to heaven. It is not enough to hedge our way with precepts and commands. Exampleis always better than precept. But when we look around us in the world, where shall we find the example that we need? The holiest, the best of men have all some weakness, some defect. There is no one who affords the perfect pattern we desire to see. This is a further want of man's heart, and we shall find it only in the Incarnation satisfied. We need the Son of God to take our nature, that He may reveal God to us and make the Father known. We need Him to become man in order that He may take the sinner's place, and make atonement for the guilt of man, we need Him as the Son of Man to live the life of heaven upon earth, in order that we may learn what purity of living is, that life of holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. And thus Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps. This is what we want. Some one to show the way, some one to be the way. Like the traveller called to cross a wide expanse of country covered with snow, in order to reach the city far beyond, he fears to journey forth, because of dangers hidden, and the deep morass. But once let him see the footprints in the snow of one who trod the way before, and all his fear is gone. He only has to take the steps the other took, and safety is insured. And so with us and Christ: He furnishes the pattern of human excellence, He leads the way to heaven. We have not to take a way of our own. laying aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, we have to run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus. All is made plain by Christ becoming Man.

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see in Him the life I ought to live. I see the grace is given to fulfil it, for He who went before says, "Follow Me."

These are the thoughts which come to us at Christmas-time, when, meditating on the Saviour's birth, we ask ourselves, "Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?" We see the necessity of the Incarnation in man's spiritual need, and the wisdom of the plan convinces us of its reality. We do not wish to have our minds disturbed by controversy looking at the question thus; but we are living in days when many are unsettled in the faith, and it is well to ask a reason for this wonderful event.

Oh, let us seek to be assured of this—a blessed thought for Christmas-time—that God has come to dwell on earth with men, and that He delights to make their hearts His dwelling-place. "For thus saith the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the High and Holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." The manner of His dwelling

has not always been the same, but His presence has been always to bring blessing to His people. Of old there was His angelic presence amongst them. "In all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them." Then there was His incarnate presence. "God manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." And now there is His spiritual presence. "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

This is indeed a blessed thought for Christmastime. Let us not fail, each one of us, to make it very practical. As we joy in receiving all our friends with happy welcome, let us not forget the One who is our best, our dearest Friend. "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." "He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation."

THE NEW MASTER OF ESDAILE.



T was the twenty-fourth of December, a dull cheerless afternoon, cold and damp and raw. The country looked dreary in the extreme, for it was not only unenlivened by any ray of sunshine, but a thick mist prevailed, hiding whatever distant prospect there might be, and disclosing only a monotonous succession of field and hedgerow, with here and

there a few clumps or rows of trees. The roads were already muddy, owing to the rain which had fallen in the night, and now, to make matters still worse, it began to drizzle in an uncomfortable manner.

The only object visible at this moment on the road leading from the smoky manufacturing town of Workingborough to the village of Esdaile was a private carriage, in which was seated a young man, who, to judge by his numerous wraps and mufflers, found the weather unpleasantly cold and chilly.

"This miserable English climate!" he murmured, as he leaned forward to take a look out of the window at the dreary landscape; as much of it, that is to say, as the fog would allow him to see. After a glance, he sank back again, with a deepening look of dejection on his face, whilst he drew his wraps closer round him with a shiver.

At length they reached the village. As they drove through it, some of the cottagers, in spite of the rain, came out and stood at their doors, casting eager glances towards the carriage, as if in hopes of getting a sight of its occupant. But if so, they must to a certain extent have been disappointed, for the object of their curiosity drew himself back into the farthest corner, as if shrinking from observation, whilst a shade of annoyance passed over his face.

It was a singularly expressive face—one which reflected every passing feeling within, more than its owner was at all aware. It was a beautiful face, too, with regular, clearly-cut features, large dark eyes, which sometimes burnt and glowed, and at other times were soft and luminous; a sensitive mouth, around which occasionally played the sweetest of smiles, whilst, perhaps more frequently, the lips were compressed as if from pain; altogether, a face upon which few eyes ever rested without turning to glance at it again, as though irresistibly attracted by it in spite of themselves. Some were struck by the sadness of its look, others by its intellectuality; some said it was the face of a poet, others of an artist; but most agreed that Nature seemed to have given it to him as a sort of

compensation for the figure she had bestowed on him. For Hugh Capel was hump-backed, and sensitively alive he was to his deformity.

Yes, that was the drawback in his lot-a lot that otherwise many might have been disposed to envy. Having reached his majority, he had just come into possession of a snug estate, situated in one of the midland counties; and thus, with ample means at his command, he had his life before him to carve as he chose. He was his own master, free to rove in foreign countries if he preferred, or to enjoy his position as a landed proprietor-a position which would have all the charm of novelty to him, as, though he had inherited a fair fortune from his father, he had not been born heir to this property, which had come to him in an unexpected manner, through the early deaths of several who had a prior claim to it. The last owner had been only a very distant cousin, whom Hugh had never seen in his life; neither had he ever visited Esdaile, until he now came to take up his abode at the Hall as its master.

Naturally the villagers were anxious to get a peep at the new squire, and had they known beforehand of his coming, would have received him in a very different manner. But it was not till the carriage passed through the village that afternoon, on its way to the station, that they had the least suspicion he was expected before Christmas; and great, then, was the disappointment of at least the youngsters to find that all their anticipations connected with triumphal arches, ringing of bells, fireworks, and possible feasting, were doomed to end in nothing. But Hugh, to whom publicity of any sort was hateful, had purposely kept the time of his arrival secret.

At length the Hall was reached, where Hugh found himself received with a bright face of welcome by Eleanor Capel, his only sister, and his senior by some years. She had preceded him to Esdaile, in order to be there to greet him on his arrival. It was two years now since they had met, during which period Hugh had been travelling on the Continent, spending much of his time in sunny Italy, whence he had returned reluctantly, in consequence of his sister's earnest representations with regard to the new duties which now, upon his coming of age, had devolved upon him. Left orphans when quite young, Hugh had been accustomed to look up to this elder sister, and to yield to her influence more than to that of any one else. He relied upon her judgment, and loved her with the truest affection.

"Here I am, you see, Eleanor, come in answer to your call; but I have begun to repent already, for I never saw such a dreary place in my life," he exclaimed, as he flung himself into an easy-chair in front of a noble fire in the library, whither his sister had led him.

"You mustn't judge of it by what you have seen to-day. Wait until the sun shines before you form your opinion of it. The weather this afternoon is depressing, I own."

"Everything is depressing," sighed Hugh, "every-

thing except the sight of you," and he drew her towards him in a brotherly embrace.

She responded to it warmly, but with a playful protest against the former part of his remark.

"Do you think it is right of you to make such a speech?" she said, with a smile. "A fortunate young fellow like you—as every one would say—come back to take possession of a place any one would be glad to own."

"A fortunate young fellow!" he echoed, with a ring of bitterness in his tones. "Can any one look at me and call me a fortunate fellow?"

Eleanor laid her hand on his arm with a gesture of sympathy. Without directly replying to his remark, she began—

"Hugh, dear, I am so longing to know how things are with you; for one can gather so little from letters. You do not often let me have a peep into your inner self in them."

"And you would not much like it, if I did," he answered.

"Is it still the same story?" she asked, in a low voice. "Is the burden still as heavy to carry?"

Her eyes, which were a look of tender concern in them, were fixed on his face as she awaited his reply.

"Heavier, I think; heavier every day. How can it be otherwise? How can a fellow help feeling it?"

"No, you can't help feeling it. I know the trial it is to you, for I have borne it with you all your life. I have felt it for you almost as much, I believe, as you have felt it yourself. It was one of my childish griefs—and I often had a cry over it—to see the brother who was all the world to me growing up so different from other boys, who were strong and straight, and grew tall and big. I used to have many a heart-ache over it. But I think I have come to see something of the meaning of it, and it reconciles me to it all."

"What new meaning have you come to see?" Eleanor answered slowly, gazing meantime into the fire with a dreamy look, "I seem to see in it the

the fire with a dreamy look, "I seem to see in it the Father's hand resting upon you, and setting upon you the same mark as upon His own beloved Son—the mark of suffering. He seems to be beckoning you by it to a special service, offering you a higher post than to some, giving you a more difficult part, a place in the front rank of the battle, but also preparing for you on that very account a richer reward."

She paused, but her brother did not speak.

"Oh, Hugh," she went on, fixing her earnest eyes on his face, "I do so want you to try and look off from the trial to Him who sent it—sent it for some deep, and wise, and loving purpose. Life is so short, and there is so much to be done, that there seems no time for sitting down to brood over the drawbacks in our lot, however great they may be. I do so long to see you choosing the nobler part, and, putting self aside, take your place in the world, and your share in the work to be done there. It will cost you more than most; but so much the more costly will be the

sacrifice in God's eyes. It is my love for you, dear Hugh, which makes me jealous lest you should lose the high honour to which God calls you. You don't mind my speaking like this, do you? You have always been accustomed to my sisterly lectures," she added, with a smile.

"Yes, I remember them of old," he rejoined, with a laugh. But a grave softened look had come into his face, and for the nex[†] few minutes silence fell upon them both.

The next morning, when Hugh—the business of dressing over—looked out of his window, he found all the fog of the preceding day cleared off, and the sun shining brightly upon the earth's white mantle of snow, for there had been a fall during the night.

way of getting to church, and draw upon himself the least observation. By walking he hoped to be able to slip in unnoticed; "unless you would rather drive," he added.

"Oh, no; I am always fond of a walk. I have already explored the neighbourhood enough to find that there are some charming rambles to be had here. And I am quite looking forward to some rides with you, Hugh. It will be delightful going back to old times, for I have had no one to ride with all this while you have been away."

Hugh was not to be allowed to slip into church as quietly as he wished, for a knot of villagers had collected in the churchyard, and another group in the porch, through which he had to make his way;



"'What new meaning have you come to see?'"-p. 39.

It seemed a regular old-fashioned Christmas Day—cold and bright and frosty.

Now that the mist had rolled away, he discovered a pleasing prospect lying before his eye. The park stretched far and wide in wavy undulations of greensward, with magnificent old trees standing singly or in groups, cresting the rising ground, and fringing the edge of the river, which wound its silvery way at the foot of the sloping hill-side. Looking in the opposite direction, and seen through a vista in the trees, the village church showed itself, whilst the slanting gables and ivy-covered chimneys of the clustering cottages could also be discovered at a little distance. The view was bounded by a range of low hills, with soft graceful outline, which appeared to melt into the horizon.

"It is only a little way to church, just across a corner of the park," remarked Eleanor at breakfast. "I suppose you will walk, Hugh?"

"Yes — oh, yes! certainly we will walk," he rejoined, after a pause, during which he had been debating in his mind which would be the quietest

whilst, as he walked up the aisle to the Hall pew at the top of the church, he could not but be conscious that all eyes were fixed upon him.

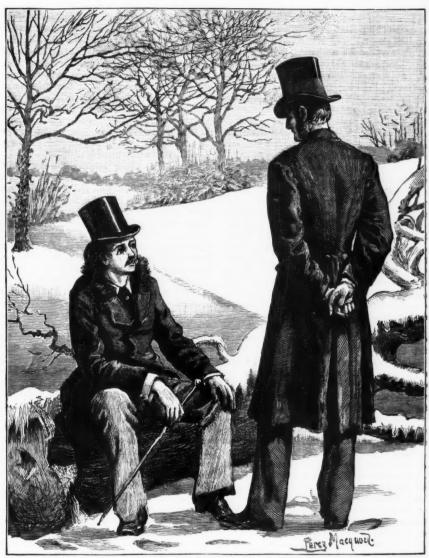
"It is perfectly intolerable, to be stared at like this!" was his angry mental comment. "I'll go back to Italy—I declare I will—if they behave like this. There, I can go about without anybody knowing or caring who I am, or troubling themselves about me; but to be made a gazing-stock to the whole village is simply unbearable."

In this ruffled frame of mind the first part of the service passed by almost unheeded by him. But, as the text was given out, his attention was arrested by the full rich voice which read out the words with a sort of triumphant ring in it, "A King shall reign." And then Hugh found himself listening, as it were in spite of himself, as the preacher went on to speak of the Royal Babe at Bethlehem, to whom all eyes were directed that day, and then dwelt upon the nature of His kingdom on earth; how that now it was an invisible one set up in the hearts of men, but its effects were visible; for wherever it was thus set up,

there, constrained by a mighty power, that heart bowed down and owned the Christ as Lord, obeying His laws, and yielding to His sway.

Then he spoke of the training for the kingdom,

went through before them. Over the very entrance to the path it was inscribed, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." But did the common soldier ever murmur at hardships which



"'Forgive my plain speaking,' he said."-p. 43.

and the path to it, which was the same for each member as had been that of the King's Son Himself; a path leading not to earthly greatness and glitter, but into the deep waters of that river through which every follower of the King must pass, and which He his prince or his captain shared with him? So the soldiers of the cross moved on unmurmuringly after their Leader, with their eyes fixed not upon present things, but upon the sure reward awaiting them; a triumph so grand, a rest so blessed, an inheritance so

rich, that its glory even now often dazzled their eyes with its radiance, and caused them to shout, as they trod the stony up-hill path, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

"My friends," he went on, with a deeper tone of earnest feeling-and Hugh caught his eye fixed on him, whether consciously or not he could not tell-"we look around and see trouble, pain, suffering, on all sides. We have most of us our own secret griefs or trials, ofttimes known only to ourselves, or at least the special weight and bitterness of them. Our heart sinks at the contemplation of all this suffering, and we ask ourselves the meaning of it.

"Upon the answer to the question all depends."

"For if we see in it the hand of the great Architect holding the chisel and directing the blows which are to shape and mould the rough stone till it is fit to take its place in the heavenly Temple, wherein shall be heard no sound of tool or hammer, but each prepared stone shall silently be fitted into its niche, then we gladly suffer the strokes-ay, then we pray the great Master Builder not to stay His hand or spare at our crying, for, were Hg to do so, what would be the alternative? Instead of being like polished stones, we should be as the rough unhewn block upon which no graving-tool has passed, left lying by the roadside as worthless and of no account. And when we remember that this work of polishing and chiseling must be done here, if it is to be done at all, then we gladly hail the sharp strokes which prove that the heavenly Sculptor is at work upon us, and we thank Him that He has not 'left us alone.' We cease to murmur : nav, we come to be 'exceeding joyful in all our tribulations.' Trial then becomes in our eyes a precious mark of God's favour; we look upon it as the distinguishing badge of His followers, and wear it as a subject wears the orders bestowed on him by his sovereign: It becomes a visible token of the invisible Hand which is resting upon us; the Hand which once belonged to the Man of Sorrows, and was pierced for us, but which now we recognise as that of our great King, holding out to us a crown of glory, for which He bids us strive.

"Let us but perceive the hidden meaning of it all, let us but look through the surface of outward things to those which lie beneath, and all becomes changed; a radiance from heaven gilds the cloud, the darkness is gone; the rebellion, the secret murmur, the restless impatience, all are stilled, and the sweet rest of joyful submission possesses our souls."

Much more he said, whilst Hugh sat and listened as he had never listened to a sermon before. It was not only that the preacher's voice and manner pleased him, but he seemed to be looking into the secret recesses of his soul, and answering questions that had often arisen there. For many a time had he asked himself, "Why am I thus? Why am I marked out thus from my fellows-an object of derision to some, of pity to others? Why is my whole life to be one of

suffering, scarcely ever knowing what it is to be quite free from pain, never rejoicing in the full glow of manhood's health and strength? Why is this hard lot to be mine? Why should I more than others have this heavy life-long burden to carry?"

And when such questions had arisen, he had brooded ever them, yielding to the inward feelings of rebellion until all had grown dark in his soul, and life seemed a weary thing to him. He almost shuddered this morning, as he thought how black that darkness had been. But a new ray of light seemed breaking through the heavy clouds. His sister's words of the evening before had awakened new thoughts within him, and now the same ideas had been brought before him in another form. He longed to be alone, that he might think it out. Accordingly, parting from his sister at the church door, he struck into what seemed the most unfrequented path across the park, for the pur-

pose of having a solitary ramble.

The sun was shining brightly, the sky was of a deep blue, the air clear and frosty. The trees and shrubs were sprinkled with the newly-fallen snow, which sparkled and glistened in the sun's rays, whilst every blade of grass, every twig and stone, were all fringed with a delicate edging of hoar-frost, which imparted to them a new and magic beauty. All outward influences were cheering and exhilarating, and Hugh's sensitive nature was keenly alive to externals. But somehow the sunshine seemed to be stealing into his heart as well, and that was very different from having it merely shining without. How different trial looked viewed in this new light! Instead of being a thing to be shunned, and murmured at, and rebelled against, it was a thing to give thanks for; it was a special honour, a signal blessing, or meant to be such. He had felt before that to be exempted from suffering was the blessing, but now it seemed that the opposite held good. The crowd might be left alone, but on all those singled out from the crowd for special service this mark was set. So it was loveall love, from beginning to end! And how had he been requiting that love?

His meditations were interrupted at this point by an approaching footstep. Looking up, he perceived it was the rector, Mr. Forrester. They had both come unexpectedly upon one another; but now, meeting thus face to face, it seemed to John Forrester's frank nature the natural thing to introduce himself, and turn and walk a few steps beside the new squire. It was impossible for any one to resist his genial manner, and Hugh's reserve soon melted away under its influence. Before very long he found himself giving utterance to the thoughts which had laid such hold upon him, and discussing them with his new friend.

By this time they had reached a spot where some trees had lately been felled; Hugh, tired with his walk, seated himself upon one of the prostrate logs, whilst his companion remained standing opposite to him, his hands behind his back, as he continued the conversation. Hugh thus got a better view of him than he had had before. How he admired him as he stood there, the picture of health and strength, tall, broad-chested, fine looking, with a face so true and open that one glance at it was enough to inspire a stranger with confidence in him, whilst his powerful frame and the firm lines of his mouth told of power both physical and moral.

"What can you know of suffering?" broke from his lips, involuntarily, as his eye took in all this. "You look as if you had never known a day's illness

or trouble in your life."

"Still I have suffered," returned the other, in an altered voice, whilst a shadow passed over his face; "suffered deeply, and had to wrestle long with my sorrow. But, thank God, light came at last. The sorrow still remains, but I look upon it now as a heavenly visitant."

Hugh wondered what had been the grief which had so deeply moved the strong man, but he dared not ask. The next moment, however, Mr. Forrester

continued-

"It is often harder to see those we love suffer than to suffer ourselves. That has been my lot; to see my boy-the pride of my heart, and the only child the young wife I buried years ago left behind to remind me of her-suddenly struck down by an accident in the full flush of boyhood's strength and restless activity, and rendered a helpless little invalid. Oh, how hard it was at first to yield, and not rebel even in thought! But my boy and I are learning together the lesson of submission; and though he seems to outstrip me, and master it so much more readily, yet I can speak from what I have felt of the sweetness of 'lying still' and having no will but God's. I have told you this," he went on, "to show you that in talking of trial I do not speak of that of which I have known nothing. But enough of myself."

"You don't know what a help your words are to me," exclaimed Hugh, impulsively. "But I have never even tried to learn that lesson yet," he added, honestly. "I have done nothing but fret and murmur all my life long at the heavy cross laid on

me."

"Now you will take higher ground," returned Forrester, confidently, as he gazed with a look of manly sympathy into the earnest upturned face, so beautiful, but so delicate and fragile-looking, with the stamp of pain set on every feature, whilst the eyes were glowing from intensity of feeling. "You will now go and trade with this talent of yours."

"What talent?"

"I look upon pain and suffering, of whatever kind, as a talent bestowed on us by God, and to be used for Him, just like any other gift. Those who have endured most are the best qualified to minister to others; for those who have passed through fiery trials emerge from them endued with a new sense, so to speak—a firmer and more delicate perception, which enables them to enter into and understand the heart-needs of others in a way none can do who have not gone through the ordeal them-

selves. They have been educated in God's upper school. But this education is given them not for themselves alone. Nothing ever is given us just for ourselves; and the talent will have to be accounted for. You, for instance, are fitted to do work which people with blunter sensibilities would only bungle over. Take heed how you despise the honour of this higher calling."

He paused, and Hugh remained silent. "Forgive my plain speaking," he said, with the courteous winning tones which found their way to most hearts. "I am a blunt man, and am apt to say frankly what

I think."

"My dear fellow, I only wish you or somebody had said these words to me years ago. But I am glad to think we are going to be neighbours, and I hope I shall see a good deal of you."

On entering the house, Hugh proceeded to the drawing-room, expecting to find his sister alone; but a young lady was sitting with her, whom Eleanor

introduced to him as Miss Howard.

"We met at the church door and walked home together," she explained. "Miss Howard and I are almost old friends by this time, and she has been telling me about some of the village people to whom she is going to introduce me. I assure you she has her head full of schemes of usefulness, in which we are to aid her. She has laid out work for us both in her own mind," she added, smiling.

Hugh glanced at the visitor with an amused smile, for her confusion at his sister's words had brought a bright colour into her cheeks, and a shy look into her soft eyes. It was a fair young face, open and transparent as the day, and with plenty of character

in it, too.

"And what is my part to be?" he asked. "You must take into consideration my capabilities, or rather my want of them, before you decide," he added.

A quick involuntary change came over the smiling face, and an almost mournful look into the girl's eyes, as they rested for the moment upon the misshapen figure. But quickly recollecting herself,

she replied, laughingly-

"I don't think it lies with me to make the decision. Mr. Forrester will be better able to do that. But I know how much he has been hoping that the new owner of Esdaile might be some one who would help him in his plans for the good of the people, and not throw cold water upon them as the last ones have done. Oh, there are such a number of things I should so like to do, if I had only the power."

"And meantime you think you will try and stir up other people to the doing of them?" said Hugh, good-humouredly. "Well, I expect you will find

my sister ready enough to abet you."

"And not you?" There was a tone of disappointment in the voice which did not escape Hugh, but without replying, he turned the conversation into another channel.

And May Howard went home, foolish girl, to be

haunted in her waking thoughts and in her dreams that night, by the beautiful countenance and unshapely figure of the young master of Esdaile, whilst his mind reverted more than once to the sweet face and earnest manner of the young girl who seemed to be so full of plans of work to be done for others. "She is in deep mourning," he pondered to himself. "I wonder if she, too, has had some great heart-sorrow, and, like Mr. Forrester, has learnt through it the secret of ministering to others."

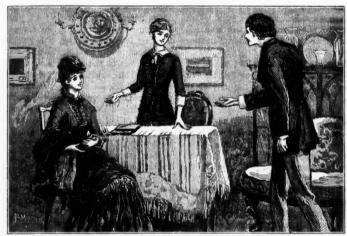
"Eleanor," he exclaimed, rather abruptly, that evening, as they sat together over the fire after dinner, "I have been a selfish wretch all my life! Yes, don't stop me; you know I have. I have just lived for myself, considering that my misfortune exempted

you think you had better get over the first effort without delay, and make a start in the right direction? The first step will be the hardest; every one after that will be easier and easier."

"And what scheme have you been concocting in your busy mind? For I see you have some plan you

are longing to propose."

"It is not only my idea; it was Miss Howard's as well. You see, Hugh, the villagers have been very disappointed at your way of coming amongst them. They had meant to receive you with all kinds of demonstrations, and the younger members of the community had counted on plenty of fun, and bonfires, and that sort of thing. But you shrank from it, and said you would have none of it."



"A young lady, whom Eleanor introduced to him as Miss Howard."-p. 43.

me from the duties of life, and entitled me to spend my days in idleness and self-pleasing. I asked what else could be expected from me. For I shrank so from mixing with my fellows, as you know. I hated to be observed and criticised and pitied, and only asked to be let alone. I have been wrong in this; I see it now."

"Hugh, dear, I am so glad to hear you say this! For you will not stop there, will you? You will come out now and fill the duties of your position. You won't be content with giving of your wealth for the good of those around, but you will give your personal influence as well. I know how much it will cost you to come forward publicly in any way, but if you are called to it, you will not refuse the sacrifice, will you? It will be your offering to the King."

Hugh was silent, but it was a silence which seemed to give consent.

Eleanor went on. "When we have made up our minds to a thing which seems to be right, the best way is to act at once, before we grow cold. So don't

"Ay, it is true. I was thinking only of myself and my own private feelings, and quite overlooking theirs. How abominably selfish of me! I see now; I ought to have put myself aside, and thought, instead, of giving them pleasure. Well, it's never too late to mend, is it? Tell me how I can make it up to them, Eleanor."

"Don't you think, as it is Christmas-time, you might indulge them in some sort of festivities? Could you not give a dinner to the tenants, and a treat to the school-children, and another to the parents, and take your own part in entertaining them, by going about amongst them, letting them know you, and trying to know them? What pleasure you might give in that way! And, Hugh, dear, the pain and effort it will cost you will be more than made up to you by the Master for whose sake you do it."

"I won't think of myself any more. I have done that far too long already. So it shall be as you suggest, Eleanor. Let us see about it at once."



"Arranged her bridal toilet on the wedding morning."

"You dear old fellow!" exclaimed the elder sister, impulsively, "I never loved you so much or felt half so proud of you in all my life before."

"I think we must take Mr. Forrester into our councils," she went on; "and May Howard, too, for she knows all the people here so well."

"Has she always lived here, then?"

"She has for a long time. She used to keep her brother's house, but he died last year, and since that a distant relative has come to live with her; so she stands very much alone. But I think she is one of the sweetest girls I have ever seen; and she has so much character in her, too. Though she is only nineteen, I feel in many ways as if she were as old as I am myself. She will be delighted to hear what you are going to do, Hugh; for she is so interested in all the people and the children."

Hugh did not waver in his resolution to follow the plan suggested by his sister. Mr. Forrester and May Howard were delighted to lend their aid in forwarding the matter, and more than one merry consultation was held at the Hall by the four, who formed themselves into a little committee to arrange all the details of the various entertainments. The tenants' dinner came first, at which Hugh presided, seconded by the rector. It passed off beautifully, and the young host won all hearts by his courteous bearing and gentle manner. No one, not even Eleanor, knew quite all it cost his shy, sensitive, shrinking nature to face so many strangers, and move among them, the one object of attention to whom all eyes were directed; for, of course, the new squire was the lion of the evening. But he was longing to act a nobler part than he had hitherto done, and had made up his mind that self should be sacrificed and thrust out of sight, cost what it might.

Then came the school-children's treat. That was a still more trying ordeal. When he first entered the room where they were all assembled, and found himself greeted with prolonged cheers, whilst innumerable little eyes peeped and peered inquisitively, and heads were twisted and necks stretched to get a good look at the new-comer, he felt inclined to turn and flee, and hide himself anywhere out of sight. It was a relief at this trying moment to see a familiar face among the throng, and he turned to accost Miss Howard.

With an animated look she returned his greeting, saying, "You little know, Mr. Capel, the delight you are giving all these children. I expect they will remember this evening all their lives. For a Christmastree is a thing many of them have never seen, and their expectations are raised to the highest pitch. And I am certain they won't be disappointed when the longed-for moment arrives. But for the present, you see they are engrossed with the business of tea. I must go and see if my help is wanted."

Hugh's eyes followed her as she moved about, speaking a pleasant word to one or giving a nod to

another, whilst he noticed how each young face brightened as she came near. "They all seem to know her, and to love her too. And I don't wonder," he said to himself. "Who wouldn't love her?"

The Christmas-tree was a great success, and gave unmitigated delight. Hugh presented the gifts himself, the Committee having urged the necessity of his so doing; and as he saw the kindling look of pleasure on the face of each young recipient as he handed over the present destined for him or her, his own heart caught the glow of joy, and he realised the meaning of the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

He was completely tired out when all was over, and could do nothing but lie on the sofa for the rest of the evening; but he had rarely, if ever, felt so happy in his life, as he owned to his sister.

"It is a luxury I have never tried before, that of giving pleasure to others; but now I have once tasted it, I shall be wanting to taste it again."

Twelve months had nearly passed away, and Christmas was again approaching. The year had seen many a scheme of usefulness set on foot by Mr. Forrester, aided by Hugh, in whom he ever found a willing generous helper. But there was one plan which had originated with Hugh himself, and that was a home for patients suffering from spinal complaints. It was already in course of erection, in a pleasant situation on the outskirts of the park, near the village. Its founder hoped it would be ready to be opened by the summer, and that it might afford a comfortable retreat to many who might be pining for lack of fresh country air, shut up in the noisy overcrowded city of Workingborough.

Hugh was a happier man than he had been a year ago. Instead of morbidly brooding over his own trials, he was learning to enter into those of others, and to forget himself in so doing. His own special cross still weighed upon him, but he looked upon it in a different light now. He had begun to perceive something of the hidden meaning of suffering, and no longer wished to escape from the refining process, painful though it might be.

A new joy was awaiting him in the coming year. Before the Home would be ready to be opened, his own was to be brightened by the coming of a young bride, who was no other than May Howard. Overlooking his one personal drawback, which Hugh himself had always thought would prove an insurmountable barrier in the way of his winning any one's affections, she loved him for himself—for all that was noble and true and unselfish in his nature. These, and many other happy reflections, employed May's mind, as a chosen friend arranged her bridal toilet on the wedding morning.

On the same day on which they were married, Eleanor Capel and John Forrester also became man and wife.

Good Tidings.—Christmas Carol.





"WHO'S BOSS HERE?"

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE OILED FEATHER," "DINAH'S FIDDLESTICK," ETC.



HE little town, if town it might be called, of Cumberstone was put one Christmastime into a state of great bewilderment by a letter which was received by one of the worthy inhabitants thereof.

An old lady of the name of Pritchit had received a letter from foreign parts —that, in itself, was enough to excite

the curiosity of Cumberstone. Few letters came to Cumberstone, or went from it destined to travel much beyond the county; but now, one to come all the way from America—and come, of all people in the world, to Mrs. Pritchit, who, as a rule in life, never got a letter of any kind!

But, if the bare arrival of the letter was a wonder, the contents thereof were much more wonderful still, and set the people of Cumberstone guessing for many a long day. Who was it from? what did it say? had Martha Pritchit come in for a fortune in her old age? had some old relation never heard of before suddenly turned up? or, better still, had his will turned up? and, on the strength of the last supposition, several who, up to the present, had never shown the old lady any particular civility, offered to drop in and take a cup of tea with her, or asked her to drop in on them.

Curiosity was still more excited by Mrs. Pritchit's declining to let any one into the secret of the contents of the letter; and moreover, by her assuming a certain air of importance quite out of her usual style. It was known from the draper that she had ordered a new cloak, and from the grocer that she indulged in pudding-eggs. The landlord of the "Four-in-Hand" informed the public that she had driven out in a fly; and altogether the course of good Mrs. Pritchit's life was sufficiently disturbed to warrant the conclusion of the public (if anything will warrant our meddling with our neighbours' affairs) that that letter contained some important information, in all probability greatly to the advantage of Mrs. Martha Pritchit; and no doubt also of her adopted daughter, or we might also say grand-daughter, who lived with her.

All attempts to extract from Mrs. Pritchit the contents of this letter were in vain; all that she would let out was that it came from America, and from her grand-nephew, whom she had brought up.

All this made the people of Cumberstone more unsettled and fidgety under their present state of ignorance, for most of them had formerly known Humphrey Pritchit; and it was only five years since he left Cumberstone.

And Humphrey had not left under the most favourable of circumstances. True he was a smart clever fellow at his trade, but he was of a lawless and overbearing disposition. Humph. Pritchit could not take a word from any one; he had not borne the yoke in

his youth, and he did not intend to bear it either; and so, after an interchange of hasty words between himself and his master about some trifle, Humphrey Pritchit took his departure from his grand-aunt's house, and was no more heard of until his whereabouts turned up, so far as the old lady was concerned, in this letter.

In this epistle Humphrey Pritchit informed his grand-aunt that he was living in New York, that he was connected with a large cabinet-making house there, and that the principal had the highest possible regard for him, and that he expected ere long to be a Boss, and then to come home for a while, and show them a thing or two. It was this latter statement that fired old Mrs. Pritchit's imagination, leading to the pudding-eggs, the new gown, and the drive in the fly. What a Boss was, she did not know, but evidently it was something very good, not unlikely something very great. She knew her Humphrey would come some day with something of this kind, His very fault-that of having too high a spirit-what was it, but his want to be in his proper place a little before his time! If Humphrey was pleased at being a Boss, it must mean something very good. Perhaps, as we called great people dukes, and marquises, and earls, and so forth, they called them Bosses in America. She had, indeed, once heard that there were no nobility there; no doubt it was because they had Bosses instead. And with this idea of a "Boss," the old lady connected money. Humphrey was coming home, and he would bring lots of money with him; and so she might venture to take something out of her savings, and launch out a bit. Hence, as I have said, the puddings and the gown, and, as coming events cast their shadows before them, the drive in the fly, which old Mrs. Pritchit meant to be merely a rehearsal of her drive out in her own or Humphrey's carriage-a carriage with a pair of greys, for less would not answer to the dignity of a Boss; and straight up in that carriage would she sit, as it became the grand-aunt whose grand-nephew was a "Boss."

The only one to whom old Mrs. Pritchit confided her secret, with all its speculations, and all its hopes, was her adopted grandchild, a girl of eighteen. To her, under the most solemn obligation of secrecy, she revealed all that was in her mind about Humphrey. And she told it all to willing ears. Minnie drank in greedily all that was said about Humphrey Pritchit. For she and Humphrey had lived for a long time together; and Minnie had reason for hope that Humphrey cared for her; and she had more than good reason to think that she cared for him. But Humphrey had never said anything to her, though he had looked suspicious many a time; and in love women weave strong fabrics out of cobwebs, and can build mountains out of a few sand-grains.

Perhaps there might have been something more between them if Humphrey had had it all his own way; if he had been domineering and Minnie yielding; if he had all the touch-paper, and gunpowder, and the burning stuff on his side, and if Minnie had only felt that she had been sent into the world to be blown up with a meek and quiet spirit; but Minnie Oakes had a little touch of spirit in her of her own, and if driven to it could make no small bang on her own account. But let Minnie Oakes have her due. She had a loving heart, and a willing

condition of mind on what a Boss might be, vaguely believing that it was something very fine, and that something very grand would come of it; and much of her energies she spent in impressing this on Minnie.

But to the girl the matter was not by any means so easily disposed of. Many questions of great interest to her personally were closely connected with it. She tried to keep them down, but they would ever keep starting up. Suppose Humphrey became a Boss, and suppose he returned to England in that



"Looking over the edge of his tea-cup."-p. 50.

hand, and there was no one with whom a kind word went further; and Humphrey Pritchit knew all this. And no doubt it was because of this that Humphrey had kept a bachelor so long. No one had actually proposed to him in America, except one lady of independent means, and who meant to be independent, but she was twenty-two years too old for him; and without much injury to his health, Humphrey got over the affair without getting married. In truth, Minnie was never long absent from his mind; and this had very much to do with his desire to return to England again.

Now to Minnie Oakes this subject of the Boss-ship of Humphrey Pritchit meant much more than it did to old Mrs. Pritchit herself. The latter—worthy old lady!—was quite content to remain in a very fuddled

character, how would it affect her? Would he still think of her as he used to do, or would he be too grand? Should she ever catch him looking not at his plate, but at her, when she looked up suddenly at dinner; and would he be looking over his tea-cup in her direction when, if it was true that people can only do one thing at a time, he ought to be drinking, or was believed to be drinking his tea?

Then, even if he came back with the old thoughts and feelings, was she fit to be his wife, if he had become so grand? and if he did marry her, what would she be? She knew that the wife of a duke was a duchess; would the wife of a Boss be a Bossess? if Humphrey were a male Boss, she must, if she married him, be a female Boss; and altogether it was very strange.

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CHAPTER II.

A FEW months passed away, and there came another letter from Humphrey Pritchit. It stated that, according to his expectation, he had become a Boss, and was now in possession of some money, with which he intended to come home forthwith, and see how the old folk in Cumberstone were. The letter was written in a very off-hand kind of style, which old Mrs. Pritchit took to be what was quite suitable to her grand-nephew's new position in life; indeed, it made her expect still greater things when he should make his appearance in Cumberstone. But it did not reassure Minnie Oakes. True! Humphrey had always been dictatorial, and would have no master but himself; but now, if one might judge by the general tenor of this letter, he was more in that line than ever. But Humphrey Pritchit was H. P., and that to her was a great deal. Indeed, Minnie Oakes found herself much more glad at the idea of the young man's return than she could account for, except on the supposition that she loved him.

There were other indications which pointed the same way—"A feather shows how the wind blows." Why did Minnie Oakes re-trim this dress, and after that? why did she buy that blue ribbon? why that lace collar? why did she do many little things which, as I am not a woman, I don't understand at all? In truth, they were to make herself as worthy of a Boss as she could, though how far and how lamentably this might come short, she could not tell.

Time seemed to Minnie Oakes to drag but slowly on while the great man was coming; but then she reflected that Humphrey was a great man now, and that great men generally do not hurry themselves. It was the little people who had to do the hurry-scurry and flurry of life; the big ones were meant to take it easy. "If I were a duchess," said Minnie, "I would take it easy." Humphrey was a Boss; why shouldn't he take it easy? And if she became a Bossess, or Mrs. Boss, or Lady Boss—which it was to be she did not know—still, if she became any one of them, no doubt she would take it easy too.

At last the happy day drew near. A letter came from Liverpool to say that Humphrey Pritchit had landed there, that he had some business to do in London, and would be in Cumberstone that day week or thereabouts. This letter only confirmed the ideas of the old woman and the young as to the grandeur of Humphrey's new position. It was much more in character with a Boss's importance to do a little circumlocution, and not come to the point—or in this instance, to the place—at once.

At last Humphrey Pritchit arrived in Cumberstone. It is true the parish bells were not rung, nor were there any triumphal arches to greet him; but the quaint little old house where his grand-aunt lived was swept and garnished; and the old lady herself and the young maiden, so to speak, were swept and garnished too. That blue ribbon and lace collar were well to the fore; the fatted calf, in the form of a tremendous turkey, was killed, and was now ready to administer

to his Bess-ship, with gravy and stuffing. All around bore the look of preparation; and his Boss-ship had the pleasure of being informed that it was all for him, and he was satisfied. Minnie Oakes could see that, and that was some comfort. He was capable, then, of being pleased, and that with such simple things as they could afford; and that was a great point in itself.

Minnie Oakes could not tell whether it was owing to his being now a Boss or not, but Humphrey's appearance was certainly improved. A crisp curling beard clustered about his chin; his face had filled out, and so had his limbs; his hair was longer than it used to be when he left Cumberstone, and it seemed to curl still better; and there was the old fire in his eye, and the strong set determination about the mouth and chin. As to Humphrey's nose, it was still the sharp-ridged slightly-hooked nose, which added a good deal to the determined though handsome appearance of the young man.

From all Humphrey Pritchit's manner, it was plain that to be a Boss was to be a somebody. His whole way had a determination and authority and imperiousness about it which evidently-in Mrs. Pritchit's ideas, at any rate-suited some high estate. Minnie Oakes could not fail to notice it, but after all it was only the old Humphrey-only a little more order-all and impatient than he used to be. Minnie Oakes was only too ready to make allowances for Humphrey, especially as the latter soon recommenced his old and peculiar habits of drinking tea. Perhaps Minnie's opinions were ready to be swayed a good deal one way or another by how he behaved himself at that particular meal. Humphrey Pritchit was caught so often looking over the edge of his cup, that at last, like all culprits, he ceased to be

One cannot keep for ever being about doing a thing and not doing it, though there have been some examples of that course of proceeding. It was not destined, however, so to be with Humphrey Pritchit. The pitcher that goes too often to the well is broken at last. The man that looks over his tea-cup too often may look once too much. This happened to Humphrey Pritchit, and he was married within six weeks. Every one prophesied great things for the future of young Mrs. Pritchit, and she did a little prophesying in this way for herself too.

There was only one alloy to her happiness, and that was the uncommunicativeness of her husband as to his Boss-ship and his going back to America.

It was an extraordinary thing that he never spoke on these subjects farther than to say that he was going back when it suited his convenience; and as there was money enough forthcoming for present expenses, Minnie did not like to press her husband too hard. Still, there were times when she felt hurt, and some times when she felt a little anxious as to what would be her lot in the end. Meanwhile, they lived with old Mrs. Pritchit, who nodded and winked and blinked over her knitting, and generally felt

herself much more important than she used to do; although, farther than that she lived with a real live Boss in her house, she did not know the reason why.

Week after week, month after month, passed away; and at last Minnie Oakes, who had a decided spirit of her own, though she had hitherto kept it to herself, began to urge her husband to let her know something more of his position. If by being a Boss's wife she were equal to a duchess, she ought to know it; and if a Boss were not such a great thing after all, why, she was quite willing to face the disappointment so long as she had her husband, and his heart were one with hers, and they had a common interest. She felt it was not altogether just to herself, that she should be in her present position. The looking over the edge of the tea-cup stage of life and love had passed, and things had now settled down to sober serious carnest, and they ought to become matterof-fact, and no mistake. Accordingly, just as long ago Delilah urged Samson until his soul was vexed, so Minnie urged Humphrey Pritchit until he began to get angry; and his temper, which had recently been getting more domineering than ever, now at last showed itself in its true colours.

At last there was a regular blow-up. Money had evidently been getting scarce, which made the Bossship more mysterious than it had hitherto been, and began even to surround it with some doubt; and Minnie said she would have the matter out with him. And so she had.

"Humphrey," said Mrs. Pritchit, jun., standing with her arms a-kimbo opposite him, "I don't believe you ever were a Boss."

Humphrey put his arms a-kimbo, and answered, "I was."

"Humphrey, I don't believe you are a Boss."

Humphrey replied, "Whether you believe it or not, I am."

"Humphrey, what is a Boss?"

"I'll tell you when we go into our own house."

"Our own house! Why, we're in it now."

"No, we're in my grand-aunt's. We're going next week to a place of our own."

"I never heard a word about it."

"There was no need that you should."

"Don't I count for anything?"

"Not for much."

"How can you say 'a place of our own,' if I don't know anything about it?"

"Well, I'm not particular—'a place of my own' and you belong to me, and wherever I go, you'll go too—that is, if I like it. There's plenty of folk who would not like their wives to go with them."

"If those are the manners of a Boss, Humphrey, you're welcome to being one—whatever it may be; and, moreover, you're welcome to keep it to yourself."

"That's the very thing I mean to do," said Humphrey Pritchit; "I do mean to keep it to myself"

As this conversation went on, all Minnie's visions

of yet being some one great vanished gradually away, and a new light began to gather round the idea of a Boss. It was a reality, that she did not mean to deny, but there were such things as horrible realities, and a Boss was, after all, something terrible! But she had not time for thinking, for her husband said—

"I'm fitting up the place myself, and 'tis some little distance from here. It will be handier to sleep on the spot, when I shan't disturb other folk early in the morning. And I'll come and fetch you home this day week. And then," said Humphrey Pritchit, with a look—and she knew not why it should do so, but it burned into her woman's heart—"you shall know what a Boss is,"

The new abode was all that week to Minnie Pritchit like Bluebeard's closet. There was an awful mystery there.

On the appointed day Humphrey Pritchit fetched away his wife from the place where she had lived so long, and she went forth with a trembling heart. It was so far propitious that her husband came for her in a fly; but she could not but perceive that instead of asking her to do this or that, he simply ordered her to do it; and so the departure from old Mrs. Pritchit's was effected, and Minnie Pritchit at length entered her own house.

It was a humble cottage, somewhat scantily furnished; indeed, it might be said to have little more in it than what was barely necessary. And now the fly was dismissed, and Minnie Pritchit stood on the floor of her little sitting-room with her husband opposite her. She was drawing near to the revelation of the secret she had desired to know so long.

Humphrey Pritchit went over to the fire-place, and having told his wife to set a chair there, he deliberately deposited himself in it, and stretched out his legs before the fire, at the same time folding his arms, and looking altogether like a man who had made-up his mind to something.

Minnie Pritchit, who saw by her husband's look that he was not to be trifled with, stood where he motioned her to place herself.

At last Humphrey Pritchit broke silence, and, looking his wife full in the face, simply said, "'Boss' means' master.' "T is the Yankee word for master or head-man, and I'm Boss here. Now you know the secret, make the most of it; and if you take my advice, it will be, not by telling the neighbours, but by behaving yourself as you ought to do, and minding what you're told. When I was in America, I was not a Boss to be trifled with, and now that I'm back in England, I mean to be the same. There must be no doubt as to who's Boss here."

It would be hard to describe what young Mrs. Pritchit felt on that wonderful and unexpected announcement. She felt blown up and knocked down; she felt as though she could fly at Humphrey Pritchit, and as though she must run away from him; she felt as though her jaws must fall wide asunder with astonishment, and as though they must clench together while she ground her teeth with rage; and

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even if, instead of doing any one of these things, she did them all round, she felt this could not give any adequate idea of the state of amazement in which she was

Perhaps Minnie Pritchit might have said something which would have provoked her husband, if he had stopped any time in the room, and given her the opportunity; but the Boss, immediately after delivering himself of the utterances just mentioned, drew up his legs together, rose majestically from the chair, and strode out of the room as if he were worth how 't is done," repeated the words "'I'm Boss here," and got up.

But presently she sat down again, put herself in the same position, and said, "That's not all. Ah, yes! I remember now," and she repeated slowly and deliberately the last sentence of her husband's speech, "There must be no doubt as to who's Boss here."

There was no denying it, poor Minnie Pritchit led a very uncomfortable life of it in her new home. Besides the disappointment of having been disenchanted from her grand ideas in regard to being



"'What would you like, husband?' said Minnie."-p. 56.

ten thousand a year. He left his wife standing just where she was.

At last Minnie Pritchit came to herself, and, astonishing to relate, she was as cool as a cucumber. She simply rubbed her forefinger two or three times across her forehead, and finally let it rest on her nose while she was thinking. Then she said—

"So that's a Boss. Let me see; this is how he did it," and Minnie Pritchit seated herself before the fire, and looked as fierce and stern and commanding as she could. Then, as any woman would be bound to do under such circumstances, she made a little hysterical laugh—a very small one—firmly planted her two heels into the ground, set her arms a-kimbo for a moment, and simply muttering "That's

a Boss's wife, she had to experience manifold trials from the Boss himself. All her dreams of grandeur had come to nought, and many things connected with Boss-ship of which she had never thought had turned up. She never expected when she became a wife to be made a slave, but this was in truth her position now. There was nothing Minnie would not have done for her husband, if only he had asked her, and asked as if she were his wife and not his slave. But that was not his way; he gave his orders. Everything was an order; "do this," and "do that;" and "go here," and "go there;" and "I tell you this," and "I tell you that," and so on.

Often Minnie Pritchit's thoughts turned to America, and she wondered why her husband did not return thither, where he had been so well off. He was now jobbing here and there, and there was not always work; but even the most distant allusion to the subject seemed to sour his temper, and make him more tyrannical than ever.

The spirit, almost the very life, would have been crushed out of most women by the life which Minnie Pritchit led with her husband, who, as work grew worse, became more irritable; and thus all spirit might have departed from Minnie herself were it not for a certain tonic which she took every morning, and which seemed wonderfully to refresh her.

This tonic partook neither of the nature of pill nor draught, but consisted in a certain performance which the young woman went through as soon as her husband left the room after breakfast to go to his work.

As soon as Humphrey Pritchit was fairly out of the room, his wife set a chair before the fire, and after standing a moment or two beside it, generally with her finger on her nose in an attitude of deep meditation, proceeded deliberately to sit down in it. Then she folded her arms, and slowly and deliberately said out loud, in a voice loud enough to command a regiment of horse, "I'm Boss here." Then she paused a while, then added, with equal deliberation and decision, "There must be no doubt as to who's Boss here."

After that, Minnie Pritchit got up, and the performance, it must be confessed, always seemed to do her a great deal of good; at least, so far as keeping up her spirit, and enabling her to endure all that her husband, in the capacity of her Boss, inflicted on her from day to day. It was not a pleasant look, or a holy look, or a womanly look, or such a look as I should like to see in my wife's face, that was to be seen on Minnie Pritchit's, but it was a look of quiet determination—somewhat dark and hard—a kind of look out of which one could not expect anything pleasant, or homelike, or wifelike, or Christlike to come. Still, it seemed to have a certain effect on the person on whose face it was, and that is all we have to do with it now.

At last, as work got slacker and slacker, and Humphrey Pritchit became more and more irritable, his wife's sullen silent obedience began to vex him. She seemed, indeed, to be his slave, but it was not enough for the Boss-ship of his nature to have a silent unresisting obedience; there seemed not to be anything, so to speak, worthy of his Boss-ship to work upon. Often he tried to irritate his wife, but she kept her temper; often, it is true, with a bitten lip, but generally in the remembrance of her morning performance before the fire, and in the prospect of repeating the same next day again.

Things cannot, however, always go on in the same round—there must come a break some time; and at length one came in the domestic affairs of Humphrey Pritchit and his wife.

"Dinner can't be to-day until half-past one, so there is no use in your coming home before then," said Minnie Pritchit, as her husband was going forth after breakfast to his work.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mrs. Pritchit, that I can't have dinner at any hour I like in my own house?" answered Humphrey Pritchit. "I should like to know who's Boss here? If I order my dinner at twelve, it must be at twelve; or at six, it must be at six, or any other hour I choose to name. If I say it is to be roast, it is to be roast; or boiled, it is to be boiled; or pickled, it is to be pickled. I should like to know whether you or I am Boss here? Things are coming to a pretty pass when a man can't have when he likes and what he likes in his own house."

"Well, our only saucepan is broken, and it can't be mended before half-past twelve to-day, and then it has to be fetched; and what we have for dinner to-day is a boil, so it can't be done; 't isn't my fault, but it can't be done."

"Listen to me, Mrs. Pritchit," said her husband.
"A Boss is a Boss, and no mistake; and a woman's Boss is her particular Boss, there's no mistake in that either. Now I'm a Boss, and I'm your Boss, and you have dinner to-day at one e'clock sharp, and let me see that 't is a good one too."

"Then you had better give me money to buy it with," said Minnie Pritchit, bitterly; "for your boil, even when you get it, is only a bit of dough and dripping. If you want any variety, you must get it for yourself; I'll cook it for you, but you must get it. There has not been much variety here for some time, and if things go on as they are, there will not be any for some time longer."

"Don't speak like that to your Boss, my good woman," said Humphrey Pritchit, who, nevertheless, felt stung to the quick by the observation, for he knew it was only too true, and that the fault lay with himself; and as he said this, he approached his wife in a threatening attitude.

This was the first time Humphrey Pritchit had done this, and his wife felt no small alarm. What if her husband should strike her! He might—men had done such things—they had shown in that way that they were Boss. So the poor woman contented herself with saying, "Give me something to buy variety with, and you shall have variety enough."

Without vouchsafing any answer to this meek statement, or commending her for thus humbling herself dutifully before her Boss, Humphrey Pritchit strode out of the room.

The moment he was gone, his wife, who needed something to uphold and comfort her under her present trial, took a chair, seated herself in it, and went through her performance before the fire. She must, however, have been much longer at it than usual—in fact, fallen into a reverie, for her husband had time enough to go out and come back before she was off her seat. In fact, she was just finishing the words "'Who's Boss here,'" when the man stood over her shoulder, and dangled a herring by the tail right before her nose. He had caught the words "Boss"

and "here," but that was all. It was well for his wife that he had not caught the first words too.

"That's right," said he, "that's as it should be. When a woman's Boss is away she should be thinking about him. No doubt you're thinking about the dinner, the pleasant variety," said Humphrey, "which you said you would make if you had the stuff. Here," continued Humphrey Pritchit, "here is the stuff, the 'material' as you women call it," and he dangled the halfpenny herring up and down, and from side to side, so that the fish seemed quite lively and exhilarated at the prospect, whatever it was, which lay before it. In fact, it seemed in the best of spirits, and as though the fellow who had just had it on his barrow in the street, and been crying, "Fish all alive!" had not spoken metaphorically, but only told the sober truth. If all the herrings were like that one, the only wonder was that they had not polka'd off the barrow long ere the costermonger reached Humphrey Pritchit's house. This particular herring finished its performances-for the present, at least-by a pitch-up into the air and a final descent into the woman's lap.

When Minnie Pritchit woke up to a sense of the situation, her Boss was gone, and she and the herring were alone. She looked at it long, as though she might reasonably have expected a bright idea or two from such a lively individual; but the fish had a melancholy aspect now, and, if it thought at all, was absorbed in its own troubles, as a fish out of water might reasonably be expected to be.

But Minnie Pritchit's own wits—her woman's wits—came to her relief; and from what she now said, the herring had reason enough—if it could have

understood her-to look melancholy.

"I'll cut you into three," said Minnie Pritchit, "and my Boss shall have variety. I'll fry your head, I'll beil your middle, and I'll pickle your tail." But the saucepan was gone. It was now too late to fetch it; moreover, there was no money to pay for it. But women, when they are determined to do a thing, will find out some way of doing it, if it can be done at all; and so Minnie took down from the shelf a small pannikin in which she used to take her little dany quantity of milk, and stuffed the middle of the herring therein. The tail of the herring went into an old saucer with some vinegar which happened to be in the house, after it had had a preliminary turn in the pannikin.

One o'clock drew near, and walking up and down the street, looking every few moments at the clock which was outside the neighbouring post-office, was a man who seemed to have some important appointment to keep, and who was waiting for the time. It was Mr. Humphrey Pritchit, and his appointment was with his wife and the herring, and he meant to keep it to the minute. He expected, he hoped his wife would not be up to time. As to having any variety, he was sure of her on that point. A herring might be fried, or it might be boiled; but who ever heard of one herring being capable of being more

than the one or the other? and there could be no variety in that. As to its being pickled, Humphrey never thought of that; but there is a great deal quite beyond mankind which is not beyond womankind at all, and this in the matter of pickled herrings, and pickles of many kinds, and divers things also which, I am bound in honour to say, are not pickles at all, but which may pass under the general title of (as doctors say) "sweets of all kinds."

The clock struck one, and Humphrey Pritchit strode into the room, and up to the table. The dinner was ready, at any rate. He was done there. And the herring was fried, and smelt delicious.

"Hah!" said Humphrey; "I have her now. Woman," said he, angrily, "didn't your Boss say you were to have a variety for dinner? and here you give him only fried herring. Take it away."

Humphrey's wife removed the dish.

"Cut a piece off the head end, and bring it here," said the angry man.

Humphrey's wife did so.

"Now listen to me," said he, after he had eaten the fish—and enjoyed it too. "If I had had boiled herring, I could have eaten ever so much more; but a man must make the best of things with such a woman as you. Here, give me the middle, and I hope," said he, with a very wicked mocking sort of laugh, "you have something more coming. I told you to have a variety, as well as to be up to time."

It was the work of a moment for Minnie Pritchit to empty the contents of the pannikin on her husband's plate, and present him with boiled herring.

What passed through his mind no one ever knew, and in this history it cannot be told. Suffice it to say, he set his knife and fork upright on the table, and after two stares—one at his wife, and another at the boiled herring—Humphrey Pritchit ate it.

If the truth were known, Humphrey would have been glad to have been well out of this matter, and out of the room too; for there was a look in his wife's eye with which he could not actually find fault, but which to his Boss-ship was very aggravating. A thought, however, suddenly struck him, and a gleam of triumph passed over his face.

"Woman," said he, "fried herring is very good in its way, and so is boiled herring too; but I'd rather have pickled herring than either, and if this herring ever had a tail, I don't suppose you'd have had the

sense to pickle it."

"The herring's tail is at your service," said the woman, as, with a look in her eye which drove Humphrey half mad, she placed the saucer of vinegar, with the herring's tail sticking up most provokingly out of it, before the unreasonable man. But Humphrey did not eat that tail—at least, not then; he suddenly remembered that he had to meet a man at the corner of the street, and was already late; and snatching up his hat, he departed with a rush, stopping only to seize the herring's tail and throw it at his wife, telling her that was the leavings, and she may cat that herself; leaving his wife and the herring's tail

masters of the field. Both she and the herring's tail were, for the moment at least, Boss. Quietly and calmly Minnie Pritchit picked up the fish's extremity, replaced it in the saucer, and vowed that Humphrey should swallow every morsel of it, down to the very tip.

Five, six, seven o'clock passed, and Humphrey Pritchit never came home to tea. At last, at eight o'clock, he was brought in with a wounded leg. A beam had fallen on him and first sorely bruised his shoulder, and finished up by giving his ancle such a blow that it was swollen up as large as a cocoa-nut. The hurts were not bad enough to make those present when the beam fell take Humphrey Pritchit to the hospital; moreover, he himself requested to be taken home direct, and so he arrived, and was helped upstairs by a couple of men.

The doctor was soon in attendance, and after a close examination, pronounced the wounded man all right, so far as any broken bones or serious injuries were concerned. He did all that was needful, and said that a few days would see the patient all right again. But Humphrey Pritchit was confined to bed, and a man in bed, unless he be completely prostrated by illness, is a very unsatisfactory, dissatisfied, crooked, and perverse creature. He is not unlike Mrs. Pritchit's herring. If you fry him, he wants to be boiled; and if you boil him, he wants to be pickled. If you put him on his back, he wants to be on his face: and if you put him on his face, he wants to be on his back again. If you were to tell him that he was round, he'd tell you he was square; and if you were to say, "Ah, yes, I meant square," he'd say he knew you were an ass, for any one with half an eye could see that he was round. Pull on the clothes, and he'll have them off; and pull them off, and he'll have them on. You can't work him right any way. Your only chance with him is to give him a tremendous dose, and make him very bad indeed; then he'll be quiet for a while. But what good is it? for when he's getting well, he'll be just as bad again.

And now had come the glorious day looked forward to by Minnie Pritchit. She had her Boss tied hand and foot; she could do with him as she liked. The Boss could neither kick, nor punch, nor do any such thing; he could only storm, and give his commands, and the more he gave of them the better, seeing there was no one to attend to them but herself, and she intended him to know that Boss meant mistress, as well as master, and that she was Boss there. She would obey just as much of them as she wished, and when she wished, and no more.

As soon as all was quiet, and the sick man was left alone with his wife, she went over to the chair where his clothes lay just as they had been hurriedly thrown when he was put to bed.

"Hallo, woman!" shouted Humphrey Pritchit, in the midst of his pain, as he saw his wife begin to put her hands in the breeches pockets, "let those alone!"

But Minnie Pritchit paid no heed further than calmly to reply, "Boss means master; and there shall be no doubt as to who's Boss here," and the woman drew out several coins—the money which, luckily for her, Humphrey Pritchit had been paid that very day for his work, and had it not been so there would have been nothing wherewith to buy food.

But Mrs. Pritchit, instead of paying any heed, proceeded to feel the coat pockets, and the waistcoat pocket too, from the latter of which she drew a short pipe.

"Drop that, woman!" shouted Humphrey Pritchit.

"Oh, dear! oh! oh! I say! oh! yeaow!" shrieked
the wounded man, as he tried to move his shoulder
to catch the pillow and pitch it at his wife.

"Smoking is bad for my young man," said the woman; "and his Boss says he mustn't have a pipe—at any rate, until he knows how to behave himself."

"Yeaow!" shrieked the man, as he made another vain attempt at the pillow.

"Let him keep quiet, and his Boss will spend his money for his good," said Mrs. Pritchit, walking up to her husband's bedside, and patting him on the forehead, carefully keeping at the wounded side. "A great deal will depend upon his good behaviour. If he's quiet, his Boss will look after him a bit; but if not, he'll have to take the consequences."

"Women are wretches!" roared the wounded man.

"No; they're only Bosses," answered his wife;

"and your Boss tells you to keep quiet, or bit or supyou shall not get. You'll eat what I choose to give
you to eat, and you'll drink what I choose to give
you to drink, and you'll be turned when I choose to
turn you. You've had your turn, my good man,
and now I'll have mine; and you shall know who's
Boss here."

A long groan was all Humphrey Pritchit's answer; and many a groan he gave before he left that bed. It was the only way he had of letting out his trouble. If he was the least fractions, his wife punished him in some way: now she admonished him by giving him no sugar in his tea; now by giving him neither pepper nor salt with his dinner; now by refusing him a bit of candle to read; and twice she refused to wash his face unless he would also allow her to wash and dry his naughty tongue, which had been saying such bad words; and on all these occasions Minnie Pritchit used to sit with her arms folded and her legs outstretched quite stiff before the fire.

Things don't turn out always as even the doctors expect, and so was it with Humphrey Pritchit's foot. When all seemed going on well, and Humphrey was rejoicing in the thought of how his wife should soon catch it, the foot became inflamed, the swelling ran up the leg, Humphrey Pritchit became alarmingly ill, and finally delirious.

For some days he hung between life and death. And in his ravings the young man seemed to live not in things that had recently happened at all, but in old by-gone days. He thought he was fighting an old schoolfellow, Job Sanders (now a grown-up father of a family), because he told some of the boys

that Minnie Oakes wasn't, in his judgment, the prettiest girl in the parish. He talked about the ten long weeks he was saving eighteen pence, and would they never come to an end, that he may buy Minnie that pink ribbon (which she well remembered he had given her when she was but a child). He talked of the old lady who insinuated to him in America, and he said neither she nor any young one could have him, for there was a reason why in Cumberstone; and so, with all his faults, he kept letting out how much he used to love as a girl the woman to whom he was such a bitter Boss, and who was now such a bitter Boss to him.

The poor Boss! except when the fever ran high, and he chattered far more than thirteen to the dozen, there he lay helpless, wan-looking, and a wreck.

And at times the fever was strong on him indeed. All sorts of nonsense used he to talk, and all sorts of strange things to ask for, mixing all up, as we have said, with revelations of his old love for Minnie, and how he had remained faithful to her all the time he was away.

Now Minnie was a woman; and there are three kinds of sugar with which you may always make jam of a woman's heart. One is love; and one is vanity; and one is pity. If you want to make a pickle of it, there are acids with which you can do it; but for jam-making, the syrup is made of the above.

And now, with the poor Boss before her eyes—touching her love with the declarations of his own former love; and her vanity with the fact that the remembrance of her had kept him from all the Yankee girls, and the advanced Yankee lady besides; and her pity, by his helplessness and meekness, for he had ceased to storm, and was very silent now—Minnie Pritchit had all the materials for making sweet mash of her own woman's heart; and she proceeded to do so accordingly.

And she was much hastened by what, I am glad to say, proved an effectual stoker in keeping up the fire with which she boiled down to a pulp all that was acid and hard within her. This stoker can make a hot fire, and his name is Conscience; many a heart he sets simmering like a kettle on the fire, many a one he drives like a mighty engine.

And Conscience had been hard on Minnie of late. Was all this hard misery, inflicted on the helpless

Boss, the right thing after all?

Was this the fulfilling of her marriage vow? was this keeping him in sickness and in health? could any blessing come in the end on this long output of her spite, or on any outputs of spite at all? Moreover, what could she expect when her husband recovered, but a life of misery? His revenge she had spirit enough to dare; but a life of misery was an awful prospect.

However, it was not this latter which weighed with her; it was her conscience, and her woman's heart which pricked her.

And so Minnie Pritchit went and stood beside the

bed where the wasted worn man was sleeping; and there, by a grand effort with herself, prayed that, spite of all, she might be the true wife.

But evil is ever present with us when we would do good; and Satan is sure to have some reason why we should not at once carry out our good intentions. In a moment the herring's tail flashed across her mind. She had vowed that her Boss should eat that tail; and how could she accomplish it? When ke got well, could she dare to offer it to him? now that he was ill, might it not kill him?

Minnie Pritchit went back to the fire, and pondered; but no light seemed to come on the subject. And how long she might have thought, we cannot tell, had not a feeble voice reached her ear.

"Boss!"

The voice seemed to come from far off, it was so small and thin. Was it a voice at all, or only the sound she had so long and horribly dinning in her ears?

"Dear Boss," said the sick man, "I think I'd get better if I had something with a taste; my mouth is like water."

"What would you like, husband?" said Minnie, forgetting all about Bosses altogether.

"A bit—a little bit—a taste—of pickled herring; I think it would cure me. May I have it? could you get it? You're Boss now," said the weak wan man, looking imploringly and humbly at his wife, after a long pause. "Even to rub my lips with it would do me good. It wouldn't matter even if it were only a bit of the tail."

"Blessings on the herring," said Minnie, to herself, not reasoning with herself, and seeing how incongruous it was to bless a herring—especially a dead herring—and not even that, but the third and posterior portion of the fish; and even that pickled. "Bless the herring!" and she shot to the end of the room after it.

Poor Minnie! how lovingly she fed the sick man on scraps of the fish which he had not so long before sent flying through the air. He never knew it was the same; and Minnie had the grace never to tell him. He tried, poor fellow, to smack his lips; but it was a failure. He just slowly nodded his head; and after each nod said, "You're Boss here," and dropped calmly off to sleep.

From that moment Minnie never left her husband's side; the old bad spirit departed from each of them at that sick-bed. And when Humphrey recovered, each so served the other, that it would have been too deep a question for even the Lord Chancellor to solve, as to which was Boss in that blessed little home. If the matter had been put into Chancery in a friendly suit, the Court would have said, "Love's Boss here."

And thus it continued, until one fine Christmas morning there came a strange little voice which settled the matter for good and all; for Master Humphrey Pritchit, jum., cried so loud if he was not attended to at once, that he settled, at any rate for a good long time, the question, "Who's Boss here?"

RUTH'S TASK.

BY L. C. SILKE, AUTHOR OF "SHAG AND DOLL," "NELLY'S CHAMPION," ETC. ETC.

OME here, little one; I want to know where your mother is, for it's days and days since I've seen her, and she never stayed away from her old father like this before. Where is she, child?"

The young girl addressed drew close to the speaker, and laid her head down on his shoulder. There was a moment's pause before she replied. It was such pain to her to have to

"Gone up to heaven, did you say, Ruth? My Mary gone up to heaven!" and the perplexed look cleared off, whilst a light broke over his face like a ripple of sunshine over smooth waters. "Why, child, that seems a'most too good to be true! Do you mean to say that the King has actually sent and fetched her away to share His glory and be with Him? Does it mean that she has entered right in through the golden gates, and is already in the



"Laid her head down on his shoulder .- p. 57.

answer over and over again the oft-repeated question put by the old man, whose mind was so far gone that he seemed almost unable to realise passing events, and if told a thing one hour, forgot it the next.

"Grandfather, you forget," said the low voice at length. "You know mother is gone—gone up to heaven." A little half-suppressed sob finished the sentence.

"Gone up to heaven!" echoed the old man, dreamily. "And so is the Lord Jesus gone up to heaven. But He comes to me."

"But He's different," said Ruth, not knowing what to answer.

"Ay, so He is; for He has promised never to leave us."

There was another silence, which was broken by old Carter.

beautiful city where her old father has so often longed to be ? "

" Yes, grandfather."

"So she has gone in first, after all! Ah, well! the old man must bide his time patiently. Patiently, did I say? How can I talk of patience, as if 't was a hard thing to wait, when I can have the company of the dear Lord with me all the time I 'm waiting. 'T isn't as if He bid me stand outside in the dark all alone till He opened the door; but He comes and stands by me and cheers me up. Only one can't see Him in the night as plainly as one will when the day breaks."

He had put his arm caressingly round his little grandchild as she stood beside him, with her head still resting on his shoulder. It was a pale grave little face which lay buried there. A new expression had come into it these last few weeks—a prematurely old look of sad patient endurance, touching to see in one so young; for apparently the girl was only just entering her teens. But heavy responsibilities and grave duties had devolved upon her lately.

For when the mother was taken ill everything had fallen upon her shoulders; the aged grandfather having already sunk into a sort of peaceful second childhood; Tom, the elder brother, the prop of the family, being away at sea; whilst Jim was too young to be any real help to her. Thus Ruth found herself suddenly plunged into all the cares and responsibilities of middle life, with no one to help her bear them. But she had risen to the occasion, and a more thoughtful tender little nurse it would have been impossible to find; whilst the dear old grandfather was in no way neglected, and Jim found all his wants carefully attended to.

Love and hope bore her up at first; but when it became plain to her that her mother was about to leave her—never, never to come back—then her heart nearly broke.

"Oh, mother, mother, can't I come too?" she had cried in those first moments of anguish. "How can I ever live without you, mother—dear mother?"

"Ruth, dear, I have a great many things I want to say to you. Will you try and listen to me, whilst I am able to speak?" said Mrs. Millar, tenderly.

With an almost superhuman effort at self-control, Ruth dashed away her tears, and checked her sobs.

"There are so many things I want you to do for me when I'm gone. And you will do them well, and will try and be a brave girl, I know, for love of me. You've always been mother's right hand in everything ever since father died; and I don't know what I should have done without my little Ruth! There has never been anything you have thought it a trouble to do for mother."

"How could I!" exclaimed Ruth, impetuously, "when I love you so dearly—oh, so very dearly." The last words were uttered in a tone of intensest pain, at the thought of the coming parting.

"I know it, my child; and it makes my heart ache, to think how yours will ache for many a day after I am gone, and how you will miss the mother you have always clung so to. But I comfort myself with thinking that the God who has led me all my life long, will be your God as well. I've been giving you afresh into His tender keeping, and so I am not afraid for you. For He never fails those who trust Him; and I am trusting you, and Tom, and Jim to His care and keeping. I've asked Him to comfort you when I'm gone, my own little Ruth; and I'm hoping He'll give you comfort as sweet as that which He gave me when your father died. And I've asked Him to give you strength too for all that lies before you. I've asked that at every step of your whole life He will be beside you, supplying the help you will so sorely need, and making up to you with His love for the loss of mine."

A look of unutterable tenderness was resting on

the mother's face, as if her heart was ready to break with its yearning to comfort the sorrowful child. But she knew by her own experience that there is only *One* wise enough, and skilful enough, and loving enough, to bind up a bleeding heart.

After a pause she went on—"Ruth, dear, as I said before, there are a great many things I want you to do for me when I'm gone. So you'll still be able to show your love to me by doing them as you know I'd like them done."

A ray of brightness gleamed in the girl's face at this thought.

"You are very young to have so much laid on your shoulders," added Mrs. Millar; "but you will be helped, for God doesn't give us anything to do that's above our strength; or, anyhow, He gives us strength equal to the task. You'll have to take my place, dear, in looking after grandfather. You must be very patient and gentle with him; and you will be, I know, for my sake. For you must remember how dearly mother loved her old father, and how grieved she would be if her little girl were ever to neglect him, or forget to attend to his comforts."

"Oh, mother! I never could do that. I never will, I promise you. I will do everything as well as ever I can. Only I can't be like you to him, you know."

"And then there's poor Jim! Ruth, you must be a good sister to him, and do all you can to keep him in the right path. But I hope Tom will soon be back, for he would be such a help to you. I can't help hoping he will make up his mind to stop at home with you all, and take care of you. I know he loves the sea, and it will be hard work to him to give it up, but it would make me happier if I could think he would be here looking after you all. Tell him what I say, Ruth; but he must do as he sees right. Perhaps it is asking too much from him."

It was not many days after this that the mother passed away, with such a look of joy on her face—a look that lingered long after she was gone—that Ruth, as she gazed wonderingly upon it, murmured to herself, "I never saw mother look so happy in all her life;" and her young heart received an impression which it never lost, and which might have been expressed almost in the words St. Paul once used, "To depart and be with Christ is far better." Death, as she saw it in this case—and it was her first sight of it—seemed like a joyful getting-ready to go "home."

Thus, as we have said, Ruth found herself plunged at once into the midst of cares and duties which generally belong to middle life. But she had a brave steadfast heart, and to be still doing something for the mother she had loved so devotedly was soothing, and seemed to keep the tie between them still close and strong. She was too busy also in thinking about and caring for the others to have much leisure for dwelling upon her own grief; though, to be sure, as she went about her work, her poor little heart was often very heavy and sad. But there was one bright gleam, one thing to hope for and look forward to, and that was Tom's return from his voyage. Every

day was bringing that time nearer; and her heart gave a bound of joy at the thought. For Ruth thought more of that brother than of anybody in the world now her mother was gone. Tom had always been the pride of the family; and his pleasant good-humoured face, and helpful cheery ways, had always seemed like sunshine in the home. They had missed him grievously when he went away to sea, and sorely Ruth longed for him back again.

Meantime she plodded on in her daily round of duties, anxiously watchful to do everything in her power for the old man, and striving as well as she could to fill her mother's place to Jim; for though he was only a year or two younger than herself, she was beginning to feel so old that she treated him now with a sort of grave motherly tenderness, as if his whole well-being depended upon her. With steady resolution she set herself to her work, forgetting nothing, but doing all as a sort of sacred task set her by the dear voice which could never speak to her again, but which had told her with its latest breath (and it was unspeakable happiness to Ruth to recall the words) that her little loving unselfish daughter had been one of her greatest comforts during her years of struggling since her husband's death.

But all this was not done without some amount of self-denial on Ruth's part. It was not always easy to wake and spring out of bed in the cold and gloom of the winter's morning, and hurry down-stairs to light the fire, sweep the room, and get all ready for breakfast by quite an early hour; for Jim had to go off to his work in good time, and the girl had to do it all unaided.

Jim might have helped her, but, either from selfishness or thoughtlessness, he never did so, and Ruth couldn't make up her mind to ask him, for she saw how tired and fagged he was at night when he came home from his long day's trudge. He had rather a hard place as errand-boy, for the town was so large that the distances were often very great, and all day long, frequently up to quite a late hour, he was on the tramp until he was footsore and weary. So Ruth could not find it in her heart to wake him in the morning until the very last moment, and even then it was often a difficult task to rouse him up.

Thus she did all the work alone. And she did it thoroughly, too, as her mother had taught her. Indeed, she was even more particular than ever now that that mother was no longer by her side. It seemed a point of honour with her to be scrupulously exact in doing each little thing in just the way she would have liked it done; and so each speck of dust was jealously removed, the grate blacked until it shone, and the furniture polished until it sparkled in the fire-light, whilst her own little person was kept daintily clean, as well as the old grandfather's. Her willing heart and resolute spirit made all this possible even to her one pair of hands, whilst her mother's simple teaching was not lost to her, and often as she went about her daily duties she asked God to help

her in them, that she might do them as she ought, and please Him in them. For Mrs. Millar had shown her that everything God gives us to do is work for Him, no matter how poor and commonplace it may seem to us; and that we can only truly please Him when we are doing our allotted task and nothing else. "If He tells us to sweep a room, Ruth, dear, we must do it in the best way we possibly can, because we are doing it for Him; and our very best must be given to God. Remember, He is looking on to see how we do it." Those words of her mother's came back to her now, and helped her many a time when a wish rose up in her heart to be free to run out and play like the other girls in the court, instead of having to stick to her work, or sit beside the old man, taking care of him in his restless moods.

But her patience with him was rewarded by the help he gave her unconsciously, through his simple but fervent faith, which made unseen things so real to him. His mind was becoming a blank in many ways, and sometimes a vacant expression would settle on his face; yet whenever Ruth brought the great Bible, and sitting beside him read to him out of it, at the sound of the familiar and long-loved words the look of intelligence would come into the faded eyes, and a smile break over the withered features.

When a fit of restlessness crept over him she knew how to soothe him. She had but to repeat to him his favourite Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," &c., and an expression of repose would steal over his face, and the momentary fretfulness vanish. When she came to the last words he would echo them in a tone of triumphant rejoicing—

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Then he would lay his hand on Ruth's head, and av—

"And you, too, little one; you'll come and dwell there too, won't you? We'll all come and dwell in the secret place of the 'Most High,' right under the very shadow of His wings. There shall no evil come to us there."

CHAPTER II.

"JIM, what is the matter with you? I'm sure something is wrong."

The boy was sitting eating his supper, as he had come in late. The old grandfather having gone to his bed some time since, the brother and sister were alone together.

"What makes you think so?" was the short answer.

"Because you've not been a bit like yourself these last few days. You've scarcely spoken a word, and have looked cross and miserable. I've longed to ask you what it was, but I've had no chance before, for you've seemed to keep out of my way as if you didn't want to have anything to do with me."

Jim made no response, but went on eating his supper in moody silence.

"Won't you tell me what it is, Jim?"

"How you do bother, Ruth! Can't you leave a fellow alone?"

"Jim, dear," said Ruth, earnestly, as she came and put her arm coaxingly round her brother's neck, "I'm sure you've got something on your mind, and I can't bear not to be doing anything to help you. If you would only tell me about it I might be some use to you. Have you been getting into disgrace with Mr. Hardy?"

The boy started at these last words, and gave a short suspicious glance at her. Then he cast his eyes down on his plate again.

"Have you?" persisted Ruth.

know how I ever came to do it, but I've been miserable enough ever since."

At length, by the help of judicious questioning and patient waiting, Ruth extracted the whole story from the boy. How he had one day accidentally found half a crown lying on the ground in a corner of the shop, whither it must have rolled; and, yielding to the sudden temptation, he had picked it up and put it in his pocket. He had spent it soon after, for fear of its being found on him. So far his theft had been undetected; but it was his first sin of dishonesty, and his conscience had not suffered him to be easy ever since, though he had been trying to stifle its reproaches.



"'I am sure something is wrong."-p. 59.

"It's no business of yours," retorted Jim, in sullen tones.

"Yes, it is," replied Ruth, undaunted by his repulse; "because now you haven't got mother to go to, I want you to tell me your troubles. She said I was to do everything I possibly could to help you; and although of course I can't be like her, yet I want to do what I can. You know we always used to tell mother everything. Now we haven't her, we must be more than ever to one another."

Jim winced. Ruth, by her allusion to their mother, had touched the one soft place in his heart, and he dropped his face in his hands with a loud sob.

"Oh, Ruth, whatever would she think! She'd be so ashamed of me, for I've been such a bad boy!"

"What have you done? Tell me all about it."

"I can't. You'd be ashamed of me too. I don't

Now that the ice was broken, it was rather a relief to tell Ruth all about it, though he kept his face buried in his hands the whole time, as if unable to look up for shame.

Ruth, for the moment, was too much shocked to be able to speak soft things.

"Oh, Jim, how could you!" broke from her in tones of deepest reproach. "How could anybody belonging to mother go and do such a thing! Just think what she would have felt if she had seen you!"

" I am glad she didn't," sobbed Jim.

"But if she didn't—and you can't be sure, you know—at any rate, God saw you, and that matters still more, Jim. Just think! He was there standing close beside you all the time; and, oh, Jim," she continued in a low voice, "He has written it all down in His book too! There it stands against your name."

A sort of shiver ran through the boy. The sin of his action and its infinite consequences were beginning to present themselves before his mind.

"I'd give anything never to have done it," he ex-

claimed. "What can I do, Ruth?"

"I know what mother would say," she answered, slowly and meditatively. "She always used to tell us when we had been naughty to go and ask Jesus to forgive us, just as we asked her."

"But He must be so angry with me."

"I don't know," said Ruth, reflectively. "You know mother was more sorry and unhappy than

"That can't be helped," replied Ruth, decidedly.
"Mother always taught us not to hide up any wrong things we had done, but confess them at once. And I'm certain she would say you ought to put back that money."

"But how can I? I haven't got a sixpence, much more half a crown."

"Nor I," sighed Ruth.

After pondering the matter for a few moments, she spoke again. The words came slowly, as if it cost her an effort to utter them—

"The only way I can think of is to take something



"'Please, ma'am, can we see Mr. Hardy?' faltered Ruth."-p. 63.

angry when we were naughty. We never came and asked her to forgive us and found she wouldn't. And she always told us God loved us better than any mother could do. So if she was always ready to forgive us because of her love to us, I suppose God must be still more ready."

Jim lifted up his face with a gleam of hope in his

"You must ask Him," continued Ruth. "I expect He's very sorry at your having done such a thing, but I'm sure He loves you all the time."

There was a pause, which was broken by Ruth's starting up as if a sudden thought had occurred to her.

"Jim, you must go and put back that half-crown. That's the least you can do. You must go and confess it all to Mr. Hardy."

"Oh, I can't," cried Jim, despairingly. "He would turn me off on the spot."

and pawn." She winced a little as she pronounced the last word; but she went on unflinching, whilst the resolute look on her face deepened. "There's nothing about the house we can spare, and we haven't any clothes that are worth anything, or that we could go without. There's only one thing that I can think of "— here Ruth's voice faltered for the moment, though she tried to steady it, and bravely gulped down a sob—"and that is—mother's shawl. She gave it to me, and told me I was to wear it on cold days, for it is a nice warm one. But I don't go out much now, and I must manage without it. Only I can't bear it to go altogether, because it was hers."

Here Ruth hastily brushed away some tears that had forced their way into her eyes.

"But I know if she was here it is what she would wish; and I want to do what she wishes. So we'll go straight off. It's getting late, but it isn't too late, and we ought to do it before we go to bed."

It required a little more persuasion and exhortation on Ruth's part before Jim could be prevailed on to follow her advice; but she was so earnest in the

matter that in time she carried her point.

She went up-stairs to fetch the treasured shawl, which was laid carefully by in a drawer, and as she drew it out and thought of the many times she had seen her mother wrapped in it, till it almost seemed a part of that mother, she felt for the moment as if, after all, she could not part with it. Her tears fell upon it, and her lip quivered, as she gently stroked it with her hand, and smoothed out a crease in it. For no other purpose could she have made up her mind to let it pass into strange hands; it was so sacred to her that it seemed a sort of desceration to let it go from her to a pawnshop, of all places.

Leaning her elbows on the chest of drawers, she let her head sink on her hands, as she stood pondering whether, after all, there might not be some easier way out of the difficulty. But there was nothing else that could possibly be spared without inconvenience to the others; and this no one would miss but herself. So, making a brave effort, she took the shawl on her arm, and descending the stairs called

Jim. Then the two sallied forth together:

She was glad it was dark and late, so that few people were about when she reached the pawnshop—a place she had never visited in all her life before, But the spirit of self-sacrifice which animated her, joined to her ardent desire to carry out whatever she thought would have been her mother's wish, bore her through the ordeal. Her cheeks were flushed when she came out after transacting her business, but she merely said, "Now, Jim, we'll go straight to Mr. Hardy."

The boy gave a sort of groan, and seemed as if he would have turned back even then, had not Ruth resolutely taken him by the hand and led him on, overcoming all attempt at resistance by the force of

her determination.

"The only way to show you're sorry is to make up for what you've done as well as you can; so come along. And if you're afraid of Mr. Hardy, let us ask God to make him kind to us. He can, you know, and He will listen to us, though we are only children. But children have their troubles as well as grown-up people, I'm sure," said Ruth, with a little sigh, as if she felt her burdens to be heavy ones just then.

When at length they reached Mr. Hardy's shop they found, as they had expected, that it was shut up, so they had to ring at the bell. It was with a beating heart that Ruth pulled it, for she dreaded the result of the interview. She could not but fear that Jim's master might be so angry with him as to turn him off at once; and then what should they do? How could they find another place for him? for who would take him without a character? And how greatly they would miss his earnings she knew too well, for even now it was hard work to manage upon what they had. No wonder her heart sank very low

as she thought of the possibility of all this coming upon them. But she was single-hearted in her desire to follow the right course.

Her first ring was so soft and gentle that it did not seem to have been heard; therefore, after waiting a little while, during which every minute appeared almost an hour, she summoned up courage to pull the bell again. It made an audible sound this time, and she half-started as she heard it.

All this while her hand was fast locked in Jim's, and his in hers. Her breath came short and thick, whilst Jim cast his eyes up and down the street as if in the forlorn hope of finding some hiding-place at the last moment. But the door suddenly opened, whilst a woman's voice demanded what they wanted.

"Please ma'am," faltered Ruth, scarcely able to speak at all from agitation, "please ma'am, can we see Mr. Hardy?"

"What do you want Mr. Hardy for?" was the

somewhat abrupt question.

Ruth hesitated. She did not wish to tell their errand to any one except Jim's master himself. But

she was unprepared with any answer.

"Please, mayn't we speak to Mr. Hardy?" she

said at length, imploringly.

A gas-lamp which stood near, and the light from which fell on the children as they stood there hand in hand, enabled the woman to see the entreating expression on the pale upturned face.

"Can't you tell me what you want?" she said, not unkindly. "Mr. Hardy is out just at present."

"Then, please, mightn't we wait?" asked Ruth, timidly.

"What can you have to say to him that you can't say to me?" returned the other. "I am Mrs. Hardy, and you can leave any message with me."

"Please, ma'am, if you won't be angry, I'd rather not leave a message. I'd rather say it to him."

The open truthful face, with its grave earnest expression and pleading look, seemed to be finding its way into Mrs. Hardy's heart.

"Well, come in," she said, holding the door open.
"Come in here." And she led the way to the little sitting-room at the back of the shop.

Jim slunk in behind Ruth, and hoped to escape notice; but Mrs. Hardy had recognised him at the door, and now remarked to Ruth, "You are Jim's sister, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And has he been doing anything wrong that he comes here at this time of night?" asked the woman, whose eye noted the change in the boy; for he was generally so brisk and lively, but he now looked cowed and frightened.

"Yes," returned Ruth, won to sudden confidence by the kind expression on the face of the other, who was scanning with a pitying look the anxisus troubled countenance of the girl. "And we've come to confess it to his master," she added.

"Oh, that's your errand, is it! Well, he mayn't be in for another quarter of an hour, or more; and it's late for children like you to be out. I think you had better tell your tale to me. But you shall do as you like. There, sit down, and warm yourself," continued Mrs. Hardy, as she noticed how the girl was shivering with the cold. Pushing a low chair for her near the fire, she seated herself in another opposite.

"You don't seem half-clothed or protected against the weather this cold night," she observed, as Ruth stretched out her hands towards the fire. "How could any one let you come out with no more on than this! Ah, I forgot, though; you've lost your mother; haven't you? and so I suppose there's no one to look after you."

She did not intend to be unsympathising, or indeed anything but kind, for the girl interested her already; she only did not understand how, to a sensitive nature like Ruth's, this sudden and rough reopening of her heart's deep wound was like a sharp thrust—a pain so keen that she winced under it. Wearied and tired out as she was, and sick at heart with suspense, this last touch was like the straw which breaks the camel's back, and upset her self-control. A burst of tears was her only reply, whilst deep sobs came in spite of herself.

"Why, child, what's the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy. Then, as the meaning of it all dawned upon her, she went on, soothingly, "There, there! don't cry like this. I can't bear to see a child crying, and I didn't intend any harm, I'm sure. But it was stupid of me; only I didn't know," she continued by way of explanation, though her explanation was certainly rather vague.

But her concern was so real, and the sympathy awakened by the sight of Ruth's distress so genuine, that it soon began to exercise a comforting effect upon the latter.

Resolutely drying her tears, she answered all Mrs. Hardy's questions in her own simple straightforward way; and even began to tell her a little about their mother. At length, won by her new friend's kindness, and feeling instinctively that she was one to be trusted, she confided to her the whole sad story of Jim's wrong-doing.

The boy had remained in the background all this time, sitting uneasily upon the edge of a chair, with a look of shame on his face, whilst his eyes were steadily fixed upon the ground. Ruth had appealed to him before she entered upon the story, for his sanction to her so doing, saying, "Shall I tell Mrs. Hardy. Jim? You won't mind, will you?" and his abrupt rejoinder had been, "You can do as you choose."

Meanwhile it was growing late, and the clock striking reminded them how time was passing.

Ruth started up. "I must go," she exclaimed. "It won't do to leave grandfather any longer by himself; he might be wanting something. I had no idea we had been gone so long."

"Well, there's no saying when Mr. Hardy will be in," remarked his wife; "something must have kept him, for I expected him back much sooner; but now I can't tell how long he may be." "What shall we do?" said Ruth, despondingly; for she did not like going away with the matter unsettled, she longed so to know what Jim's fate was to be. "I ought to go back; but will you stop, Jim, till Mr. Hardy comes in?"

The boy demurred; he had counted upon Ruth making his confession for him, and he felt as if his courage might all forsake him if his sister left him to face the ordeal alone.

"I'll tell you what you had better do," interposed Mrs. Hardy. "Leave it to me. I'll tell him all about it, and will try to get him to forgive Jim this time-for your sake.-It is for your sister's sake," she added, turning to the culprit. "As to yourself, I'm not sure but the best thing for you might be to lose your place, and learn, by a bitter lesson, the evil of dishonesty. But it goes against me to be hard to a motherless boy; and you seem to be sorry for what you have done. At least, you have given the best proof of being so by coming to own it, and restoring the half-crown. I will make as much of that as I can to Mr. Hardy. It's the only thing in your favour. He's a stern man in some ways, and has never yet overlooked anything like dishonesty; so I can't tell how it will be ; but I will do what I can."

The brother and sister had to content themselves with this, and prepared to turn their steps homewards. Not much was said on the way back, for their hearts were heavy with misgiving as to how Mr. Hardy would act.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning Jim went off with no small fore-boding, not knowing what was awaiting him; whether it would be instant dismissal, or whether his master would forgive him so far as to grant him a further trial. Still, in spite of his fears, his heart felt lighter than it had done all those days during which he had been trying to hide his sin. Confession had been made, and that was something, though he could not but own that it had been chiefly Ruth's doing, and that she had acted the brave part throughout, whilst he had been sally wanting in courage.

But he was now sincerely sorry for his wrongdoing, and much ashamed of it. And at least the first step in the right direction had been taken. Whether he was now to suffer the punishment of his fault remained to be seen.

His first glance at his master did not tend to reassure him. Mr. Hardy's face wore a stern look, and his tone at first was loud and harsh as he proceeded to upbraid the boy for his dishonesty. But Mrs. Hardy at this moment appeared upon the scene.

"William, you promised me you wouldn't be too hard on the lad," she began. "You promised, as he seemed ashamed of what he had done, to try him again."

"So I did, but I begin to think it was very foolish of me. However, I shall keep a sharp look out, and take good care he does not cheat me again, the young scamp! If he ever does, I've done with him for good."

"I'm sure he won't do it again," said Mrs. Hardy,

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glancing at Jim's face, which were a look of shame and penitence. "And you know he's both fatherless and motherless, so we must be more patient with him than we should be with some."

Mr. Hardy's only reply was a sort of grunt, and thus the matter was settled, to Jim's intense relief. But for a long time after this he felt his master regarded him with a very suspicious eye. It was galling to be perpetually watched, and to find his smallest actions spied into, and carefully noted; but he knew he deserved it all, and therefore accepted it as his punishment.

Later on in the morning Ruth was surprised in the midst of her work by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of Mrs. Hardy.

Nothing she could say seemed to express one-half of what she felt at all this unexpected kindness,

The visitor sat on chatting for a time, and before she left, produced from her basket a cake, one of her own making, which she had brought as a little present. Ruth thanked her warmly for all her kindness; and it was with a much lighter heart than she had known for a long time that, as soon as her new friend was gone, she went up-stairs to get her hat, and then ran off to the pawn-shop to redeem the much-prized shawl. She hugged it in her arms as she hastened home, feeling overjoyed to have it back again. Very carefully she laid it in its usual resting-place, and as she did so, many a grateful thought turned towards Mrs. Hardy. It had been an inexpres-



"Their sailor brother came home."-p. 64.

"I thought you'd be longing to hear about Jim," she began, "so I just came round to let you know that his master has agreed to keep him on, and try him a bit longer."

Ruth's face lighted up with pleasure at the news.

"I knew you'd be glad to hear it," remarked her new friend, kindly. "And there's something else I came to say," she added, as she took the seat Ruth placed for her. "I've been thinking over what you told me about that shawl, when I asked how you had got the half-crown you brought last night. I knew you'd be glad to get it back again, so here's the money, and you shall run as soon as you've an opportunity and get it out of pawn. I shall like to feel you have it safe in your own hands again."

Ruth's kindling face was eloquent, but she could scarcely find words in which to utter her thanks. sible relief to hear the good news about Jim, and his mistress's thoughtful kindness in putting her out of suspense so soon was duly felt by Ruth. Everything looked bright to-day, and when Jim came home at tea-time, they much enjoyed the unusual treat.

Christmas Day came a few days after Tom's arrival. It was a happy time for Ruth. Her brother's chief thought seemed to be, how most to brighten the little life which had been so sorrowful and full of care of late; whilst Mrs. Hardy did not forget her, but sent them a large plum pudding for their Christmas dinner; and Mr. Hardy gave Jim half a crown as a Christmas-box, accompanied by a kinder word than he had had from his master for a long time; while, to crown all, their sailor brother came home. So it was a very peaceful, pleasant Christmas to Ruth.

